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VOL. II.

THE

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1820.

Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh and repair us?

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564	1	5	*for* Dand Karcef, *read* Daoud kashef.

THE

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable. ——SHAKSPEARE.

This article,—or rather this string of short affable roars, from the Lion's Head of the London Magazine,—will, for the future, occupy the first pages of each Number; and Correspondents, and others who may be in expectation of any particular announcement, will do well to look amongst these for what may concern them. Any one, too, who may have committed a particularly good action, or a particularly bad one,—or said or written any thing very clever, or very stupid, during the month,—ought not, by any means, to neglect interrogating the Lion's Head. Surely "one Lion may speak, when so many asses do."

Our proposed notice of Mr. Mulready's Picture, and others, is delayed for one number. Our criticism on Mr. Haydon's Picture of Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem has received some animadversion, to which we cannot permit ourselves to reply, because it was introduced by an accusation, as false in substance, as childish and vulgar in the manner in which it was conveyed. We allude to the motto to the first Letter in the Examiner. The objections urged in our criticism had been submitted to Mr. Haydon personally, long and often before they were stated publicly: that they would be so stated he knew, as well as by *whom*. He very frankly, and with the manliness of true talent, conceded the fairness of such opposition, while he dissented from our opinion: and it gives us pain that the terms in which it was expressed should not appear to him as obviously fair as its principle, or as our feeling towards him is friendly. Such explanation of these terms, as we can sincerely make, we shall, in our next number, offer; having first shown, in justice to ourselves, that we cannot be honestly accused of an attempt to wound Mr. Haydon from *a secret stand*, and that *he is no party to any such charge*.—What we have to say on this matter, might as well be stated now, only, were we to do so, we should not have room to notice the subscription which we see is set on foot to purchase Mr. Haydon's picture. It appears to start under most respectable auspices: Sir George Beaumont, and G. Phillips, Esq. M. P. are the trustees, and amongst the subscribers we already see the following names, which include some of the first suffrages in the kingdom on a question of merit in Fine Art: The Marquis of Stafford, Marquis of Lansdown, Sir C. Long, Sir G. Beaumont, Earl Mulgrave, Bishop of London, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Ashburnham, Lord Yarmouth, G. Phillips, Esq. M.P. The price fixed on the picture is 3000 guineas, and the plan is to present it to a church, which will be selected by the votes of the subscribers. The money is to be paid into the hands of Messrs. Coutts, the bankers, in the name of the respectable trustees. It appears to us, that a most important

question is now at issue:—will the public encourage that style of art which has shed glory on Greece and Italy; which is the boast of France,—and which is now better practised, and worse rewarded in this country than in any other of Europe? Mr. Haydon has devoted himself to this style with a perseverance and talent unexampled; and his present production is pretty generally confessed to be the finest work, in that highest manner, of which the country can boast. Our opinions, as to the propriety or impropriety of those minor points of conduct, to which we alluded in our criticism on his picture, do not affect the general question of his merits as an artist: we retain the opinions we there expressed; but we are quite sure that to public encouragement he is richly entitled, and that if he fail to receive it, the disgrace will be the nation's, not his. He will, in that case, be classed hereafter with those other too numerous instances of martyrdom to a noble ambition, which in the past we cantingly deplore, while we are providing fresh subjects for similar regrets in the future.

Where did our friendly Correspondent, who has dropped into our mouth some savoury morsels of Mr. Maturin's Sermons (which we are digesting into an article,) learn that we "*dislike* his Lordship"—Lord Byron to wit? Can he quote any passage from any paper that has appeared in this Magazine, that would intimate such a sentiment? Some of Lord Byron's works have suggested, by the force of their own example, a freedom in the manner of handling them, with which their author, we apprehend, would be the last to find fault. To call Don Juan and Beppo *moral* works, would be a falsehood: to call them *immoral*, would be little better than a folly; for who needs to be told, that they were not written to edify so much as to amuse? If, in pursuing this object, they trespass (as we think they do) on the fences of society, and are, therefore, hazardous to its security, a higher duty is to be discharged than that of merely praising clever poetry. But really we should not think of delivering a sermon on such an occasion; for who is there that requires to be convinced on the subject? Not the author's publisher certainly, for he refused his name to the title page—nor the author himself, for he seems to be as impartial in judging at home as abroad. The only way then, we think, for criticism to bear effectually on such productions, is to press on the weak side of their *system*—which is to be found with a very little searching. At this time of day, there remains nobody to enlighten, but almost all the world to gain.—This may, and ought to be, tried: but try it when we may, it will never be with feelings of dislike towards the distinguished individual in question, whose talents are not more certain to conquer admiration, than his manners are to excite attachment. At the same time, as every reader of his published works has a right to express his opinion of whatever may be found amongst their contents, we ought to have no hesitation to avow freely a sentiment, which, we believe, we only share with ninety-nine in a hundred of the millions who take delight in perusing Lord Byron's productions. We allude to the *dislike* of certain allusions, which he seems to wax fonder than ever of introducing into all he writes, —and which have become additionally offensive since they have been couched in the language of levity. Lord Byron owes more to himself on this point than he seems to imagine: the quarter from whence no retort can proceed, will have the support of public opinion under attack,—and this is as it ought

to be. Much misconception may have existed—much calumny may have been uttered:—we put these suppositions with a sense of their being certainties,—and we have particular reasons for so feeling: but the provocation to all this was given by an improper publication (which came forth to the world in the worst possible manner,—namely, that of affected concealment, contradicted by its own acts,)—and a succession of similar publications can only tend to perpetuate the mingling of uncomfortable questions and unpleasant remembrances, with the enjoyment of Lord Byron's poetical glory, —the brightness of which ought to be unsullied either by offence or insult. Of course we refuse inserting the poetry transmitted by our correspondent—but we sincerely thank him for his other favours.

Oh shame to thee, Britain! shame, land of renown!

is introduced by a compliment that makes us ashamed. But how comes our fair correspondent to imagine that we slight the "Immaculates," because we do not keep them in one corner of our Magazine? She might as justly accuse a husband of slighting his wife, because he did not lock her up in one room! Perhaps it is in consequence of our being piqued at her strange accusation in this respect, that we are inclined to deny admission to her verses: —yet, to say the truth, we do not wish to meddle with their subject,—being of opinion that it is one on which "*much may be said on both sides,*" but nothing satisfactory on either.

"A Queen's appeal" has been sent to us,—but what we have to observe on this unpleasant matter will be found in the political part of our Magazine. Her Majesty, we observe, is made to allude in this appeal to *her journey to Jerusalem,* and then very naturally to exclaim—

But she who treads on Sion's holy soil,
Or, from the brow of lofty Olivet,
Above the scenes of her Redeemer's toil,
Looks to the stones on which his feet were set,
Or walks the path with tears divine once wet,
When o'er Jerusalem, with boundless love,
He stood to mourn—Oh, she may well forget
All wishes that the soul of vengeance move;
And learn, at least, to prize the meekness of the dove.

The *unforced* nature of this allusion must do infinite service to the Queen's cause.

A letter from a defender of Mr. Bowles, as editor of Pope, is inserted in the course of the following pages. Having received much pleasure from the perusal of this gentleman's poetry, we are happy to be afforded an opportunity of stating so—and of adding that, in our view of the dispute between him and Mr. Campbell, he has completely convicted the latter gentleman of ignorance, in regard to what he took as the subject matter of accusation against Mr. Bowles,—and has entirely justified all

that he ever advanced on "the principles of poetry," with reference to the writings of Pope.—The question, as to his treatment of Pope's personal character, in which the writer of the Review of Spence's Anecdotes, in our Magazine, is alone concerned, is another, and a very distinct one. Not being in full possession of the facts here, we, of course, ought not to express an opinion on this question: but we do feel it a pleasure and a duty to state, that we have reason to bear testimony to the general urbanity of Mr. Bowles's disposition, and to the esteem in which he is held, for kindness and honour, by friends of the very highest reputation for talent, independence, and truth.—We think it but fair to quote from the pamphlet which has been forwarded to us, the following passage, selected by Mr. Bowles from his conclusion of his "Life of Pope," to prove that he wrote of that poet in no spirit of ill-will:—

"If these and other parts of his character appear less amiable, let the reader keep constantly in mind the physical and moral causes which operated on a mind like his. Let him remember his life, 'one long disease;' the natural passions which he must have felt in common with all the world, disappointed and thrown back on his heart, only to gather there with more force, and more ineffectual wishes; his *confined* education; his being used from the cradle to listen only to the voice of partial indulgence; of tenderness, almost maternal, in all who contemplated his (physical) weakness, and his incipient talents. When he has duly weighed these, and attended to every *alleviating circumstance*, that his knowledge of the world, or his charity may suggest, then let him not hastily condemn what truth has compelled me to state; but let him rather, without presuming on his own virtues, lament the imperfections of our common nature, and leave the judgment to Him, who knoweth whereof we are made, who remembereth we are but dust!! Whatever might have been his defects, *he* could not be said to have many bad qualities who never lost a friend; and whom Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, Lyttleton, Fortescue, and Murray *esteemed* and *loved* through life."—*Conclusion of the Life of Pope*, vol. i.

We sympathise with, and highly respect, the feeling that dictated the lines transmitted by R. W. They are touched with truth, and genuine sensibility—and this constitutes beauty, in such a case, to our eyes. But there are several words, and turns of language, in them, which would be censured by general readers,—and that induce us to avoid submitting them to a criticism, which, when they were composed, was doubtless the furthest thing in the world from the author's thoughts.

We have received a very masterly paper on Göthe, and his Faustus, the whole of which, though it is very long, will appear in our next number. Our readers will recollect that a set of engravings, illustrating this remarkable poem, were well described in the second number of our Magazine. We are happy to find that the taste of the writer of that article has been very generally sympathised with, and that the prints in question, brought into notice by his observations, have since had a large sale. They have even been lately copied by an English artist, who seems to have executed his task very creditably to himself. But the originals have a spirit which has not been transfused into the copies, and we are therefore glad to hear that a fresh supply from the Continent has been received. We expect soon to be called upon to lay before

our readers some critical remarks on the present German school of painting—or at least on the practice of the German painters at Rome, who possess the characteristics of their style in common with the artists, their countrymen, that remain at home. In the course of these remarks, an attempt will probably be made, to define in what consists the peculiar charm of the figures and expressions which this nation now so much delights in,—and of which such beautiful examples are given in the work of Retsch.—Of the literary composition to which that work is a companion, a more detailed account than that which was involved in the descriptions of the plates, will, we are sure, be acceptable; for the Faustus of Göthe (generally considered his best production) is still but very imperfectly known here (though it is now spoken of with much interest), even in respect of its plan, and the peculiarities of its execution. Translation it has been said to defy; though, we must confess, if Mr. Coleridge could spare the time from those labours of a more important nature in which he is so visibly and profitably engaged, we should like much to see an attempt made by the author of Christabel, and the translator of Carlos. A bad or impotent translation, however, would be a great nuisance to England, and a crying injustice to Germany, from which we hope still to remain free, though we have heard certain hints that make us tremble. The strong influence of this work on the sensibilities of Germans, we have had occasion to see striking proof of; and it may hereafter furnish the subject of an article, that will not, we venture to predict, be thought one of our worst.

The Author of "Common Sense," a poem, which, by its dulness, exhausts common patience, charges Wordsworth, among other deficiencies, with being but "poor in fancy." We have heard many faults attributed to the great poet in question; but this is the first time, to our knowledge, that the author of Tintern Abbey, Laodemia, Ruth, and the Excursion, has been taunted with a want, either of fancy or imagination. His volume, last published, is now before us (The River Duddon, &c.): but, having so lately expressed ourselves at full length on the merits of this author, we shall not include it amongst our Critical Notices. We have nothing further to remark, characteristic of the poet's genius, or of its latest fruit: it is sufficient to state, that it is a brilliant emanation from the loftiest and most effulgent mind of the age. Those who, like ourselves, startle at some of this writer's familiar compositions,—not because they are familiar, both in subject and language, but because the principles of selection and harmony, essential to poetry, do not seem to have been duly observed in them,—will find nothing to alarm them in this volume—unless we ought to except the sportive imitation of the Tetrachordon Sonnet. Its contents are in the stately style of beauty throughout: and, on the other hand, this reserve in the choice and manner of the poet, has, perhaps, hindered him from penetrating quite so far into the sanctuary of the muse, as it has been his privilege to do in some one or two of his earlier pieces that might be named. We are tempted to give one extract from the volume now before us, just to put to shame the silly author of Common Sense; for really it is high time that the pop-guns of these mischievous urchins in literature, wherewith they pester their betters, should be wrested out of their hands, and broken over their empty heads. The dignity of the office of an editor of a Magazine, we are not ourselves inclined to estimate so highly as we hope our readers do:

nay, we have sometimes been inclined to class Magazine-reading with the predominating evils of the times,—such as the National Debt, Liver Complaints, our Criminal Code, and the Ladies' Projecting Bonnets:—but if our vocation gives us advantages, which a higher one would not confer, for whipping in-doors the troublesome fry that hang on the heels of noble natures in their passage to fame, we may surely feel our *consciences* at ease; and as to our *ambition*—why we must just be contented to let it subside to the faithful discharge of a street-beadle's duty. The perusal of the following fine verses conjures up a presence, as it were, of towering beauty, confronting the mind, as the Parthenon of the Acropolis confronts the eye, with its simple grandeur, unbroken symmetry, and quiet splendour.

DION.

(*See Plutarch.*)

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffl'd morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendant rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite!

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turn'd, a natural grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
Nor less the homage that was seen to wait
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere.

The Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline is a most useful Institution, and we are sorry that its Resolutions are rather too long to be conveniently inserted in our miscellany. We shall, however, be happy to pay some particular attention to the objects of this society in our next Number.

Christian of Denmark probably in our next Number.

We are happy to be able to inform inquirers, that our "Living Authors" are not extinct: No. 3 of the Series will appear next month.

THE

London Magazine.

N° VII. JULY, 1820. Vol. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

THE HISTORY OF MADAME KRUDENER, A RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIAST.

The name of Madame Krudener, who has been called the *Mistress of the Holy Alliance*, seems to have totally died away from our ears. Whether she is now concealed in the recesses of a harem, or the dungeons of a state prison, the Emperor Alexander, as the head, and prime mover of that exemplary Union, can best tell. Either species of retirement may be inferred from the character and habits of her lover, the august fraternity in question; but the date of Madame Krudener's birth, which, from documents now before us, appears to have taken place in 1766, we are sorry to say, inclines probability to the side of the least pleasant supposition. The last authentic accounts which Europe has received of this celebrated lady, stated her arrival at Konigsberg, under Prussian *surveillance*, accompanied by her faithful follower, and admirer, "a young and active" Genevan Divine, of the name of Empeytas. This took place nearly two years ago. Since then,—whether she has been altogether absorbed in the raptures of *Quietism*,—(a state of religious elevation in which, as a Catholic writer remarks, the worshipper often falls fast asleep)—or whether she has been submitted to the wholesome regimen of solitary confinement, as the natural consequence of her intimacies, legitimate and illegitimate,—not a word has escaped, either of or from this extraordinary enthusiast, whose frailties and reveries, connecting themselves with the winding-up of the French Revolution, constitute her, perhaps, the most extraordinary phenomenon of this class that has yet appeared.

That Madame Krudener should have had vogue in the world before the days of Voltaire, would not have been very surprising. That she should have held an empire over the minds of a particular sect, or of individual adherents, even in ours, could have produced no astonishment,—for have we not seen believers in Joanna Southcote? and are there not now amongst us persons who would go on a pilgrimage to the island of Saint Helena? Under the influence of pre-disposing feelings, man, "the paragon of animals," will yield to any imposition, however coarse, and swallow any absurdity, however clumsy. The imagination, smitten with the venerable aspect of the crown-surmounted triad—King, Lords, and Commons—and disgusted with the gross impositions and falsehoods with which the trap of Reform is baited, to catch the hungry and the halt,—may even persuade itself that the present Administration is fairly disposed towards the rightful claims of the human mind, and duly enlightened as to the urgent necessities, and imminent dangers, of the present cli-

macterical period! "Such tricks hath strong imagination:" and, on the other hand,—

> As all impediments in fancy's course,
> Are motives of more fancy—

some, who have been disappointed of their "airy hopes" cherished in the days when it seemed to their delighted imaginations, that

> Time would run back, and fetch the age of gold—

have had their minds, from that moment, peopled with chimeras, and their optic nerves so deranged as to render them unable to distinguish any thing for the future in its true shape and character. They "see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," and *vice versa* "cry stand to a true man."—Such think Wellington a mere blunderer, and Marshal Ney a man of honour;—Louis the 18th a tyrant, Cobbett a Patriot, and Alderman Wood a pattern of modest sincerity! Thousands will swear to the innocence of the Queen, simply because it is pleasant to them to hiss her husband: and hundreds will maintain her guilt, on no better ground than that the King seems to have found out that there is female society more agreeable to him than that of his wife. With all these varieties of faith and practice before our observation, we certainly, as has already been said, should not have ventured to express any astonishment if Madame Krudener had merely made a crowd of common converts to her system of religious mysticism,—for her manners, as it would appear from her history, are fascinating, her talents considerable, and her doctrines of a prepossessing cast. Her language carries with it evidence of good company and extensive information: her birth is respectable, and the pleasures and gaieties of French society before the revolution, with which she was intimate, have left tints of tenderness and vivacity on her disposition, that interestingly enliven the sombre hue of her devotional declarations. In all these respects, she has the advantage of Joanna Southcote, our late English prophetess, who was fat, vulgar, and illiterate; and therefore not nearly so well-calculated to make converts. Madame Krudener's power of producing an impression on the hearts of people by her person and manners, seems to have been, of itself, sufficient to create an enthusiastic feeling in her favour, independently altogether of her tenets. Even the heavy Swiss, who are almost as difficult to be moved as their mountains, flounder in heroics, and run astray in metaphor, whenever they speak of her. On her arrival in the Canton of Solothurn, the Editor of the "Swiss Guide," thus broke forth, at the top of his voice;—

> Madame Krudener now forms our reigning constellation, and she eclipses all the fixed stars and planets of our terrestrial world. Her appearance amongst us is delightful, if it were only for affording to us, in the midst of our narrow and constrained existence, a specimen, an image, for once, of noble, elegant, and liberal, life. We owe her gratitude for having introduced, amongst our miserable common-places, the superior tone of a high and well-informed mind. She does not live in town, but in its immediate vicinity; and already has she drawn to her residence, not only all its inhabitants, but also those of all the surrounding places. She is followed like Saint John in the Desart: but it is no wonder that she is so, for she feeds, at once, the minds, hearts, and *stomachs* of all who come. She practises all the works of Christian charity, and human mercy; and is a real refuge to the sinner. Her abode, therefore, is crowded with people—Disciples, spies, beggars, and *authors!*

A lady, thus richly accomplished, and liberally conducting herself, was not, as the Editor says, likely to preach to thin congregations, or to deaf ears;—but that a female should, on the strength of some eloquently expressed dreams of a religious cast,—involving pretensions to inspired prophecy, yet never inconsistent with the utmost purity of sentiment,—arrest the attention of monarchs in the hour of victory, and sway their councils afterwards, is surely a remarkable fact—happening, as it did, in the year 1814 of the Christian era. The truth, however, we believe to be, that the successes of the allied arms, in that year, had rendered several of the crowned heads of Europe *têtes exaltées*, in the proper acceptation of the French phrase. They were in a triumphal fever, a delirium of joy,—and human nature in its happiness, as well as in its misery, is prone to connect itself immediately with heaven. The sensibilities of some of the sovereigns had previously been keenly excited by deep misfortune; and when the tide of good fortune at last set in their favour, it streamed so rapidly,

and buoyed them onward to their object with such a foaming resistlessness, that they might well imagine themselves transported out of the natural channel of events, by the power of a special interposition of Providence in their behalf. Their manner, we understand, as well as their proceedings, during the progress and the consummation of their triumphs, seemed to bear witness to this impression on their minds. They spoke in tones mild but deep, as if they were Evangelists of peace, gifted with might to overthrow in war. They had the air of being full of themselves, while sincerely believing that they were all for others; and this is the most characteristic sign of a fanatic. They went abroad with saintly smiles, and repressed steps; looking around them as if their eyes glanced blessings, and their presence was sufficient to render "the time hallowed and gracious." And all this they really felt to be the case,—and, what was more to the purpose, the people felt it too! One universal jubilee was celebrated in Europe—every heart danced because of the present, without asking any questions about the future—labour was at a stand—parties of pleasure, philanthropical speeches, fireworks, and processions, seemed to make up the daily business of life—and sorrow and sighing seemed to be for ever fled away!—Our subject, at present, requires us to stop here,—and we are glad of it.

It was at this critical moment that Madame Krudener is understood to have made a decided impression on the hearts of the monarchs—and more particularly on that of Alexander—by the fervour and apparent inspiration of her devotional appeals:—appeals which she adapted, with great ability, to the circumstances in which were placed, at the moment, those whom she was most anxious to gain. The attention paid to this lady's benevolent and religious exhortations, some have traced to an interest of another nature, which she had excited in the bosom of one prince, at least, at an earlier period, when the enthusiasm and natural tenderness of her disposition manifested themselves, with not less ardour, in a more common direction.—Be that as it may, no one doubts that "peace and good-will to man" formed the basis of all her recommendations to the allied monarchs in 1814. Accustomed to move in the highest circles, she was previously well-known to one, if not more of these monarchs; and the recollection of the circumstances which her re-appearance would suggest, could not fail to touch his heart with softness, and dispose him to receive with favour her representations. The beautiful Queen, Louisa of Prusia, is a character about which hangs much of the charm of romance—she seemed more formed than any other modern female, to re-awaken the spirit of chivalry in the men, and to recall the grace of knightly enterprise and courage amongst the camps of Europe, degraded by feelings of bitterness and ferocity, which the French revolution engendered. Her untimely fate, the victim of sorrow, adds the interest of pathos to her history; and the settled grief of her husband for her loss, has given depth and permanence to the general sense of sympathy and regret which her death excited in Europe. By this unfortunate Queen, Madame Krudener was admitted to habits of confidential communication: the German biographer of the latter affirms, that,

> At the fall of the Prussian monarchy, she was in the north with her majesty,—and, anxiously pointing her afflicted regards to the Providence of God, she encouraged the royal sufferer by a tender and earnest application of the comforts of religion. After a short stay in Dresden, she returned to Paris; and at the beginning of the great Northern war, she announced to her relations, with a prophetic mind, its vast results: she then retired to Geneva, from whence she contemplated the gathering of the mighty crisis, and, in the practice of prayer and pious works, saw, by anticipation, the astonishing succession of events. It was here that she became acquainted with a young and active clergyman of the Calvanistic church, named Empeytas.

But it is proper that, before going further, we should make the real character and accomplishments of this extraordinary woman better known to our readers, by taking up her history from the earlier periods of her life, when her talents, affections, and dispositions, displayed themselves under circumstances of a more natural and intelligible cast than those which attend the career of a female mystic and prophetess. Madame Krudener, we learn, was born at Riga, about

the year 1766. Her father was Baron Victinghoff, a man of family, wealth, and taste. Her brother, the present baron, has distinguished himself by his enterprising spirit as a traveller, and has drawn up interesting narratives of his journeys in the East. When she was about nine years old, her father took her to Paris, where his house became one of the most favourite *rendezvous* of the wits and scholars of the time. Buffon, Marmontel, d'Alembert, frequented the baron's evening parties, and the little Juliana was in high favour with these celebrated persons, for she was already distinguished by an extraordinary degree of sagacious quickness, mingled with her constitutional vivacity and sensibility. Plunged in the very tophet of the encyclopedists, she remained, says her biographer, unhurt by their sarcasms, and unperverted by their arguments.

Angels, in the most lovely groups, played around her in her childhood; she delighted in the flowers and blossoms of religious sentiment, and heaven was the confident of her little sorrows and joys.

A lovely shape, tender expression of features, a cheerful yet thinking mind,—an understanding formed by manifold knowledge,—a proficiency in the accomplishments of her sex and station,—made her, in her fourteenth year, a fascinating creature: the charm of her manner was the greater because her heart was conversant only with pure sensations. Her eye was a mirror, in which her soul might be seen; and its serenity produced a frankness of temper which gave to her carriage a beautiful appearance of ease. She approached every one with confidence and pleasure: she suspected no one, because she knew nothing of evil. It was about this time that the Baron Krudener solicited her hand, which, soon after, she bestowed.

The Baron, soon after his marriage, went as ambassador from his government (Russia) to Venice, taking his wife with him. Her feelings on touching the land where classic fame, and the romantic spirit of the middle ages, unite the interest proper to each with the suggestions excited by the throne of religion, and the triumphs of art, —are forcibly expressed in her Novel called *Valerie*, which she wrote at Paris in 1802, with a view to effect, by its means, "a complete change of morals in the French fashionable world."

I frequently saw Madame Krudener, says Madame de Chezy; it was then her whole ambition to make of her Valerie, which she was just completing, a classical and popular work. I found her a little too anxious about its success: too desirous of receiving and making known the homage which, on account of this work, was paid to her from all sides. Miss Dorothea Schlegel and I translated the Novel into German for the author. But I doubt whether this translation has ever been printed.

Of this Novel it may be as well to give some account at once, before returning to pursue the regular thread of our heroine's story. We are sorry to be obliged to state, that, when it was composed, Madame Krudener had but too much reason to say with Falstaff,—"now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked." At Paris, at this time, observes her biographer,—

She frequented the most splendid circles, received the first-rate scholars and poets at her house, and followed all the fashions and amusements of the world. The singer, Garat, a wild and thoughless young man, is said to have been her *favourite*. The example of other women, and her ambition of notoriety and excellence,—induced her to venture into the field of literature. She wrote Valerie; a work in which she gives a romantic picture of a passion and connexion in which she had been really concerned. Valerie, in fact, is *herself*,—and she is described as a young and susceptible creature, with whom a relation and adopted son of her husband falls desperately in love. The origin of this fatal attachment, the unsuccessful struggle caused by the sentiments of duty and gratitude, the pining-away of the youth, who is silently consuming himself in this contest, and at last his death, are delineated with great truth and tenderness of feeling. It is supposed that the well-known philosopher, St. Martin, had some influence on this work.

The natural exaltation of Madame Krudener's mind,—which has now only changed its object, not its dispositions,—the depth of her emotions, and the quickness and subtlety of her perceptions, are reflected, in a very lively manner, in this Novel. Here you already see the preparation for religious enthusiasm, and indeed the explanation of all that has since taken place, in regard to the author, in the picture of her character, which is such as to hinder any one from being surprised that it should have taken its present turn. The plan and execution of the whole story are in the highest degree marked with enthusiasm and reverie; so much so, that it requires a mind of a congenial stamp in its reader to do it justice. A well-balanced mind would not be such an one; but there

are such, and to these alone does Madame Krudener's appeal come with force. The sentiments throughout bear evidence of an approach to heaven,—but as yet the language is that of earthly love. A great veneration for the mysteries of the Roman catholic religion is manifested by the author, and a great propensity to indulge in the seductive transports of visionary contemplation. The allusion in the novel to the poor Italian Sailor, traversing the rocks of the Appennines on a pilgrimage to Loretto, may be cited as an instance of this. Madame Krudener shews herself, in this work, to be deeply imbued with a warm feeling for the fine arts: but she feels them exclusively in the spirit of their origin, and the inspiration of their excellence—that is to say, in their connexion with religion, and as subservient to the celebration of the triumphs of faith. Speaking of the Italian land, she says, "Here grew and flourished Dante and Michael Angelo—prophets who announced the splendour of the Catholic church—efficacious ministers of a religion, austere yet consoling—of a faith purified from the early errors of human imagination, and providing for the exercise of those practical virtues in which man's happiness consists.—But these fine, these noble works, that now find their way to my heart by means of my transported senses, and illustrate and adorn the land of past greatness, —and of contemporary talent to which the rest of Europe, in its ignorance, does not render justice,—may be *removed*—they may be dragged, like captives of war, far from the place of their nativity! If that event should occur, happy they who have had the privilege of admiring them in their natural and befitting position: where they exercised, of their own right, a sovereign authority, and dwelt in the becoming silence and solemnity of magnificent Christian temples, instead of appearing like slaves, in a triumphal exhibition, where their beauty must be chiefly remarkable as subservient to glory of a coarser kind, and they must rank but as secondary objects of attention! Happy they who have seen these immortal productions shining over holy altars, placed in the cool and quiet corners of the vast marble palaces of religion, at the base of which humble devotion, and sincere penitence, prostrate both body and heart! By removing them from hence, what an injury is done to their sanctity and to their fame! In carrying off the Transfiguration, the Saint Cecilia, the Last Supper,—where is it intended for the future to place them? However splendid the hall, or superb the gallery, for which they are destined, their effect must be destroyed by their abduction. It is in the depths of a Chartreuse that the picture of Saint Bruno should be contemplated: its holy majesty is affronted by being brought near to a crowned head. And these sweet virgins, with their celestial features, declaring souls that are emanations of heaven!—how sad, how shameful, to place them in the midst of the vulgar, the profane, and the impure!"

Such is the high strain of Madame Krudener's sentiments on these interesting subjects. All her views are characterized by an elevation and an extent, that leave, far beneath and behind, the worldly maxims of the sordid, the dull, and the selfish. She has no tribute to bring to the feet of power, but instructions and admonitions to offer for its correction.—Her enthusiasm equally breaks forth when she is led to notice those pious retreats, where life is spent in contemplative prayer; where the merit of actions is reduced to the two great principles of faith and obedience; where the heart is at rest, because the seductions of the world cannot overleap the high walls, or the natural defences, of the seat of religious seclusion. Thus she represents the life of convents; and she causes her Gustavus to write in the following terms from *La Grande Chartreuse*, an austere retreat, which she had herself visited:—"I have just been reading the life of a Saint, having found the book in the closet of my naked chamber. He had been a man like unto his fellows; and man he remained; but he had thrown far from him worldly desires, after having vanquished them in terrible combats. He had exiled from his thoughts the images of his youth, and raised the strong barrier of repentance between them and his years of solitude. Every day he worked on his tomb; and, in removing the ground, he reflected, with satisfaction, that dust was all the legacy he would bequeath to the earth: at the same time he hoped tremblingly, that heaven would receive his soul. He lived in this Chartreuse in the year 1715: here too he died,—or, rather, from hence he was removed, so gentle, and so beautiful was his death. And here still live men, whom the callous and the trifling call crazy,—but who do good every day to their fellow-creatures. How sublime and touching the sight of three hundred brethren of the Chartreuse, living with the regularity of machines, and the feelings of saints,—filling these vast but silent cloisters, which scarcely ever know the echo of a sound, except it be that of the solemn bell, and the chant of midnight and matinal devotion! How affecting to observe them only raising their pale and melancholy countenances, but to bless those whom accident, curiosity, or zeal occasionally throw across their lonely path. In their movements we see painted the most profound calm of soul: the features and the voice of each bear witness, that the agitation of life hath for them ceased;—that they exist but for the mightiest of Beings, amongst the greatest and most terrible of his works:—

that the God of the universe, forgotten in the world, is by them remembered in the desert!"

The above long passage, taken from the German biographer of Madame Krudener, is as singular in its style as its subject. Fantastical and credulous, in parts of his work, even to being ridiculous, it is spread over with a vein of amiable and pure feeling, and distinguished, here and there, by elevated conceptions, that not only redeem its general character from the imputation of absurdity, but render it altogether more satisfactory to the intellect, as well as the imagination, than the saws of a poor mechanical philosophy,—brought forward to detect imposition by taking its ignorance as the measure of truth! The German seems almost to believe in the inspiration of his heroine: yet, after all, his concessions to her transports, and his readiness to connect her passions and her piety in comfortable union, do not much surpass the privileges of methodistical belief amongst ourselves. Indeed the writer makes no scruple to declare himself openly a disbeliever of the infallibility of reason and common-sense. It has been reserved, he says, for our age, to cultivate to excess what is called the philosophy of reason, in order that the world might see its inadequacy and weakness notoriously proved. The edifice, he adds, erected in the pride of common-sense, is paltry, poor, and small;—the nature of the soul of man cannot brook to be confined within such miserable bounds.

Such is the system of our German; but we are afraid that it can derive but little honour from the life of Madame Krudener, however eloquent and pleasing her writings may be—and that they are both will not be doubted, after the above extracts from her novel have been perused. We left the lady (to give an account of her work) a mere girl,—just married,—and arrived for the first time in her life, in Italy. Her residence was at Venice, one of the three most remarkable towns of that wonderful country—and the one which, as a place of residence, perhaps more than either of the other two, has the effect of throwing a poetical charm over the daily habits of life. At Rome and Naples, the observation is powerfully awakened, and all the faculties dependent on it share the empire of the man with those of voluptuous enjoyment, and idle, aimless, reverie. At Venice, life is surrendered entirely to the two latter. The movement of a city is concentrated in one spot, where it forms an exhibition of indolent gaiety, and unreserved communication: elsewhere traffic, labour, and visits, all glide with "noiseless footstep," and ghostlike motion, along the surface of still, unruffled water,—the banks of which are formed of marble palaces, that seem deserted, for luxury and pleasure are too intensely occupied in their interior to afford signs of bustle or intentional display without. The inevitable necessity, clamour, and hardship, of a crowded capital, are all hid from sight in the narrow windings of an almost inextricable labyrinth, into which none but the most curious strangers think of venturing, and which many of the better class of Venetians themselves live and die without having once, even by chance, explored. Madame Krudener gives, in her Novel, the following animated and finely-felt description of this celebrated and most interesting place.

Here the arts have embellished the pride of the state;—the genius of Titian, that of Paul Veronese, and of Tintoret, have illustrated Venice: Palladio has given splendour to its palaces,—so that taste and imagination have conferred an ever-during life on that which, but for them, would now be a ghastly image of death.—Venice is the favourite abode of luxury and languor. All its habits and contrivances are favourable to these: the enjoyment of pleasure, as well as the avocations of the day, are all reconciled with repose. The merchant reposes in his gondola, which also reposes while it moves on the unagitated water. The gallant reposes as he hurries to keep an assignation with his mistress. At the Opera the nobility repose in their boxes, while, in silent, sleepy ecstacy, they inhale the sounds that breathe upon them from the finest voices of Italy. More than half the day is over before the people of Venice leave their beds: the night they pass at the theatres, the cafés, and their cassinos,—which are places for intrigue and convivial society. The square of Saint Mark is crowded with fashionable company after midnight: bands of musicians, itinerant performers of comedy, improvisatori poets, succeed each other. The cafés open and shut their doors with perpetual noise: well-dressed women, of the

most respectable classes, are seen through the windows of these, seated on ottomans, and surrounded by throngs of men, all in animated conversation:—ices gaily and variously coloured, and plates of fruit beautifully arranged, pass to and fro. The Turk, the Arab, the Armenian, and the Dalmatian mingle their picturesque costumes with the robes, dominos, and masks of the Venetians. The shops under the piazzas display their attractions. The proud and noble dama passes from one place of entertainment to another, shining with diamonds, and her soft black eyes gleaming sensibility to pleasure. Add to this picture, that of the quay of the Sclavons, as it is called,—near the church of Saint Mark,—during the day; the pillars of the city, brought from Jerusalem; the palace of the Doge, with its grand oriental aspect; the bridges, the galleys, brigs, and feluccas; the beautiful spires and towers; the boats with painted sails, bringing peasant-girls and men, fancifully clad, and with speaking Italian physiognomies, from the neighbouring main, or the islands:—then the singing of the gondoliers,—and the sudden prostration on the ground of all the crowd when a holy procession passes by! Such is Venice! And from it is seen afar the sublime barrier of the Tyrolean Alps:—it is they that form that magnificent curtain, which seems to hang from the clouds, and which the sun loves pompously to gild before he disappears beyond its stupendous height!

We wish the youth of Madame Krudener had been placed more towards the present time: we should have liked her to have met Lord Byron at Venice:—to have encountered him at the amiable Countess Bensone's,—a lady at whose palace is held the most agreeable and respectable conversazione of that city, and whose person, though she is now between sixty and seventy, still justifies the sweet and well-known Venetian ballad,

La Biondina in gondoletta, &c.

which was, we understand, suggested by her charms, and written by one of her admirers. *La Comtessa* would have delighted to have brought together, under her elegant and hospitable roof, two such remarkable persons as the Poet and the Mystic, and to have watched the influence on each other of such highly gifted and very sensitive minds. Such an experiment would admirably suit the natural philosophy most in vogue with the Venetians; and, had it taken place, we are inclined to think that our illustrious countryman would have occupied a larger share in the after contemplations of the female enthusiast, and exercised a more powerful influence over her systems, than ever the Emperor Alexander has done. If any unfortunate results be thought likely to have attended the experiment in question, we are sorry to say that nothing could well be more so than the fact which actually occurred. Madame Krudener arrived at Venice with her husband,—but she left it *alone*. "She did not," says her biographer, "find in her alliance that satisfaction which her ardent mind expected and demanded; so that her domestic concerns became embroiled, and *a separation from her husband at length took place.*"

Previously to this event, however, she had resided at Venice several years. Young, lively, and pretty, she was naturally surrounded by admirers and lovers in such a place,—while her rank and wealth gave her access to the first circles. But in the midst of the gaieties, and perhaps serious but objectionable engagements, into which she was led by her fervent disposition and hazardous situation, one of the most remarkable and laudable of those qualities of character which have given celebrity to her in her subsequent, and very different pursuits, manifested itself with force, and excited considerable attention by its indications. "A secret impulse of her heart," says her biographer, "*drew her already towards the lower orders:* and they, on their side, showed an uncommon attachment *towards the young foreign lady.* She could never go abroad without being followed by the multitude, who hailed her as the mother of the Venetian poor." A zealous, but perhaps not very discriminating benevolence, and a noble intrepidity in maintaining the cause of the oppressed and the helpless, and the general rights of humanity, seem to form together the basis of her character; and to these she has been indebted, both for the notice she at first received from the greatest personages, and the severity with which she was afterwards treated by the authorities of the countries, through which she passed in her capacities of religious teacher and prophetess. The German writer observes, with reference to events of which he is a better

judge than we are,—that "when a monarch wishes to conquer, or to defend himself, then are the people not only to be called free, but persuaded that they are so:—in all the proclamations the national liberties are to be saved, and the rights of the subjects to be upheld:—but, when the work is done, should the people claim what has been solemnly promised them, or take for granted the truth of what has been loudly told them of their condition, they are reviled, and treated as disturbers, revolutionists, and disaffected."

In 1791, Madame Krudener returned from Italy, a separated wife, to the house of her parents in Riga, and with them she lived for some time. All who knew her at this period, agree in declaring, that the fascination of her person and manners was irresistible! —but, alas, we learn from her biographer, that now "her lively disposition, susceptible heart, and exposed state, operated upon by the seducing charms of fashionable life, DREW HER INTO ERRORS." The nature of these would be guessed by the susceptible amongst our readers, even had it not been already suggested in the course of this article. Madame Krudener's errors began in love, and ended in devotion. She, however, with infinite address, takes advantage of the former class, to constitute herself an authority in religious matters. She argues, in one of her letters, that she is entitled to attention as a teacher of divinity, inasmuch as "I have been accustomed for years to see men of all classes *discovering to me the deepest folds of their hearts.*" Again,—

It was necessary that a woman should appear, who had been educated, and who had dwelt, in the abodes of vanity and luxury, yet who could say to the poor that she felt happier to serve them, seated on a wooden bench, than to partake of the common enjoyments of wealth:—a woman too who had *sinned*, and who, humbled by her transgressions, might take her stand patiently, and courageously, and perseveringly, at the foot of the cross, like Mary Magdalen,—who could despise nobody, and who might sympathise with sinners like herself, who had been deceived, and who had fallen before the vanities of the world, and the temptations of the flesh. A woman was wanted who had been taught the deepest mysteries by love alone: a courageous woman, who, having been possessed of almost every thing desirable on earth, might be able to tell *even to Kings*, THAT ALL IS VANITY, and to hurl from their thrones, the *false gods of the vain and pompous saloons!*

At Paris, to which capital Madame Krudener soon went, it was still worse than at Riga. "Connections formed rapidly, were, in succession, as rapidly dissolved." She was driven from her father's home by secret uneasiness, and a desire to hush or drown that voice of conscience which was perpetually reminding her of her happy, because innocent, youthful life. An increasing inward perturbation, however, still accompanied her, and she was plunged in a thousand new perplexities by her misconduct. We are only told concisely by her biographer, that "she suffered many misfortunes at Paris," which at length occasioned her return to Germany, and, in the year 1798, she lived at Leipsic with a Frenchman who had followed her from his own country. After this, she went, for a short time, to Russia; and, in 1801, returned again to Paris.

Here she now seems to have lived in a very gay and splendid style. This was the era of her connection with Garat, the singer, already alluded to, and of the composition of her favourite novel, Valerie.

The *exaltation*, as the French term it, of her fancy, was now becoming more and more apparent: she had, as she herself expresses it, gone through much and seen much, and the sense of satiety began to press heavily on a heart, which the abundance of experience had dissatisfied rather than appeased. The quickness and ardour of her emotions remained, but novelty was exhausted, and hope could promise nothing more in life worth living for. This is the state of mind in which men and women are tempted to exclaim, "all is vanity," and to turn suddenly, for refuge from themselves, either to religion or philosophy. Madame Krudener chose the former, and became a philanthropical prophetess. Her benevolence was her own: her fanaticism was, probably, only the result of unfortunate circumstances.

To the extremest pitch however of her devotional enthusiasm, she did not reach at once; and for some years, her behaviour, while it could not well be said to pass in any respect the li-

mits of what is called eccentricity, was, at the same time, so marked by goodness of disposition and vivacity of talent, that she shared the intimacy of the highest personages, and exercised a considerable influence in the best circles of society. It was during this period that she was taken notice of by the Queen of Prussia. "In 1812," says Madame de Chezy, "I found the woman, whom I had, in 1802, left at Paris engaged in intrigues and animated by literary ambition,—at Carlsrhue, clad in a plain black great coat, her hair cut close to her head, surrounded wherever she went by the poor, and filled with an earnest, though then still moderate zeal for the word of God. I rejoiced inwardly that so good a heart had at length found out the right way to happiness; that mental energies, so rare and rich, had at length found their proper sphere of exertion. She penetrated into the dungeons of Heidelberg, where some highway robbers and murderers were confined, a devotional book in her hand, and with the words of eternal life on her lips, to prepare them for the worldly death to which they were doomed to submit. Vulgar minds blamed and ridiculed this action; but unprejudiced and god-fearing people contemplated it as something great and generous, and trusted, as they had reason, that it was crowned with success!"

At Carlsrhue Madame Krudener became acquainted with Mr. Jung-Stilling; and from his conversation imbibed his notions regarding the millennium, and some other occult matters, on which his ideas were peculiar.

In the autumn of the famous year 1814, she again went to Paris. Here she had formerly been an object of fashionable notoriety for her literary parties, and the gaiety and splendour of her receptions:—now she became equally so for her *prayer-meetings*. The newspapers stated, that she inhabited a large house, where she received her disciples;—that, through four or five empty rooms, which were not even lit up at night, the way led to the sanctuary in which the new priestess lay extended on a sofa; a few rush-bottomed chairs for the visitors forming the only furniture besides. But Madame Krudener, by epistolary correspondence, and in conversations, had been made the confident of the most conspicuous and elevated persons, and had thereby, as she herself states, in words which we have quoted, possessed excellent opportunities of seeing deeply into character, and informing herself well of transactions. Such, in fact, was the influence she had now acquired, that the Allied Sovereigns,—or, at least, one of them,—and he not the least distinguished of their number,—became a listener to her exhortations and announcements. "*It is confidently affirmed,*" observes her biographer, "*that the foundation of that celebrated* ALLIANCE, *which, under the denomination of* HOLY, *has, and is still to have, a most important operation on the destinies of Europe,—and which few or none, except those with whom it originated, can yet pretend to comprehend,—was at this time laid at her* PRAYER-MEETINGS."

At this time she put forth one of the most singular of her productions, a description of the religious festival, celebrated in the plains of Chalons, by the Russian troops, with their Emperor at their head. ("*Le Camp de Vertus*—a Paris—chez le Normant.") The animated style of this address is highly suitable to the period of glowing hopes, and mighty changes, when it appeared. Madame Krudener ought to have been painted as the European sybil of the year 1814, with the scroll of this enthusiastic composition in her hand;—and, if the painter's genius had been worthy of his subject, it would have formed a becoming companion to the Cumean prophetess by Michael Angelo. Mystical religion, mystical metaphysics, and ardent poetry, mingle in this effusion, which seems to have been written when its author was tingling all over with the electrical influence of the moment. It is almost worthy of being placed by the side of the song of Miriam, which the Israelites chaunted with that noble chorus—"the horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea!" The few extracts we can give will afford but a very imperfect idea of the effect of the whole.

We have just witnessed one of those great scenes, that seem to reunite earth to heaven, and which posterity will consider as constituting one of those splendid chap-

ters of history in which the fate of ages is revealed.

Who shall attempt to write, what we all have seen! Where is the bold Tacitus who shall dare to touch upon events, that, like the sphinx of Thebes, swallow up all those who do not understand their great riddle!

* * * * * * *

In the midst of the general deluge of sin and misery, which was washing away the face of Europe, the crime was as common as the destruction. It consisted but in the *will of man to separate himself from God.* The evils that must ever spring from this, are taught by that first and ancient philosophy—*the fall of the angels.* This too was the crime of our first parents:—pride committed violence on infinite love, and the sins and sorrows of earth and hell were thus engendered!

* * * * * * *

But in the fields of Champagne, which witnessed the defeat of Attila, a second scourge of the Almighty has been broken, and thrown aside. The sound of the great fall rattles in echoes over the world, and will penetrate even into the far-spread desarts of Asia! The Colossus has melted away like a fog! He who cried Aha at the noise of the battle, and who had the strength of Europe in his hand, has fled, like a solitary ghost on the approach of morn, and scattered corpses are all he has left behind him!

From a distant land, known only under the garb of fable, came nations single-hearted and youthful. They had not yet drunken from the cup of all excesses: they had not yet forsworn the God who is alone "*mighty to save.*" At their head came a man of high destination. The Lord called Alexander—&c. &c.

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How the vows of thy heart must have been accomplished, mighty Alexander! When thou sawest this day of solemnity: one hundred and fifty thousand Russians bending their knees, which danger never yet had been able to bend, in an act of humiliation worthy of a religion of love. * * * Yes, Glory be to God, there lives yet a man, and that man a sovereign, who in the moments of conquest, and at the head of armies, strong and beautiful in the eyes of the admiring world, is willing to acknowledge that there is no strength but in the Saviour,—no merit but in his favour. * * * Who has not, in the sight of this solemn day, when Alexander stood beneath the standards which religion had unfurled,—said to himself, "*Old things have passed away, and behold all things are become new?*"

* * * * * * *

This glorious spectacle of so many monarchs adoring the King of Kings, has been the signal as it were that the world was entering into another time! It furnished an eloquent preface to the holy history of renovated Europe!

And what heart has not also beaten at this sight for thee, Oh France! Thou that didst cherish the wish to banish the Almighty from his own universe! Hast thou not now seen how weak are the strongest arms of earth! Thou art an example to the world without faith, that the glory of dust is but a preparation for the greedy mouth of the grave.

And thou, old France! The ancient land of the Gauls: the daughter of the holy Lewis, and the protected-one of so many other saints, who, now in heaven, call for blessings upon thee!—thou Flower of Chivalry, whose dreams have enchanted the world—mayest thou flourish yet again! Thou hast a sign and token of thy future welfare in this august day, when the Cross was planted anew in thy fertile plains by the hero who won his way to them with his sword, and who will leave this monument behind him, as a pledge of his good-will, and a memorial that the nations of the North prayed for the prosperity of France!

Some of these exulting passages contrast singularly with the author's fortunes afterwards—to say nothing of the fortunes of Europe. Her Biographer has soon occasion to remark, that Madame Krudener found, to her grief, that no permanent good effect was to be produced by working in the golden chambers of the great:—that a revival of religious feeling has never yet proceeded from palaces, but always from cottages: and that, with this view of things forced upon her, she soon left Paris, and betook herself to the quiet vallies of Switzerland.

When Madame Krudener arrived, in the autumn of 1815, at Basil, she soon collected a crowd of people about her; and her discourses were now full of all the raptures of prophecy and poesy. The general spirit of her system seems to be the regeneration of society, by infusing more happiness into the condition of the lower orders, and removing all vestiges of oppression and selfishness from amongst the higher. The love of God, burning like a flame in the heart, stimulated by the language of passion, and fed by habits of visionary contemplation, seems to be the great mean she would employ to effect the end she has in view:—but it is easy to see, that this

object itself provided for the short duration of her intimacy with princes. Not that we mean, in the common low-minded strain of what is called liberal writing, to suggest that the sovereigns of Europe are engaged in a positive conspiracy against the liberty and happiness of their subjects: —we believe, in our consciences, that the majority of them have really liberal intentions, and even willingly harbour a belief that the just call of the age is for a fresh infusion of the spirit of freedom into its political institutions. But, acknowledging this much in their favour, it is quite clear we think, that society has hitherto been defrauded of much of the good that was promised, and is due to it,—and that disinclination seems to increase with delay. We do not blame the sovereigns alone for this;—the unreasonableness of popular demand, and the disgusting intemperance of its self-elected organs, are chargeable with the mischief of the procrastination, as well as the backwardness of governments. Each, unluckily, has acted upon, and aggravated the other; —and it is not our present business nicely to apportion the respective shares of blame. This being the state of affairs, however, we repeat that there was but little chance that the sovereigns would long continue to sympathise with the regenerating ideas of a religious enthusiast, whose movements were accompanied by shouting multitudes, and whose doctrines took an elevated range, far above the impediments and prejudices that are met with at every step on the surface of our "nether earth." If princes are likely to be over-scrupulous, prophetesses are quite as likely to be over-exacting; and while we respect Madame Krudener's secession from her crowned friends, as a proof of her magnanimity and disinterestedness, we do not by any means think it necessarily follows, that the latter were either hypocrites in making those professions which inspired her confidence, or renegades in the conduct which seems to have excited her distrust. The following account of Madame Krudener's proceedings at Basil, is given by her Biographer, and will, we think, be read with interest.

The women, always fond of allegory, and prone to powerful emotions—always preferring the impulses of the heart to the cold investigations of reason, were here strongly impressed by Madame Krudener's doctrines. Empeytas, who was now with her, preached every evening; and his discourses remained unnoticed by the government, until wives and maidens, stimulated by his eloquence, and the equally ardent exhortations of his companion, were seen "*selling all they had, and giving unto the poor.*" Their jewels, their household furniture, their dress, all went to constitute a fund for the needy:—but their obedience to the Divine command was not relished by the men, who could not bear to see this squandering, as they called it, of their dearly beloved wealth. Unable to oppose by argument what was founded on the strength of the Scriptures, they found it the shortest way to banish these Christian teachers.—"What does she want here?" exclaimed Parson Faesch from the pulpit—"this fanatical woman, praised by the multitudes who are always easily imposed upon! Who has made this foreigner a judge amongst us?"—Upon an order of the magistrate, Madame Krudener was obliged to leave Basil, from whence she went to Lorach, and afterwards to Aarau.

It is not very surprising that Swiss fathers and husbands were not in a good humour with these conversions of their wives and daughters. The Swiss character has been very much misrepresented in the proverbs and conversation of Europe, if Madame Krudener was likely to establish a religious system in this country, the necessary effect of which is a disposition to be profuse in gifts.

She now became an object of suspicion and dislike to the authorities of the various Cantons,—and was chased from place to place in a way, the description of which excites our feelings pretty strongly on her side. The poor woman seems to have been hunted from her resting places a few moments after her arrival at each; so that she literally had not where to lay her head. In the castle of Liebeg, indeed, in the valley of Culm, she remained for a short time; and another of her followers, Mr. Speisegger, writes of her residence at this place as follows:

She here continues her prayer-meetings, to the great blessing of many thousands of people. There is in this vicinity a sort of fermentation of the people perceptible, relative to their *moral-religious* state: yet no one can fairly say, that they are animated by sectarian violence. An immense number of souls, seeking for salvation, pour in to participate in these devotional exercises.

On the last day of the assumption there were nearly two thousand individuals present, collected around this amiable woman, and listening to the word of God, proceeding from her lips.

About this time she wrote a letter to a young Israelite, who had been won to the Catholic religion, and who was employed in the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew. We are sorry we have not room for extracts from this one of her works; for it is very characteristic, and very eloquent. The "great mystery of love," is what she chiefly recommends the convert to study. She broaches an opinion in this letter, that Luther did not pay faithful attention to the promises of Christ contained in the Scriptures, and concludes with this fervent ejaculation: "May Jesus, who is the life of the Bible, be also your life; so that it may become itself a Bible to observers, in the beauty of its holy walk!"

During the scarcity of the year 1816, she expended large sums in supplying the poor with food, and great numbers of these flocked around her in the village of Grenzacher-Horn, at a short distance from Basil. But the magistrates of this place still continued her enemies, and, on the evening of the 23d January, 1817, the village was surrounded by the armed police, and Madame Krudener's hearers and pensioners were all taken into custody. It was on this occasion that she wrote her long letter to Mr. Von Bergheim, minister of the interior at Carlsrhue. In this document, which may be considered as a solemn declaration and protest on her part, intended to vindicate what she regarded as her mission, and to warn and confound her enemies, she adopts a warm and indignant tone, and enters very fully into the history of her religious feelings. The regular clergy are not spared in this letter: she quotes against them Chrysostom's pointed words—"Every child is a preacher of the Lord,—but every preacher is not a child of the Lord." Those who, like herself, she says, are persecuted for conscience sake, "fall asleep, like St. Stephen, under the stones which are cast against them." There is much eloquence, of the conventicle kind, in the following passage:—

He comes back again himself to resume the sceptre—He whom the whole earth wished to unthrone—who is sitting above the cherubim—and who shall level the giant that resists him to the dust! His compassion with the blind ones is long. He is slow to anger, because he is eternal, says S. Augustin;—but he will at last be tired, and he who resists him shall be wiped off from the earth: the wind of destruction shall sweep him to the judgment-seat. The time is nigh when the kingdoms of the world shall cry out, and the storms of heaven shall answer them.

She claims to be considered a chosen instrument for salvation in the hands of God; and says, he will explain, when he shall think it fit so to do, why a weak woman was selected to instruct the nations.

Neither in the early ages, nor in the middle ages, which eclipse this age of philosophy, would I have been reduced to the necessity of vindicating my conduct. Catherine of Sienna,—to whom, indeed, I am not bold enough to compare myself,—preached before assembled convents, and was always surrounded by hungry or appeased souls,—who longed for, or gratefully enjoyed, the mysteries of the bread of life: she was not banished, or compelled to plead her cause.

But Hell always rises and raves when Love is at work. The time, however, is nigh, when the Lord will come for his chosen, as the lion of Judah,—causing the great ones to tremble: he will come too as a shepherd that knows his own flock, and as a Divine bridegroom, singing a hymn of joy, as he takes his church to his arms. He comes even now; and the famine of these days is as the St. John running before him to preach conversion.

Madame Krudener now set out avowedly on the pilgrimage which was to include all Germany and the neighbouring nations; and to the poor of all countries she particularly addressed herself. She gave the name of "THE MISSION" to the few friends that accompanied her, and assisted her teaching. These were now Empeytas, Kellner, and Professor Lachenal from Basil. An "*Appeal to the Poor,*" was published by this body:—they were desired in it to trust in God's blessing more than in labour, and to expect his interposition in their behalf in the countries where they were unjustly treated. This interposition would shew itself by great plagues and awful visitations. She particularly alludes to those places where the poor are not *allowed to marry unless they have a*

certain sum of money;—here, she says, the laws of man are opposed to those of God.

A *Newspaper* was now announced by the Mission, for the avowed purpose of saving and comforting the poor, arousing the rich, and generally impressing the public mind with the great signs of the times. Its title was—"GAZETTE FOR THE POOR," with this *Nota Bene* below the title: "*The poor will receive this paper gratis: let them give it to the rich for food, and pray for them.*" One number only of this work was permitted to be published, and it appeared on the 5th May, 1817, having for its motto the three first verses of the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah:—

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion; to give unto them beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness,—the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

The first article of this newspaper is addressed, and runs, as follows:—

To you who are despised and rejected by the world; who are encompassed with injustice, and hear nothing but bad news:—to you, dearly beloved Poor, this paper is dedicated. It will bring you glad tidings of a new kingdom, where you may find refuge; where a king rules who is a father to the poor and to the orphan. In this country, all the hungry are fed, the thirsty are refreshed, the naked are clothed. There, also, all strangers are harboured. You want no money in your purses to be admitted there; nor are the ways there unsafe, like our high-roads. Every subject has, at any hour, free access to the king of that country. You will not there, as here, be turned away from the doors of the mansions, or the gates of the cities: on the contrary, it is the king himself who invites you to come to him.

The newspaper for the poor is intended to give an account of this kingdom: it will point out the road which they must take to arrive there; also the duties which those who wish to become its inhabitants, must discharge towards its great king. It will even set before them the fruits of that fine country, and give them a foretaste of its enjoyments, &c. &c. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

You shall also read in this newspaper of the Anti-Christian Kingdom, from the slavery of which it is the will of God to free you:—of the horrible reign of its chief, the prince of this world; how he cheats and oppresses his servants and subjects,—and brings down one evil after another on their heads:—so will you be convinced of the necessity of flying from his dominion—&c. &c.

After the address, from which the above are only extracts, follow, under the head of "*Divine Annunciations of the Judgments of the Kingdom of God,*"—accounts of dreams, prophecies, and what are called "the preachings of nature," by storms, floods, earthquakes, whirlwinds, pestilence, famine, &c. The first number of the Journal concludes with two anecdotes and a hymn. The allegory of the two kingdoms, we think, will be allowed to be remarkably well kept up, and the contents of "the Newspaper for the Poor," too expertly calculated for those to whom it is addressed, to have given it a chance of permission to live. That it would have had an immense circulation, had it been continued, may be safely affirmed.

Madame Krudener continued to travel from town to town,—but no where was she allowed by the authorities to stop. The municipalities were on the alert to warn her off their premises the moment of her arrival. These measures only tended to increase the crowds that followed her. One of her apologists, about this time, published the following remarks concerning her, with which we shall conclude the present article. Early in 1818, she was delivered over by the Saxon police to the Prussian, and conducted by the latter, with her friends, to Konigsberg, since which time nothing has been heard of this remarkable woman.

Whoever sees and hears her with an unbiased mind, will allow that she is now as respectable and venerable, as she was formerly amiable and full of feeling. Neither vanity nor hypocrisy are the motives that

have led her to this stange and trying mode of life. From the imputation of fanaticism perhaps, it may not be so easy to free her; but to the dull observer, every motion of a mind that outflies his own seems fanatical. This nobly-formed female stands above her contemporaries: she has passed her early years in pleasure, and gaiety: she has enjoyed the intimacy of kings and princes,—and now she knows of nothing better than to preach happiness, and the doctrines of Jesus to the poor. Surrounded by a small but faithful band of friends; inhabiting a wooden cottage; clad in a plain blue dress, she is accessible to every one, during the few hours she abstracts from solitary contemplation,—and then she speaks with decent eloquence, and lively inspiration, the words of exhortation to a christian life: words which she always admirably adapts to circumstances of time and place, and the characters of those whom she is addressing. Her two great objects not even scandal can defame:—the first is that of bringing together Christians, disunited by doctrines, in the universal grasp of holy charity; and the second, the regeneration of society, and the establishment of peace on the earth, by causing the rich to become brethren with the poor.—In the pursuit of these objects she is chargeable with faults; she goes to work with pious levity, and blind zeal; yet she not only surpasses a great many of our clergy in eloquence and spirit, but also sets them an example by discharging intrigue and pretension from the service of religion.

TABLE-TALK.

No. II.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WRITING AND SPEAKING.

It is a common observation, that few persons can be found who speak and write equally well. Not only is it obvious that the two faculties do not always go together in the same proportions: but they are not unusually in direct opposition to each other. We find that the greatest authors often make the worst company in the world; and again, some of the liveliest fellows imaginable in conversation or extempore speaking, seem to lose all their vivacity and spirit the moment they set pen to paper. For this a greater degree of quickness or slowness of parts, education, habit, temper, turn of mind, and a variety of collateral and predisposing causes are necessary to account. The subject is at least curious, and worthy of an attempt to explain it. I shall endeavour to illustrate the difference by familiar examples rather than by analytical reasonings. The philosopher of old was not unwise, who defined motion by getting up, and walking.

The great leading distinction between writing and speaking, is that more time is allowed for the one than the other: and hence different faculties are required for, and different objects attained by, each. He is properly the best speaker, who can collect together the greatest number of apposite ideas at a moment's warning: he is properly the best writer who can give utterance to the greatest quantity of valuable knowledge in the whole course of his life. The chief requisite for the one then appears to be quickness and facility of perception—for the other, patience of soul, and a power increasing with the difficulties it has to master.* He cannot be denied to be an expert speaker, a lively companion, who is never at a loss for something to say on every occasion or subject that offers: he, by the same rule, will make a respectable writer, who, by dint of study, can find out any thing good to say on any one point that has not been touched upon before, or who, by asking for time, can give the most complete and comprehensive view of any question. The one must be done off-hand, at a single blow: the other can only be done by a repetition of blows, by having time to think and do better. In speaking, less is required of you, if you only do it at once, with grace and spirit: in writing, you stipulate for all that you are capable of, but you have the choice of your own time

* "Some minds are proportioned to that which may be dispatched at once or within a short return of time: others to that which begins afar off, and is to be won with length of pursuit"—Lord Bacon.

and subject. The difference of quicker and slower, however, is not all: that is merely a difference of comparison in doing the same thing. But the writer and speaker have to do things essentially different. You do not expect from the manufacturer the same dispatch in executing an order that you do from the shop-keeper or warehouseman. Besides habit, and greater or less facility, there is also a certain reach of capacity, a certain depth or shallowness, grossness or refinement of intellect, which marks out the distinction between those whose chief ambition is to shine by producing an immediate effect, or who are thrown back, by a natural bias, on the severer resources of thought and study.

We see persons of that standard or texture of mind that they can do nothing but on the spur of the occasion: if they have time to deliberate, they are lost. There are others who have no resources, who cannot advance a step by any efforts or assistance, beyond a successful arrangement of common-places: but these they have always at command, at every body's service. There is ———; meet him where you will in the street, he has his topic ready to let off in the same breath with, or almost before, the customary forms of salutation; he is hand and glove with it; on it goes and off, and he manages it like Wart his caliver.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire that he were made a prelate.
Let him but talk of any state-affair,
You'd say, it had been all in all his study.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, stands still—

but ere you have time to answer him, he is off like a shot to repeat the same careless fluent observations to others: —a perfect master of the sentences, a walking polemic wound up for the day, a smartly bound political pocket-book! Set the same person to write a common paragraph, and he cannot get through it for very weariness: ask him a question, ever so little out of the common road, and he stares you in the face. What does all this bustle, animation, plausibility, and command of words amount to? A lively flow of animal spirits, a good deal of confidence, a communicative turn, and a tolerably tenacious memory with respect to floating opinions and current phrases. Beyond the routine of the daily newspapers and coffee-house criticism, such persons do not venture to think at all: or if they did, it would be so much the worse for them, for they would only be perplexed in the attempt, and would perform their part in the mechanism of society with so much the less alacrity and delightful volubility.

The most flaming orator I ever heard, is the flattest writer I ever read. In speaking, he was like a volcano vomiting out *lava;* in writing, he is like a volcano burnt out. Nothing but the dry cinders, the hard shell remains. The tongues of flame, with which, in haranguing a mixed assembly, he used to illuminate his subject, and almost scorched up the panting air, do not appear painted on the margin of his works. He was the model of a flashy, powerful demagogue—a madman blest with a fit audience. He was possessed, infuriated with the patriotic *mania:* he seemed to rend and tear the rotten carcase of corruption with the remorseless (I will not say indecent) rage of a wild beast: he mourned over the bleeding body of his country, like another Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, as if he would "move the very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny:" he pointed to the "Persian abodes, the glittering temples" of oppression and luxury, with prophetic exultation; and, like another Helen, had almost fired another Troy! The lightning of national indignation flashed from his eye; the workings of the popular mind were seen labouring in his bosom: it writhed and swelled with its "fraught of aspics' tongues," and the poison frothed over at his lips. Thus qualified, he "wielded at will the fierce democracy, and thundered over" an area of souls, of no mean circumference. He who might be said to have "roared you in the ears of the groundlings" an 'twere any lion, aggravates his voice on paper, "like any sucking-dove." It is not merely that the same individual cannot sit down quietly in his closet, and produce the same, or a correspondent effect—that what he delivers over to the compositor is tame, and trite, and tedious—that he cannot by

any means, as it were, "create a soul under the ribs of death"—but sit down yourself, and read one of these very popular and electrical effusions (for they have been published) and you would not believe it to be the same! The thunder-and-lightning mixture of the orator turns out a mere drab-coloured suit in the person of the prose-writer. We wonder at the change, and think there must be some mistake, some leger-de-main trick played off upon us, by which what before appeared so fine now appears to be so worthless. The deception took place *before;* now it is removed. "Bottom! thou art translated!" might be placed as a motto under most collections of printed speeches that I have had the good fortune to meet with, whether originally addressed to the people, the senate, or the bar. Burke's and Windham's form an exception: Mr. Coleridge's *Conciones ad Populum* do not, any more than Mr. Thelwall's *Tribune.* What we read is the same: what we hear and see is different—"the self-same words, but *not* to the self-same tune." The orator's vehemence of gesture, the loudness of the voice, the speaking eye, the conscious attitude, the inexplicable dumb shew and noise,—all "those brave sublunary things that made his raptures clear,"—are no longer there, and without these he is nothing;—his "fire and air" turn to puddle and ditch-water, and the God of eloquence and of our idolatry sinks into a common mortal, or an image of lead, with a few labels, nicknames, and party watch-words stuck in his mouth. The truth is, that these always made up the stock of his intellectual wealth; but a certain exaggeration and extravagance of *manner* covered the nakedness, and swelled out the emptiness of the *matter:* the sympathy of angry multitudes with an impassioned theatrical declaimer, supplied the place of argument or wit; and the physical animation and ardour of the speaker evaporated in "sound and fury, signifying nothing," and leaving no trace behind it. A popular speaker (such as I have been here describing) is like a vulgar actor off the stage—take away his cue, and he has nothing to say for himself. Or he is so accustomed to the intoxication of popular applause, that without that stimulus he has no motive or power of exertion left—neither imagination, understanding, liveliness, common sense, words or ideas—he is fairly cleared out; and in the intervals of sober reason, is the dullest and most imbecile of all mortals.

An orator can hardly get beyond common-places: if he does, he gets beyond his hearers. The most successful speakers, even in the House of Commons, have not been the best scholars or the finest writers—neither those who took the most profound views of their subject, or adorned it with the most original fancy, or the richest combinations of language. Those speeches that in general told best at the time, are not now readable. What were the materials of which they were chiefly composed? An imposing detail of passing events, a formal display of official documents, an appeal to established maxims, an echo of popular clamour, some worn-out metaphor new-vamped up,—some hackneyed argument used for the hundredth, nay thousandth time, to fall in with the interests, the passions, or prejudices of listening and devoted admirers;—some truth or falsehood, repeated as the Shibboleth of party time out of mind, which gathers strength from sympathy as it descends, because it is understood or assented to by all, and finds, in the increased action of the minds of numbers, the weight and force of an instinct. A COMMON-PLACE does not leave the mind "sceptical, puzzled, and undecided in the moment of action:"—"it gives a body to opinion, and a permanence to fugitive belief." It operates mechanically, and opens an instantaneous and infallible communication between the hearer and speaker. A set of cant-phrases, arranged in sounding sentences, and pronounced "with good emphasis and discretion," keep the vulgar and irritable humours of an audience in constant fermentation; and levy no tax on the understanding. To give a reason for any thing is to breed a doubt of it, which doubt you may not remove in the sequel; either because your reason may not be a good one, or because the person to whom it is addressed may not be able to comprehend it, or because others may not be able to comprehend it. He who offers to go into the grounds of an acknowledged

axiom, risks the unanimity of the company "by most admired disorder," as he who digs to the foundation of a building, to show its solidity, risks its falling. But a common-place is enshrined in its own unquestioned evidence, and constitutes its own immortal basis. Nature, it has been said, abhors a *vacuum;* and the House of Commons, it might be said, hates every thing but a common-place!—Mr. Burke did not often shock the prejudices of the House: he endeavoured to *account for them*, to "lay the flattering unction of philosophy to their souls." They could not endure him. He did not do this by dry argument alone: he called to his aid the flowers of poetical fiction, and strewed the most dazzling colours of language over the Standing Orders of the House. It was a double offence to them—an aggravation of the encroachments of his genius. They would rather "hear a cat mew or an axle-tree grate," than hear a man talk philosophy by the hour;—

> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns.

He was emphatically called the *Dinner-Bell.* They went out by shoals when he began to speak. They coughed and shuffled him down. While he was uttering some of the finest observations (to speak in compass) that ever were delivered in that House, they walked out, not as the beasts came out of the ark, by twos and by threes, but in droves and companies of tens, of dozens, and scores! Oh! it is "the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man," when you are in the middle of a delicate speculation to see "a robusteous, periwig-pated fellow" deliberately take up his hat and walk out. But what effect could Burke's finest observations be expected to have on the House of Commons in their corporate capacity? On the supposition that they were original, refined, comprehensive,—his auditors had never heard, and assuredly they had never thought of them before: how then should they know that they were good or bad, till they had time to consider better of it, or till they were told what to think? In the mean time, they stopped the question: they were blanks in the debate: they could at best only be laid aside, and left *ad referendum.* What would it signify if four or five persons, at the utmost, felt their full force and fascinating power the instant they were delivered? They knew that they would be utterly unintelligible to nine-tenths of the persons present, and their effect upon any particular individual, more knowing than the others, would be involuntarily paralysed by the torpedo touch of the elbow of a country gentleman, or city orator. There is a reaction in insensibility as well as in enthusiasm; and men in society judge not by their own convictions, but by sympathy with others. In reading, we may go over the page again, whenever any thing new or questionable "gives us pause:" besides, we are by ourselves, and it is a word to the wise. We are not afraid of understanding too much, and being called upon to unriddle. In hearing, we are (saving the mark!) in the company of fools; and time presses. Was the debate to be suspended, while Mr. Fox or Mr. Windham took this or that honourable member aside, to explain to them *that fine observation* of Mr. Burke's, and to watch over the new birth of their understandings, the dawn of this new light! If we were to wait till noble lords, and honourable gentlemen, were inspired with a relish for abstruse thinking, and a taste for the loftier flights of fancy, the business of this great nation would shortly be at a stand. No: it is too much to ask that our good things should be duly appreciated by the first person we meet, or in the next minute after their disclosure: if the world are a little, a very little, the wiser or better for them two centuries hence, it is full as much as can be modestly expected!—The impression of any thing delivered in a large assembly must be comparatively null and void, unless you not only understand and feel its value yourself, but are conscious that it is felt and understood by the meanest capacity present. Till that is the case, the speaker is in your power, not you in his. The eloquence that is effectual and irresistible must stir the inert mass of prejudice, and pierce the opaquest shadows of ignorance. Corporate bodies move slow in the progress of intellect, for this reason, that they must keep back, like

convoys, for the heaviest sailing vessels under their charge. The sinews of the wisest councils are, after all, ignorance and interest: the most enlightened bodies are often but slaves of the weakest intellects they reckon among them, and the best-intentioned but the tools of the greatest hypocrites and knaves.—To conclude what I had to say on the character of Mr. Burke's parliamentary style, I will just give an instance of what I mean in affirming that it was too recondite for his hearers; and it shall be even in so obvious a thing as a quotation. Speaking of the new French constitution, and in particular of the king (Louis XVI.) as the chief power only in form and appearance, he repeated the famous lines in Milton describing Death, and concluded with peculiar emphasis,

—— What *seem'd* its head,
The *likeness* of a kingly crown had on!

The person who heard him make the speech said, that, if ever a poet's language had been finely applied by an orator to express his thoughts and make out his purpose, it was in this instance. The passage, I believe, is not in his reported speeches; and I should think, in all likelihood, it "fell still-born" from his lips; while one of Mr. Canning's well-thumbed quotations out of Virgil would electrify the Treasury Benches, and be echoed by all the politicians of his own standing, and the tyros of his own school, from Lord Liverpool in the Upper, down to Mr. William Ward in the Lower House.

Mr. Burke was an author before he was a Member of Parliament: he ascended to that practical eminence from "the platform" of his literary pursuits. He walked out of his study into the House. But he never became a thorough-bred debater. He was not "native to that element," nor was he ever "subdued to the quality" of that motley crew of knights, citizens, and burgesses. Lord Chatham was made for, and by it. He seemed to vault into his seat there, like Hotspur, with the exclamation in his mouth—"That Roan shall be my throne." Or he sprang out of the genius of the House of Commons, like Pallas from the head of Jupiter, completely armed. He assumed an ascendancy there from the very port and stature of his mind—from his aspiring and fiery temperament. He vanquished, because he could not yield. He controlled the purposes of others, because he was strong in his own obdurate self-will. He convinced his followers, by never doubting himself. He did not argue, but assert: he took what he chose for granted, instead of making a question of it. He was not a dealer in *moot-points*. He seized on some stronghold in the argument, and held it fast with a convulsive grasp—or wrested the weapons out of his adversaries' hands by main force. He entered the lists like a gladiator. He made political controversy a combat of personal skill and courage. He was not for wasting time in long-winded arguments with his opponents, but tried to disarm them by a word, by a glance of his eye, so that they should not dare to contradict or confront him again. He did not wheedle, or palliate, or circumvent, or make a studied appeal to the reason, or the passions—he *dictated* his opinions to the House of Commons. "He spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes."—But if he did not produce such an effect either by reason or imagination, how did he produce it?—The principle by which he exerted his influence over others (and it is a principle of which some speakers that I might mention seem not to have an idea, even in possibility) was sympathy. He himself evidently had a strong possession of his subject, a thorough conviction, an intense interest; and this communicated itself from his *manner*, from the tones of his voice, from his commanding attitudes, and eager gestures, instinctively and unavoidably to his hearers. His will was surcharged with electrical matter, like a Voltaic battery; and all who stood within its reach felt the full force of the shock. Zeal will do more than knowledge. To say the truth, there is little knowledge,—no ingenuity, no parade of individual details, not much attempt at general argument, neither wit nor fancy in his speeches—but there are a few plain truths told home:—whatever he says, he does not mince the matter, but clenches it in the most unequivocal manner, and with the fullest sense of its importance, in short, clear, pithy, old Eng-

lish sentences. The most obvious things, as he puts them, read like axioms—so that he appears, as it were, the genius of common sense personified; and in turning to his speeches you fancy that you have met with (at least) one honest statesman!—Lord Chatham commenced his career in the intrigues of a camp and the bustle of a mess-room; where he probably learnt that the way to govern others, is to make your will your warrant, and your word a law. If he had spent the early part of his life, like Mr. Burke, in writing a Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, and in dreaming over the abstract nature and causes of things, he would never have taken the lead he did in the British Senate.

Both Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt (though as opposite to each other as possible) were essentially speakers, not authors, in their mode of oratory. Beyond the moment, beyond the occasion, beyond the immediate power shown, astonishing as that was, there was little remarkable or worth preserving in their speeches. There is no thought in them that implies a habit of deep and refined reflection (more than we are accustomed ordinarily to find in people of education):—there is no knowledge that does not lie within the reach of obvious and mechanical search:—and as to the powers of language, the chief miracle is, that a source of words so apt, forcible, and well-arranged, so copious and unfailing, should have been found constantly open to express their ideas without any previous preparation. Considered as written style, they are not far out of the common course of things:—and perhaps it is assuming too much, and making the wonder greater than it is, with a very natural love of indulging our admiration of extraordinary persons, when we conceive that parliamentary speeches are in general delivered without any previous preparation. They do not, it is true, allow of preparation at the moment, but they have the preparation of the preceding night, and of the night before that, and of nights, weeks, months, and years of the same endless drudgery and routine, in going over the same subjects, argued, with some paltry difference, on the same grounds. *Practice makes perfect.* He who has got a speech by heart on any particular occasion, cannot be much gravelled for matter or form, on any similar occasion in future. Not only are the topics the same;—the very same phrases—whole batches of them,—are served up as the Order of the Day:—the same parliamentary bead-roll of grave impertinence is twanged, in full cadence, by the hon. member or his learned and hon. friend; and the well-known, voluminous, calculable periods roll over the drowsy ears of the auditors, almost before they are delivered from the vapid tongue that utters them! It may appear, at first sight, that here are a number of persons got together, picked out from the whole nation, who can speak at all times, upon all subjects, in the most exemplary manner: but the fact is, they only repeat the same things over and over on the same subjects,—and they obtain credit for general capacity and ready wit, like Chaucer's Monk, who, by having three words of Latin always in his mouth, passed for a great scholar.

A few termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.

Try them on any other subject *out of doors,* and see how soon the extempore wit and wisdom "will halt for it." See how few of those who have distinguished themselves *in* the House of Commons have done any thing *out* of it: how few that have, shine *there!* Read over the collections of old Debates, twenty, forty, eighty, a hundred years ago: they are the same, *mutatis mutandis,* as those of yesterday. You wonder to see how little has been added,—you grieve that so little has been lost. Even in their own favourite topics, how much are they to seek! They still talk gravely of the Sinking Fund in St. Stephen's Chapel, which has been for some time exploded as a juggle by Mr. Place of Charing-Cross;—and a few of the principles of Adam Smith, which every one else has been acquainted with long since, are just now beginning to dawn on the collective understanding of the two Houses of Parliament. Instead of an exuberance of precious matter, you have the same meagre standing dishes for every day in the year. You must serve an apprenticeship to a want of originality, to a suspension of thought and feel-

ing. You are in a go-cart of prejudices,—in a regularly constructed machine of pretexts and precedents:—you are not only to wear the livery of other men's thoughts, but there is a House of Commons jargon which must be used for every thing. A man of simplicity and independence of mind cannot easily reconcile himself to all this formality and mummery: yet woe to him that shall attempt to discard it! You can no more move against the stream of custom than you can make way against a crowd of people: the mob of lords and gentlemen will not let you speak or think but as they do; you are hemmed in, stifled, pinioned, pressed to death,—and if you make one false step, are "trampled under the hoofs of a swinish multitude!" Talk of mobs! Is there any body of people that has this character in a more consummate degree than the House of Commons? Is there any set of men that determines more by acclamation, and less by deliberation and individual conviction? That is moved more *en masse*, in its aggregate capacity, as brute force and physical number? That judges with more Midas ears, blind and sordid, without discrimination of right and wrong? The greatest test of courage I can conceive, is to speak truth in the House of Commons. I have heard Sir Francis Burdett say things there which I could not enough admire; and which he could not have ventured upon saying, if, besides his honesty, he had not been a man of fortune, of family, of character,—aye, and a very good-looking man into the bargain! Dr. Johnson had a wish to try his hand in the House of Commons. An elephant might as well have been introduced there, in all the forms. Sir William Curtis makes a better figure. Either he or the Speaker (Onslow) must have resigned. The orbit of his intellect was not the one in which the intellect of the House moved, by ancient privilege. *His* common-places were not *their* common-places.—Even Horne Tooke failed, with all his *tact*, his self-possession, his ready talent, and his long practice at the Hustings. He had weapons of his own with which he wished to make play, and did not lay his hand upon the established levers for wielding the House of Commons. A succession of dry, sharp-pointed sayings, which come in excellently well in the pauses or quick turns of conversation, do not make a speech. A series of drops is not a stream. Besides, he had been in the practice of rallying his guests and tampering with his subject; and this ironical tone did not suit his new situation. He had been used to "give his own little Senate laws," and when he found the resistance of the great one more than he could manage, he shrunk back from the attempt, disheartened and powerless. It is nothing that a man can talk (the better, the worse it is for him) unless he can talk in trammels: he must be drilled into the regiment: he must not run out of the course!—The worst thing a man can do is to set up for a wit there—or rather (I should say) for a humourist—to say odd out-of-the-way things, to ape a character, to play the clown or the wag in the House. This is the very forlorn hope of a parliamentary ambition. They may tolerate it till they know what you are at; but no longer. It may succeed once or twice, but the third time you will be sure to break your neck. They know nothing of you, or your whims,—nor have they time to look at a puppet-show. "They look only at the stop-watch, my Lord!" We have seen a very lively sally of this sort which failed lately. The House of Commons is the last place where a man will draw admiration by making a jest of his own character. But if he has a mind to make a jest of humanity, of liberty, and of common sense and decency, he will succeed well enough!

The only person who ever "hit the House between wind and water" in this way,—who made sport for the Members, and kept his own dignity (in our time at least), was Mr. Windham. He carried on the traffic in parliamentary conundrums and enigmas with great *eclat* for more than one season. He mixed up a vein of characteristic eccentricity with a succession of far-fetched and curious speculations, very pleasantly. Extremes meet; and Mr. Windham overcame the obstinate attachment of his hearers to fixed opinions by the force of paradoxes. He startled his bed-rid audience effectually. A paradox was a treat to them, on the score of novelty at least: "the sight of one," according to the Scotch pro-

verb, "was good for sore eyes." So Mr. Windham humoured them in the thing for once. He took all sorts of commonly received doctrines and notions (with an understood reserve) —reversed them, and set up a fanciful theory of his own, instead. The changes were like those in a pantomime. Ask the first old woman you met, her opinion on any subject, and you could get at the statesman's; for his would be just the contrary. He would be wiser than the old woman at any rate. If a thing had been thought cruel, he would prove that it was humane; if barbarous, manly; if wise, foolish; if sense, nonsense. His creed was the antithesis of common sense,—loyalty excepted. Economy he could turn into ridicule, as "a saving of cheese-parings and candle-ends;"—and total failure was with him "negative success." He had no occasion, in thus setting up for original thinking, to inquire into the truth or falsehood of any proposition, but to ascertain whether it was currently believed in, and then to contradict it, point-blank. He made the vulgar prejudices of others "servile ministers" to his own solecisms. It was not easy always to say whether he was in jest or earnest—but he contrived to hitch his extravagancies into the midst of some grave debate; the House had their laugh for nothing; the question got into shape again, and Mr. Windham was allowed to have been more *brilliant* than ever.*

Mr. Windham was, I have heard, a silent man in company. Indeed, his whole style was an artificial and studied imitation, or capricious caricature, of Burke's bold, natural, discursive manner. This did not imply much spontaneous power or fertility of invention: he was evidently a posture-master, rather than a man of real elasticity and vigour of mind. Mr. Pitt was also, I believe, somewhat taciturn and reserved. There was nothing clearly in the subject-matter of his speeches to connect with the ordinary topics of discourse, or with any one aspect of human life. One would expect him to be quite as much in the clouds as the automaton chess-player, or the last new Opera-singer. Mr. Fox said little in private, and complained that in writing he had no style. So (to compare great things with small) the great Jack Davies, the racket player, never said any thing at all in company, and was what is understood by a modest man. When the racket was out of his hand, his occupation, his delight, his glory (that which he excelled all mankind in,) was gone! So when Mr. Fox had no longer to keep up the ball of debate, with the floor of St. Stephen's for a stage, and the world for spectators of the game, it is hardly to be wondered at that he felt a little at a loss—without his usual train of subjects, the same crowd of associations, the same spirit of competition, or stimulus to extraordinary exertion. The excitement of leading in the House of Commons (which, in addition to the immediate attention and applause that follows, is a sort of whispering gallery to all Europe,) must act upon the brain, like brandy or laudanum upon the stomach; and must, in most cases, produce the same debilitating effects afterwards. A man's faculties must be quite exhausted, his virtue gone out of him. That any one accustomed all his life to the tributary roar of applause from the great council of the nation, should think of dieting himself with the prospect of posthumous fame as an author, is like offering a confirmed dram-drinker a glass of fair water for his morning's draught. Charles Fox is not to be blamed for having written an indifferent history of James II. but for having written a history at all. It was not his business to write a history—his business was not to have made any more Coalitions. But he found writing so dull, he thought it better to be a colleague of Lord Grenville! He did not want style, (to say that was nonsense, because the style of his speeches was just and fine)—he wanted a sounding-board in the ear of posterity to try his periods upon. If he had gone to the House of Commons in the morning, and tried to make a speech fasting, when there

* It must be granted, however, that there was something *piquant* and provoking in his manner of "making the worse appear the better reason." In keeping off the ill odour of a bad cause, he applied hartshorn and burnt feathers to the offended sense; and did not, like Mr. Canning, treat us with the faded flowers of his oratory, like the faint smell of a perfumer's shop, or try to make Government "love-locks" of dead men's hair!

was nobody to hear him, he might have been equally disconcerted at his want of style. The habit of speaking is the habit of being heard, and of wanting to be heard: the habit of writing is the habit of thinking aloud, but without the help of an echo. The orator sees his subject in the eager looks of his auditors; and feels doubly conscious, doubly impressed with it, in the glow of their sympathy: the author can only look for encouragement in a blank piece of paper. The orator feels the impulse of popular enthusiasm,

——like proud seas under him:

the only Pegasus the writer has to boast, is the hobby-horse of his own thoughts and fancies. How is he to get on then? From the lash of necessity. We accordingly see persons of rank and fortune continually volunteer into the service of oratory—and the state: but we have few authors who are not paid by the sheet!—I myself have heard Charles Fox engaged in familiar conversation. It was in the Louvre. He was describing the pictures to two persons that were with him. He spoke rapidly, but very unaffectedly. I remember his saying—"All those blues and greens, and reds are the Guercinos: you may know them by the colours." He set Opie right as to Domenichino's St. Jerome. "You will find," he said, "though you may not be struck with it at first, that there is a great deal of truth and good sense in that picture." There was a person at one time a good deal with Mr. Fox, who, when the opinion of the latter was asked on any subject, very frequently interposed to give the answer. This sort of tantalising disappointment was ingeniously enough compared by some one, to walking up Ludgate-hill, and having the spire of St. Martin's constantly getting in your way, when you wish to see the dome of St. Paul's!—Burke, it is said, conversed, as he spoke in public, and as he wrote. He was communicative, diffuse, magnificent. "What is the use," said Mr. Fox to a friend, "of Sheridan's trying to swell himself out in this manner, like the frog in the fable?"—alluding to his speech on Warren Hastings's trial. "It is very well for Burke to express himself in that figurative way. It is natural to him: he talks so to his wife, to his servants, to his children: but as for Sheridan, he either never opens his mouth at all, or if he does, it is to utter some joke. It is out of the question for him to affect these *Orientalisms.*" Burke once came into Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting-room, when one of his pupils was sitting for one of the sons of Count Ugolino; this person was introduced to him by name:—"Ah! then," said Burke, "I find that Mr. N— has not only a head that would do for Titian to paint, but is himself a painter." At another time, he came in when Goldsmith was there, and poured forth such a torrent of violent personal abuse against the King, that they got to high words, and Goldsmith threatened to leave the room if he did not desist. Goldsmith bore testimony to his powers of conversation. Speaking of Johnson, he said, "Does he wind into a subject like a serpent, as Burke does?" With respect to his facility in composition, there are contradictory accounts. It has been stated by some, that he wrote out a plain sketch first, like a sort of dead colouring, and added the ornaments and tropes afterwards. I have been assured by a person who had the best means of knowing, that the Letter to a Noble Lord (the most rapid, impetuous, glancing, and sportive of all his works,) was printed off, and the proof sent to him; and that it was returned to the printing-office with so many alterations and passages interlined, that the compositors refused to correct it as it was—took the whole matter in pieces, and reset the copy. This looks like elaboration and after-thought. It was also one of Burke's latest compositions.* A regularly bred speaker would have made up his mind beforehand: but Burke's mind being, as originally constituted, and by its first bias, that of an author, never became set. It was in further search and progress. It had an internal spring left. It was not tied down to the printer's form. It could still project itself into new beauties, and explore strange regions from the unwearied impulse of its own de-

* Tom Paine, while he was busy about any of his works, used to walk out, compose a sentence or paragraph in his head, come home and write it down, and never altered it afterwards. He then added another, and so on, till the whole was completed.

light or curiosity. Perhaps among the passages interlined, were the description of the Duke of Bedford, as "the Leviathan among all the creatures of the crown,"—the *catalogue raisonnée* of the Abbé Sieyes's pigeon-holes, —or the comparison of the English monarchy to "the proud keep of Windsor, with its double belt of kindred and coeval towers." Were these to be given up? If he had had to make his defence of his pension in the House of Lords, they would not have been ready in time, it appears; and, besides, would have been too difficult of execution on the spot: a speaker must not set his heart on such forbidden fruit. But Mr. Burke was an author, and the press did not "shut the gates of *genius* on mankind." A set of oratorical flourishes, indeed, is soon exhausted, and is generally all that the extempore speaker can safely aspire to. Not so with the resources of art or nature, which are inexhaustible,—and which the writer has time to seek out, to embody, and to fit into shape and use, if he has the strength, the courage, and patience to do so.

There is then a certain range of thought and expression beyond the regular rhetorical routine, on which the author, to vindicate his title, must trench somewhat freely. The proof that this is understood to be so, is, that what is called an oratorical style is exploded from all good writing; that we immediately lay down an article, even in a common newspaper, in which such phrases occur as "the Angel of Reform," "the drooping Genius of Albion;" and that a very brilliant speech at a loyal dinner-party makes a very flimsy, insipid pamphlet. The orator has to get up for a certain occasion a striking compilation of partial topics, which, "to leave no rubs or botches in the work," must be pretty familiar, as well as palatable to his hearers: and in doing this, he may avail himself of all the resources of an artificial memory. The writer must be original, or he is nothing. He is not to take up with ready-made goods; for he has time allowed him to create his own materials, to make novel combinations of thought and fancy, to contend with unforeseen difficulties of style and execution, while we look on, and admire the growing work in secret and at leisure. There is a degree of finishing as well as of solid strength in writing, which is not to be got at every day, and we can wait for perfection. The author owes a debt to truth and nature which he cannot satisfy at sight, but he has pawned his head on redeeming it. It is not a string of clap-traps to answer a temporary or party-purpose,—violent, vulgar, and illiberal,—but general and lasting truth that we require at his hands. We go to him as pupils, not as partisans. We have a right to expect from him profounder views of things; finer observations; more ingenious illustrations; happier and bolder expressions. He is to give the choice and picked results of a whole life of study; what he has struck out in his most felicitous moods, has treasured up with most pride, or laboured to bring to light with most anxiety and confidence of success. He may turn a period in his head fifty different ways, so that it comes out smooth and round at last. He may have caught a glimpse of a simile, and it may have vanished again: let him be on the watch for it, as the idle boy watches for the lurking-place of the adder. We can wait. He is not satisfied with a reason he has offered for something: let him wait till he finds a better reason. There is some word, some phrase, some idiom that expresses a particular idea better than any other, but he cannot for the life of him recollect it: let him wait till he does. Is it strange that among twenty thousand words in the English language, the one of all others that he most needs should have escaped him? There are more things in nature than there are words in the English language, and he must not expect to lay rash hands on them all at once.

> Learn to write slow: all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places.

You allow a writer a year to think of a subject: he should not put you off with a truism at last. You allow him a year more to find out words for his thoughts: he should not give us an echo of all the fine things that have been said a hundred times.* All au-

* Just as a poet ought not to cheat us with lame metre and defective rhymes, which might be excusable in an improvisatori versifier.

thors, however, are not so squeamish; but take up with words and ideas as they find them delivered down to them. Happy are they who write Latin verses! Who copy the style of Dr. Johnson! Who hold up the phrase of ancient Pistol! They do not trouble themselves with those hair-breadth distinctions of thought or meaning that puzzle nicer heads—let us leave them to their repose! A person in habits of composition often hesitates in conversation for a particular word: it is because he is in search of the best word, and *that* he cannot hit upon. In writing, he would stop till it came. (That is essentially a bad style which seems as if the person writing it never stopped for breath or gave himself a moment's pause, but strove to make up by redundancy and fluency for want of choice and correctness of expression.) It is not true, however, that the scholar could avail himself of a more ordinary word if he chose, or readily acquire a command of ordinary language; for his associations are habitually intense, not vague and shallow; and words occur to him only as *tallies* to certain modifications of feeling. They are links in the chain of thought. His imagination is fastidious, and rejects all those that are "of no mark or likelihood." Certain words are in his mind indissolubly wedded to certain things; and none are admitted at the *levée* of his thoughts, but those of which the banns have been solemnised with scrupulous propriety. Again, the student finds a stimulus to literary exertion, not in the immediate *eclat* of his undertaking, but in the difficulty of his subject, and the progressive nature of his task. He is not wound up to a sudden and extraordinary effort of presence of mind; but is for ever awake to the silent influxes of things, and his life is one long labour. Are there no sweeteners of his toil? No reflections, in the absence of popular applause, or social indulgence, to cheer him on his way? Let the reader judge. His pleasure is the counterpart of, and borrowed from the same source as the writer's. A man does not read out of vanity, or in company, but to amuse his own thoughts. If the reader, from disinterested and merely intellectual motives, relishes an author's "fancies and good nights," the last may be supposed to have relished them no less. If he laughs at a joke, the inventor chuckled over it to the full as much. If he is delighted with a phrase, he may be sure the writer jumped at it—if he is pleased to cull a straggling flower from the page, he may believe that it was plucked with no less fondness from the face of nature. Does he fasten, with gathering brow and looks intent, on some difficult speculation? He may be convinced that the writer thought it a fine thing to split his brain in solving so curious a problem, and to publish his discovery to the world. There is some satisfaction in the contemplation of power: there is also a little pride in the conscious possession of it. With what pleasure do we read books! If authors could but feel this, or remember what they themselves once felt, they would need no other temptation to persevere.

To conclude this account with what perhaps I ought to have set out with, a definition of the character of an author. There are persons who in society, in public intercourse, feel no excitement,—"dull as the lake that slumbers in the storm,"—but who, when left alone, can lash themselves into a foam. They are never less alone than when alone. Mount them on a dinner-table, and they have nothing to say: shut them up in a room by themselves, and they are inspired. They are "made fierce with dark keeping." In revenge for being tongue-tied, a torrent of words flows from their pens, and the storm which was so long collecting comes down apace. It never rains but it pours. Is not this strange, unaccountable? Not at all so. They have a real interest, a real knowledge of the subject, and they cannot summon up all that interest, or bring all that knowledge to bear, while they have any thing else to attend to. Till they can do justice to the feeling they have, they can do nothing. For this they look into their own minds, not in the faces of a gaping multitude. What they would say (if they could) does not lie at the orifices of the mouth ready for delivery, but is wrapped in the folds of the heart and registered in the chambers of the brain. In the sacred cause of truth that stirs them, they would put their whole strength, their whole being in requisition; and

as it implies a greater effort to drag their words and ideas from their lurking-places, so there is no end when they are once set in motion. The whole of a man's thoughts and feelings cannot lie on the surface, made up for use; but the whole must be a greater quantity, a mightier power, if they could be got at, layer under layer, and brought into play by the levers of imagination and reflection. Such a person then sees farther and feels deeper than most others. He plucks up an argument by the roots, he tears out the very heart of his subject. He has more pride in conquering the difficulties of a question than vanity in courting the favour of an audience. He wishes to satisfy himself before he pretends to enlighten the public. He takes an interest in things in the abstract more than by sympathy with others. Nature is his mistress, truth his idol. The contemplation of a pure idea is the ruling passion of his breast. The intervention of other people's notions, the being the immediate object of their censure or their praise, puts him out. What will tell, what will produce an effect, he cares little about; and therefore he produces the greatest. The *personal* is to him an impertinence. So he conceals himself, and writes. Solitude "becomes his glittering bride, and airy thoughts his children." Such a one is a true author; and not a member of any Debating Club, or Dilettanti Society, whatever!* T.

MR. BOWLES — AS EDITOR OF POPE.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Sir,—In your review of "Spence's Anecdotes," which appeared in your magazine for February last, a correspondent has spoken in harsh terms of the late Editor of Pope's works—the Rev. Wm. L. Bowles.

Mr. Campbell had written some remarks on the same subject, in his "Specimens of the Poets;" and as these remarks came from an author and poet so deservedly esteemed as Mr. Campbell, with the authority of *so respectable a name*, and with language of personal courtesy, Mr. Bowles was induced to publish an answer.

This answer has been admitted, not only by Mr. Campbell himself, but by all who have read it, to be a perfect vindication from the charges that were hastily brought against Mr. Bowles, both as far as they regard his criticism and his candour;—and the writer of this letter recommends the pamphlet in question to the perusal of the author of the article on Spence's Anecdotes, who speaks, so flippantly and sarcastically, of "flippant sarcasm."

Mr. Bowles has advanced some facts relating to Pope's life, which have not been attempted to be disproved: he has drawn inferences from these, not in the spirit of sarcasm or spleen, but with the full admission of the general virtues of the great poet, of whose life he was called to give some account. I do not think (and I am sure every one who personally knows this editor will say the same) that a shade of invidiousness or unkindness ever passed over the mind of the writer of the life of Pope; but reiterated attacks have been made upon

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* I have omitted to dwell on some other differences of body and mind that often prevent the same person from shining in both capacities of speaker and writer. There are natural impediments to public speaking, such as the want of a strong voice and steady nerves. A high authority of the present day has thought this a matter of so much importance, that he goes so far even as to let it affect the constitution of Parliament, and conceives that gentlemen who have not bold foreheads and brazen lungs, with modest pretensions and patriotic views, should be allowed to creep into the great assembly of the nation through the avenue of close boroughs, and not be called upon "to face the storms of the hustings." In this point of view, Stentor was a man of genius, and a noisy jack-pudding may cut a considerable figure in the "Political House that Jack built." I fancy Mr. C. Wynne is the only person in the kingdom who has fully made up his mind that a total defect of voice is the most necessary qualification for a Speaker of the House of Commons!

him by those who seem to possess both unkindness and invidiousness.

As to the "pruriency of imagination," which has represented him as "laying himself on the ground" to catch "*a taint*" from the connexion of Pope with Martha Blount, this odious quality, from the "*disgusting*" style of the metaphor, may safely be retorted on his anonymous adversary; as may the charge of want of candour, which is indeed "disgusting" in the mouths of those who, while they affectedly claim candour for others, show so little of its exercise themselves.

As a friend of Mr. Bowles I have written these observations, and I repose sufficient faith, Mr. Editor, on your professions of impartiality and justice, to believe that they will be admitted in that work which gave place to the charges above alluded to. I would recommend to the notice of those who write thus acrimoniously against a clergyman and a worthy man, that passage in his letter to Mr. Campbell, wherein he mildly says, in reply to many "*flippant and sarcastic*" criticisms,—"*I should have been most happy to have received myself* HALF THE CANDOUR WHICH I HAVE SHOWN!"

I have sent herewith Mr. Bowles's answer to Campbell, which I hope you will read before you again admit any hasty condemnation of a man, from whose heart uncharitableness is as distant as "sarcasms" or "pruriency" from his pen.

I shall have no hesitation, if such should be your desire, to make known my name;—I should even be happy in the opportunity of openly vindicating, as far as lay within my weak power, (though his own eloquent defence in his "Answer to Campbell," is all sufficient)—one so utterly unworthy of the censure cast upon him as Mr. Bowles,—one, whose purity of intention requires only an unprejudiced perusal of his works to be discovered, as his benevolence of character and warmth of heart require only a personal knowledge of himself to be gladly acknowledged.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

L. S. C.

LINES,

WRITTEN BY A SPANIARD, UPON SEEING A WILD ROSE GROWING OUT OF A SCULL, FILLED WITH EARTH, IN THE CORNER OF A DESERTED CEMETERY IN SPAIN.

Bella flor! donde naciste?
Que temprano fue tu suerte!
Que al primer paso que diste,
Encontraste con la muerte.—
Dejarte es cosa triste—
Llevarte es cosa fuerte.—
Dejarte donde naciste
Es dejarte con la muerte.—

PARAPHRASED.

Thou wildest, fairest, sweetest flower,
  Ah where has fate thy beauties thrown!—
For at thine earliest, gayest hour,
  Behold, death claims thee for his own.

Leave thee on thy sepulchral bed?—
  Alas, 'twere still with death to leave thee!
Bear thee to deck my Julia's head?
  Death there would follow to receive thee.—

For thou wouldst fade as all things fade,—
  Short space of time her care could save thee;
And the fair brow that thou wouldst shade—
  'Tis but the bed that fate first gave thee.

TO ————

ON A DISPUTE CONCERNING THE COMPARATIVE BEAUTY OF BLACK EYES AND BLUE EYES.

THERE's lightning in a bright black eye,
  A spirit and a power,
Like those which revel o'er the sky
  In Heaven's stormiest hour;
And they who love the threatning sky,
May feel the beauty of a bright black eye;
And Mirth may ride upon its beam,
As the gay surf plays o'er the stream;
And the fair lid, like marble tinged
  By the blue vein, which channels through
In mazy streams,—and delicately fringed
  By the long lash which shrouds from view—
Or but allows the gazer's *heart* to feel—
Half that those full dark glances would reveal—
Oh there is beauty there! and of that mould
Which fires the bosom, be it e'er so cold.—
But there's an eye which wears a lovelier hue,
And rivets faster chains—the eye of *blue*—
'Tis the garb of Heaven when Heaven is gay,
And Nature hath a holyday;
When only Love pervades the beam
Which fills with light the crystal stream;
And surely Heaven's serenest dye
Beseemeth best a lady's eye!

Oh! there is something in an eye of blue,
  I know not what—a music *visible*—a tone
So passing sweet, and softly breathing through,
  It melts the heart, and makes it all its own:

In sooth 'twere not an easy task to tell,
When in the azure eye alternate dwell
Sorrow and Joy,—when this in smiles appears,
And that descendeth in a flood of tears,—
Which shows the lovelier;—it tells of pain,
Or methinks the *tear* should ever there remain.

A violet with its pearls of dew,
  The last that in the sunbeams stay,
Has less of beauty than an eye of blue,
  When through the tear-drop streams its ray.

And oh in that hour of pious care,
When the soul is raised to Heaven in prayer,
Before the lid may dare to close,
And veil its orb in sweet repose,—
Oh then the deep blue eye reveals
All the devoted spirit feels,
And sheds as soft and pure a light
As the beautiful moon on a cloudless night;
And haughty hearts, beneath its ray,
May turn, and not disdain to pray.—

Then tell me not of Houris' eyes,
  The sparkling orbs of burning jet,
That form the stars of Eastern skies
  To light the fools of Mahomet.

I love, sweet girl, the eyes of blue—
If you had *black ones*, so would you. X.

May 12th, Lincoln's Inn.

ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JAMES SHIRLEY.

No. II.

It has been said, in the previous article on this subject, that the turn of Shirley's sensitive mind was essentially tragic; and that, even in his comedies, he was fond of yielding to his natural disposition. He generally introduces into the latter, serious scenes and characters, occupying, perhaps, but a comparatively small space in the plot, but attracting much of the interest and sympathy of the reader. On this account, some of his productions are expressly termed, on the title pages, "Tragi-comedies:"—such are The Imposture, The Doubtful Heir, and The Court Secret, &c.; but it is to be observed, that this only applies to such of his works as were printed after 1650; for, before that date, the name for this mixed species of composition does not appear to have been invented, or at least applied. The Wedding (1629), The Young Admiral (1637), The Royal Master (1638),—and others,—are, in fact, Tragi-comedies, but they are not so called by the author. This compound of the serious and the mirthful, makes it the less singular, that in the long list of his productions there should only be six which can properly be considered Tragedies, according to our present acceptation of the word; viz. The Traitor (sufficiently examined in a recent number of the Quarterly Review), The Maid's Revenge, Love's Cruelty, The Politician, and Andromana: Chabot, Admiral of France, might be added, if he had not been greatly assisted in writing it by George Chapman, a tragic poet of first rate genius after Shakspeare, but who, in his Gentleman Usher, All Fools, and other pieces, submitted like Shirley to the necessity of his circumstances, and to the taste of the audiences, by producing a species of composition, certainly not without indications of considerable talent, but far inferior to what he proved that he was capable of achieving in the graver and more dignified department of the stage.* A sixth tragedy, called St. Albans, is also attributed to Shirley; but, certain knowledge whether he did, or did not write it, has not come down to our times.

It is by no means an easy task to settle the precise rank which Shirley ought to hold among the distinguished dramatic poets of the period through which he lived. Dr. Farmer has vaguely said, that his "imagination is sometimes fine to an extraordinary degree:" but what is to be understood by the epithet "fine" we are not informed; nor is it very clear whether the learned commentator alludes to the fancy or to the imagination.†—That Shirley had a delicate and an active fancy, we will not deny, though we can hardly accord to him a noble or a splendid imagination.—His inventive faculties, as far as they relate to motives and expedients, are considerable; but if he were deficient in one thing more than another, it was in majesty and power of expression: he very seldom rises to the sublime, and, on the other hand, his nice taste and correct judgment generally secured him from becoming turgid and bom-

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* *Lope de Vega*, in the treatise he published on writing plays, pleasantly enough excuses this practice, into which no man ever fell more frequently than himself:—

Y escribo por el arte que inventaron,
Los que el vulgar aplauso pretendieron
Porque como los paga el vulgo, es justo
Hablarle en necio para darle gusto.

On page 127 of Lord Holland's life of this poet will be seen some lines from La Cueba, which precisely describes the nature of Spanish plays a little earlier than Shirley's day, and their strong resemblance to those of England. See also upon this point Schlegel's Lectures.

† Dr. Farmer does not affect to know much about Shirley, and proves his ignorance, as to facts, by attributing to him the Yorkshire tragedy, which, if his, must have been written when he was quite a boy. In the new catalogue of the British Museum, the Contention between Liberality and Prodigality, of 1602, is also given to Shirley, though he was then only eight years old. This mistake arises from confounding the morality above named with Shirley's Contention for Honour and Riches, 1633.

bastic; yet to this there are a few exceptions the more striking from the contrast they afford. One praise may be given to Shirley, which is not merited by several of his contemporaries,—that of drawing from his own resources, not merely in his plots, (which, as we have stated, are commonly original,) but also in the language in which they are conveyed. A very few coincidences between him and elder writers may be traced, but in one case only, that we are aware of, can he be charged with plagiarism:* his principal offence in this way is that of now and then repeating *himself*, which is not to be wondered at, when we recollect how numerous are his performances, and how rapidly some of them were evidently prepared for particular occasions, or to supply temporary emergencies.

We now proceed to follow up what was commenced in a former number. Having then dismissed, though, perhaps, after too cursory a notice, the comic talents of Shirley, we went on to consider the extent and variety of his powers in the serious portions of his comedies; proposing subsequently to embrace in the investigation such of his tragedies as, in our view, displayed his genius in that class of writing to the best advantage. Before we enter upon this latter part of the subject, we wish to notice one of his productions, which is a very masterly effort, and, which, even more closely than The Wedding, verges upon that species of heroic poem to which the ancient critics have assigned the most exalted rank. We allude to the tragi-comedy of The Grateful Servant; and we shall quote from it a portion of only one scene, in order that we may fulfil the engagement entered into in our former article. In this play the characters are as strongly and as firmly drawn as any in the long list of Shirley's pieces. The name of the hero is Foscari, a noble count of Savoy, who is in love with Cleona, a lady in whose favour the strongest interest is excited — although, strictly speaking, Leonora, Princess of Milan (who is enamoured of the reigning Duke of Savoy, and accompanies Foscari to the court in the disguise of a page, under the name of Dulcino,) may claim the rank of heroine. The Duke makes honourable love to Cleona while Foscari is on his travels, and has been so long absent that he is supposed to be dead. At length, arriving in Savoy, he receives intelligence of the Duke's suit to his mistress, and concluding that a union with a Sovereign Prince will be much more to her advantage than a marriage with himself, he sends word to Cleona, by his page Dulcino, that he is actually dead. In the meantime he determines to sound the depth and sincerity of the Duke's affection.†

Enter Foscari disguised; he kisses the Duke's hand.

Fosc. You are a gracious prince, and this high favour
Deserves my person and my sword, when you
Vouchsafe so much addition to this honour
To call them to your service.

Duke. You are noble.

Fosc. It is not compliment, my lord, alone
Made me thus bold; I have a private message:
Please you command their distance.

Duke. Wait without. (*Ex. Attendants.*)

Fosc. (*Disclosing himself.*) Have you forgot this face?

Duke. Foscari's shadow!

Fosc. The substance, sir, and once more at your feet.

Duke. Return'd to life! Rise, meet our arms: why in
This cloud?

Fosc. Your pardon, royal sir, it will
Concern your highness to permit me walk
In some eclipse.

Duke. How?

Fosc. Be but pleas'd
To grant a little freedom to my speech,
I shall demonstrate the necessity
Of this action—I said, I had a message;
I come, sir, from Cleona.

Duke. From Cleona?

Fosc. From her indeed, and in her name I must
Propound a question, to which she prays
You would be just and noble in your answer.

Duke. Without disputing thy commission,
Upon my honour——

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* To this we shall advert more fully next month, when we speak of Shirley's Masques and minor productions.

† The quotations made in these articles are generally exactly copied from the original, with the correction only of obvious misprints, of which Shirley is full. In one or two instances the versification has been altered, but commonly the labour of so doing would have been attended with too little fruit.

Fosc. Princes cannot stain it! D'ye love her?
Duke. Do I love her:—Strange!
Fosc. Nay, she would have you pause and think well ere
You give her resolution, for she bad me tell you,
She has been much afflicted since you left her,
About your love.
Duke. About my love? I prithee
Be more particular.

Foscari, then under the figure of a dream, relates the cause of Cleona's pretended doubts, lest the Duke should not love her "in the way of truth and honour." The Duke replies;

———Though I need not
Give an account to any but Heav'n
And her fair self, Foscari, thou shalt tell her
With what alacrity I display my heart.—
I love her with a chaste and noble fire! My intents are
Fair as her brow: tell her I dare proclaim it
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar. I do love her!
Fosc. Enough, enough! my lord, be pleas'd to hear
What I have now to say—you have exprest
A brave and virtuous soul, but I must not
Carry this message to her—therefore take
Your own words back again—I love Cleona
With chaste and noble fire—my intents are
Fair as her brow—I dare proclaim it, sir,
In my devotions, at the minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar.
Duke. Do you mock me?
Fosc. Pardon a truth, my lord: I have apparel'd
My own sense with your language.
Duke. Do you come
To affront us? You had better have been sleeping
In your cold urn, as fame late gave you out,
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,
Than live to move our anger.
Fosc. Spare your frown:
This earth weighs not my spirit down! A fear
Would dye the paleness of my father's dust
Into a blush! sir, many are alive
Will swear I did not tremble at a cannon
When it struck thunder in my ear, and wrapt
My head in her blue mists! It is not breath
Can fright a noble truth, nor is there magic
I'th' person of a king that plays the tyrant,
But a good sword can easily uncharm it.
Duke. You threaten us.
Fosc. Heaven avert so black a thought!
Though in my honour's cause I can be flame,
My blood is frost to treason—Make me not
Bely my heart—For I do love Cleona;
And my bold heart tells me above all height
You can affect her with: no birth or state
Can challenge a prerogative in love—
Nay be not partial and you shall ascribe
To mine love's victory; for though I admit
You value her above your Dukedom, health;
That you would sacrifice your blood to avert
Any mishap should threaten that dear head,
All this is but above yourself; but I
Love her above herself! And while you can
But give your life and all you have to do
Cleona service,—*I* can give away
Herself, Cleona's self in my love to her!—
I see you are at loss, I'll reconcile
All—She is yours—this minute ends my claim.
Live and enjoy her happily! May you
Be famous in that beauteous empire,—she
Blest in so great a Lord!

As the winding up of the plot is happy, it is easy to foresee the result: the Duke is united to Leonora, Princess of Milan, whose picture he had seen and admired before he became acquainted with Cleona, whom Foscari in the end marries.—It does not seem that Foscari, in the above scene, went with the intention to proclaim to the Duke how great a sacrifice he made in resigning Cleona, but merely to ascertain the firmness and purity of the affection of his noble rival.—The confession of his own love breaks from him involuntarily, on the compulsion of furious and desperate passion. Much more, and, perhaps, equally good, could be quoted from this production, but we will not delay the notice of Shirley's tragedies longer than to extract from The Court Secret, (a play written, as the author tells us, during the interdiction of the stage, and which was never acted,) a passage which may be taken as a specimen of this poet's descriptive powers: he is speaking of a desolate and blasted valley, where death was to be inflicted.

This is the place by his commands to meet in;
It has a sad and fatal invitation.
A hermit that forsakes the world for prayer
And solitude would be timorous to live here.
There's not a spray for birds to perch upon,
For every tree that overlooks the vale
Carries the mark of lightning, and is blasted.
The day which smil'd as I came forth, and spread
Fair beams about, has taken a deep melancholy,
That sits more ominous in her face than night:
All darkness is less horrid than half light.
Never was such a scene for death presented!
And there's a ragged mountain peeping over

With many heads, seeming to crowd themselves
Spectators of some tragedy.*

The last addition to this dreary prospect is, perhaps, finer than all the rest of it, more especially coming from the mouth of one who was to be a principal actor in the tragedy. The whole description reminds one strongly of Wordsworth's lines—though he is speaking rather of the impression of such a scene upon the mind:

It seem'd as if the spring time came not there,
And nature there were willing to decay.

Of Shirley's six Tragedies, the best, probably, is The Traitor, and the worst The Maid's Revenge, which, as we have seen, was his first effort of the kind.—Love's Cruelty has some good scenes, though unequal; and even The Politician,—by no means a favourite with us, either in plot or characters,—has a few striking passages. Andromana has always been considered his, though the internal evidence is defective.†—There remains, therefore, only The Cardinal to be enumerated; and from it we have chosen to make our extracts, in consequence of the author's own assertion, that he "conceived it to be the best of his flock." In this judgement he was not grossly mistaken; for, though The Cardinal is certainly second to The Traitor, it is superior to any of his other tragedies.

The characters are sufficiently numerous, and the plot winds "through subtle paths and workings," as the prologue maintains should ever be the case with a good play. Four persons in it act very important parts —viz. the Cardinal, an ambitious churchman, uncle to Columbo; Columbo, a rough young soldier in love with Rosaura; Rosaura, a duchess, in love with a nobleman of inferior rank named Alvarez; and Alvarez, who is, however, summarily cut off towards the end of the third act. Thus important events, or announcements, are generally upon the stage, and the attention of the spectator is kept alive by bustle and business: not so much so, nevertheless, as to obstruct the display of the characters of the different personages.—One chief fault of the piece, as far as originalty is concerned, is, that it is obvious that, while Shirley was writing it, he had John Webster's Duchess of Malfi in his recollection; a tragedy of which a very favourable and judicious character is given in Mr. Lamb's Specimens. Shirley's Duchess, Rosaura, is modelled after Webster's heroine, and the situations in which they are both placed are very similar; but of this we shall say more presently. We have not room to give the opening of the piece, which very briefly, yet clearly and naturally, lets the reader into a knowledge of all the leading personages. Rosaura is, with some propriety, represented a widow, as an excuse for a little more duplicity than could be allowed to the pure and simple character of a virgin. She is in love with Alvarez, a nobleman of high virtues, though of low rank; and their union is opposed by the intriguing Cardinal, who is anxious to secure the immense wealth of the duchess to his nephew Columbo. The latter, soon after the opening of the tragedy, leads the army of Navarre (where the scene is laid,) against the Arragonese. The following is part of a scene between the Duchess, Rosaura, and Alvarez, in Act I.

Duch. Hath love taught thee no more assurance in
Our mutual vows? thou canst suspect it possible
I should revoke a promise made to heaven
And thee, so soon? This must arise from some
Distrust of thy own faith.
Alv. Your Grace's pardon:
To speak with freedom, I am not so old
In cunning to betray, nor young in time
Not to see when and where I am at loss,
And how to bear my fortune and my wounds;
Which, if I look for health, must still bleed inward:
A hard and desperate condition.
I am not ignorant your birth and greatness
Have plac'd you to grow up with the king's grace
And jealousy, which to remove, his power
Hath chosen a fit object for your beauty
To shine upon—Columbo his great favourite.
I am a man on whom but late the king
Has pleas'd to cast a beam, which was not meant
To make me proud, but wisely to direct

* This passage is quoted in Vol. II. of "The Poetical Decameron" just published.

† This tragedy, (founded on Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia,) with The Bird in a Cage, and The Gamester, two Comedies, is reprinted in Dodsley's Collection. Edit. 1780.

And light me to my safety. Oh, dear Madam!
I will not call more witness of my love,
(If you will let me still give it that name,)
Than this, that I dare make myself a loser,
And to your will give all my blessings up:
Preserve your greatness, and forget a trifle
That shall at best, when you have drawn me up,
But hang about you like a cloud, and dim
The glories you are born to.
Duch. Misery
Of birth and state! That I could shift into
A meaner blood, or find some art to purge
That part which makes my veins unequal! Yet
Those nice distinctions have no place in us;
There's but a shadow difference, a title;—
Thy stock partakes as much of noble sap
As that which feeds the root of kings, and he
That writes a lord hath all the essence of
Nobility.—
Alv. 'Tis not a name that makes
Our separation: the king's displeasure
Hangs a portent to fright us; and the matter
That feeds this exhalation is the Cardinal's
Plot to advance his nephew:--then Columbo,
A man made up for some prodigious act,
Is fit to be considered. In all three
There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruin to us both!
Duch. Then do you look on these with fear!
Alv. With eyes
That should think tears a duty to lament
Your least unkind fate: but my youth dares boldly
Meet all the tyranny o'th'stars, whose black
Malevolence but shoot my single tragedy:
You are above the value of many worlds
Peopled with such as I am.

There is in the whole of this scene, what is observable in all the plays from the same pen, a strict and harmonious adaptation of the language to the persons and the situations: the contrary is an offence that Shirley never commits, not even, as far as our recollection extends, in his most hasty sketches. Columbo has gone to the wars in the full confidence of marriage to the Duchess on his return, but he unexpectedly receives a letter from her, requiring a release from the implied engagement into which she had entered with him. In the confidence of his own deserts, and in the insolence of victory, he writes his consent: she takes him at his word, and marries Alvarez, but not before the Cardinal, who is wonder-struck by the intelligence, has endeavoured to prevent the union, and, in an interview with Rosaura, puts his nephew in contrast with Alvarez.

Duch. This comparison,
My good Lord Cardinal, I cannot think
Flows from an even justice: it betrays
You partial where your blood runs.
Car. I fear, Madam,
Your own takes too much licence, and will soon
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues.
Because Alvarez has a softer cheek,
Can like a woman trim his wanton hair,
Spend half a day with looking in the glass
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminacy than man
Or honour to your bed, must he supplant him?
Take heed—the common murmur when it catches
The scent of a lost fame ———
Duch. My fame, Lord Cardinal!
It stands upon an innocence as clear
As the devotions you pay to heaven!
I shall not urge, my Lord, your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.
Car. You are a fine court lady.
Duch. And you should be a reverend churchman.
Car. One, that if you have not thrown off modesty,
Would counsel you to leave Alvarez.***
I'll have you chid into a blush for this.
Duch. Begin at home, great man, there's cause enough;
You turn the wrong end of the perspective
Upon your crimes to drive them to a far
And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right,
What giants would your pride and surfeit seem!
How gross your avarice, eating up whole families!
How vast are your corruptions and abuse
Of the king's ear, at which you hang a pendant
Not to adorn but ulcerate, while the honest
Nobility like pictures in the arras
Serve only for court ornament: if they speak
'Tis when you set their tongues, which you wind up
Like clocks to strike just at the hour you please!
Leave, leave, my Lord, these usurpations,
And be what you were meant,—a man to cure,
Not let in, agues to religion.

Alvarez and the Duchess are married on the very day Columbo returns, who during a masque carries off Alvarez and murders him, exposing his mangled body to the eyes of Rosaura. She retiring to her chamber, is thus described by her secretary.

She never had so deep a cause of sorrow;
Her chamber's but a coffin of a larger
Volume, wherein she walks so like a ghost,
'Twould make you pale to see her.

Webster's account of the state of the Duchess of Malfi is not dissimilar:

She's sad as one us'd to't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it: a behaviour so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity.
You may observe the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles.

A coffin is afterwards introduced into the room, in Webster's play; and Bossola, whose business it is to aggravate the misery of the Duchess, tells her that "it is her last presence chamber." Shirley's picture of his heroine is, however, more tender, though not so fearful, and in the bitterness of her hopeless agony Rosaura exclaims:

But I, poor I, must suffer more: there's not
One little star in heaven will look on me,
Unless to chuse me out the mark, on whom
It may shoot down some angry influence.

In Act IV, there is a vigorous scene between an officer (whom Columbo had grossly injured, and who undertakes the revenge of the Duchess,) called Hernando, and Columbo, but our limits will not allow us to quote it.—He kills Columbo in fair encounter; and in Act V, the Duchess is represented as pretending a derangement of her wits, in order the better to accomplish her purposes; how it aids them we do not exactly perceive. In the last scene Hernando and the Cardinal destroy each other, the latter contriving, under pretence of an antidote, to administer poison to Rosaura. Thus all the principal characters are disposed of by the catastrophe.

We had intended, before the conclusion of the present article, to introduce some observations on Philip Chabot, Admiral of France, a tragedy, the joint production of Chapman and Shirley, with a view particularly to point out the difference of the parts; for there is a manifest distinction between the stile of the one poet, and of the other. What has been already said, however, has extended beyond what was originally designed, and if we perform our intention in this respect at all, it must be in the ensuing number, before we speak of the Pastoral, Masques, and Poems of Shirley.

K. Q. X.

A NEW BIBLIOGRAPHICAL WORK.

It is singular, that, though England has long abounded with intelligent book collectors, and though it draws to itself, as the best market, the most curious and valuable libraries from all parts of Europe, no extensive Bibliographical work, at all approaching to perfection, has yet been produced by an Englishman. Until the appearance of the Bibliotheca Spenceriana, and the Bibliographical Decameron, we possessed no works in this department, which could for a moment be put in competition with those compiled by the French and Germans; and even Mr. Dibdin's labours are far from possessing a degree of comprehensiveness and accuracy, sufficient to render them of much service to the collector.—The Bibliotheca Spenceriana contains some good specimens of early printing, and some important information on that subject; but the historical and critical accounts of the works described, are frequently by no means to be relied on; and to a German more particularly, who possesses a Freytag, Baumgarten, Masch, Heineken, Hummel, Reuss, Pfeiffer, Gemeiner, Denis, Braun, Helmschrot, Seemiller, Zapf, Panzer, Grass, Strauss, &c. they will be found to convey no new information.—The Decameron is not merely deficient in information, but, with all its expensiveness and beauty of exterior, it abounds with *errors*, and even with *errors of the Press*, of no small importance. One cause of the defectiveness of Mr. Dibdin's works, is his ignorance of the German; in which language, we may say without exaggeration, more information with respect to Bibliography is conveyed, than in any other. Germany abounds with public libraries, to which access has always been easy; whereas this island, though containing numerous private collections, has, comparatively speaking, few great public libraries,—and none

(in England at least) of easy access. This circumstance may, in a great measure, account for our inferiority, as Bibliographers, compared with the Germans or even the French; for where few have opportunities of seeing large collections of books, it is natural that few should possess so extensive a knowledge of their history as to be able to distinguish themselves as bibliographers. Nor does private liberality supply the want of public institutions amongst us; for the example of Sir Joseph Banks, whose library, rich in one department of knowledge, was always at the command of every applicant, has never yet found, and probably never will find, imitators among his countrymen.

Of the Bibliographical works in the form of a Lexicon, the most useful which has up to this time appeared, is unquestionably the *Manuel du Libraire* of Brunet. A new work of this description (but on a much more improved plan, and infinitely more comprehensive as well as correct in point of execution), by Mr. Ebert, the learned Secretary of the Dresden Library, is now in progress of publication in Germany. Of this book we have the first part before us;* and it must be admitted that the author, who has the command of a library containing above 200,000 volumes, and 5000 manuscripts, many of them exceedingly curious and valuable, possesses great advantages of situation for such an undertaking. It is his object to give:—

1. All the distinguished works in the ancient and modern languages, that belong to what the French call *literature*.

2. All the Greek and Roman classics that are of value in the eyes of the collector; including the latest editions, when these are distinguished by the critical labour bestowed on them.

3. All works in philosophy, and particularly all critical dictionaries, and grammars, in all languages and dialects; including the books in the Eastern languages, printed in the East Indies and at Constantinople.

4. All works in history, philosophy, mathematics, possessing permanent interest, either from their scientific value, or peculiarities appertaining to them.

5. All *incunabula* (early impressions) down to the year 1470.

6. Rare works—generally.

7. Splendid editions, and works containing plates.

8. Works that are expensive, not from rarity or plates, or sumptuousness of printing, or paper,—but in consequence of difficulties in the way of their execution;—as, for instance, the most of those of the Propaganda.

9. The most important of the works in what are called the four *faculties*, &c. &c.

The extracts from a work of this description cannot enable a reader to judge how far it approaches to perfection, but they best serve, perhaps, to explain the plan on which it is executed.—The articles coming under the head of *Biblia* in this number, if we had room for them, would be found as well adapted for this purpose as any other. But our limited space will only allow us to extract the following.

1264[a]. Arthur or Artus. The lyf and acts of the king Arthur; of his noble knyghtes of the round table . . . and inthende the dolorous deth of them all; which book was reduced into englyssh by Sr Thomas Malory knyght.—In thabbey Westmestre, Caxton, 1485 the last day of juyl. *Small folio, black print.*

The copies known to be in England are two. Earl Jersey has one, and the other (defective) was purchased by Lord Spencer for 750*l.* It was reprinted with an introduction and notes, by Rob. Southey, *London*, 1817. 2 vols. 4to. (only 250 copies). Of the 2d. Edit. *Westmestre, Wynkyn de Worde*, 1498, fol. black letter with wooden cuts, only one defective copy is known to exist, which Lord Spencer purchased at the Roxburgh Sale for 31*l.* 10*s.* *London*, 1634, 4to.

1264[b].——— the byrth, lyf and actes of King Arthur. With an introd. and notes, by R. Southey, London, 1817. 4to. 2 vols. 8*l.* 2*s.*

From Caxton's Edition of 1485.

1265[a]. ——— le livre du vaillant et preux chevalier Artus, fils du duc de Bretaigne. *Without place*, 1493, 7th July, fol. *black print, with woodcuts.*

This edit. of what is called the *small Artus* (see the larger under the head Roman) is very rare. (34 francs Valliere). Also *Lyon*

* Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexikon. Leipsic, 1820. Bohte, London.

1496 fol. *Paris*, le Noir, 1562, 4to. *Paris* 1523, 4to. Also with the title *Sensuyt le rommant des merveilleux faits*, etc. *Par. pour Jehan Bouffon*, without year, 4to, black print, with woodcuts and the sign. *a—JJiij*. All these Editions in black print are in great request. Also *Paris, N. Bonfons*, 1584, 4to. with woodcuts, 152 marked and three unmarked leaves.

1265[b]. ——— The history of the valiant knight Arthur of little Britain, a romance, transl. by Lord Berners. New Ed. (by M. Utterson) London, 1814, 4to. with Plates (only 175 copies printed).

1459. Aymon. Les quatre fils Aymon (*trad. de rime en prose*). *At the end:* Cy finist lhystoire du noble et vaillant chevalier Regnault de Montauban, imprimée a Lyon, le xx jour du moys dapuril l'an mil quatre cens nonante trois (1493) fol. *Black print with woodcuts. Rare.*

1463. ——— histoire singulière et fort récréative, contenant les faitz et gestes des quatre filz Aymon et de leur cousin Mangis lequel fut pape de Rome, semblablement la chronique du chev. Mabrian, roy de Jérusalem. Par., Denys Jeanot, without year, 4to. *Black Letter.*

1464. ——— ——— Par., Galliot du Pré, 1525. Small fol. *Black Letter.*

1465. ——— hist. des quatre fils Aymon etc. reduit de vieil langage corrompu, en bon vulgaire françois, compilé par Guy Bounay et achevé par J. le Cueur, Seigneur de Nailly. Lyon, Rigaud, 1581, 8vo.

Also, *Lyon, Arnouillet*, 1573, 4to. and *Lyon, Rigaud*, 1583, 4to. *with cuts.*

1466. ——— l'hist. des quatre fils Aymon, très-nobles et vaillans chevaliers. Troyes, Oudot (about 1625,) 4to. *with cuts.*

1467. ——— le mariage des quatre fils d'Aymon, et des filles Dampsimon, avec tout l'ordre qui a été gardé au banquet. Rouen, Ab. Cousturier, without year. 8vo.

Is the same book.

1468. ——— the right plaisant and goodly historie of the four sonnes of Aimon. Lond., Copeland, 1554, fol. very rare. In the Roxburgh Sale. 52 guineas.

1469. ——— eyn schön lustig Geschicht, wie Keyser Carle der gross vier gebrüder, Hertzog Aymons Söhn, 16 jar langk bekrieget. *etc.* A. fr. Sprach in Teutsch transferiert. Siemmern, Jheron, Rodler, 1535, fol. *with cuts*, 168 *unmarked Leaves.* Very rare.

1460. ——— les quatre filz Aymon. *At the end:* cy finist lystoire du preux et vaillant cheualier Regnault de Montauban. Lyon. J. de Vingle, 1495, 5 Mai. fol. *Black pr. with wood cuts*, 133 unmarked leaves.

1461. ——— *The same title and the same conclusion.* Lyon. J. de Vingle, 1497, 4 Nov. fol. *Black pr. with cuts*, 133 unmarked leaves.

1462. ——— les quatre filz Aymon. Par., veufue de Mch. le Noir, 1521, 4to. *Black pr. with cuts.*

The first part of this learned work contains twelve quarto sheets closely printed, and the whole will be completed in eight or ten parts, forming two volumes.

We wish, for the sake of our Bibliographers, that the observations of the author were written in a language more generally understood in this country than German.*

TO ———

Seek not to look into my soul!—
It loves THEE more than its own life;
More than it loathes the base controul
That binds it to this mortal strife.

Be satisfied to know no more,
Dare not to fathom that dark sea;
But wait and listen on the shore,
Till its deep dirges come to thee.

Their moaning, melancholy notes,—
Which to all else may seem a knell
That in the midnight distance floats,—
Shall be to thee a bridal bell;

A hymn, an anthem of that love
Which is beyond the reach of Fate:
Which fiends below, nor saints above,—
Which earth itself cannot abate.

There is a voice for ever floats
About my steps, where'er I go;
Its dim, deep, melancholy notes
Tell me a tale I would not know.

'Tis the last moaning of the blast—
Worse even than the tempest's sound:
What heed we that the danger's past,
When all is desolation round!

When the loud thunder on mine ear
Burst, and the lightning sear'd my frame,
And all things *were* that I could fear,—
Still Hope was walking mid the flame.

But NOW all is one ceaseless calm;
One dark, dead sea, without a wave:
For him there's neither bane nor balm
Whose thoughts are echoes from the grave.

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* Since writing the above we have received the second part of this work.

LA DANSE.

Moi j'aime la dance;
Le plaisir que nous fuit sans retour
Plait à l'enfance
Bien avant l'amour.—
Sous des lambris d'or, et sous l'ombrage,
Le heros, et le sauvage,
Dans le camp, même à la cour,
Partout l'on dance.—

Le papillon dance
Mollement sur les bords d'un ruisseaux,
Puis il s'élance
Et ride sur les eaux.—
Les poissons sous les rives fleuries,
Les agneaux dans les prairies,
Les Bergers, et les troupeaux,
Jusqu'aux petits chiens dansent.—

Dans le ciel on danse;
Les nuages, la grêle, et le vent,
Vont en cadence
Au bruit des autans.—
Et lorsque les eclats du tonnerre
Ont fait frissonner la terre,
C'est que les quatre elemens
Etaient en danse.—

Chacun a sa danse
La walse est consacrée aux amans,
Tout s'y balance
Le corps et les sens.—
Le minuet plait à l'innocence,
La ronde amuse l'enfance,
On laisse aux indifferens
La contre danse.

FREELY TRANSLATED.

Yes, I love to dance, Sir;
Time that flies, with smiling eyes,
Gives mirth a better chance, Sir,
Than Cupid when he cries—
In painted hall, in peaceful cot,
The Hero, and the Hottentot,
In camp, at court, the cold, the hot,
All the world dance.

The Butterflies all dance, Sir;
Those happy things on wanton wings;
The Grasshopper will prance, Sir,
Dancing while he sings.—
The flouncing fish the fashion shares,
And dancing still his joys declares;
The monkeys dance, with dancing bears,
And even the little dogs dance!

The Summer flowers dance, Sir;
Zephyr blows to dance the rose,
The movements but enhance, Sir,
The odour that it throws.—
The Shepherds dance on meadow ground,
While sympathetic lambs around,
O'er all the grass elastic bound,
And make the Daisies dance.—

In the skies they dance, Sir,
Flames that shoot, and storms to boot,
And clouds that meet by chance, Sir,
While Boreas plays the flute.—
And when aloud the thunder vents
Upon the earth its rude descents,
'Tis only that the elements
Are taking a little dance.—

Each one has his dance, Sir;
Love has shown the waltz his own,
And the quadrille from France Sir,
For flirts and fops is known.
The simple likes the minuet,
The romp will join the may day set,
While no one, but the cold coquet,
Will claim the country dance.—

MR. HUNT'S HERO AND LEANDER, AND BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.*

[Our series of Living Authors, of which No. 3, will appear in our next Number,—is to be understood as expressing the sentiments of this Magazine on contemporaneous writers. Mr. Hunt will find a place in it; but in the mean time we are happy to insert the following paper from a Correspondent, who has taken, we think, a just view of the *merits* of Mr. Hunt's poetry.]

One of the precious results of modern criticism has been to keep the beauties contained in the poetry of Mr. Leigh Hunt almost entirely unknown, out of the literary world. We make this complaint in behalf of the public, not of the poet. If Mr. Hunt considers this as an evil, he has fairly brought it upon himself; and, as a reasonable man, if he is sorry, he will at least not be angry at it. If he is better known as the editor of a party newspaper than as the author of Rimini, or the Descent of Liberty, it is because his restless ambition has urged him to be "busied about many things," rather than to chuse the "better part." But that he *is* better known and more highly valued as a politician than a poet, is a very expressive sign of the times in which we live. In fact, Politics is lord of the ascendant; and even if it could bear a rival near the throne, that rival would not be Poetry.—There is a great deal of cant, and still more of affectation, in the admiration which is expressed for the poetry of the present day. It is a fashion; and though, like most other fashions, it has its remote foundation in something good,—yet it is followed, not because it *ought to be* a fashion, but because it *is* one. The real wits and critics of the day have talked and written poetry into repute, because it is the most fertile of all subjects to declaim about: and the would-be wits and critics echo back the decisions of their oracles,—only in the wrong place,—till the two together—the "sounding brass" and the "tinkling cymbals"—make a confused and confusing hubbub, that is at once disagreeable and useless—because it is perfectly evident, that the former *care* as little about the subject of their declamation, as the latter *know* about it. This evident want of sincerity is perpetually betraying both (we say both—for it places wits and fools on a perfect level) into the most gross and obvious absurdities. They speak slightingly of the poet of the Excursion, because he was not fool enough to refuse that which gave him leisure to write the Excursion:—they would persuade us, that Roderick and Kehama are not poetry, because the author of them is Poet Laureat:—and they treat the writer of Rimini with contempt, because he happens to be editor of the Examiner.

We have, probably, at this time, more persons who make the admiration of poetry their outward boast, and fewer who make the love of it their inward happiness, than at any former period since the revival of letters. Our affection for it is too visible and obtrusive and noisy, to be either very lasting, or very sincere. Poetry is the reigning belle of the day—admired by all, and loved by none. We shall wear the fashion—as our ancestors did ruffs and farthingales—as long as we can persuade ourselves that it is *becoming*; and then we shall put it off as we would a worn-out garment.

To return to our more immediate subject,—if Mr. Hunt's poetry has not hitherto received anything like the attention it deserves, he must not be surprised, and we dare say he is not. He has made pretty free with *his* political adversaries, and must expect that they will do the same by their's. Besides, the stream of poetical fame is as devious, as uncertain, and as easily turned aside when it first issues from its source, as it is defined, regular, and unchangeable,

* Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne. By Leigh Hunt. C. and J. Ollier, London, 1819.

when it has once been directed into its true channel by the hand of time: and they who are worthy to enjoy the riches it bears to them, are always content to wait its coming.

Mr. Hunt's poetry is of a very peculiar character. It has no intense and dazzling lights, and no grand or deep masses of shadow—but is, like Wynants' landscapes, all over spots of sunshine; and like them, what is not sunshine, is yet not shade. Or, if his poetry sometimes puts forth streaming lights, they are not splendid and continuous, but broken and soft and sparkling; like those made by the moon on running water, when the breeze is playing with it. It keeps a perpetual smile about the lips of the reader, which is not dissipated even when it brings starts of tears into his eyes—for they are always pleasant tears. It is like the motions of that universal favourite, the robin-redbreast; which starts up before you in strange places, and looks in your face pertly, and yet pathetically. There is, running through the whole of it, a vein of frank, cordial humanity—of genial, "clear-spirited" thought—which is perfectly delightful. It never savours of the lamp or the cloister—but is such poetry as we might expect to flow from one living in a white cottage overgrown by woodbines—with moss-roses peeping in at the windows—and a "smooth-shaven" grassplot just before the door; and within sight of the village green, and hearing of the village bells. It is very musical too—but its music is on a small scale;—not flowing and harmonious, but sweet and springy, and dancing and liquid—like that which is made by the little clock-work organs they put into snuff-boxes. Mr. Hunt's poetry also evinces, if not a deep and enthusiastic, certainly a lively and sincere love for the beauties of external nature; and a clear and glowing perception of the influence they exercise on the mind and senses: and if his eye has not taken a very wide range among those beauties, it has at least looked at them for itself; and has not been wanting in diligence or discrimination where it *has* visited. His mental eye, too, has glanced a good deal, and to good effect, about the superficies of the human heart, if it has not pierced into its depths and dungeons.—Mr. Hunt has one other characteristic that we must not neglect to mention. It is the judgment with which he adapts all his images, illustrations, and ornaments to the place in which they occur; so that they never interfere with the predominant impression. A sparkling thought is never suffered to disturb a pathetic feeling—a bright image is never presented to the eye when it should be swimming in tears. —From this it results, that the great charm of Rimini consists not so much in its detached beauties, as in its effect as a whole. This praise—and it is no slight one—is of a kind that belongs to very few other poems of the day. Not one occurs to us at the moment, except Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.

Besides these characteristics, Mr. Hunt's poetry possesses, throughout, a quality which is very rare—and which belongs to his, at least as much as to any poetry of the day—*originality*. Indeed he has avoided the tone, and manner, and language, of any other writer, in a very remarkable degree. In fact, he has done this too much, because too evidently; and because it has been done at the expence of fixing upon him a manner so peculiarly his own, that he probably could not escape from it if he would.

Before directing the reader's attention to the immediate subject of our article, we shall endeavour to illustrate something of what we have said by a few extracts from Rimini—without, however, attempting any thing like a regular criticism on that poem.

The subject of Rimini, though liable to objections, is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was chosen, namely, that of giving scope for lively and brilliant descriptions of nature and manners, and tender and touching developements of character and passion. It is simply this:—Francesca, the young and lovely daughter of the Duke of Ravenna, is, without her knowledge, contracted to Giovanni, Lord of Rimini, whom she has never seen;—but she is induced to consent to the match by being led to believe that Paulo, the younger and more attractive brother of Giovanni, is to be her husband: and she is not undeceived till it is too late to retract. Paulo and Francesca

love—and crime, repentance, and death follow.

The poem opens at Ravenna, with the following beautiful and characteristic description of an Italian "morn of May:"—

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay;
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling spings about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and *swirl* into the bay.

In the last line of this extract occurs one of Mr. Hunt's peculiarities—faults, as they are indiscriminately considered by many—that of using uncommon words in an uncommon manner. Whether this practice be a fault or a beauty, must depend entirely on the taste and judgment with which it is exercised. In this instance it appears to us to be an unquestionable beauty. The verb "swirl," as applied to a ship coming into bay under a light breeze, is singularly expressive.

The first canto is occupied by a sort of panoramic picture of the scene through which the procession, which comes to fetch the bride, passes,—followed by a most stirring and brilliant view of that procession—closed by the arrival of Paulo, who comes as the proxy of his brother Giovanni.

Speaking of the effect produced on Francesca by the congratulating shouts of the people, and the sight of the preparations, when she reflects on the occasion of them,—and that she is about to leave her home, and go to that of a husband she has never seen—the poet continues

——A keen and quivering glance of tears
Scarce moves her patient mouth, and disappears;
A smile is underneath, and breaks away,
And round she looks and breathes, as best befits the day.

This is exquisitely touching, and true to nature.

The prince himself is thus introduced: after a long pause of preparation, some one in the crowd, unable to check himself, exclaims, "the prince!—now—now!"

And on a milk-white courser, like the air,
A glorious figure springs into the square;
Up, with a burst of thunder, goes the shout,
And rolls the trembling walls and peopled roofs about.

The following is a description of Paulo's horse—the first four lines are peculiarly good—so are the two last, as indicating the entire mastery in which a good horseman holds his steed:—

His haughty steed, who seems by turns to be
Vexed and made proud by that cool mastery,
Shakes at his bit, and rolls his eyes with care,
Reaching with stately step at the fine air;
And now and then, sideling his restless pace,
Drops with his hinder legs, and shifts his place,
And feels through all his frame a fiery thrill:
The princely rider on his back sits still,
And looks where'er he likes, and sways him at his will.

The second canto is filled by a long, and, as it will appear to many, a rather tedious account of the bride's journey from Ravenna to Rimini—which occupies the latter part of the same day.—The whole canto is descriptive of still-life, with the following beautifully natural exception:—

But scarce their eyes encounter living thing,
Save, now and then, a goat loose wandering,
Or a few cattle, looking up aslant
With sleepy eyes and meek mouths ruminant;
Or once, a plodding woodman, old and bent
Passing with half-indifferent wonderment,

Yet turning, at the last, to look once more;
Then feels his trembling staff, and onward as before.

The canto concludes with the arrival of the bride at Rimini. On turning a "sudden corner" they see

The square-lit towers of slumbering Rimini.
The marble bridge comes heaving forth below
With a long gleam; and nearer as they go,
They see the still Marecchia, cold and bright,
Sleeping along with face against the light.
A hollow trample now,—a fall of chains,—
The bride has entered,—not a voice remains;—
Night, and a maiden silence, wrap the plains.

The remainder of the poem is occupied with the growth and developement of the guilty passion of Paulo and Francesca, and its fatal effects on the lovers themselves, and on all and every thing connected with them. —The third canto opens with one of those extraneous, and mere personal expressions of feeling, which true poets are so apt to introduce into their works, and which thorough-paced critics are so apt to decry.—We cannot help wondering what the hearts and heads of those critics can be made of, who would object to these little egotisms.

On her arrival at Rimini, the trusting and deceived Francesca is not slow to discover

That she had given, beyond all power to part,
Her hope, belief, love, passion, to one brother,
Possession (oh, the misery!) to another!

A very striking description is here given of the two brothers,—which, without contrasting them too abruptly together, shows all the resemblances and differences between them, so as to make you, as it were, personally acquainted with both.

The following is of Paulo—

No courtier's face, and yet its smile was ready,—
No scholar's, yet its look was deep and steady,—
No soldier's, for its power was all of mind.

Wisdom looked sweet and inward from his eye;
And round his mouth was sensibility.—

The husband of Francesca is, equally with his brother, skilled in all those accomplishments which give "knightly fame," but

The worst of Prince Giovanni, as his bride
Too quickly found, was an ill-tempered pride;
Bold, handsome, able, if he chose, to please,—

yet infected with that fatal fault, which is perpetually breeding discord in wedded life—from the palace to the cottage:—he was not careful, or not skillful in

Scattering smiles on this uneasy earth.

The progress of the fatal passion of the lovers is now described with admirable truth and delicacy. In Francesca it had existed, though unconsciously, from their first meeting; and it is increased, if not created, in Paulo, by his now learning,—what he was ignorant of before,—the means by which she had been beguiled into the marriage with his brother.—The following is beautifully natural, as indicating the state of mind of Francesca at moments when she has been suffering from the proud and harsh temper of Giovanni:—

At times like these the princess tried to shun
The face of Paulo as too kind a one;
And shutting up her tears with resolute sigh,
Would walk into the air ———

There is now a charming description of the gardens attached to the palace, and of a beautiful antique summer-house, which was Francesca's favourite retreat.

Here she had brought a lute and a few books;
Here would she lie for hours, with grateful looks,
Thanking at heart the sunshine and the leaves,
The summer rain-drops counting from the eaves,
And all that promising, calm smile we see
In nature's face, when we look patiently.

But we can make no more room for extracts from this part of the poem, except for the following,—which seems to us to be, in its class, the very perfection of poetry and nature.

Francesca had come one summer afternoon to this pavilion to read. The book she had chosen was

— Launcelot of the lake, a bright romance,
That, like a trumpet, made young pulses dance,
Yet had a softer note that shook still more.

Ready she sat with one hand to turn o'er
The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before,
The other propping her white brow, and throwing

Its ringlets out, under the skylight glowing.
So sat she fixed; and so observed was she
Of one, who at the door stood tenderly,—
Paulo,—who from a window seeing her
Go straight across the lawn, and guessing where,
Had thought she was in tears, and found, that day,
His usual efforts vain to keep away.
"*May I come in?*"—*said he:—it made her start,—*
That smiling voice;—she coloured, pressed her heart
A moment, as for breath, and then with free
And usual tone said, "*O yes,—certainly.*"

There's apt to be, at conscious times like these,
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,
An air of something quite serene and sure,
As if to seem so, was to be, secure:
With this the lovers met, with this they spoke,
With this they sat down to the self-same book,
And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced
With one permitted arm her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Leaned with a touch together, thrillingly;
And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,
And every lingering page grew longer as they read.

We close our remarks on this canto by noticing, that Mr. Hunt, in his acknowledgments in the preface, has forgotten to mention the following lines from Dante, which he has at p. 78, translated almost literally:

La bocca mi basciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fù il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.
Inferno, C. 5.

And he has referred to the "second" canto of the Inferno, for the story of Paulo and Francesca, instead of the fifth.

The greater part of the fourth canto is beautifully written. Guilt is followed by repentance and remorse in both the lovers; but its effects are chiefly to be seen in Francesca. We will not shrink from saying, that English poetry contains nothing more exquisitely simple, and natural, and touching, than the following:—

But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—
The struggling, virtue-loving, fallen she,
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—
What could she do, unable thus to keep
Her strength alive, but sit, and think, and weep;
For ever stooping o'er her broidery frame,
Half blind, and longing till the night-time came,
When worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,
She might be still and senseless till the morrow.

And oh, the morrow, how it used to rise!
How would she open her despairing eyes,
And from the sense of the long lingering day,
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,
Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!
Then sighing once for all, to meet the pain,
She would get up in haste, and try to pass
The time in patience, wretched as it was;
Till patience self, in her distempered sight,
Would seem a charm to which she had no right,
And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,
She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.
Old comforts now were not at her command:
The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;
The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,
The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night;

The least noise smote her like a sudden wound;
And did she hear but the remotest sound
Of song or instrument about the place,
She hid with both her hands her streaming face.
But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,
That ever, ever such a worse could be!)
The sight of infant was, or child at play;
Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray,
That heaven would take her, if it pleased, away.

Here is not a single superfluous or misplaced thought or expression; and yet every thing there should be.

We can make room for no more extracts, except the passage describing the death of Francesca. In her sleep she discovers their guilt to Giovanni—he accuses Paulo, who confesses it—the brothers fight—Paulo rushes on the sword of the injured husband—and dies. By the dying directions of Paulo, his squire informs Francesca of what has happened, and then leaves her to herself. She had previously endeavoured to rise from her bed, but found herself unable.

Her favourite lady then with the old nurse
Returned, and fearing she must now be worse,
Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—
O, who that feels one godlike spark within,
Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin!
There lay she praying, upwardly intent,
Like a fair statue on a monument,
With her two trembling hands together prest,
Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.
She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,
They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—
Then suddenly be still. Near and more near,
They bent with pale inquiry and close ear;—
Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—
The gentle sufferer was at peace in death.

Nothing can be more beautiful in its kind than this—and here, undoubtedly, the poem should have ended. All that comes after does but weaken the impression which should attend the perusal of such a tale as this—particularly the last passage in the poem, which describes the guilty lovers as being buried together, and adds that

——— on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

This is, to say the least of it, superfluous; and we advise Mr. Hunt to omit or alter it, in future editions. After what we have said, he will not doubt of our advice being given in a friendly spirit.

We come now to the less necessary, and certainly the less pleasant part of our task—that of pointing out Mr. Hunt's peculiar faults. We call this the less necessary part of our task, because they are precisely such faults as will strike every body—and chiefly those who have not taste or sensibility to discover his beauties. They are for the most part faults of system—or rather faults arising from carrying a system too far. Systems are almost always bad things; but when applied to poetry,—a business of impressions, and impulses, and passions—they are sure to be so. Mr. Hunt was among the readiest, and certainly among the most candid and discriminating, in pointing out the errors into which Wordsworth had fallen by following a system too far; and then he is the very first, after Wordsworth, to fall into the same kind of errors, on the same account.

In endeavouring "to recur to a freer spirit of versification," he writes such lines as the following, which are no versification at all:—speaking of the different ways in which the knights wore the "memorials of their lady's love"—he says some had them

—— tied about their arm, some at the breast,
Some, with a drag, dangling from the cap's crest.—P. 14.

In employing "as much as possible an existing language,—omitting of course mere vulgarisms and fugitive phrases," he uses the "mere vulgarism" of "*with that*" p. 10, in the sense of *then;* and says that Francesca "had *stout notions* on the *marrying score,*" p. 27; and that on a certain occasion she looked up "half sigh, half *stare,*" p. 33; and speaks of "the glass that told the shedding hours," p. 52—which is no "existing language" at all.

On the other hand Mr. H.'s practice sometimes directly *opposes* his system: he says that "the proper language of poetry is in fact nothing different from that of real life,"—and then he uses such inversions as these:

By four and four they ride, *on horses grey.* P. 12.
Busy he was just then —— P. 27.
—— But virtue reverenced he. P. 50.
Nay, scarcely her sweet singing *minded he.* P. 54.
—— forth come again
Of knights and squires the former sprightly train.—P. 106.

But after all it is but a sorry business, the pointing out such faults as these. It is the dirty work of criticism, and we are glad to escape from it. But if we were not to find fault where there *is* cause—and perhaps sometimes where there *is not*—nobody would, now-a-days, care a farthing for our praises.

We find that Rimini, as it does whenever we take it up, has detained us longer than we intended it should; so that we must curtail what we wished to have said on the poems which are the more immediate subject of our article—Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne. But it is the less necessary to speak of these at much length, because they

are, in fact, of precisely the same character as Rimini. They have the same sweetness and variety of versification,—the same descriptive power, by which pictures are made to start up at once before the mental eye,—the same truth and simplicity of thought, and feeling, and character,—the same cordial, natural, homelike tone, throughout. And we must add that they exhibit the same faults. The inveterate mannerism,—the familiarity reaching sometimes to vulgarity,—the recurrence of careless and prosaic lines, and even whole passages,—and the determination to use old and uncommon words in new and uncommon, and sometimes unappropriate and unintelligible senses. But in spite of all this, Hero and Leander in particular, is a very sweet little poem. The story is simplicity itself. The evening on which it commences, Leander swims across the Hellespont to claim and receive Hero for his bride. As circumstances, however, require that the marriage should remain a secret, he continues to visit her in the same way night after night. At length winter comes on; and one night he is surprised by a storm while swimming, and is drowned. Hero stays all night on the tower with her torch, watching for him in vain—and in the morning, seeing his body on the shore, in an agony of grief she springs from the tower, to join him in death.

The poem opens in the very spirit of stillness, just as

The hour of worship's over; and the flute
And choral voices of the girls are mute;
And by degrees the people have departed
Homeward, with gentle step, and quiet-hearted.

All, all is still about the odorous grove,
That wraps the temple of the Queen o Love,
All but the sparrows twittering from the eaves,
And inward voice of doves among the leaves,
And the cool, hiding noise of brooks in bowers,
And bees, that dart in bosoms of the flowers,
And now and then, a *breath-increasing* breeze
That comes amidst a world of *tumbling* trees,
And makes them pant, and shift against the light,
About the marble roof, solid and sunny bright.

This is a very pleasing passage, with the exception of the epithets in italics, which are affected, if not unintelligible. The poem, after telling how, now and then,

——— Some sweet girl appears,
Some sister priestess with a rosy crown;
Who hastens by, with eyes half looking down,
Carrying a golden torch, or ivory casket,
Or, on her head, doves in a milk-white basket;

goes on to describe Hero quitting the Temple of Venus, of which she is a priestess, and going up into a lonely tower that overlooks the sea, to watch for Leander, who has just left her, and is to return at night

And take her for his bride, and plight his troth
By Venus, and the waves, and uncorrupted youth.

The following passage describes the sensations of Hero, and their effects, as she sits waiting and watching for her lover:—

So she sat fixed, thinking, and thinking on;
And wished, and yet did not, the time were gone;
And started then, and blushed, and then was fain
To try some work, and then sat down again;
And lost to the green trees with their sweet singers,
Tapped on the casement's ledge with idle fingers.

We expect that many persons will sneer at this passage. It is too simple—too natural—too true for them! These are the persons who would be lost in wise astonishment at the sight of the Venus de Medici, or the Elgin Marbles.—Not in the astonishment of admiration—(far be it from them to fall into undue raptures on any occasion!)—but the astonishment of wonder.—What! they would exclaim, are *these* "the statues that enchant the world?"—Why, they are no better than *mere* men and women!—This is the case with the above exquisite passage. It is *mere* nature; and it will, therefore, not be good enough for these people.

But to return. There Hero sat at the window, watching—

At last, with twinkle o'er a neighbouring tower,
A star appeared that was to shew the hour.

She saw it, and went and lighted her torch, and ascended to the roof of the tower and held it there:—

The boy beheld,—beheld it from the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breathed with glee,
And rose, in swimming, more triumphantly.

The following description of Leander swimming, is extremely well done — particularly that part where he first sees the torch :—

Smooth was the sea that night, the lover strong,
And in the springy waves he danced along.
He rose, he dipped his breast, he aimed, he cut
With his clear arms, and from before him put
The parting waves, and in and out the air
His shoulders felt, and trailed his washing hair;
But when he saw the torch, oh, how he sprung,
And thrust his feet against the waves, and flung
The foam behind, as though he scorned the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breathed with glee,
And rose, and panted, most triumphantly!

The lovers meet as bride and bridegroom, and the Poet leaves them together, as we shall do, with this reflection :—

Pleasure be with them, and affectionate sleep!
I say no more; for foolish men still keep
Their vice-creating ways, and still are blindest
To what is happiest, loveliest, best, and kindest.

Thus passed the summer shadows in delight.

But at length the winter nights come, and we are prepared for what is to follow by these beautiful lines, which remind us,

——— That happiest linked loves
Glance and are gone sometimes, like passing doves;
Or like two dancers gliding from a green;
Or two sky-streaks, filling with clouds between.
All we can hope is, that so sweet a smile
Goes somewhere to continue; and meanwhile,
Hopes, joys, and sorrows link our days together,
Like spring, and summer-time, and wintry-weather.

One night a storm overtakes Leander, when he is only half across. He is driven beneath the waves,

——— But quickly rose again,
And with a smile at heart, and stouter pride,
Proceeded to surmount the roaring tide.

At length the torch is blown out.—Still, however, he swims gaily on. But at last,

The noble boy loses that inward smile:

for the storm increases, and the rain pours down, and

His tossing hands are lax, his blind look grave,
Till the poor youth (and yet no coward he)
Spoke once her name, and yielding wearily,
Wept in the middle of the scornful sea.

The whole description of Leander, during the storm, is good—and the last part where he

Wept in the middle of the scornful sea

is a beautiful touch of nature.—

The description of Hero, during the storm, is also admirable :—

I need not tell how Hero, when her light
Would burn no longer, passed that dreadful night;
How she exclaimed, and wept, and could not sit
One instant in one place; nor how she lit
The torch a hundred times, and when she found
'Twas all in vain, her gentle head turned round
Almost with rage; and in her fond despair
She tried to call him through the deafening air.

In the morning she sees his body

Floating, and washed about, like a vile weed;—

A sudden paroxism of grief seizes her, and

——— From the turret, like a stricken dove,
With fluttering arms she leaped, and joined her drowned love.

If the other tale contained in this little publication is inferior to Hero and Leander, it is, certainly, a not unworthy companion to that poem. That it *is* inferior, is perhaps to be accounted for by the nature of the story. Mr. Hunt is the poet of real life. The birth-place and the cradle of his genius is the human heart; and it can seldom wander far abroad with advantage, or even with safety. It may sport about the threshold of its chosen and appointed dwelling-place, and even expatiate through

the little domains that are attached; but, like a child, it is never quite happy away from home; like a bird, its sweetest song is always poured forth when it is nearest to its nest.—The mere human part of Bacchus and Ariadne,—the beginning of the story, where Theseus leaves his mistress in the desart island—making allowance for a few oversights, and some characteristic faults—is very natural and delightful; and in the latter part there is some excellent descriptive poetry. But, upon the whole, the tale is deficient in interest and passion. We shall give a pretty long extract from the opening of the poem, which may be taken as a fair example of its style, both as to faults and beauties.

The moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,
When Ariadne in her bower was waking;
Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
Seemed answering another distant one.
She waked, but stirred not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full seas,
The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'er-night,
The happy thought of the returning light,
The sweet, self-willed content, conspired to keep
Her senses lingering in the feel of sleep;
And with a little smile she seemed to say,
'I know my love is near me, and 'tis day.'

At length, not feeling the accustomed arm,
That from all sense of fancied want and harm
Used to enclose her, when she turned that way,
She stretched her hand to feel where Theseus lay,
Thinking to wake his mouth into a kiss;
At which he'd turn, and with those eyes of his
Ask pardon of his love for having lain amiss.

But how? Not there! She starts with a small cry,
And feels the empty space, and runs her eye
O'er all the bower, and stretches from the bed
One hasty foot, and listens with wild head.
No sight—no voice: she tries to smile, heart-sick,
And murmurs, "Oh, 'tis but some hiding trick;
He sees me through the boughs:" and so she rose,
And, like a wood-nymph, through the glimmering goes,
And for a while delays to call his name,
Pretending she should spoil his amorous game;
But stops at last, her throat full-pulsed with fears,
And calls convulsively with bursting tears;
Then calls again; and then in the open air
Rushes, and fiercely calls.—He is not *there!*

Suddenly of his bark she thinks, that lay
On t'other side the hill, down in the bay.
And off before the rising wind she flies,
And mounts the hill, and stops, and strains her eyes;
And there she sees, but not within the bay,
The faithless bark, far off, leaning away,
And now with gleaming sail, and now with dim,
Hastening to slip o'er the horizon's brim.
'Tis gone; and as a dead thing, down falls she,
In the great eye of morn, then breaking quietly.

In the first paragraph of this extract there occurs an oversight which, though trifling in itself, it is worth while to point out, because it happens to be very characteristic of the author—

She waked, but stirr'd not, only just to please
Her *pillow-nestling cheek.*

Mr. Hunt forgets that he is writing of Ariadne in the uninhabited island of Naxos, three thousand years ago. He is thinking of the delights of lying in bed of a morning in England in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen; and of comforting one's cheek on a down pillow covered with a holland case.

Ariadne looks for Theseus in vain; he is gone: and she returns disconsolate to the bower where he had left her, and lies down to weep, and, as she thinks, to die. But suddenly—

————She heard a noise from far
Of music, such as when a pomp rejoices,
And, as she thought, the sound of shouting voices.

She rose, and going to a little mound
Among the trees, looked through them far and round:
Nothing was there; but still she heard the noise,
Which seemed fast coming, like a throng of joys:
And now she heard the sound of cymbals clashed;
And now, as if cups were together dashed;

And timbrels then, and pipes, which fine *crisp* fingers
Seemed to be dancing on; and laughing singers.
She looked and looked:—it was no common sound,
Much less the noise of war on that lone ground.
And pirates the new comers could not be:
The fervid crown announced a deity.
"Bacchus!" she cried;—the sound, the jovial shout,
The tumbling vines proclaimed him all about;
And Bacchus 'twas indeed, coming awhile
To feast in Naxos, his beloved isle.

Several other parts of the description of Bacchus's procession are done with great life and spirit. The following is given with a deep feeling of the subject; or, shall we rather say with a deep feeling for the wonderful beauties of some of Poussin's pictures on similar subjects?

A finer train succeeded, quieter,
But cheerful still, and with a laughing stir;
A few of them were Naiads from the brooks,
Known by their lilied tresses, and fair looks;
The rest were sylvans, their dark brows arrayed
In ivy crowns of sunny light and shade;
Some youths with double flutes, *intently going;*
Some, dimpled girls, over their shoulders shewing
Blithe oval cheeks, hung short with clustering locks,
And touching tambourins with trills and knocks;
And some of both, came paired like paramours,
Bearing a yoke enwreathed with grapes and flowers,
And held each other's waist with light embraces,
And tenderly, looked in each other's faces:
The rest, a bright-eyed number, came along,
Dancing in linked windings with a song;
Now looking on one side, and now behind,
And now with forward breath, their hair against the wind.

The description of the God himself is not very much to our taste; there is little either of power, or dignity, or even of distinctness about it.—The lady seems to think differently, however: for, at the sight of him, she presently forgets her grief, and the cause of it. There is an ardent sweetness about the following passage, which is very delightful.

The beauty ————
Crossed her mild arms, and stooped her bashful brow,
And would have knelt; but the young gladsome power
Leaped from his car, like a frank paramour,
And lightly took her waist, and on her fair
Uplifted forehead, 'twixt the clustered hair,
Gave first a look, and then a kiss divine,
And said, "Be happy, Ariadne mine."

No wonder a mortal maiden could not withstand such an address as this;—so she, in rather an affected manner, "*sparkled* towards him;"

And with an arm about each other thrown,
She looking up, and he divinely down,
They stepped into the car, to meet the hour
Of bridal star-light in the deity's bower;
At which the nymphs and sylvans round about
Sent up so light, and yet so lofty a shout,
That the hills missed it, and there seemed to be
A noise beyond, that rushed into the sea.

This description of the shout sent up by the multitude strikes us as being the very finest thing of the kind in Mr. Hunt's poetry. Indeed it would be difficult to match it against a finer anywhere. If Mr. Hunt had never written any thing but these four lines, it would still be in vain to deny him the possession of real poetical genius. —After this there is a snug little wedding dinner, and a dance, got up on the spur of the moment. There is, of course, no time to issue formal cards of invitation: but, as Bacchus is a favourite among them, some of the best company from the "west end" of Olympus look in, quite in a friendly way. There is Apollo, who throws off his godship, and treats the company with a *pas de deux*, with a very novel kind of partner.

And down came frank Apollo, and danced there,
To his own lute; *and with him danced his hair.*

And Venus,—who steps in as she's going by, attracted by the sound of the music:—

And Venus slipped from out the ether soon,
Called by the touching of a bridal tune,
And wound among them sweetly, all their faces
Brightening as each one met her.

Several others of the same *set* were present, particularly Hymen, who happened to be rather vapourish that evening, and was therefore not likely to be very pleasant company:—

And Hymen with his torch, who strayed about
Like a bright woodland vapour, in and out.

At length the twilight comes, the company prepare to withdraw, and the poem ends very prettily, thus:—

——————— Just before
The guests withdrew, and now its use was o'er,
The grateful god took off from his love's hair
Her fervid crown;———

(By the bye, this was a crown belonging to Ariadne, and was the identical one given by Jupiter to her beautiful grandmama Europa. It had been, till lately, kept by Minos in his museum of curiosities at Crete; but he had given it to Ariadne to wear; and it was by means of its supernatural light that Theseus had found his way to her—so that it is no wonder Bacchus should be a little jealous of it, and whisk it away in such a hurry.)

——————and with a leap i' the air,
As when a quoiter springs to his firm eye,
Whirled it in buzzing swiftness to the sky.
Starry already, and with heat within,
It fired as it flew up with that fierce spin,
And opening into grandeur, round and even,
Shook its immortal sparkles out of heaven.

These, when they issue from the unclouded seas
Preside o'er all sweet things; all luxuries
That come from odorous gardens; all the bowers
That lovers sit in, and the princely flowers
Attired the brightest; all the cordial graces
Waiting on kind intentions and frank faces;
Nay, even the true and better taste in dress,
The easy wear of inward gracefulness.
Beneath this star, this star, where'er she be,
Sits the accomplished female womanly:
Part of its light is round about her hair;
And should her gentle cheek be wet with care,
The tears shall be kissed off, as Ariadne's were.

Such are the two little poems which compose Mr. Hunt's latest publication; and if they are not of a character very much to encrease his poetical reputation, they will certainly not diminish it.

In conclusion, we do not hesitate to say, that, upon the whole, Mr. Hunt is one of the most pleasing, and original poets of the day; but we suppose his most reckless admirers will not demand for him the title of one of the greatest. We do not think of placing him beside such men as Wordsworth or Lord Byron; but we *do* claim for his genius at least a kindred with their's. —His poetry does not bear us away with it, from the world in which we live, and "the thing we are," and place us among the sounds, and images, and fancies of other spheres. It cannot make us see "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;"—or, snatch the "prisoned soul" from its fleshly dungeon, "and lap it in Elysium." It cannot revive the visions of our fancy, or cast a halo of radiance round the forms our memory has consecrated. It cannot bring back the days of our childhood, or help us to carry forward those days into after life, by clothing the whole moral and visible world in a mantle of impossible beauty, or causing it to burst upon us *again*, in all the freshness of a new creation. It cannot restore "the glory to the grass, the splendour to the flower." It cannot breathe into us that lofty and ideal purity of thought and principle, which, if it makes us yearn after, and adore what *may be*, is but too apt to make us despise what *is*.—It cannot do these, and a thousand other things, which the imagination of a great poet,—acting on, and acted upon by that of his readers,—can. —But it performs what, in these times, is a most acceptable service: It come to us in our homes on the face of the earth, and makes us content with them;—it meets us with a smile, and what is better, makes us meet others with a smile;—it shows us what is good and beautiful, and teaches us to love that goodness and beauty, wherever we find them.—To conclude these scattered and imperfect remarks,—if Mr. Hunt has not that transcendant genius which can lift us from the realities of daily life, into the "sky of poetry," he can, at least, make us see the reflections of that sky in the waters of our own earth,—and hear the echoes of its music in the song of our own birds,—and fancy we feel its airs in the breezes that come about us in our own bowers. A.

SONNETS,

BY CORNELIUS WEBB,

Amatory, Descriptive, and Incidental.

No. III.

7.—NATURE.

Nature hath sounds and sights should never tire;
Such is the tune of honey-sated bee;
The various voice of birds, who hireless quire
Their mellow songs to the young seasons three;
The stir of waters vast—whether they be
Of ocean, lake, or river; the fields' attire;
The rustling corn ripening on hill and lea;
The sun enthroned upon his car of fire;
The golden sunlight on the silver sea;
The day that dies like widow on the pyre
Where burns her bright-haired lord; the sweet respire
Of incense-wafting flowers; the Moon, when she
Walks pale and lonely as sad Niobë;
With all God form'd for man, but man will not admire.

8.—SPRING.

Flower-spreading Spring, with a good servant's haste,
Hurries about, to make the many ways
That summer will pass through—now waste,—
Pleasant as high roads on blythe holidays.
The bees, impatient of their summer-toil,
Hover and search midst each imbudded flower,—
O right-industrious they, who whilst they moil,
Rejoice—which Idlesse cannot in his needy bower!
Millions of golden flowers enrich the hills,
Which look and shine like gathered heaps of gold;
And birds, and buds, and leaves, rivers and rills,
Valley and heath, and all things I behold,
Breathe out their voices with a soft, sweet might,
Instructing my dumb heart in their unfeigned delight.

THE COLLECTOR.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.
Merry Wives of Windsor.

No. VI.

Doctor Johnson and the Coronation.—The following Paper, from the hand of Doctor Johnson, we think worth reprinting at present for two reasons:—first, because of its coincidence with the preparations for a great national ceremony that are now going forward—that is to say, if a recent return from abroad has not interrupted them; and, secondly, because it affords a curious example of the peculiarities of Doctor Johnson's manner of writing, and may serve as an illustration, to his unqualified admirers, of what is found objectionable in his style by the critics who describe him as a dangerous, or rather a bad model, in regard to language. To be artless and easy, or at least to seem so, is the very essence of dignity: the postures of the dancing school do not constitute the carriage of the drawing room; and to be said to talk bigly is of itself an accusation of thinking meanly. The balanced periods, antithetically contrasted terms, and pompous truisms of Doctor Johnson, chill

the feelings of readers who possess much natural sensibility, and offend, rather than satisfy, the tastes that are rendered really difficult to please by some knowledge of the nature of the art, or knack, of writing. These latter are not imposed upon by mere verbal feats, which, with all their appearance of pomp and power, are to be commanded by practice, almost as certainly as the ability to stand on one leg, or to turn rapidly round on one foot. Imagine the following paper done by Addison, or Swift, or Goldsmith, and the difference between good writing, and big writing, will be at once perceived. These authors would have manifested a pleasing suitableness to each other, existing between the subject and the style, between the thoughts and the language, —and would never have disturbed the attention from the natural vein of the sentiment, whether it were important or unimportant, by the parade of regular maxims, and stiffly turned phrases. In talking of the extravagance of paying high prices to see a Coronation procession, it would never have come into their heads to say—" *but all passions have their limits, which they cannot exceed without putting our happiness in danger !*"—and they would have deemed it quite as worth while to study in the glass how to adjust becomingly their night-caps, as, on such a subject, to construct the following nicely balanced sentence, where the words seem all dependent on each other like notes of music, rather than the signs of definite thoughts :—" *although a fine show be a fine thing, yet, like other fine things, it may be purchased too dear :—that the pleasure of a show is not of any long continuance, all know who are now striving for places ; for, if a show were long, it would not be rare ;*"—and so forth. This, without being guilty of injustice to the reputation of a truly great man, may be condemned at once as pedantic : unless, indeed, we could imagine that a sly sentiment of irony ran through the whole composition, and that the Doctor chuckled inwardly over the sound of his own bulky phrases, putting them in contrast with the occasion of their use. This, we have no doubt, was often the case when he heaped Pelion on Ossa in conversation ; and the exaggeration and intolerance of his assertions and attacks, we are inclined to think, were more frequently to be attributed to a conscious but grave-faced jocularity, too regardless perhaps of the feelings of others, and the forms of society, —than to brutality of disposition, or bigotry of understanding. He was often, we more than suspect, enjoying the height of his own stilts, and laughing to himself at people scampering from their strides, when he was supposed to be in a real trampling humour, and inclined to use a giant's strength, as a giant. At all events, if he were not consciously joking on some of the occasions, when, if we do not take advantage of some such supposition, it seems most difficult to free him from the imputation of coarse barbarity,—it is still possible to consider him and his conduct together, as forming a piece of natural *humour,* and, as such, entitled to certain privileges which are generally allowed to unaffected humourists. In this way, even the Doctor's heavy stately style may be considered becoming, just as we might admire a coach and six Flander's mares, bringing up from her country-seat an ancient Countess in her own right, to represent the reign of George the Second at the Coronation of George the Fourth.

On the Coronation of George the Third, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.—That a time of war is a time of parsimony, is a maxim which patriots and senators have had often in their mouths, and which I do not remember to have seen denied.

I know not whether by the acute enquiries of the present age, this opinion has been discovered to be groundless, and is, therefore, thrown aside among obsolete follies ; or whether it has happened on this, as on other occasions, that conviction is on one side, and practice on the other : but so it is, that the war, whatever it has taken from our wealth, has added nothing to our frugality. Every place of splendid pleasure is filled with assemblies, every sale of expensive superfluities is crowded with buyers ; and war has no other effect, than that of enabling us to shew that we can be at once military and luxurious, and pay soldiers and fidlers at the same time.

Among other changes which time has effected, a new species of profusion has been produced. We are now, with an emulation never known

before, out bidding one another for a sight of the CORONATION; the annual rent of palaces is offered for a single room for a single day.

I am far from desiring to repress curiosity, to which we owe so great a part of our intellectual pleasures; nor am I hardy enough to oppose the general practice of mankind, so much as to think all pomp and magnificence useless or ridiculous. But all passions have their limits, which they cannot exceed without putting our happiness in danger; and although a fine show be a fine thing, yet, like other fine things, it may be purchased too dear. All pleasures are valuable in proportion to their greatness and duration: that the pleasure of a show is not of any long continuance, all know, who are now striving for places; for if a show was long, it would not be rare. This is not the worst, the pleasure while it lasts will be less than is expected. No human performance can rise up to human ideas. Grandeur is less grand, and finery less fine, than it is painted by the fancy. And such is the difference between hope and possession, that, to a great part of the spectators, the show will cease as soon as it appears.

Let me yet not deceive my readers to their disadvantage, or represent the little pleasures of life as less than they are. Those who come to see, come likewise to be seen, and will, for many hours before the procession, enjoy the eyes of innumerable gazers. Nor will this be the best or the longest gratification: those who have seen the Coronation, will have whole years of triumph over those who saw it not. They will have an opportunity of amusing their humble friends and rustic acquaintances with narratives, often heard with envy, and often with wonder; and when they hear the youth of the next generation boasting the splendour of any future procession, they will talk with contemptuous superiority of the CORONATION of GEORGE THE THIRD.

Dreary Residence.—Doctor Macculloch, in his recent work on the Western Islands of Scotland, gives the following sketch of savage life, which, with more than its usual horrors, desolation, and abandonment, will not be read without some degree of interest. The island in question is North Rona, one of the most remote and inaccessible of the Hebrides.

It is now inhabited by one family only, consisting of six individuals, of which the female patriarch has been forty years on the island. The occupant of the farm is a cottar, cultivating it and tending fifty sheep for his employer, to whom he is bound eight years: an unnecessary precaution, since the nine chains of the Styx could afford no greater security than the sea which surrounds him, as he is not allowed to keep a boat. During a residence now of seven years, he had, with the exception of a visit from the boat of the Fortune, seen no face but that of his employer and his own family. Twice in the year that part of the crop which is not consumed on the farm, together with the produce of the sheep, and the feathers obtained from the sea-fowl which he is bound to procure, are taken away by the boat from Lewes, and thus his communication with the external world is maintained. On the appearance of our boat, the women and children were seen running away to the cliffs to hide themselves, loaded with the very little moveable property they possessed, while the man and his son were employed in driving away the sheep. We might have imagined ourselves landing on an island in the Pacific ocean. A few words of Gaelic soon recalled the latter, but it was some time before the females came from their retreat, very unlike in look to the inhabitants of a civilized world. In addition to the grain and potatoes required for the use of his family, the man is allowed one cow, and receives for wages the value of two pounds sterling annually in the form of clothes. With this the family, consisting of six individuals, must contrive to clothe themselves; how they are clothed, it is scarcely necessary to say; covered they are not, nor did there appear to be a blanket in the house; the only substitute for a bed being an excavation in the wall, strewed, as it seemed, with ashes and straw.—Such is the violence of the wind in this region, that not even the solid mass of a highland hut can resist it. The house is therefore excavated in the earth, the wall required for the support of the roof scarcely rising two feet above the surface. The entrance to this subterranean retreat is through a long, dark, narrow, and tortuous passage, like the gallery of a mine, commencing by an aperture not three feet high and very difficult to find. With little trouble it might be effectually concealed; nor, were the fire suppressed, could the existence of a house be suspected, the whole having the appearance of a collection of turf stacks and

dunghills. Although our conference had lasted some time, none of the party discovered that it was held on the top of the house. The interior strongly resembles that of a Kamschatkan hut; receiving no other light than that from the smoke hole, being covered with ashes, and festooned with strings of dried fish, filled with smoke, and having scarcely an article of furniture. Such is life in North Rona; and though the women and children were half naked, the mother old, and the wife deaf, they appeared to be contented, well fed, and little concerned about what the rest of the world was doing.—The only desire that could be discovered, after much enquiry, was that of getting his two younger children christened, aud for this purpose he had intended to visit Lewes, when his period of residence was expired. Yet I shall not be surprised, if, after the accomplishment of his only wish, he should again long for his now habitual home; and expect, that some future visitor will, twenty years hence, find Kenneth M'Cagie wearing out his life in the same subterranean retreat of his better days.

The Scorpion and Spider.—Desirous of ascertaining the natural food of the scorpion, (says a gentleman fond of the pursuits of natural history,) I inclosed one which measured three-quarters of an inch from the head to the insertion of the tail, in a wide-mouth phial, together with one of those large spiders so common in the West Indies, and closed it with a cork, perforated by a quill, for the admission of air: the insects seemed carefully to avoid each other, retiring to opposite ends of the bottle, which was placed horizontally. By giving it gradual inclination, the scorpion was forced into contact with the spider, when a sharp encounter took place, the latter receiving repeated stings from his venomous adversary, apparently without the least injury, and with his web, soon lashed the scorpion's tail to his back, subsequently securing his legs and claws with the same material.

GENERAL REPORTER.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1. *The Diary of an Invalid; being the Journal of a Tour in pursuit of Health; in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France. By Henry Matthews, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.* 8vo. Murray. 1820.

Madame de Staël says of travelling, that it is a "melancholy pleasure." That there are *melancholy* pleasures in the world, every person of feeling knows; and most travellers must have been sensible, at one time or other, in the course of their peregrinations, of the force and justice of Madame de Staël's observation. It is a melancholy thing to watch a "lengthening chain" of variety, in objects animate and inanimate, and find them all alike strange and passing. It goes to the heart to quit to-morrow those whom we have seen for the first time to-day, without a probability of ever seeing them again. Almost every turn of the wheels of his carriage conveys the traveller past some common or remarkable scene of life, where human affections are tried, tortured, or delighted; where hope swells the heart, or fear shrinks it; where love cowers under misfortune, or riots in ecstasy;—and in nothing of all this has he part, or a share! He neither receives nor bestows sympathy as he goes along: he is out of the social pale, as it were, altogether: the brightest eye kindles not for him; the tear clouds its lustre, but he has no interest in the emotion which it bespeaks. The children, too, of the house smile not upon him as he enters. His own favorite associations have no power of communicating themselves to the minds around him: the past no longer binds him to his neighbours, by the affinities supplied in a common experience of good and evil fortune;—the future, instead of increasing his interest in those about him, destroys it altogether. What *are* they to him, or he to them? Little:—what *will* they be? Nothing. A melancholy,

even a sorrowful sense of this necessary alienation, is apt to fall heavily on the traveller, whenever there is a momentary interval in the recurrence of external excitements to wonder or curiosity. The fall of night wraps him up in dark imaginings, and chills his feelings, and makes him shiver under a consciousness of his insignificance, and estrangement—his isolation in the midst of society. In the hollows of the hills that rise around him, and which the gloom covers without hiding, he knows that there are dwellings, the inmates of which must continue and finish their course through the dreary "valley of this world," without their steps ever crossing his. However obvious and inevitable these things are; however trite they may appear in dry enumeration,—man dislikes to have an active sense of them forced upon him. It is one of the most revolting thoughts in the contemplation of death, that the sun will rise and set, in beauty or in sullenness, —that men will go about their affairs, —that pleasure, and business, and art, and science, and literature,—that all the "gauds of day," and motley fashions of life, will continue their sparkling, busy, and noisy round, while we are laid, silent and still, beneath the bustle,—unconscious, and unparticipating. We are mortified and saddened by the thought of being without a prominent part in a grand and complicated drama, which is still going forward:—and the wanderer in foreign countries, though not so completely excluded as he who has solved "the great problem," is yet sufficiently so to cause his spirits to droop, when this peculiarity in his situation presses most immediately on his reflection.

In the mind of a travelling invalid —one placed in the condition of Mr. Matthews, who set out "to try, like honest Tristram Shandy, whether it be possible to run away from death," —a sentiment of melancholy, we should think, must be the predominating one. How tardy and useless must that acquaintance with new objects seem, which has only commenced when we are likely to quit for ever both new and old. When, in proportion as the sphere of our observation increases, our span of duration rapidly contracts, a hopeless, and almost sullen inactivity of spirit, and will, seems to be the most natural consequence. Our present author, however, appears to have had too much magnanimity to stoop under the weight of the disease he bore about with him: his allusions to it are frequent, but they are never either querulous or affectedly courageous:—the colouring of his private ruminations might be sombre, but the keenness of his faculty of observation was not impaired. On first starting with him, we find that he is fully aware of the precariousness of his situation; that he feels it strongly, and bears it firmly. "Who," he asks,

> Has not experienced the bitter feelings with which one turns round the last height, that commands the last view of home? This farewell look was longer than usual, for in my state I can scarcely hope ever to see it again. But if, as Pope says,
>
> "Life can little else supply,
> Than just to look about us and to die,"
>
> I certainly have no time to lose.

Mr. Matthews's qualities, as a traveller, are, chiefly, shrewdness, good sense, and impartiality. Yet often too, he affords reason for suspecting, that he possesses a good deal more of enthusiasm than he chooses to avow, far less display. The extreme correctness of his feelings, on some important and stimulating occasions, leads us to fancy that they must also have been powerful, though their expression be reserved. We are no intentional friends to obtrusive *sentimentalism;* but if the interest of travelling, and of works of travels, be analized, it will be found to consist more in the novelty of the mental speculations, and in the freshness of the emotions suggested by strange objects, than in the mere action of that curiosity and surprise, which an accurate description of these is calculated to excite and gratify. He, therefore, "best shall paint them, who shall *feel* them most;" and it generally happens, that a more lively and faithful idea of foreign scenery is afforded by giving effusion to the workings of the mind of the observer under its view, than by a bare enumeration of its external points and features. Of course, what we now say must not be applied to works that profess to convey regular instruction on matters of science, art, geography, or antiquities. It has reference only to such desul-

tory communications as those of Mr. Matthews—and the great majority of recent tours and travels.

Our invalid set out in pursuit of his great object in the direction of Lisbon. He sailed in the packet from Falmouth, on the 12th September, 1817. After suffering all the horrors of sea-sickness, and swearing that if once he set foot on shore again, nothing should ever induce him to trust himself a second time to the unstable ocean, he began by degrees "to be reconciled to the motion of the vessel," and of course recanted his oath. As he recovered, he began to look about him, and that he did this to some purpose, is, we think, evident from the following animated and well-felt passage.

18th. The wind died away last night. A dead calm.—Got up to see the sun rise. —Much has been said of the splendour of this sight at sea; but I confess I think it inferior to the same scene on shore. There is indeed plenty of the "dread magnificence of Heaven," but it is all over in a moment. The sun braves the east, and carries the heavens by a *coup-de-main;* instead of approaching gradually, as he does on land, preceded by a troop of rosy messengers, that prepare you for his arrival. One misses the charming variety of the terrestrial scene; —the wood and water;—the hill and dale; —the "babbling brook;"—the "pomp of groves and garniture of fields." At sea, too, all is inanimate, for the gambols of the fishes, if they do gambol at their matins, are out of sight; and it is the effect of morning on living sentient beings that constitutes its great charm. At sea, there is no "song of earliest birds;"—no "warbling woodland;"—no "whistling ploughboy;"—nothing, in short, to awaken interest or sympathy. There is magnificence and splendour—but it is solitary splendour.

Let me rather see "the morn, in russet mantle clad, walk o'er the dew of yon high *Malvern* hill." But, alas! when am I likely to behold this sight again?

In the evening, I sat on the deck to enjoy the moon-light. If the sun-rise be best seen on shore, the moon-light has the advantage at sea. At this season of repose, the absence of *living* objects is not felt. A lovely night. The moon, in this latitude, has a silvery brightness which I never saw in England. It was a night for romance; —such as Shakspeare describes, when Troilus sighed his soul to absent Cressid. The sea, calm and tranquil as the bosom of innocence—not a breath of air—the reflection of the moon and stars, and the gentle rippling of the water against the sides of the vessel, completed the magic of the scene.

Sat with my face turned towards England, absorbed in the reflections which it is the effect of such a night to encourage; and indulged in that secret devotion of the heart, which, at such seasons particularly, the heart loves to pay to the absent objects of its affections.

Throughout his description of Lisbon, and all that relates to it, our author is evidently in an ill-humour, and, in this part of his work, he indulges without remorse a tendency to punning, which seems unfortunately to beset him, whenever he is angry. His puns are not good, and his displeasure seems often to be closely connected with his illness. We are, indeed, very sorry he had so irresistible a provocation. With the nastiness of Lisbon, our readers must, by this time, be fully acquainted; we need not, therefore, quote the passages where Mr. Matthews vituperates this old fault. "In yielding to first impressions," he says, "one is generally led to exaggerate; *but the abominations of Lisbon are incapable of exaggeration.*" The dogs, he informs us, are the only scavengers; and the legislature, sensible of the service they render the town, by devouring the filth and offal thrown plenteously into the streets, render one good turn for another: a law obliges certain trades to keep a vessel of water at the doors of their houses, for the refreshment of these animals. We are sorry to hear that these public functionaries are wanting in that internal concord, which forms the beauty of social life. "The dogs," says Mr. Matthews, "behave well, *except to one another.*" He adds, that they still entertain the obsolete and illiberal notion, that free competition of industry ought to be repressed. It would appear, indeed, that these Lisbon dogs are not much more enlightened or generous on this matter, than the associated companies and professions of our own country.

It is up-hill work for a new settler, for he must fight his way. They are *strict preservers;* if any dog is caught out of the limits of his own manor, he is proceeded against as a wilful trespasser, without any *notice.*

Mr. Matthews manifests himself, on every proper occasion, to be animated by a sound, manly, and fair attachment to his own country; which is perfectly consistent with a just appreciation of foreign manners

and points of character, but which never shrinks from declaring itself in a British cast of language and sentiment. His book appears to us to be, in this respect, the very best that has yet been published. He sees readily, and states eagerly rather than otherwise, all that is excellent, graceful, pleasant, or palliative, in foreign habits and institutions; and we may instance his pretty full review of French manners as quite bearing us out in this assertion; but he sees also the superior dignity and strength of the foundations on which British society rests, and devoutly desires that the principles of their strength may be preserved to them. The passage we have chiefly in view, we shall immediately quote, though we must go to the end of the volume for it, where Mr. Matthews is on the point of quitting Dieppe for England. We wish to point out to particular notice the praise given to the French for superior humanity in their treatment of animals. This, during a pretty long residence in France, always struck us as positively the best point in the French character; and the atrocities which our people, generally, either commit or countenance in respect of cruelty to brutes, imprint a black stain on the national reputation.

Having now arrived at Dieppe, the last stage of the French territory, I would willingly part with them in good humour. There are some amiable traits of character, which are universally prevalent, and must strike the most common observer. They are, almost without exception, a temperate people, and with wine at command, which may be bought for almost nothing, they rarely drink to excess. It must be confessed, too, that they are much kinder and gentler in their treatment of the brute part of the creation, than the lower orders of our own country; and indeed the appearance of the animals confirms this opinion; for you never see those maimed, broken-knee'd, miserable objects,—the victims of ill-treatment and ill-usage, which so often shock one, in England.

Again,—if the French have a much greater share of vanity than their neighbours, the islanders, there is a ludicrous sort of pride on the other hand, which, though a weed that thrives prodigiously in England—setting a fool in fermentation, and swelling him out with inflated ideas of self-importance—does not seem to take root at all here; for, no one is above speaking civilly to his inferior, how great soever the distance between them. The French too, in many instances exhibit a praiseworthy disregard of outward appearance, to which the English, from pride or *mauvaise honte*, practise so obsequious a submission. In France no man need fear sinking in the estimation of his friends, from the shabbiness of his coat, the height of his lodgings, or the fashion of his equipage.

If I have seen little else to mention with commendation, it may be that I have been blinded by national prejudice; for I believe it is difficult, if not impossible, to acquire that complete impartiality which is so necessary in the pursuit of truth. It would seem, that a man's head was like a bowl, and that he came into the world with a certain bias impressed upon it by the hand of nature herself. This bias in an Englishman's head disposes him to dislike every thing belonging to a Frenchman. I confess, till I had resided in France, I used to think that this prejudice was carried much too far; but I leave it, with a most devout wish, that it may never be my misfortune to reside in it again, and a very strong hope that the national feeling which has so long kept us a distinct people, in all our habits, feelings, and principles, may long continue to be cherished; and that the sound and sufficient sentiment of love of country, may never be laughed out of countenance by the vain and visionary nonsense of universal philanthropy.

Our author notices, what every British Traveller has occasion to observe, the almost universal ill-will now borne to us on the continent:

They dislike us mortally. How is this to be explained? Is it that malicious sentiment of envy, which seems to have overspread the whole continent, at the prodigious elevation to which England has arisen; or is it the repulsive unaccommodating manners which an Englishman is too apt to carry with him into all countries, which make even a benefit from him, less binding than the winning urbanity by which the French contrive to render confiscation and robbery palatable?

Talked with a Spaniard—(who took me for an American), of the English and the French. He summed up what he had to say on their respective merits, in the following sentence of broken English,—"I should like to hang de Englishman in de bowels of de Frenchman." This sentiment will, I believe, express the feeling entertained towards us by a large portion of his countrymen.

From Lisbon Mr. Matthews went by sea to Leghorn; and from thence he proceeds on the usual tour through Italy,—the course of which we cannot pretend to follow. At Florence he pays considerable attention to the

specimens of Fine Art, amassed in its rich collections; and his observations on this dangerous subject, seem to be in general judicious. The impression which a certain distressing public event made on the British residing abroad, and the effect of this impression on the minds of the natives, we shall permit the author to describe for himself:

21st. This evening brought the news of the Princess Charlotte's death, creating a sensation which has seldom been produced by any public disaster. It seemed to be felt by all the English as a domestic calamity. The *Chargé d'affaires* wrote to the Grand Duke, on the part of the English, to excuse their attendance at a ball and supper, which was fixed for the ensuing Sunday, at the Pitti palace.

The Duke, we are told, was much pleased with the feeling that gave rise to this note, and exclaimed, "*Voila de l'esprit vraiment national, cela leur fait beaucoup d'honneur.*" All the English put on deep mourning. Poor Charlotte! and poor Leopold! and poor England!—but all public feelings are absorbed in lamenting her fate as a woman, a wife, and a mother.

We are sorry to say that our author seems, in a good part of his observations suggested by Rome, to be somewhat below his subject:--in the following remarks on the Roman females, however, we fully concur, and have had much pleasure in finding the truth so forcibly stated.

The women are in the grandest style of beauty. The general character of their figure is, the majestic;—they move about with the inceding tread of Juno. The physiognomy of the Italian woman bears the stamp of the most lively sensibility, and explains her character at a glance. Voluptuousness is written in every feature;—but it is that serious and enthusiastic expression of passion,—the farthest removed from frivolity,—which promises as much constancy, as ardour; and, to which love is, not the capricious trifling gallantry of an hour of idleness—but the serious and sole occupation of life. There is an expression of energy, and sublimity, which bespeaks a firmness of soul, and elevation of purpose, equal to all trials;—but this expression is too often mingled, with a look of ferocity, that is very repulsive. Black hair, and black sparkling eyes, with dark olive complexions, are the common characteristics of Italian physiognomy. A *blonde* is a rarity;—the black eye, however, is not always bright and sparkling; it is sometimes set off with the soft melting languishment peculiar to its rival blue, and this, by removing all expression of fierceness, takes away every thing that interferes with the bewitching fascination of an Italian beauty. Much has been said of the laxity of their morals; however this be, there is so much attention paid to external decorum, that, the *Ruffiano*, is an officer in general use, throughout Italy, to arrange preliminaries, which in other places would not require any intermediate negotiation. It is I believe to the lying pretensions of these Mercuries, who have the impudence to offer themselves, as the bearers of proposals to any woman, of any rank, that erroneous impressions have been received on this subject; as if it were possible to believe, that any woman above the condition of absolute want, would surrender at discretion, to the offers of a stranger. Still, however, the very lies of a Ruffiano must have some foundation, and indeed the existence of such a degrading profession, is a sufficient evidence of a lamentable state of society.

Our author's remarks on Canova are worthy quotation. We do not quite agree with his remarks on this celebrated artist, but we must take another opportunity of detailing our opinion of his merits. In the mean time, we may say, that there appears to us to be more truth than error in our author's criticism:

It is a pity that Canova's works are placed in the Vatican. The Perseus might have attracted admiration while the Apollo was at Paris,--but Apollo is come back;—and who could ever tolerate a copy, by the side of the original picture?

His boxers have more spirit and originality;—but is not Damoxenus's posture wrong? Ought he not to have his left leg foremost? As he stands, his lunge is already made, whereas he is only preparing to lunge; but I am confusing the terms of fencing with those of boxing,—and I leave this question to the decision of the *fancy*.

Jan. 14th. Drove again to the Vatican, and made a complete survey of the statues.

The more I see of the antique statues, the more I am struck with the nature and simplicity, which constitute their great charm. I have cited many instances, and it would be easy to add more;—for example, Posidippus and Menander sit in their arm-chairs, as they might be supposed to have done in their own studies, without losing an atom of force, or expression, by this repose. Ease is the consummation of art, "the last refinement of labour."

Canova, on the contrary, seems to have studied too much in the school of Michael Angelo. His muscles are all in action. His figures are stuck out, as if they were conscious of the presence of spectators. There is always something in their attitude and expression, which there would not be, if it were not for this consciousness;—just

as it happens with second-rate actors, who are unable to preserve the simplicity of nature on the stage, but do every thing, as if they were aware that an assembly of spectators were looking at them. The statue of Phocion, one of the greatest, because one of the best men of antiquity, is a charming instance of that quiet modesty and simplicity of attitude, so appropriate to his character.

At the Roman carnival, he says, people pelt each other with sugar plumbs *made of lime*:—"one can bear being pelted by the natives, for they throw these missiles lightly and playfully,—but the English pelt with all the vice and violence of school-boys, and there was an eye nearly lost in the battle of this morning."

The following short paragraph conveys a very striking peculiarity in the Roman manners and character:

You would suppose, from the animation of feature, and vehemence of gesticulation, between two men in the street, that they were discussing some question of vital interest; but upon inquiry, you find they have been talking of the weather, or some such matter.

The English ladies have metamorphosed Rome into a watering place. One or other of them is "*at home*" every evening, and there are balls twice or thrice a week. The number of English, at present in Rome, is estimated at about 2,000, and it is said, that the influx of wealth occasioned by their residence, has so increased the supply of money, as to produce some abatement in the rate of interest. We are in high favour here. *Inglese* is a passport every where. The Pope seems to be one of the few sovereigns in Europe, who retain any sense of *gratitude*, for the good offices of England. The difference of sentiment, in the Roman and Neapolitan courts, towards us, was illustrated, in the most marked manner, by their respective treatment of the naval officers, who were sent by Lord Exmouth with the Italian slaves, redeemed at Algiers.

Mr. Matthews does not render justice to Naples; that wonderful place, where animal existence, and the beauty of inanimate nature, have attained to the climax of earthly perfection.

Our author's manly and fair cast of sentiment and feeling, is evinced in the following passage relative to Murat, which is worthy of notice, because it comes from the pen of one who is not given to calumniate his native land, and who has too much good sense to be taken in by the quackery of the Bonapartes, or the cant of their interested partizans.

The leading feature in his (Murat's) character, seems to have been, that gallant generous bravery so becoming a soldier, which he displayed on all occasions. In his very last retreat, he is said to have risked his life, to save the son of one of his nobility, who wanted the courage to do it himself. They were crossing the river, under the fire of the Austrians; the horse of the young man was wounded, and his situation appeared hopeless. Joachim, moved by the distress of the father, plunged into the stream, and brought the son in safety to the bank, where the father had remained a helpless spectator of the whole transaction. But peace be to his ashes. I am no advocate for the scum, to which the fermentation of the French Revolution has given such undue elevation; but there are always exceptions;—and Joachim, however he might be tainted with the original sin of the school in which he was bred, had deserved too well of human nature, by his own conduct in power, not to merit more compassion than he found, in the hour of his adversity.

With reference to the cascade of Terni, he relates an anecdote of Wilson, our famous painter:

The cascade has been often described; but perhaps no description can give a more lively idea of the impression, which the first sight of it makes upon the spectator, than the exclamation of Wilson the painter, overheard by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who happened to be on the spot. Wilson stood for a moment in speechless admiration, and then broke out, with—"*Well done, Water, by G—!*"

We have not room for the observations on Italian manners with reference to the conjugal engagement: we can only declare them to be as excellently thought as written,—liberal, honourable, and just. The conclusion of the passage, however, we should hold ourselves inexcusable for omitting: the necessity for giving all publicity to such observations, is but too apparent.

I remember, Fuller says—"Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God, that he was but nine days in Italy; wherein he saw, in one city, more liberty to sin, than in London he had ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither and returned thence, without infection, I more praise God, than their adventure." If he entertained apprehensions for the *gentry* of his time, we may well feel anxiety for the ladies of our own, feeling as we must, that it is to the female virtues of England, we should look, not only for the

happiness of our homes,—but also for the support of that national character, which has led to all our national greatness;—for the character of a nation is ever mainly determined, by the institutions of domestic life;—and it is to the influence of maternal precept and maternal example upon the mind of childhood, that all the best virtues of manhood, may ultimately be traced.

And here we must abruptly halt, —leaving to Mr. Matthews to pursue his way homeward by himself. We are glad to see a hint given that his health was amended by a journey to which we owe a volume without pretension, but full of right notions, acute observations, and lively description.

II. *Sintram and his Companions: a Romance; from the German of Frederic Baron de la Motte Fouqué, author of Undine, &c.* London. Olliers, 1820.

We are at a loss to see, in this production, evidence of those particularly fine qualities, which the translator ascribes to the writings of La Motte Fouqué; yet we consider it altogether as a very curious and very interesting Tale. It does not tend to convince us, that the author "walks humbly and joyously in the sunlight;" or, that "the real and natural mode of existence is no where to be found so perfectly preserved as in the writings of Fouqué;"—or that "every body there exists in strong unquestioned reality." On the contrary, it would rather appear to us, judging by Sintram and his companions, that the writer's genius and disposition, are both impressed with a wild, dreary, shadowy character; that his power is gusty and unequal; that his feelings are fantastical as well as quick; that his creations, generally, are those of a phantasmagoria, rapid, striking, and poetical, but thin, uncertain, monstrous, and fleeting.—It is not because the interest of this tale depends, all the way through, on supernatural interference, that we are inclined to think the author has been unduly complimented with the peculiar faculty of giving the clearness and vivacity of life, and the vigour and genuine animation of nature, to his personages and events. No:—we are prepared to admit, in the supernatural, the very principles themselves of natural truth. The fluctuations of opinion, as to facts, have nothing to do with the greatest questions of moral and intellectual nature; and the mere testimony of our senses, and the results of our puny experiments, have no claim to exercise a thraldom over the human imagination, in matters where she is, at least, as safe and sure a guide as our avowed ignorance. The great division between those practical affairs in which our senses and our experience must be closely abided-by, as forming the only authorities for conduct, and those in which neither the one nor the other can ever give any information, has not, we think, been sufficiently attended to by the persons who maintain, that it is unworthy of what they call an enlightened age, to feign or take interest in the agency of spiritual powers, destiny, magic, &c.—These creations are now nothing but fanciful exercises of the human faculties, in giving form to certain principles of thought and feeling, which as certainly exist in the soul, as the sense of taste in the palate, or the sense of hearing in the ear. They are therefore as *natural* as these or any other of our senses; and the nature of man, we contend, can be but very miserably and inadequately delineated, if it be made a rule to exclude them. The error would be in confounding the facts of experience with the visions of the imagination; taking the latter as evidence to lead to decisions of the former; and pandering to that temper of presumption and intolerance in practice, which the very imperfection of our knowledge seems to engender, by allowing our fancy to form the ground of absoluteness in our conduct. This was done when witchcraft was a crime in more favour with Attorneys General, than libel is at present: when Doctor Fian was first tortured, and then burned, as a wizard, because King James encountered storms at sea, in his return from Denmark! The error in question, however, was that of causing imagination to stand in the place, and do the office, of ignorance and bad passions:—it does not follow, because a thing is unsound evidence in a court of law, that it is inadmissible in poetical fiction. The traditions and beliefs of other times, though exploded as facts, have, necessarily, as the offspring of eternal moral principles, an immortality in the heart. This is a

subject, however, that might be pursued to great length, and constituting, as it does at present, the matter of a warm dispute between opposing schools of criticism, further notice of it may be hereafter taken.

What we were saying, with reference to this new translation from the German, was,—that ghosts, seers, phantoms, and evil spirits, may, as it appears to us, be fashioned and introduced into a work, in a way to afford to the imagination of the reader an appropriate and lively feeling of their natural consistency and vigorous power of action. Ariel gives this assurance of itself, and Caliban:—but, to effect this, the genius of the author must be so identified with nature herself, as to be gifted with a share of her privileges, and have the power of varying the combination of her principles, without violating or contradicting their immutable and essential indications. When this is the case, we have on our minds an impression of reality, vigour, and healthiness in reading a composition: otherwise, it seems fantastical, sickly, and glimmering,—even though it may be interesting in its story, and distinguished by a rapid and poetical fancy.

The author of Sintram, we must confess, seems to us to belong to the latter division. A straining after effect, a theatrical taste, a style of language which we cannot otherwise characterize than by calling it *soft* and *greasy*, give us offence in it. It appears to us to be quite chargeable with the common German fault, of pushing the types of the feeling so much into display as to throw doubts on its reality. At the same time, there is a sort of night-mare sublimity about the characters, scenery, and events. Nothing is distinctly made out,—but the shadows roll about so as frequently to produce grand and awful pictures. It is often childish and often impotent; but the very signs of these qualities are marked with an earnestness and gravity, that give them the air of such monsters as infants with old men's countenances! We have observed very generally about the physiognomy of German heads, a certain character of age mingling with the assurances of youth. Their fair hair and eyebrows, with their sedate carriage, melancholy-looking mouths, and studied indications of sensibility and enthusiasm, produce on us precisely the effect of many of their romances:—in these, constitutional weakness seems mingled with habitual fanaticism,—and fantastical vivacity, with a sort of sorrowful, dreary cast of feeling.—Yet for the German literature, and the German character generally, we have the highest respect,—and the above observations must only be understood as intended to point out some of their peculiarities—not by any means as pretending to convey a full idea of that to which they apply. We suspect that German philosophy is at present the noblest in Europe; and we are sure that German criticism is at present the best. A high-minded sincerity characterizes the labours of the Germans in these departments; also a zeal for the honour of human nature; and a determined resolution to believe in the truth of no system, leading to degrading conclusions either as to its present condition, or future destiny. These are fine qualities—particularly in the present age, when the corrupting effects of civilization have, in some countries, almost withered and dried-up the roots of magnanimity and disinterestedness.

The opening of the romance of Sintram is characteristic and fine:

> At Drontheim, in the high castle, many Norwegian knights sat assembled, and, having held counsel concerning the kingdom's *weal*, *drank*, until the midnight, merrily with one another, in the sounding, vaulted hall, about the round massy stone table.

A fearful storm howls suddenly in the air, and the "snow-dust" is forcibly beaten against the rattling windows. The Castle clock strikes one, and at this instant a boy rushes into the hall, uttering a scream,—his eyes being closed, and his face of a deadly paleness.

> Father and knight! knight and father! Death and his mate are again horribly close behind me!

These were the fearful words uttered by the poor child, as, in his fit of somnambulism, he clung round Sir Biorn Flame-eye, the Lord of the Castle of Drontheim, and in the mystery of these words lies the interest and developement of the tale.

The night is that of Christmas, and it appears that Sintram, now about

twelve years old, has been subject to this horrible dream ever since his fifth year:—that it troubles him, however, only at this particular season, leaving him unmolested during the rest of the twelvemonth. The boy is borne to his chamber by an old domestic, and Sir Biorn is importuned by the Chaplain of the castle,—to "relate right explicitly what he knows of his son's strange goings-on." Without, the storm still raged;—within, the company had been reduced to a gloomy silence by the strange incident that had just occurred.

They sat quite silent, and almost motionless in the lofty hall: the lamp flared gloomily in the dome: the whole assembly of heroes was like lifeless, somewhat pale statues, which had been stuck into gigantic harness.

The above extract affords a slight example of the peculiarities of the system which the translator,—evidently a man of talent,—has thought fit to adopt in rendering the German into English. We certainly think it entirely a mistaken one,—but we greatly respect the motive of its adoption, which was an anxiety to transfuse faithfully the spirit of the original. We are by no means friends to the liberties which translators usually take; but where a language, like the German and Italian, is crowded with words that become useless expletives, if translated by their nearest synonymes,—disjointing the sentences, and diluting to nothing their meaning,—it would be good policy in a translator to leave them out. When the turn of the original idiom too, if closely retained, would give stiffness or quaintness to the translation, surely it ought to be varied into agreement with the genius of the language into which it is to be conveyed. And, lastly, we do not think that a translator has a right to re-construct his language, by attaching new meanings to its words according to their usage in a foreign tongue, or by combining words together in a way inconsistent with its practice and spirit. Into all these three faults the translator of Sintram falls in every page: but it is clear that he acts intentionally, and that it is not by ignorance but conviction, that he is actuated. We would recommend him, however, to reconsider his system,—and we hope he will have many opportunities of so doing—for, after all, we wish to have more of his translations from the German. He is full of enthusiastic admiration of his author, and this is sufficient to give interest to his production.

Sir Biorn Flame-eye is by no means pleased with this interference of his chaplain; but his fierce northern character, which seems still to retain a relish of the days of the old Golden Boar, that heathen relic, bends and yields under the spiritual power of the holy man, and he commences a story, at almost the very first words of which he is interrupted by a fit of frenzy, which causes him to rush from the hall, deliriously shouting.

"The pious Rolf," the servant who had carried the boy to his chamber, relates, by his bed-side, to the chaplain, the cause of his annual nocturnal agony.

It is now seven years ago, that on the Christmas-feast there was much discourse between my lord and his warriors concerning the German merchants, and how one might repress the pride of the ever mightier seaport-towns. Then Sir Biorn stretched forth his hands towards the evil boar-image of pure gold, and vowed, without any pity, to put to death the German merchants, whom their destiny, in whatsoever manner it might be, let fall alive into his power.

The gracious lady Verena sought in vain to interrupt this bloody oath, and, at the very instant that it was made, two citizens of Hamburgh, an old man and his son, claimed the hospitality of the castle, having been shipwrecked on its rocks. They were doomed to death, in spite of the entreaties of Verena, and the expostulation of Rolf. When the wretched men were in the court, ready to be slaughtered, the lady of the fierce Sir Biorn

Cried as with a flute's tones through the wild night: 'Dear lord and husband of my soul, for your only child's sake have pity upon these pious men! Save them from death, and resist the temptations of the evil spirit!'—The knight answered—let me not say what. *He set his child upon the cast, he called upon Death and the Devil, if he held not his word.*—Hush! The boy shudders now again. Let me bring the dark tale speedily to a close.

Two fearful strangers,—one "long and large, pale, and very gaunt,"—the other "a little mannikin with quite hideous features and mien,"—

were seen amongst the crowd of servants in the court, instigating the destruction of the two poor Hamburghers. The lady Verena prayed "with piercing agony, Lord my Redeemer, help!"

And both the forms of dread had vanished; and wildly, as if blinded, the knight and his castle-crew tossed against one another, without injuring themselves, but also without being able to strike the endangered merchants. The latter bowed reverently to Verena, and walked silently praying out of the castle gates, which just then, struck by a snowy whirlwind, were suddenly driven out of their fastenings, and left the way into the mountains free.

From this time, the child of Sir Biorn Flame-eye is agonized, at every anniversary of this terrible scene, with the tremendous dream; and his mother, "seeing the visible punishment and admonition of the heavenly powers in this event," retired within the walls of a convent, to pray for the forgiveness of heaven.

The boy Sintram awakens in the morning, still staggering under the weight of his vision; but it is gone, and his naturally wilful, and fierce disposition manifests itself.

He was regarded with awe, wherever he showed himself with his pale, sharp face, his dark, rolling eyes, his tall, nervy, somewhat spare form; and yet nobody hated him, not even such as in his wildest humours he had affronted or injured. It might also proceed from the friendly neighbourhood of the old Rolf, who always retained a softening influence over him; but most of those, who had known the lady Verena, while she yet lived in the world, asserted that over Sintram's altogether dissimilar features, there yet hovered a soft gleam of his mother's gentleness, which won their hearts towards the youth.

A wild story is told of his encountering, amongst the mountains, "a tall deadly-pale man, like a pilgrim," who bore "a multitude of bones loosely attached to his broad garment, which rattled with strange sound against one another:"—the length of this, however, forbids our detailing it. In short, Sintram seems entirely subjected to supernatural influence—yet feuds, rapine, and slaughter are his delight, while his old father becomes fiercer and fiercer every day, and, though always deploring the retirement of his wife, to whose saintlike virtues he does homage, he seems to pride himself that he and his son are as unlike her as it is possible to be. For society, of an evening, he was accustomed to arrange the armour-suits of his ancestors, so as that they might stand and sit round the table!

One day, on a hunting excursion, Sintram became animated by even a more ravenous desire than usual for hard blows and blood; and a vessel having been seen to approach the shore, he and his companions resolve, without more ado, to attack the persons whom it contains. The latter have landed, and are led on by a knight, the description of whose person and dress, by the author, is in very dandy-taste, and whose character, when we afterwards become acquainted with him, turns out to be composed of the union of the qualities of Sir Percy Shafton, and of Sir Charles Grandison. Folko of Montfaucon, is the name of this knight, who walks bearing a golden helmet under his arm, and whose face "was curled round with dark brown hair, with gracefully pointed whiskers." His "beautiful housewife" is Gabrielle of Gascony; and they have come over the sea to pay a visit to the knight's kinsman,—who is no other than Sir Biorn Flame-eye, himself,—by whose rude son they are attacked, without cause or warning, on the instant of their arrival. "Hurled spears whizzed on every side:" the knight *caught them with his sword*, and knocked Sintram down with its hilt! A most affected, and unnatural intervention of the figure and petition of the fair Gabrielle, is employed, by the author, to save Sintram's life, whose dastardly attack on strangers certainly merited death,—but whom the lady thus complaisantly consoles.

Gabrielle, beautiful as the morning, came on the shore followed by her women, and being informed by Folko, in a few words, who his late opponent was, she took the whole fight as a prize-combat, saying: "You must not let yourself be cast down, noble sir, that my wedded lord has won the prize, for know, that upon the whole earth there lives unto this hour only one single hero, from whom the Baron of Montfaucon has not borne away the victory."

Nothing can be more whimsical than the style of Sir Folko's gallantry to his wife—or his *housewife*, as the translator chooses to term her—through the greater part of the rest of the romance. It is in Amadis de

Gaul, we believe, that a bridegroom is made to faint away, under the influence of awe, as he is about to enter the bridal chamber; but, even in these chivalrous compositions, the excess of the gentleman's respect is suffered to subside under the frankness of the lady's permissions,—and the *formula* of phrase prescribed to the lover, is not, we believe, enjoined on the husband. But the German author has made of Folko the stiffest of gallants, long after he has become the most fortunate of spouses: the tip of his lady's little finger seems quite enough to put him into ecstasies,—and the consequence is, that all that is over seems to be thrown away on such a husband. The contrast which these two curious characters present to the rugged inmates of the Castle of Drontheim, has a powerful effect in the work; and we are pleased with them, in spite of the false, cold, artificial, and affected style in which they are delineated. They have no more of the heartiness of nature about them, than if they were wax-work figures; but in their own pompous, masquerading manner they are cleverly done,—being true to themselves, though false to all the principles of natural truth. In this respect they bear a resemblance to the heroes and heroines of Gomberville, Calprenéde, and Mademoiselle Scuderi,—in whose works we are almost reconciled to hearing old Horatius Cocles singing to Echo the praises of his Clelie, and Cyrus groaning at the feet of his Mandane, like a Celadon or Silvander of pastoral. The distortion is so great in these, that we accept its very extravagance as the principle of its justification, and drop all reference to natural models as totally out of the question. We do the same thing at the Opera House, when Tamerlane warbles to his soldiers in a falsetto voice, or Julius Cæsar dances a *pas-seul* before the senate of Rome.

The effect of the lady's charms on the wild northern mind of Sintram, is represented with a more masterly hand: the novelty of her beauty and of her manners fills his soul with an influence of a passionate, impetuous, yet not impure nature,—and here it struggles with those dark supernatural possessions to which the hero of the romance is subject. The fierce Sir Biorn, too, is subdued by the ascendancy of the graceful knight; who, on his part, scrutinizes the propriety of the old chieftain's conduct, with a severity that seems scarcely allowable in a guest. In consequence of finding out the trick formerly attempted to be played on the two Hamburghers, Sir Folko thought it necessary to treat his entertainer with great coldness:

The two lofty and friendly beings, Folko and Gabrielle, were almost always in their apartments, and when they appeared, it was with calm dignity and with silent seriousness, and Biorn and Sintram stood before them in timid humility. Yet the castle-lord could not support the thought that his guests should depart unto the hearth of another knight. When Folko one day spake thereof, something like a tear came into the wild man's eye. He sank his head and said in a low voice: "As you will:—but I think, I shall on the day after fly down the rock."

The knight's powers of pleasing were employed, in all their variety, to keep the sense of tedium from his "housewife," during her long abode in the gloomy castle:—the enumeration of his accomplishments, and occupations, however, bears evidence of a very fantastical taste.

Folko meanwhile summoned every thing pleasing in his spirit, every grace of his noble courtesy, to make Gabrielle forget that she was living in this wild castle, and that the stark Norwegian winter was already mounting up to freeze her in here for whole moons. At one time he related blooming tales, at another he played mirthful tunes, and desired Gabrielle to lead off a dance thereto with her women; then again, resigning his lute unto one of the damsels, he himself mingled in the dance, and always knew how to show his devotion unto his mistress therein in an ever novel manner; then he appointed trials of bravery amongst his armed men in the spacious castle-halls, and Gabrielle had some pretty trinket or other to offer unto the conqueror; often too he himself engaged in the circle of fighters, but so that he only met their assaults on the defensive, and deprived no one of the prize.

The cause of their long stay at Drontheim, and the delay of their return to their own country, is to be ascribed to Sintram. "Death and the Devil," as our readers already know, assume peculiar privileges in regard to our hero; and the latter, in particular, not being so certain as the former of ultimately possessing him,

gives him a great deal of trouble. "The little Master," is always at hand to take advantage of any accidental temptation, or to supply allurements to sin, when Sintram is placed in critical circumstances. His love for the fair Gabrielle offered an opportunity too favourable to be neglected; and every art was practised by the fiend, to induce the hapless child of the flame-eyed Baron, to commit himself irretrievably to perdition by accepting the means offered him of gratifying his passion. These interferences on the part of the demon, furnish the subjects of several very striking scenes in the Romance, of the actual contents of which this slight sketch of the narrative can afford no idea. The night interview "where the sea-coast rises highest," and "beneath three half decayed oaks," in which Sintram is persuaded to raise the storms by magic, that the return of the guests at Drontheim may be prevented, is amongst the most impressive of these. But our limits hinder us from pursuing further, even in this slight way, the continued thread of the narrative. The interesting account of the boar hunting; of the battle with "old Earl Erik;" the story of "Sir Weigand the Slim," who afterwards became "the mad pilgrim," we must totally omit; although these are precisely the most characteristic parts of the Romance, and the most illustrative of the author's talents. Hurrying towards the conclusion, we find Sintram, a prey to remorse and despairing love, retiring to "the stone castle on the moon rock." This is a dreary retreat amongst the snow-covered mountains, to which the pious Rolfe accompanies him, and where they are received by the Warder, "a wild, dark man," whom very few persons knew how to call by name,

> Which besides seemed the less needful, inasmuch as he entered into discourse with nobody. He was only just the warder of the stone tower upon the Moon-rock, and nothing further.

The draw-bridge having been lowered,—

> Silently did they greet one another, silently did Sintram enter, and the joyless gates closed with a crash behind the future hermit.

The events that took place here, in which Death, the Evil One, the Mad Pilgrim, the Warder, and the Chaplain, are actively engaged, are connected with incidents and narratives that we have been obliged to omit: suffice it to say, that the period of Sintram's seclusion was fully occupied, and that appearances indicated that his fate was now rapidly approaching to a crisis. The tempter redoubles his activity; but Sintram, strengthened by the chaplain's exhortations, maintains his resistance; triumphs even over his love for Gabrielle; and visits the convent where his pious mother has for years prayed for his deliverance. Her, as yet however, he does not see; for one fearful trial —the last—is yet reserved for him. The description of this forms the object and completion of the Romance; and the author states, that an engraving of Albert Durer, representing such a scene as he has here attempted to delineate, excited him to undertake the tale. We are sorry that we cannot transcribe the pages in which Sintram's last peril is forcibly painted; —but we must content ourselves with referring the admirers of this wild style, to the book itself, which we venture to affirm will interest the feelings and arrest the attention even of those who are most struck by its faults. In a fearful valley, Sintram is accosted by Death, and assailed by "the Little Master"—"a loathsome form, horned, half a boar, half a bear in face; * striding upright upon horse's hoofs, with a marvellously hideous, hooked, or sickle-like weapon in its hand." His resigned preference of Death, notwithstanding the temptations of the fiend, who offers him life and Gabrielle, constitutes our hero's ultimate victory, and a hardly-gained one it is. The demon vanishes on an adjuration by Sintram, in the name of the Saviour, that he would "cease his *enticing prate*,"— as the translator strangely renders the words!

> "He will not come again; said Death friendly.
>
> "So then I am now become altogether thine, my solemn companion?

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* These are nice distinctions!—*Ed.*

"Not yet, my Sintram. Not till after many, many years, shall I come unto thee. But thou must not forget me until then.

"I will hold thee fast before my soul, thou fearfully healing warner, thou terribly loving guide."

"Oh, I can also look very mild."

And he proved it forthwith by the deed. His form began to melt away, ever more and more softly, before the growing glimmer that shone out of the hour-glass; his features, but now so bitterly severe, smiled tenderly; out of the crown of serpents there grew a sparkling palm-wreath; out of the horse a white vapoury moon-cloud, and the bell sang forth sweet lullabies invisibly therefrom. Sintram thought he distinguished these words in the sound:

"World and arch-foe fly before thee!
Heavenly lights are hovering o'er thee!
Hero who hast won this prize,
Help the old man in his sorrow!
For my hand, this very morrow,
Fast will close his flaming eyes."

The knight well knew that his father was hereby meant, and urged on his noble horse at full speed. It obeyed him now easily and readily, and the faithful hound ran again busily and with confidence by his side; Death had disappeared—only something like a ruddy morning-cloud hovered along before him, which remained visible even then, when the already uprisen sun clearly and brightly lit up the pure wintry sky.

The old Sir Biorn soon departs this life, as the reader anticipates; and Sintram, whom an English writer would have consoled by a successful love-affair, for his unsuccessful one, merely becomes a sort of guardian and instructor to the son of Sir Folko, and his "housewife," the fair Gabrielle. These Germans are easily appeased in such things.

The book is altogether a great curiosity, and in this respect it is well worthy of perusal. The translator conspires with the author to give it this character: but, it has also higher distinctions. It bears a northern, stormy, misty aspect—it is crowded with names and images of an icy, bleak, rugged, and frowning cast. It presents to our observation, nature in desolation, and human beings in savage gloom. Demons laugh throughout its pages; dead men's bones clatter; swords clash; and tempests howl. The inclemency of the fiction seems caught from the bleakness of the climate. What Hazlitt finely says of Ossian's Poems, might, with a few alterations, be applied to the Romance of Sintram and his Companions.

III. *The Fancy: a Selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law.* Taylor and Hessey, Fleet-street. 1820.

The late Peter Corcoran is no more! He died the victim of a complicated disorder: it was called a consumption; but we, knowing that it arose partly from love, and partly from damp feet, (hurried on, it must be confesed, by an attachment to boxing and blue ruin,) feel ourselves disinclined to be precipitate in giving a title to his last complaint. Poor fellow!—Yes; Corcoran is no more: he burned out like a taper or a torch, and was bright to the last: his spirit was buoyant and brave; pugilistic and poetical; it was soaring and striking through life—and after death he shall be long remembered.

Mr. Corcoran may congratulate—or rather he might, had he been living, have congratulated himself—on having found a biographer willing and able to do him justice.—Who the editorial biographer is, we do not profess to know, for he has, with a modesty not very common in these days, concealed himself from an "admiring public." His merits, however, will probably betray him some of these days; till when, we must rest in contented ignorance. But, as the best compliment to him, let us turn, without more ado, to the book itself.

Peter Corcoran, it seems, was a native of Shrewsbury, which place, we are told, is notorious for the pride of its inhabitants, (which we did not know,) and for the excellence of its cakes (which we have grateful reason for acknowledging). He was heir to a small competency, and was placed at the free-school of his native town.—Mrs. Corcoran, a good sort of woman, had her doubts about public schools; but they were satisfied at last, and her son became a member of one of those youthful republics. Here, he was permitted

At a very early age, to mingle with the world in little,—to tear grammars, break bounds, and pilfer orchards:—to fight nearly as soon as he could walk,—and to swear almost as soon as he could speak. He has

often given a lively history of his labours and adventures, as the boy-servant of an elder boy; how he used to get the tea-things set, clean the shoes, and dress any little nicety for supper;—how he was lowered, at the risk of his slim young neck, from the bed-room window, to *thin* Mr. Danna's garden for the next day's tart;—how he carried fighting cocks for his master in a bag to a bye field, for what he called "an afternoon's play;"—how he escaped, on a fine moonlight midnight, to steal trout, or bathe in the chill and rapid stream of the Severn. These are but a slender portion of his recitals, but they will serve to shew the probation he endured, and will be some excuse for the frailties, gaieties, and abandonment of his after existence.

This seems to have been similar to the course of study pursued by the famous Mr. Harry Idle, of whom mention has been made in the renowned "Universal Spelling book," and whom Hogarth has immortalized in his series of pictures on "Industry and Idleness." By good luck, Mr. Corcoran's fate was somewhat different from that of Mr. Idle, and yet it was, in truth, melancholy enough.—Peter, in fact, "was never idle," as his friend informs us; yet he turned poet, and lampooned his school-fellows when they affronted him; and when they pleased him, celebrated their young and heroic achievements in song. He left school at last, and went to Oxford, where "the innocent vices of his boyhood, for such they might comparatively be termed, were exchanged for the deeper failings of advanced years."—From these, however, he was partly reclaimed by illness, and by an attack of the heart, to which poets, even of the most moderate talent, have been immemorially exposed.

It appears that he had been visiting at the house of a friend near Hanover-square during the vacation, and it was here that he became attached to the virtues, the accomplishments, and the beauty of his friend's sister. Young Corcoran was just emerging from a severe illness, and the languor, generally attendant upon it, gave to his person and his features the softness and sadness which are so peculiarly touching to the tenderness of women. His very mind had become refined by suffering, and he was anxious to appear in her eyes intelligent, subdued, just, and unvulgar, and to hide from her knowledge the dissipation and emptiness of his school and college life. He now breathed a new and a cheerful existence. He read poetry to her, he wrote it. Her name crowned innumerable sonnets, and her image was mingled, in many verses, with pastoral fictions of retirement and happiness, and with classical wishes for unambitious ease—for the days of chivalry and romance, or the return of the golden age. The young lady of course became enamoured of these attentions, and she listened with a pleasing willingness to Peter's pledges of love, and to all those little ebullitions of tenderness of which young persons are in general innocently guilty, when they sit together, and look into each other's eyes.

The father of young Corcoran now permitted him to leave college, and to enter himself of Gray's Inn, though he had taken no degree, and was therefore subjecting himself to a harder town probation. Peter took lodgings in Vine-street, Piccadilly, to be near the fair object of his attachment; and it may be supposed that he looked more into her face than into the Lord Chancellor's; and that he turned the curls on her forehead oftener than the leaves of Coke:—certain it is, he made little way in his legal studies. He might be said hardly to know Blackstone from the Law-List.

Corcoran now wrote poetry vehemently, and flamed in the gorgeous pages of *La Belle Assemblée*, or pined in the sober and pensive columns of the *Gentleman's*. The magazines felt the ardour or the melancholy of his hand, month after month; and he as often said that nothing could equal the rapture,—the pride,—with which he perused his own productions,—reading over and over, with solitary glory,—"Lines to a Lady weeping," or "Verses on hearing Miss ——— sing!" The following is a specimen of the effusions of his muse at this period;—it is a favourable one, being a piece written at the desire of his lady to an Italian air:—

STANZAS.

Hark! Italy's music
  Melts over the sea;
Falling light from some lattice,
  Where cavaliers be:
And sweet lady voices
  Steal over the deep,
To hush all around us
  The billows to sleep.

Our gondola gently
  Goes over the wave;
As though it were dreaming
  To sounds that enslave:—
We listen—we listen!
  How blessed are we,
Who hear this dim music
  O'er Italy's sea!

About this time the young lady went into Kent. Absence and time were too much even for Peter's love; it waned, and a new passion sprung as a competitor with cupid. Boxing

became the delight of Mr. Corcoran's life, and he patronized, and sparred, and betted, and drank, like one of the eminent. His poetry became infected with the slang of the Fives Court, and his love-letters grew more calm, and much more mysterious than formerly. The lady was displeased, of course; and he had his hours of fever, and lassitude, and self-reproach. In one of these he composes the following Sonnet.

SONNET.

I once had thought to have embalm'd my name
With Poesy:—to have serv'd the gentle Muses
With high sincerity:—but Fate refuses,
And I am now become most strangely tame,
And careless what becomes of Glory's game—
Who strives—who wins the wondrous prize—who loses!
Not that the heavy world my spirit bruises;
But I have not the heart to rush at Fame.
Magnificent and mental images
Have visited me oftentimes, and given
My mind to proud delights—but now it sees
Those visions going like the lights of even:
All intellectual grandeur dimly flees,—
And I am quiet as the stars of heaven!

P. C.

The cruelty of his fair friend, at last, produces serious effects on the unfortunate Peter Corcoran. He writes to her in prose, and his letters are returned: he assails her in verse, but not even rhyme can now prevail. There is something affecting in the following extract; we do not altogether love the prudence of his goddess, we confess.

His letters of expostulation to her were dictated by a steadier pen and a more sombre mind; but these met with the same fate. In one of his letters he says:—"You cannot imagine, my dearest Kate, what I suffer by the recollection of that idle quarrel, and the still more idle verses which it occasioned. If you continue unforgiving, I have no one left to make life cheerful. My own good opinion is lost. My nights are torture to me:—but I seem now to have no inducement to wish them better or quieter. I might, perhaps, escape from folly, if any one would rejoice at it, or 'welcome me back to the world.'" In another letter he writes, as if in the provocation of sorrow and despair:—"To-morrow I go to Randall's fight;—but I think, if I were recalled by you, I could break my promise to my companions, and pass a day of happiness and forgiveness with you. Try me, my dear Kate!" It is most probable that she never attempted to reclaim him; but it is much to be lamented that an endeavour was not made by her:—for from her influence alone, could such a measure have been effected.

The following short piece of criticism by Mr. Corcoran's Editor, forms the conclusion of the Biography. From the "Remains" afterwards, we purpose giving our readers a few extracts, in order to enable them to judge of the qualities of this really amusing little book.

His style of writing is not good; it is too broken, irresolute, and rugged,—and is too anxious in its search after smart expressions to be continuous or elevated in its substance. Corcoran was remarkably fond of puns, as his works will exemplify. He wrote with great rapidity, when he could bring himself to write at all; but he more often commenced than concluded works; and it was a common case for him, to plan and open a new piece at night which was neglected or forgotten in the morning.

He had few friends:—and it cannot be denied, in spite of his faults, that his mistress was harsh and relentless, beyond the run of women in general. Few ladies would have frowned so long, who appeared at one time to love so well. The woman that can retain her stern disregard through a long siege of letters and verses, is either singularly high-principled, or superlatively unfeeling. Peter, with all his heedlessness, was the only constant lover of the two, for he remembered her on his death-bed. The lady still lives, and is married. When she reads this imperfect memoir of Corcoran, she will surely feel some contrition at having repulsed him to the last, instead of having lured him from the fatal and fascinating errors that generated his death.

The works selected for publication are but a small portion of those left in MS. by Peter; if this little volume should be well received by the public, the editor may be induced to offer what Addison has happily called, "more last words of Mr. Baxter."

The first piece is called King Tims the First, an American Tragedy, and is an imitation of Tom Thumb and Bombastes Furioso. There are smart touches of humour about it, but our limits will not allow us to make an extract. The colloquy between Antony Tims and Jemima, however, (p. 18, 19,) will be found piquant and interesting; and the position which King Tims takes—

We do not sit,—because we have no seat,

is logical, and not to be overturned.

There are some very amusing stanzas in the poem, in the Beppo

measure, entitled "The Fields of Tothill,"—but we confess, that, on the whole, we like the author's serious verses the best, and we wish sincerely, that, if Mr. Corcoran has left any more serious poetry, his Editor would give it to the public.

In the Fields of Tothill, these stanzas occur, which we must own we are much pleased with: the author wishes to be

—— An Ettrick shepherd in far lands,
A thing with prudent Scotchmen not uncommon,
And live and linger there till all the sands
Of life had pass'd: and with some gentle woman
Feed the sweet hours with beauty—and take hands,
And dance, and sing, and gambol, like a true man
Who scorns to check his money, till he must
Come down, as honest folks say, with the dust.

A beautiful high forehead, where the snow
Is never absent, as on lofty hills;
With hair that hath indeed a sunlike glow,
And wanders round it like its golden rills!—
I cannot bend my eyes on such a brow,
And not forget the world and all its ills:
I tremble at a star-like eye—and start,
Feeling the blood-tide flow upon the heart.

The touch of the white hand—all white, but warm;
The inconstant rose that creeps upon the cheek,
And sheds its glowing leaf at the soft storm
Of hurried feelings: and the lily meek
Invading where the rose had set its form,
All these a fatal language to me speak:—
Fatal, yet sweet—I take it to my breast,
And feel that knowledge robs me of all rest.

The following Sonnet to Randall, "The Nonpareil," is very good.

SONNET

On the Nonpareil.

"None but himself can be his parallel!"

With marble-coloured shoulders,—and keen eyes,
Protected by a forehead broad and white—
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,
And clenched hands, firm, and of punishing size,—
Steadily held, or motion'd wary-wise,
To hit or stop,—and kerchief too drawn tight
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight
The inconstant wind, that all too often flies,—
The Nonpareil stands!—Fame, whose bright eyes run o'er
With joy to see a Chicken of her own,
Dips her rich pen in *claret*, and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,
"Randall,—John,—Irish Parents, age not known,—
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!"

The Sonnet page 92 is very sweetly written, notwithstanding the Editor's note.

SONNET. *

Where lilies lie uneasily at rest
On the sweet silver pillows of the waves,
And every pebble, like a pearled guest,
At bottom in the streaming water laves;
When willows hang their sea-green drapery
Loose in the wooing airs,—and swans are white
About the coiling brooks, sweet imagery
Of lover's hearts, inseparable and bright;
Where grass is greenest in the loneliest dell,
Fed by the patient sheddings of a spring;
And where the flowers are all unmatchable
In hue and odour—thither would I wing
My happy spirit,—but the Insolvent Court
Keeps me a prisoner still, and mars one's sport!

We take our leave of Mr. Corcoran with the two following extracts. The first is from a poem entitled "Stanzas," and shews very pathetically the state of Peter Corcoran's mind in its hour of degradation: the last is a vivid, and, as we know, a true description of what occurs previously to an actual encounter at Moulsey.

The dreadful silence of this night
Seems breathing in my ear;
I scarce can bear the lonely light
That burns oppress'd and near;
I stare at it while half reclin'd,
And feel its thick light on my mind.

The sweetest fate have I laid waste
With a remorseless heart;
All that was beautiful and chaste,
For me seem'd set apart:
But I was fashion'd to defy
Such treasure, so set richly by.

How could I give up HER, whose eyes
Were fill'd with quiet tears,
For many a day,—when thoughts would rise,
Thoughts darken'd with just fears,

* This was a favourite poem with Mr. Corcoran. It only wants a meaning to be a perfect sonnet.

Of all my vices!—Memory sees
Her eyes' divine remonstrances.

A wild and wretched choice was mine,
A life of low delight;
The midnight rounds of noise and wine,
That vex the wasted night;
The bitter jest, the wearied glee,
The strife of dark society.

After having detailed the hurry and difficulties of the morning of a day, whereon a fight is to take place, the author proceeds—

'Tis LIFE to cross the laden ferry,
With boon companions, wild and merry,
And see the ring upon the *Hurst*,
With carts encircled—hear the burst
At distance, of the eager crowd.—

Oh, it *is* LIFE! to see a proud
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,
Up to the P. C. † stakes and ropes,
Throw in his hat, and with a spring
Get gallantly within the ring;
Eye the wide crowd, and walk awhile,
Taking all cheerings with a smile:
To see him strip,—his well train'd form,
White, glowing, muscular, and warm,
All beautiful in conscious power,
Relaxed and quiet, till the hour;
His glossy and transparent frame,
In radiant plight to strive for fame!
To look upon the clean shap'd limb
In silk and flannel clothed trim;—
While round the waist the kerchief tied
Makes the flesh glow in richer pride.
'Tis more than LIFE,—to watch him hold
His hand forth, tremulous yet bold,
Over his second's, and to clasp
His rival's in a quiet grasp;
To watch the noble attitude
He takes,—the crowd in breathless mood;—
And then to see, with adamant start,
The muscles set,—and the great heart
Hurl a courageous splendid light
Into the eye,—and then,—the FIGHT!

We have now done with the "Remains."—Our readers will, before this, have understood that the book entitled the Fancy, is a mere Jeu D'Esprit, and Peter Corcoran, like "Horam," a shade. The Editor is, in truth, the Author, and he is a pleasant and certainly very clever writer: why he does not write seriously we cannot divine—not that he does not write in a lively style, and in a lively vein; far from it: but we like the serious touches the best---perhaps, because serious poetry is more to our taste, in general. We can safely recommend the "Fancy" as an amusing and very ingenious performance.

IV. *Marcian Colonna, an Italian Tale, with three Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall.* 8vo. Warren, London, 1820.

This is as it should be: Mr. Cornwall's last work is his finest, which is one, and no mean proof, that its predecessors were good.

Marcian Colonna, the principal of the pieces contained in this volume, is a composition of infinite sweetness. It is a story of a

————Young Italian pair,
Who lov'd so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

But it has other interest than that which arises from the passion of love and its casualties—though, in this young poet's hands, the power in question, "so fearful, and so fair," would not be likely to fail of supplying the needful excitement. The ambition of genius, however, goes ever beyond the necessity; and, in the tale of Marcian Colonna, the imagination is led to exercise itself on some of the grandest moral phenomena of nature; to dally with awful surmises; while the affections of the heart are stimulated to the intensest sympathy with tenderness glowing amidst sorrow, and the confidence of an innocent soul betrayed into agony by the very enthusiasm of the attachment that ought to have crowned it with happiness.

Marcian Colonna is no common lover, whose doubts, hopes, and perplexities, depend on the usual external accidents of a lover's situation,—viz. the coldness of the lady, inequality of fortune, the cruelty of parents, the restraints of duty, and such like. The shadows that fall over his fate are chiefly thrown from the darkness and dreary images of his own mind; and the ardour of a passion, under the strain of which his existence staggers, is awfully connected with the disturbed visions of an intellect, which is at least unsettled, and the terrible impressions of a mortally-stricken imagination. We tremble over his mistress, as if she were his doomed victim, even when his eyes are "lit up with love, and all his woes abandoned, or forgot." The heavy gloomy clouds never, for an instant, leave the horizon of their fortunes,

† These letters stand for the Pugilistic Club, and not for Peter Corcoran, as some might conjecture.

however bright the sunshine may momentarily fall on the particular spot where they are placed.

To those o'er whom pale Destiny with his sting
Hangs, a mere glance, a word, a sound will bring
The bitter future with its terrors, all
Black and o'erwhelming.

The poem opens with an eloquent apostrophe to the "romantic land of Italy,—"

Mother of painting, and sweet sounds——

in which, however, we recognize a quality that may be set down as characterizing this author's poetry. We mean that of forcibly suggesting what has been done by others, without exciting a suspicion of servile imitation, or of necessitous borrowing. Harmonies, with which we are familiar, seem always floating about us while we are reading Mr. Cornwall's pieces: but it is very evident that this effect is produced, rather by the quickness and delicacy of his sensibility, causing it to receive, with extreme facility, impressions from all the world of beauty and grandeur about him, than by a poverty of fancy, or low-minded disposition to plagiarism. It is impossible, on reading through this volume, to shake off the idea, that, if Lord Byron were not in existence as an author, much of the colouring, and turn of thought, and style of allusion, and figurative embellishment of these poems, would be different from what we find them;—but nothing like copying is apparent. On the contrary, there is a freshness, as well as harmony, in the structure of the verse,—a sparkling vivacity, and peculiar delicacy, in the language and images, that bear evidence to the author's having drawn at once from his own consciousness of nature, and the stores of his own proper experience of feeling.

The convent of Laverna, placed amongst the Appenines,

In solitude,—built up by saintly hands,
And deemed a wonder in the elder times,—

is, at the commencement of the poem, the abode, or rather the prison, of "the young Colonna."

Chasms of the early world are yawning there,
And rocks are seen, craggy, and vast, and bare;
And many a dizzy precipice sublime,
And caverns dark as death, where the wild air
Rushes from all the quarters of the sky:
Above, in all his old regality,
The monarch eagle sits upon his throne,
Or floats upon the desert winds, alone.
* * * * * * * *
——————It is a place of woe,
And, 'midst its cold dim aisles, and cells of gloom,
The pale Franciscan meditates his doom.

The waywardness, infirmity, and ill-treatment of Colonna in his youth, are powerfully described.

He wandered thro' the night, and loved to hear
The winds come wailing by the tombs, and see
The thistle stagger, and the ivy sere
Shake in the blast—she who triumphantly
Hangs her black tresses, like a rustling pall,
O'er grave and arch alike, and preys on all.
He was the youngest of his house, and from
His very boyhood a severer gloom
Than such as marks the child, gathered and grew
Around him, like an overshadowing veil;
And yet at times—(often) when some sad tale
Was told, from out that seeming darkness flew
Flashes of mind and passion, and his eye
Burned with the lightning of his brain, and then
He spoke more proudly; yet, by many men,
(Who some ancestral taint had not forgot,)
MARCIAN was shunned from very infancy,
And marked and chartered for the madman's lot.

At a moment,
When memory slept, and that blank idiot air,
More hideous than death—to which despair
Is nothing, nor remorse—came smiling o'er
His features, they (his cautious parents) bore
The youth unto Laverna.
* * * * * * * *
——————He was missed
By none; and when his mother fondly kissed
Her eldest born, and bade him, on that day,
Devote him to the dove-eyed Julia,
The proud Vitelli's child, Rome's paragon,
She thought no longer of her cloistered son.

But he, in his cell, recovers from

the temporary suspension of his faculties, and regains his constitutional state of mind, which is one rather of frenzied sensibility, than of alienated reason.

And Nature then unlock'd, with her sweet smile,
The icy barrier of his heart, and he
Returned unto his first humanity.

His elder brother is cut-off: and our information of this is rather too pertly given:—" he fell," we are told,

A victim in a cause he lov'd too well;

but the poet should either have said less or more. Marcian is now brought from his seclusion to take his rightful place in the family:

And the despised, neglected Marcian now
Wore the descended honours on his brow.
* * * * * * * *
——————And he, at times would speak
Of one with heavenly bloom upon her cheek,
Whose vision did his convent hours beguile;
A phantom shape, and which, in sleep, still came
And fann'd the colour of his cheek to flame.
Sometimes has he been known to gaze afar
Watching the coming of the evening star;
And as it progress'd toward the middle sky,
Like the still twilight's lonely deity,
Would fancy that a spirit resided there,
A gentle spirit and young, with golden hair,
And eyes as blue as the blue dome above,
And a voice as tender as the sound of love.

We soon discover that Julia, whom his mother had destined for her eldest son, has been the fair inspirer of those wild, but tender dreams of love and beauty, which were wont to soothe Marcian in his former distempered condition. The recollection of her was faint and uncertain in the enthusiast's mind; but

Her shape and voice fell like a balm upon
His sad and dark imagination.

She " had been betrothed, and widowed," and they

Who knew the bitter husband she had wed
Rejoiced to learn that he indeed was dead.

He was supposed to have perished by a sudden accident at sea; and Julia returns to Rome, from foreign travel with her father, shortly after Marcian's re-instatement.

Mutual love had been already planted in both their hearts, and their meeting now gave to the passion an acknowledged and uncontroulable empire over both. The poet, at the commencement of the second part, thus finely apostrophises the power, whose influence in producing joy and sorrow, he is about to celebrate.

Oh power of Love so fearful and so fair—
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care—
Oh! thou day-dreaming Spirit, who dost look
Upon the future, as the charmed book
Of Fate were open'd to thine eyes alone—
Thou who dost cull, from moments stolen and gone
Into eternity, memorial things
To deck the days to come—thy revellings
Were glorious and beyond all others: Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended!—Let it be.
Enough to say " *It was.*"—Oh! upon me
From thy o'ershadowing wings etherial
Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,
And on the breath of every coming hour
Send me faint tidings of the things that were,
And aid me as I try gently to tell
The story of that young Italian pair,
Who loved so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

We regret that we cannot follow the work closely, in this part, through its delightful combinations of the enchantments of a Roman climate and Roman scenery, with the transports of young affectionate hearts, during their first indulgence of passion and tenderness;—the evil genius of Marcian being incessantly, however, present in a corner, at least, of the picture, throwing a sublime shade over the image of bliss, like that of Satan, when it fell on the slumbering forms of the first-created lovers. Colonna gives an interesting account of the season of his delirium to his beloved; describing the fearful effigies which moved, amidst the darkness of his soul, in these troubled moments, and also the gentler vision of a female form, " fragile as a summer cloud," who, " with her gentle voice," stilled the tempest of his madness.

He ended, and with kisses sweet and soft
She recompensed his words, and bade him dwell
No more upon the past, but look aloft

And pray to Heaven; and yet she bade him tell
Again the story of that lady young,
Who o'er him in such dream-like beauty hung:
"You saw her, Marcian---No?"---"My love, my love,
My own," he said, "'twas thou, my forest dove,
Who soothed me in the wilderness, and crept
Into my heart, and o'er my folly wept,
From dusky evening to the streaming morn,
Showers of sparkling tears. Oh! how forlorn
Was I without thee. Should I lose thee now---"
"Away, away!" she said, and on his brow
Pressed her vermillion lips, and drew his hair
Aside and kissed again his forehead fair.
"Come, thou shalt lie upon---aye, on my breast,
And I will sing thee into golden rest."

But "Fate was at hand!" Wandering by the banks of the Tiber, he sees, or thinks he sees, the form of Orsini, Julia's husband,

———Come peering from his watery home.
* * * * * * * *
Staring with sullen eyes upon the sands,
As though he brooded o'er some wrong, or strove
To wreck on happier hearts the slights of love.

Without disclosing the ground of his apprehensions to Julia, he induces the devoted creature to fly with him, a passionate maniac, far from her kindred and her country.

——————— *One gentle sigh,*
Came from pale Julia, — but he trembled not,
For she was his—the rest was all forgot.
—That night they left the land of Italy.

Then comes a powerful description of a storm:—

——————— The great Sea
Bared, like a grave, its bosom silently.

An apostrophe to the Ocean is introduced into this description, which is magnificently written; yet we think it bears evidence of having been inspired by what others have done on the same subject. Nothing like servile imitation, however, can here, more than elsewhere, be charged against the author.

O thou vast Ocean! Ever sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the East and in the West
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion yet are moved and meet in strife.

The passage is considerably prolonged beyond this,—but we must check ourselves in the enjoyment of the pleasure of quotation.

The lovers are preserved from the tempest:—

They died not. Housed within a fisher's cot
Life dawned on them, and pain was soon forgot.
Time flew, and health returned and quietness,
And still i' the world they found enough to bless.
Colonna plied him in the fisher's trade;
And Julia watched his evening sail,—afraid
If but a crested wave was on the deep.
And if she heard the ocean billows sweep
Loudly along the shore, she looked on high,
And prophesied of storm and tempest nigh.

Again the reality, or the fancy, of being tracked by Orsini, bursts upon Colonna, and drives him, dragging with him the patient Julia, from this calm retreat.

They fled into the mountains. Night and day,
By strange and lonely paths they sought their way:
Wild as a creature in the forests born,
That spring on Asian sands, Colonna grew,
And with his burthen on his bosom flew,
Supporting, watching her from night to morn.
At last the chesnut groves and woods of pines
Frown'd on them from the gloomy Appenines,
And then Colonna felt his bride was safe.
He placed her near Laverna in a cave,
High, overgrown and haunted, yet his sport
Had been to slumber there in former days,
And, from its dizzy height, he had loved to court
The breeze which ever o'er the mountains plays.
—Clad in his fisher's weeds, and with a brow
Bronzed by his sea-ward life, Colonna now
Went fearless to the convent, and would toil
For the pale monks, and till their rocky soil,
And gain their bounty, (garments coarse, and food,)

Which he would carry to his cavern rude,
And feed the dove that lay within his nest,
And hush her every evening to her rest.

Sad, yet sweetly touched in its sadness, is the conclusion of the story. Julia's resignation to the hardships of her wandering life, is shaken by a feeling of remorse, engendered, as she imagined, by hearing from Colonna of her husband's re-appearance; but probably more owing to the constant pressure of the misery about her—a sense of which could, only in the guise of penitence, be tolerable to the generosity of her spirit. Marcian becomes tormented by a terror that she will one day abandon him:—

He wept and prayed her not to leave him there,
A lone man, in his madness—in despair.
And then he told her of his wretched youth,
And how upon her love and gentle truth
His life had rested;—yet, she did not speak,
Save in the pallid hues that sunk her cheek,
And in her heaving breast, and rayless eye
Which spoke of some fixed grief that would not fly.

At last she acknowledges a wish to return "to a distant home," to "make her peace 'ere she decay."

——— He sighed but did not speak,
Keeping a horrid silence, there he sate,
A maniac, full of love, and death, and fate.

Hardened in his frenzy by jealousy, he administers a poisonous opiate to his wife,—and thus realizes the fearful impression, which ever glowed vividly on his mind in the seasons of madness, that it was in his destiny to commit a murder.

Away he wandered for some lengthened hour,
When the black poison shewed its fiercest power,
And when he sought the cavern, there she lay,
The young, the gentle,—dying fast away.
He sate and watched her, as a nurse might do,
And saw the dull film steal across the blue,
And saw, and felt her sweet forgiving smile,
That, as she died, parted her lips the while.
Her hand?—its pulse was silent—her voice gone,
But patience in her smile still faintly shone,
And in her closing eyes a tenderness,
That seemed as she would fain Colonna bless.

We cannot sufficiently admire the skill with which this accomplished young author has softened down into pure pathos, a scene of suffering, which, from its elements—murder, inconstancy, and madness—might, in clumsier hands, have shocked the feelings more than poetry ought. But delicacy of touch and sweetness of sentiment, we hold to be the chief distinctions of our author's genius. He infuses a soft grace into his compositions which is all his own, and on which he may rest a claim to originality. The wings of his muse move, like those of a dove, above the troubled waters; and she "broods over her own sweet voice." There is much strenuous writing in this fine story, much lofty expression, and imposing imagery; but the author seems to us to be always most genuine where he is most gentle. His most natural language streams into the heart like a balm; and the native melody of his numbers is necessarily allied to the tenderest emotions, whether of melancholy or of joy.

The dramatic scene of Julian the Apostate, is a chaste and noble composition, in which heroism and philosophy constitute the sole interest, independently altogether of passion. The story is of the Emperor's last moments, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to do more than generally express our warm approbation of this fine classical sketch.

The sketch of Amelia Wentworth is, perhaps, more completely to our taste than any thing else Mr. Cornwall has written. There is a delicacy in the management, coupled with a hazard in the situation of the principal character, the effect of which is most captivating; and the difficulty of this nice preservation demands that we should give superlative praise to its accomplishment. Amelia, young, beautiful, and in love, has been wedded, not to the object of her choice, but to an austere elderly person, who neither knows how to lessen the sacrifice she has made, nor to respect it. The first dialogue discloses the husband's jealousy of Charles, and the brutality of his temper, in the rudeness of the repulse he gives to his wife's entreaties, that this young man may not be shipped off for India. The lady resents the imputations with the spirit of an innocent woman, and a wife: yet in the next dialogue, where she is alone with Charles, we see the danger she is in, and feel the severity of her fate in the shakings of her resolution.

Ch. Dear Amelia.
Amel. Call me your mother, Charles.
Ch. My Guardian——
Amel. Ah! name him not to me. Charles, I have been
Jesting awhile; but my dark husband's frown
Comes like a cloud upon me. You must go
Far, my dear Charles, from the one friend who loves you:
To Hindostan.
Ch. I know it.
Amel. For myself.
I shall think of you often, my dear Charles.
Think of me sometimes. When your trumpet sounds,
You'll recollect the coward you knew once,
Over the seas in England?
Ch. Spare my heart.
Amel. I do not think you have a heart: 'tis buried.
Ch. Amelia, Oh! Amelia, will you never
Know the poor heart that breaks and bursts for you?
Oh! do not take it ill; but now believe
How fond, and true, and faithful——
Amel. Is this jest?
You act well, Sir; or—but if it be true,
Then what am I?
Ch. Oh! by these burning tears;
By all my haunted days and wakeful nights,
Oh! by yourself I swear, dearest of all,
I love—love you, my own Amelia!
Once I *will* call you so. Do—do not scorn me,
And blight my youth—I do not ask for love;
I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,
My untouched heart—I gave it all to you,
Without a spot of care or sorrow on it.
My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,
And for your sake in silence. Say but once
You hate me not, for this—Speak, speak!
Amel. Alas!

Between the first scene and the second a considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed, and it opens with Amelia on her death-bed. After some very affecting conversation with a female attendant, Charles enters.

Ch. I am here.
Did you not call?
Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother (now
I take that title,) in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me; and I would be calm.
—My husband has been harsh unto me,—yet
He *is* my husband: and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.
Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay—
Ch. Indeed you must not.
Amel. Well then, I will be silent: yet, not so;
For ere we journey ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed and bear in mind
Our blessings. So in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you,—ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love,—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight Springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.
Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.
Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip; These eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour—
Ch. Oh! no.
No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?

She soon after breathes her last.

We do not know where to go for any thing more affecting than Amelia's latter speeches. They convey to our minds a pure image of death-bed beauty. The author might rest his claim to attention as a poet on these alone: they are in his best manner—unaffected, tender, deep in feeling, and gentle and graceful in effect.

We suppose this volume will be

very popular; for its beauties are too obvious to be overlooked, or remain undiscovered, by the multitude of readers,—and are also sufficiently sterling to secure the applause of the best judges.

V. *The Glory of Regality: an Historical Treatise of the Anointing and Crowning of the Kings and Queens of England. By Arthur Taylor, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.* Payne and Foss, Pall-mall. 1820.

We have neither begged nor paid —nor do we mean to do either—for a place to see the Coronation: yet we have read Mr. Taylor's book with attention and pleasure, and thank him heartily for his historical and descriptive treatise on the august ceremony in question. Coleridge speaks of having seen, in a vision, "the skirts of the departing year:" to us it seems as if the skirts of the ancient robes of sovereign majesty were moving from this sublunary scene—perhaps to form a constellation above, like Ariadne's crown. Mr. Taylor's book, on the glory of regality, will, if we mistake not, excite more interest as a monument of the past, than even as affording instruction for the present preparations. "The feast which follows the coronation," he says, "is now perhaps the most perfect model of ancient courtly magnificence in the world:"—but we think there is reason for fearing, that its magnificence will be now placed in the awkward case of the mysteries of Free-masonry, which are at present regarded by nobody as more than child's play and grimace, causing those who assist in them to look like big babies! When "high in the breathless hall the minstrel sate;" when its pavement habitually rung with the "armed footsteps" of mailed champions and challengers; when the lists of battle were preferred, before grand or petty jury, for the decision of guilt or innocence, life or death; when the rights of succession were denied by one party, and fought for by another—then the appearance of "THE KING'S CHAMPION" in the chamber of the feast, on the day of the coronation, to challenge any bold questioner of his Sovereign's claims, had so obvious a counterpart in reality, that it could not but strike on the imaginations of those present, as an imposing symbol of the courage, prowess, zeal, and fidelity of the adherents to the new prince. But what can be thought of this ceremony now, when the suit of armour is most probably borrowed from an exhibition in Pall-mall, and the champion is, who knows, a private of the Horse Guards, who *may* receive as much as half a guinea for supporting the fatigue of the coat of mail! The *form* may often, indeed, be suffered to outlive considerably the substantial reason in which it originated; but it can never be suitably prolonged to a period when the state of manners throws ridicule upon it. Louis XIV. found it, for this reason, necessary to quash the name of *Maid* of Honour at his court: the joke became too palpable: *Mistresses* of Honour were substituted—and this title was appropriate enough. But really a breast-plated champion of Carlton-house, who would be unhorsed and uncased in the twinkling of an eye, if it were not for the protection of a man in broad cloth, with a constable's staff, is far more ridiculous, because far less agreeable, than the female fictions of Versailles. The latter, we almost think, might have been suffered to pass:—"nice distinctions do the bounds divide" between those who were annulled, and those who were created in this instance;—the change was little more than "handy dandy;"—and since there are lords by courtesy, why not have maids of honour by the same privilege? The man in armour, however, mounted on a great horse, and throwing down his glove, though he is sure, beforehand, that neither Mr. Tierney, nor Sir James Mackintosh, nor Mr. Brougham,—members of the opposition as they are,—will offer to take it up,—is little better than mere foolery; and unluckily, at present, the people are not in a joking humour. They are not likely to lend their imaginations to the show:—the circumstances of the country, and the public tastes, are all calculated to render them very literal in their interpretations; and it is to be apprehended that the pageant of George the fourth, and his courtiers, looking on with grave faces, while sundry noblemen, squires, and worshipful mayors, bring up the dinner, and the wine, and pocket the silver spoons

and cups, together with the table napkins and towels, is not, of all spectacles, the best adapted to inspire reverence in the year 1820. The consequences of the disputes between the King and Queen, have manifested the difference that exists between the present times and those of Henry VIII; and since this has been so signally proved in one thing, surely the hint ought to be taken in regard to another. The office of First Magistrate is essentially a solemn one; it has strong and enduring claims on respect;—it seems to be for the interest of the people that it should be appareled in the state and pomp of monarchy,—but all that tends to suggest the contrast between its pretensions and the facts of the case; all that tends to force upon observation that much of what we address in language of humility, is but mere masquerade and *make-believe*, should be now carefully avoided, because it is dangerous, in the highest degree, in the present state of the public knowledge and the public temper. In the days when the Gauls elevated a distinguished chief on their shields, and thus inaugurated him their king, the ceremony of coronation, by striking on the senses, would impress more powerfully on the feelings of this warlike nation, the efficacy and suitableness of the installation. There is a fine vignette of this mode of election in Mr. Taylor's book:—the scene seems glorious, though the faces are very grim. The "glory and the dream," however have left us; and the chairing of members of parliament, in some of our country towns, is the only substitute we have for the elevation on the shield. It would appear that the original ceremony included a *shaking motion*, for a Roman historian says "*impositus scuto et sustinentium humeris* VIBRATUS;" and it is very probable that the solemnity of tossing an unpopular member in a blanket may be a vestige of this.

It is not difficult to trace the birth and progress of that splendid poetical fiction, which has, for so many ages, existed in the practice of mankind, and increased the interest of their history. Between the highest intellects of an age, and the mass of its common minds, there is a difference quite as great as exists between the condition of the most absolute prince and the meanest of his subjects. In times when society has assumed a settled form, the eminently gifted individuals of each period, such as Bacon, Newton, &c. find all the posts which could give them an immediate command over their inferior contemporaries, occupied by individuals who rest their claims to them on altogether a different foundation: the former, in consequence, following the law of their natures, which is to seek their natural elevation in some way or other, turn their attention to science, philosophy, literature, or art:—and in them they became "the gods of the earth."—But in those earlier days, when "scattered barbarians enjoyed few of the privileges of man, and none of the relations of citizen," the task of constituting the frame of society itself, out of its rudest elements, was the first and most inviting enterprise to which the ambition of genius would be directed. He who succeeded in this, would naturally become the leader of his nation, and the influence of his superior intellect would necessarily be coupled with the power to command general obedience. Such, no doubt, were Saturn, Bacchus, Hercules, and Theseus; and in their exploits originated *hero-worship*, from which came *hero-descent*, from which came *divine-right*, from which is come at last *legitimacy*.

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less!

Whether in "the lowest deep" there is "still a lower" to be found, we profess not to know.

We are happy to find a characteristic distinction between the people of the north and the south, indicated in the signification of the titles which they have respectively chosen to distinguish the most eminent individual of the state. The word *emperor* (from the Latin *Imperator*) is COMMANDER—a military term, illustrative of coarse naked power. The princes of the western empire took the title of *basileus*, which, in its etymology, means PROP OF THE PEOPLE,—intimating, that without them the people must fall to nothing, as it were. But the word *king* ("formerly cuning, cyning, cyng) MEANS A CUNNING, WISE, OR POTENT GOVERNOR." The Cimbric, Danish, Teutonic, Franco-Theotisc, and Go-

thic words, all express the same signification—thus connecting superior knowledge with superior power, and declaring that these nations chose rather a guide than a commander.

Mr. Taylor completely establishes, in the teeth of Blackstone, and other mere vampers-up of common-places, that the principle of election entered essentially into the ceremony of coronation. His authorities are numerous and convincing on this point, but we dare not enter on quotation—for it would lead us, on such subjects, to an interminable length. Those who want to be convinced must refer to the book itself. We may just mention, that "in the will of king Ælfred is a clause, which shows that he did not consider his crown as conferred either by inheritance from his royal forefathers, or by the pope's consecration, but that he held it as a gift which, to quote his own words '*Deus et principes cum senioribus populi misericorditer ac benigne dederunt.*'"—The speech of the archbishop, at the nomination of king John, includes the following passage: "It is well known to you all, that no man hath right of succession to this crown, except that by unanimous consent of the kingdom, with invocation of the Holy Ghost, he be elected for his own deserts;"—yet, in plump opposition to this, and other plain testimonies, Blackstone says, "I believe there is *no instance* wherein the crown of England has ever been *asserted* to be elective, except by the regicides at the infamous and unparalleled trial of king Charles I." Such a statement, as Mr. Taylor remarks, will not increase our reverence for the learned judge's authority on this subject.

The earliest ceremonies of election and coronation are described by Mr. Taylor in his first sections. The Goths, as we have stated, elevated the new king on their shields, and he was "carried about on the shoulders of his men, while the multitude saluted him with shouts and loud applause." The Scandinavian nations placed their prince on an elevated stone, and many of these still remain as monuments of the practice. Martin, in his description of the Isles, says, "there was a big stone, of seven foot square, in which there was a deep impression, made to receive the feet of Mac-Donald, for he was crowned king of the Isles standing on this stone." But there is a monument of royalty, still employed in our coronations, which, in a degenerated way, continues this custom, and affords a curious instance of the wide diffusion of a most ancient practice. We allude to "the Fatal Stone" of Tara, which forms the seat of the chair on which our kings sit to receive the Crown. Legends inform us, that this is the identical stone on which the patriarch Jacob laid his head in the plain of Luz; but, as Mr. Taylor remarks, its probable history is so remarkable, and is carried back to a period so remote, that the aid of fiction was scarcely wanting to procure it reverence. Mr. Toland styles this "the antientest respected monument in the world; for though some others may be more antient as to duration, yet, thus superstitiously regarded, they are not." It no doubt came first from Ireland, where it was, most probably, one of the stones which the Druids were used to consecrate for particular sacred or political purposes. Its place was the hill of Tara; and upon it, for many ages, the kings of Ireland received their authority. The Irish names for it were, the *Fatal Stone*, and the *Stone of Fortune*: "these it probably obtained from a power, it was said to possess, of showing the legitimacy of royal descent, which it acknowledged by an oracular sound when a prince of the true line was placed on it: under a pretender it was silent." The possession of it was deemed necessary to the preservation of regal power. This solemn monument was removed to Scotland by Fergus, it is said; and the third chapter of the ninth book of *Wyntownis Cronykil* is devoted to its history:—while a prophecy is there stated, that *wherever this stone shall be found, there will Scotsmen also be found reigning over the land.* The prediction is fulfilled, observes Mr. Taylor, in that branch of the family of James I. which now fills the British throne; and the existence of the prophecy is said to have reconciled many of the Scottish nation to the union with England. The Fatal Stone remained at Scone, where all the Scottish kings were crowned upon it, until the year 1296, when Edward I. brought it to Eng-

land, and left it as an offering of victory, at the shrine of the Confessor, where it is still preserved. The sum of 1*l.* 19*s.* 7*d.* is recorded, in the wardrobe account of the year 1300, to have been laid out by the conqueror in properly fixing into a chair of state this celebrated trophy! Mr. Taylor informs us

The coronation chair is of oak, of an architectural design, and ornamented on the back and sides with rows of pointed arches, the form of which confirms the reported age of this venerable relique.

Some remains are yet to be seen of the painting and gilding with which it was once adorned. It is in height about six feet seven inches, in depth 24 inches, and the width of the seat withinside is 28 inches. At nine inches from the ground is a frame to support the stone, upon the surface of which is the seat. The block appears to be of a reddish sand-stone, and at each end a short iron chain is fastened in it; but these are nearly concealed by the wood-work. The lover of antient art must regret that so beautiful a fabric should be exposed to external injury as well as decay, and must wish, if possible, that the chair of king Edward might rather be restored in its original style of decoration, than concealed (as the custom hath been at the time of coronations) by a covering even of the richest material.

The Coronation Ceremonies, according to Mr. Taylor's learned and very interesting description, may be divided into two classes—civil, and religious. The gift of the sceptre, the rod, the ball,—indicates the civil office: the unction is deemed to confer consecration. The *formulæ* that belong to the first class are generally conceived in the spirit of liberty: those of the second are the reverse. The crown, too, as well as the anointing, seems to be foreign to the office of King, in its old original northern sense. Mr. Taylor conceives that the ceremonies both of unction and of Coronation come to us from Judæa, and were adopted "when it was deemed a sufficient reason for adopting the most foreign practices, that they were recorded in the Bible, and commented upon by the fathers." The etymology of the word *crown*, seems to be *chorus*—"the dancers and singers, and solemnizing sacrificers, says Selden, who wore crowns in sacrifices and dances to Idols." This ornament is to be considered as of Eastern origin: the western *diadem* was a different thing quite,—being only a fillet of silk or linen. The latter merely indicated civil or military distinction; but the crown is supposed to have been originally an imitation of the rays of glory which are still used as symbols of divinity.—The sceptre, as a sign of sovereign power, is of much more ancient usage than the crown. In Homer, says Selden, we have Kings with sceptres, but none with crowns; "and the old Egyptians, in their hieroglyphick expressions, understood Osiris by the shape of a sceptre with an eye on it."

In England the regalia, properly so called, are

The Crown, the Sceptre;
The Virge, or rod of power;
The Orb, or mound of sovereignty;
The Sword of mercy, *Curtana;*
The two Swords of justice;
The Ring of alliance with the kingdom;
The Armillæ, or Bracelets; the Spurs of chivalry, with sundry sacred, and royal vestments.

The crown now used, in the ceremony of Coronation, was made for that of Charles II; the ancient regalia having been seized and destroyed by the republican party, after the death of Charles I. The crown of the Confessor had previously been employed for the above purpose; and in the inventory of the regalia, made by command of the republican Parliament, we find mention of King Alfred's crown, which is valued at 248*l.* 10*s.* being estimated after the rate of 3*l.* per oz. It is described as "of gould wyerworke, sett with slight stones, and two little bells." The "imperial crown of massy gold" was then valued at 1110*l.* Besides the Coronation crown, the Kings of England have a crown of state, which is worn by them at the feast of the Coronation, and on occasions of public ceremony. It is of the same shape as the other, and differs from it only in being more profusely covered with pearls, diamonds, and other jewels. The sceptre Royal, which is borne in the King's right hand, is made of gold; two feet nine inches and a quarter in length; it is enriched with emeralds, rubies, and small diamonds. The Virge, or rod with the dove, is likewise of gold; three feet seven inches in length. At the top is a globe, surmounted by a cross,—on which is placed a dove with expanded wings.

It is put in the Sovereign's left hand during the investiture, and is borne before him in the concluding procession. The orb, or mound, is a ball of gold, six inches in diameter, encompassed by a fillet of pearls and precious stones. A large amethyst forms the base, or pedestal of a cross pattée, richly adorned with gems, and with three large pearls hanging at its extremities. It is said to have been an ensign of the early Roman Emperors, whose title of *imperatores orbis terrarum,* might have suggested its form. "After their conversion to the Christian faith, they placed upon it the peculiar badge of their religion, the cross." The origin of the name of the sword of mercy, called Curtana, says Mr. Taylor, has never I believe been explained by those who have written on the present subject;—

> Nor would it easily be discovered by the most careful searcher of our national records. It is among the records of fiction that we must look for this unknown title:—for though the antiquary be to seek in its history, the student of *Romance* will instantly be transported from the confines of our jewel house to the scenes of antient chivalry, and the original *Curtana* will be present to his mind, wielded by its redoubted owner the Dane *Uggiero*, or by the still more famed *Orlando.*

The above is not, we are informed, the only instance of a royal sword borrowing the name of one famous in romance. "The Sword of Tristan is found (*ubi lapsus!*) among the regalia of King John." Curtana is flat, and without a point:—a second sword,—called "the Sword of Justice to the *Spirituality,*"—has an *obtuse point:*—a third, "the Sword of Justice to the Temporality," is *sharp* at the point. These are curious and highly significative distinctions.

The bracelets, spurs, and vestments, are all amply described, with their several uses, and forms of application, by Mr. Taylor; but our space, like the British monarchy, is limited: so we now dismiss

> ——————— The sceptre and the ball,
> The sword, the mace, and Crown imperiall,
> The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

and hasten to give some account of the ceremony of the coronation itself.

We find every where the principal functions in the solemnity of inaugurating a King, confided to the church; and in almost all countries they are attached, as of right, to the possessors of a particular episcopal see. The distinction of consecrating the Sovereigns of England, is attached to the metropolitan, or patriarchal chair of Canterbury, the Archbishops of which have exercised it from the earliest ages of the monarchy. The ceremony, in the very early periods of the monarchy, was performed in various towns, as it might happen;—but, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, it was formally transferred to the new monastery of Westminster, built by that pious prince, and here the ceremony has, from that time, been always performed, except upon some few extraordinary occasions. The whole peerage of England are to be considered as assistants in a coronation: but the hereditary great officers of state particularly so; concerning the rank and importance of whom, Mr. Taylor remarks "that, in the earlier time, when the popular part of government had a less controlling view of the actions of the prince, the stewards, constables, and marshalls of the realm were the guardians of its laws and liberties." Those whose duty is still connected with the ceremony of coronation, in England, are, "the Lord High Steward, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshall; to which may be added the hereditary Grand Almoner, the Chief Butler, the Sewer, the Grand Carver, the Cupbearer, the Grand Panneter, the Chief Larderer, and the Napier. Some of these are now in abeyance, by extinction of families, and change of tenure; but their duties are still performed by persons of rank appointed for the occasions which require them.

The Lord High Steward of England was once considered to have had almost the charge of the kingdom, in the interval between the decease of one King and the coronation of another. For this reason, he walks to the church before the Sovereign, bearing the crown of Saint Edward, as its temporary guardian. He also presides in the Court of Claims, which is appointed to judge of the petitions of those who, by the tenures of their respective estates, are bound to perform services of different kinds at the coronations of the Kings and Queens of

England. These services are to be considered as the rent or fine due for the enjoyment of the lands to which they are attached;—and, therefore, though the tenants may be said to claim the service, they must be understood as really claiming the continuance of the estates, by appearing to fulfil the conditions on which they are granted. The hereditary office of High Steward, long vested in the Earls of Leicester, was abolished by Henry of Bolingbroke, and only one for particular occasions is now appointed.

The Lord Great Chamberlain is bound "to carry the King his shirt and clothes the morning of the coronation;" and for this he claims "forty yards of crimson velvet for a robe; also the king's bed and bedding, and the furniture of his chamber, where he slept the night before the coronation, with his wearing apparel, and night gown: also to serve the king with water before and after dinner, and to have the basons and towels, and cup of assay." This is clearance, with a vengeance! The robe, we are told, is still given in kind: the other perquisites are compounded for in money, with the exception of the cup, which is not allowed by the Court of Claims.

The Lord High Constable assists at the delivery of the regalia by the Chapter of Westminster, and conducts the champion to the performance of his challenge during the feast.

The Earl Marshal is bound to appease and prevent tumults, and to keep the doors; for which he receives as his fees "*the chines of all swans and cranes served up, the king's table cloth*, and the horse and palfrey on which the King and Queen rode to the coronation."

The Hereditary Grand Almoner attends to distribute the alms collected in a silver dish: he claims as his fees, the said dish, and a tun of good wine;—but the former only is allowed, says Mr. Taylor: the almoner must go without his wine.

The Chief Butler performs the duties of his office, and claims the best gold cup and cover, with the vessels and wine remaining under the bar, &c.

The Dapifer, or Sewer, is the officer who *arranges the dishes at the feast.* His was esteemed a very honourable office. We are not told what fees he claims.

The Grand Panneter was "to beare the salt and the kerving knives from the pantre to the kinge's dining table." His fees were "the salt-sellers, knives and spoons, laid before the King at the coronation feast."

The Chief Larderer has for fees "the remainder of the beef, mutton, venison, kids, lard, and other flesh; as also the fish, salt, &c., remaining in the larder after the coronation feast."

In reading these statements of duty and reward, one cannot help admiring the sagacity of our ancestors, shewn in making provision for a speedy removal of all the preparations, &c. for the coronation, so soon as the work should be done.

Among the "Claims of Particular Services," we find the following enumerated by Mr. Taylor.

The Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby "is particularly distinguished by his right to perform the noble and splendid service of KING'S CHAMPION; the most perfect, perhaps, and most striking relique of feudalism that has come down to us from the ages of chivalry!"—"He is attended by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal, and, by the mouth of a Herald, is to proclaim a challenge to any who shall deny that the King is lawful sovereign: which being done, the king drinks to him from a gold cup, which, with its cover, he receives as his fee, and also the horse, saddle, suit of armour, and furniture, thereto belonging." The office of Champion was originally held by the ancient family of Marmion, whose name and titles have become so well known in consequence of their celebration by a living popular poet. The present Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby is a clergyman, and he prays to challenge by deputy.

The Lord Grey de Ruthyn claims to carry the king's golden spurs.

The Lord of the Manor of Worksop claims the service of finding a glove for the King's right hand!

The Lord Mayor and Commonalty of London claim "*to serve in the office of Butler, to assist the Chief Butler, and that they should sit at the table* NEXT THE CUPBOARD! also that the Lord Mayor should serve the King

with wine out of a golden cup, and have the cup for his fee."

The Mayor of Oxford also claims to *help the butler.*

The Lord of the Isle of Man is bound to bring to the King two falcons on the day of his coronation.

The Lord of the Manor of Heydon claims to hold the towel to the King, washing before dinner.

The Manor of Liston in Essex, is held by the service of making wafers for the King and Queen, and bringing them up to their table.

The Lord of the Manor of Addington holds by the service of finding a man *to make a mess called gerout* in the King's kitchen, and bringing it to table in his own person. Over the ingredients of this delicacy, the name of which is so remarkably perpetuated, much mystery hangs, we are sorry to say. In the time of Henry III. William de Aguilon "held the Manor by the service of making a dish called *giranit,* or *gyroun;* and if *fat* were put in it, then was it called *malpigernoun.*" There seems some reason to believe, that "*almonds, milk,* the *brawn* of *capons, sugar, spices, chicken parboiled and chopped,*" formed, or at least assisted, the composition of this "dainty dish to set before a King." As we always wish to be particular in proportion to the importance of a subject, we may add, that "Mr. Blount, and some other writers, call the pottage *dillegrout,* which is, however, merely from uniting the old French *del* to the original word." The present Archbishop of Canterbury is the possessor of the Manor of Addington; and on him, therefore, it devolves to furnish the mess of the doubtful name, and more doubtful nature.

To the actual Ceremonial of the Coronation, we cannot now pay that attention which it deserves, for we have already gone beyond our limits. We need not inquire, says Mr. Taylor,

Whether the king now sleeps at the palace of Westminster on the eve of the coronation, as his predecessors were used to do; he is, however, first publicly seen there in the morning of the day on which the ceremony is performed, at the meeting of the peers in the house of Lords, before their coming down into the great hall. Before this takes place his majesty is attended by the lord great chamberlain of England, who delivers to him the shirt prepared for the unction, and an under dress of crimson satin. He is afterwards habited in the parliament robes of crimson velvet, with the cap of estate. The queen also is appareled in her robes of purple velvet and cap of estate.

The Law Officers assemble in the Court of Requests, with the Corporation of London, &c. The Peers and Peeresses are called over in the House of Lords, and the Painted Chamber, and marshaled according to their respective classes. They are then conducted to the Great Hall.

For the reception of the king the royal seat or "King's Bench," at the upper end of the hall, is splendidly fitted up, and another seat of state with a lower canopy is prepared for the queen: before these is a table covered with a rich carpet. When his majesty enters, he ascends the steps attended by the great officers of state and the two archbishops, with Garter and the usher of the black rod, and places himself in this chair. At the same time the queen, attended by her chamberlain and ladies, comes from the court of Wards, and repairs to the seat appointed for her, standing before it till the king is seated.

Afterwards the procession to the Abbey takes place; where the church ceremony of presentation to the people, investiture with the regalia, administering the oaths, and anointing, is solemnly performed.

The procession then returns, and "the Royal Feast in Westminster-hall" takes place. The company are arranged, according to prescribed order, with reference to their ranks. Dinner being ready, his Majesty, with his crown on his head, and the sceptre and orb in his hands, preceded by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the swords being borne before him, comes out of the court of Wards, and seats himself in his chair of state at the table. The Queen does the same, —when there is a Queen present. The first "*course of hot meat*" is then served up in the following manner.—The Lords of the Sewers proceed to the dresser of the kitchen, and the Sergeant of the silver scullery calls for a dish of meat, wipes the bottom of the dish, and also the cover; then covers it,—after which, it and the others are carried to the King's table in procession. First come Clerks in velvet gowns; then the Master of the Household; then Sergeants at Arms with their maces; then *the three great*

Officers of State on horseback!* then again Sergeants at Arms; then numerous *et ceteræ;* then

The Dishes of Hot Meat!

and THEN

THE GRUEL CALLED DILLEGROUT!!

Finally, Clerks of the Kitchen in black satin gowns, with velvet caps!

Here, however, we must absolutely stop. Enough is as good as a *feast,*—even if it be a coronation one. The appearance of the Champion, the King's drinking to him—the second course, the charger of wafers, the royal hands'-washing, we must leave to the imagination of our readers. Mr. Taylor has detailed their particulars as curious historical monuments, and in his book they may be found, where we should think them likely to give more satisfaction than in Westminster-hall at the approaching solemnity. The presence of a Queen seems taken for granted in all the antient authorities for the ceremonial; and, indeed, we think it will almost have a ridiculous effect to see a single gentleman, of goodly age and size, going through such a long succession of mere formalities, to which the presence of a woman would, at least, give a certain gaiety of air, and which seem altogether to need the assistance of one of the softer sex, as an excuse for their frippery and parade.

THE DRAMA.

No. VII.

THE Drama is a subject of which we could give a very entertaining account once a month, if there were no plays acted all the year. But, as some artists have said of Nature, "the Theatres put us out." The only article we have written on this matter that has given us entire satisfaction—(we answer, be it observed, for nobody but ourselves)—is the one we wrote in the winter, when, in consequence of two great public calamities, the theatres were closed for some weeks together. We seized that lucky opportunity, to take a peep into the raree-show of our own fancies,—the moods of our own minds,—and a very pretty little kaleidoscope it made.—Our readers, we are sure, remember the description. Our head is stuffed full of recollections on the subject of the Drama, some of older, some of later date, but all treasured up with more or less fondness; we, in short, love it, and what we love, we can talk of for ever. We love it as well as Mr. Weathercock loves maccaroni; as Mr. Croker loves the Quarterly Review, and the Quarterly Review the Edinburgh; as Kings love Queens; and Scotchmen love their country. But, as happens in some of these instances, we love it best at a distance. We like to be a hundred miles off from the Acted Drama in London, and to get a friend (who may be depended on) to give an account of it for us; which we read, at our leisure, under the shade of a clump of lime-trees. What is the use indeed of coming to town, merely to discover that Mr. Elliston is "fat, fair, and forty," and becomes silk hose worse than fleecy hosiery?

Odious in *satin!* 'Twould a saint provoke!

We had rather stay where we are, and think how young, how genteel, how sprightly, Lewis was at seventy! Garrick too was fat and pursy; but who ever perceived it through that airy soul of his, that life of mind, that bore him up "like little wanton boys that swim on bladders?" Or why should we take coach to prevent our friend and coadjutor, of the whimsical name,—that Bucolical Juvenile, the Sir Piercie Shafton of the London Magazine,—from carrying off his Mysie Happer, the bewitching Miss Brunton, from our critical advances, and forestalling our praises of the grey twinkling eyes, the large white teeth, and querulous catechising voice of this accomplished little rustic? We shall leave him in full possession of his prize;—she shall be his *Protection,* and he shall be her *Audacity:* but we cannot consent to give up to his agreeable importunity our right and interest in the Miss Dennets—the

* The Earl Marshal, the Lord High Steward, the High Constable.

fair, the "inexpressive three." We will not erase their names from our pages, but twine them in cypher, as they are "written in our heart's tables,"—though they do not dance at the Opera! We have not this gentleman's exquisitely happy knack in the geography of criticism: nor do we carry a map of London in our pockets to make out an exact scale of merit and *virtù*; nor judge of black eyes, a white cheek, and so forth, by the bills of mortality. We do not hate pathos because it is found in the Borough; our taste (such as it is) can cross the water, by any of the four bridges, in search of spirit and nature; we can make up our minds to beauty even at Whitechapel! Our friend and correspondent, Janus, grieves and wonders at this. He asks us why we do not express his sentiments, instead of our own? and we answer, "It is because we are not you." He runs away from vulgar places and people, as from the plague; swoons at the mention of the Royal Cobourg; mimics his barber's pronunciation of *Ashley's*; and is afraid to trust himself at Sadler's Wells, lest his clothes should be covered with gingerbread, and spoiled with the smell of gin and tobacco. Now we, in our turn, laugh at all this. We are never afraid of being confounded with the vulgar; nor is our time taken up in thinking of what is ungenteel, and persuading ourselves that we are mightily superior to it. The gentlemen in the gallery, in Fielding's time, thought every thing *low*; and our friend, Mr. Weathercock, presents his compliments to us, and tells us we are wrong in condescending to any thing beneath "Milanie's foot of fire." We have no notion of condescending in any thing we write about: we seek for truth and beauty wherever we can find them, and think that with these we are safe from contamination. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." Our comparative negligence, in this respect, probably arises from the difference that exists between our dress and that of our correspondent. A good judge has said, "a man's mind is parcel of his fortunes,"—and a man's taste is part of his dress. If we wore "diamond rings on our fingers, antique cameos in our breast-pins, cambric pocket-handkerchiefs breathing forth Attargul, and pale lemon-coloured kid gloves," our perceptions might be strangely altered. We might then think Mr. Young "the perfect gentleman both on and off the stage," and consider Mr. Jones's "cut-steel watch chain quite refreshing." As it is, we differ from him on most of the above points. Yet, for any thing we see to the contrary, we might safely have staid in the country another month, and deputed the modern Euphuist, as our tire-man of the theatre, to adjust Mr. Kemble's boots, to tie on Mr. Abbott's sash to his liking, to dry Miss Stephens's bonnet, and dye Miss Tree's stockings any colour but blue:—but we heard from good authority that there was a new tragedy worth seeing, and also that it was written by an old friend of ours. *That* there was no resisting. So "we came, saw, and were satisfied."—Virginius is a good play:—we repeat it. It is a real tragedy; a sound historical painting. Mr. Knowles has taken the facts as he found them, and expressed the feelings that would naturally arise out of the occasion. Strange to say, in this age of poetical egotism, the author, in writing his play, has been thinking of Virginius and his daughter, more than of himself! This is the true imagination, to put yourself in the place of others, and to feel and speak for them. Our unpretending poet travels along the high road of nature and the human heart; and does not turn aside to pluck pastoral flowers in primrose lanes, or hunt gilded butterflies over enamelled meads, breathless and exhausted;—nor does he, with vain ambition, "strike his lofty head against the stars." So far indeed, he may thank the Gods for not having made him poetical. Some cold, formal, affected, and interested critics have not known what to make of this. It was not what *they* would have done. One finds fault with the style as poor, because it is not inflated. Another can see nothing in it, because it is not interlarded with modern metaphysical theories, unknown to the ancients. A third declares that it is all borrowed from Shakspeare, because it is true to nature. A fourth pronounces it a superior kind of melodrame, because it pleases the public. The two last things to which the dull and envious ever think of attributing the success

of any work (and yet the only ones to which genuine success is attributable), are Genius and Nature. The one they hate, and of the other they are ignorant. The same critics who despise and slur the Virginius of Covent-garden, praise the Virginius and the David Rizzio of Drury-lane, because (as it should appear) there is nothing in *them* to rouse their dormant spleen, stung equally by merit or success, and to mortify their own ridiculous, inordinate, and hopeless vanity. Their praise is of a piece with their censure; and equally from what they applaud and what they condemn, you perceive the principle of their perverse judgments. They are soothed with flatness and failure, and doat over them with parental fondness; but what is above their strength, and demands their admiration, they shrink from with loathing, and an oppressive sense of their own imbecility: and what they dare not openly condemn, they would willingly secrete from the public ear! We have described this class of critics more than once, but they breed still: all that we can do is to sweep them from our path as often as we meet with them, and to remove their dirt and cobwebs as fast as they proceed from the same noisome source. Besides the merits of Virginius as a literary composition, it is admirably adapted to the stage. It presents a succession of pictures. We might suppose each scene almost to be copied from a beautiful bas-relief, or to have formed a groupe on some antique vase. "'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical lore." But it is a speaking and a living picture we are called upon to witness. These figures so strikingly, so simply, so harmoniously combined, start into life and action, and breathe forth words, the soul of passion—inflamed with anger, or melting with tenderness. Several passages of great beauty were cited in a former article on this subject; but we might mention in addition, the fine imaginative apostrophe of Virginius to his daughter, when the story of her birth is questioned:

I never saw you look so like your mother
In all my life—

the exquisite lines ending,

———The lie
Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
The very flow'r our bed connubial grew
To prove its barrenness.——

or the sudden and impatient answer of Virginius to Numitorius, who asks if the slave will swear Virginia is her child——

To be sure she will! Is she not his slave?

or again, the dignified reply to his brother, who reminds him it is time to hasten to the Forum,

Let the Forum wait for us!

This is the true language of nature and passion; and all that we can wish for, or require, in dramatic writing. If such language is not poetical, it is the fault of poets, who do not write as the heart dictates! We have seen plays that produced much more tumultuous applause; none scarcely that excited more sincere sympathy. There were no clap-traps, no sentiments that were the understood signals for making a violent uproar; but we heard every one near us express heartfelt and unqualified approbation; and tears more precious supplied the place of loud huzzas. Each spectator appeared to appeal to, and judge from the feelings of his own breast, not from vulgar clamour; and we trust the success will be more lasting and secure, as its foundations are laid in the deep and proud humility of nature. Mr. Knowles owes every thing, that an author can owe, to the actors; and they owed every thing to their attention to truth and to real feeling. Mr. Macready's Virginius is his best and most faultless performance,—at once the least laboured and the most effectual. His fine, manly voice sends forth soothing, impassioned tones, that seem to linger round, or burst with terrific grandeur from the home of his heart. Mr. Kemble's Icilius was heroic, spirited, fervid, the Roman warrior and lover; and Miss Foote was "the freeborn Roman maid," with a little bit, a delightful little bit, of the English school-girl in her acting. We incline to the *ideal* of our own country-women after all, when they are so young, so innocent, so handsome. We are both pleased and sorry to hear a report which threatens us with the loss of so great a favourite; and one chief source of our regret will be, that she will no longer play Virginia. The scenery allotted to this tragedy encumbered the stage, and the simplicity of the play. Temples and pic-

tured monuments adorned the scene, which were not in existence till five hundred years after the date of the story; and the ruins of the Capitol, of Constantine's arch, and the temple of Jupiter Stator, frowned at once on the death of Virginia, and the decline and fall of the Roman empire. As to the dresses, we leave them to our deputy of the wardrobe: but, we believe, they were got right at last, with some trouble. In the printed play, we observe a number of passages marked with inverted commas, which are omitted in the representation. This is the case almost uniformly wherever the words "Tyranny," or "Liberty," occur. Is this done by authority, or is it prudence in the author, "*lest the courtiers offended should be?*" Is the name of Liberty to be struck out of the English language, and are we not to hate tyrants even in an old Roman play? "Let the galled jade wince: our withers are unwrung." We turn to a pleasanter topic, and are glad to find an old and early friend unaltered in sentiment as he is unspoiled by success:—the same boy-poet, after a lapse of years, as when we first knew him; unconscious of the wreath he has woven round his brow, laughing and talking of his play just as if it had been written by any body else, and as simple-hearted, downright, and honest as the unblemished work he has produced!*

We saw Mr. Kean at his benefit at the risk of our limbs, and are sorry for the accident that happened to him self in the course of the evening. We have longed ever since we saw Mr. Kean—that is, any time these six years—to see him jump through a trap-door—hearing he could do it. "Why are these things hid? Is this a time to conceal virtues?" said we to ourselves. What was our disappointment, then, when on the point of this consummation of our wishes—just in the moment of the projection of our hopes—when dancing with Miss Valancy too, he broke the tendon Achilles, and down fell all our promised pleasure, our castles in the air! Good reader, it was not the jump through the trap-door that we wished literally to see; but the leap from Othello to Harlequin. What a jump! What an interval, what a gulph to pass! What an elasticity of soul and body too—what a diversity of capacity in the same diminutive person! To be Othello, a man should be all passion, abstraction, imagination: to be Harlequin, he should have his wits in his heels, and in his fingers' ends! To be both, is impossible, or miraculous. Each doubles the wonder of the other; and in judging of the aggregate amount of merit, we must proceed, not by the rules of addition, but multiply Harlequin's lightness into Othello's gravity, and the result will give us the sum total of Mr. Kean's abilities. What a spring, what an expansive force of mind, what an untamed vigour, to rise to such a height from such a lowness; to tower like a Phœnix from its ashes; to ascend like a pyramid of fire! Why, what a complex piece of machinery is here; what an involution of faculties, circle within circle, that enables the same individual to make a summersault, and that swells the veins of his forehead with true artificial passion, and that turns him to a marble statue with thought! It is not being educated in the fourth form of St. Paul's school, or cast in the antique mould of the high Roman fashion, that can do this; but it is genius alone that can raise a man thus above his first origin, and make him thus various from himself! It is bestriding the microcosm of man like a Colossus; and, by uniting the extremes of the chain of being, seemingly implies all the intermediate links. We do not think much of Mr. Kean's singing: we could, with a little practice and tuition, sing nearly as well ourselves: as for his dancing, it is but *so so*, and any body can dance: his fencing is good, nervous, firm, fibrous, like that of a pocket Hercules:—but for his jumping through a hole in the wall,—clean through, head over heels, like a shot out of a culverin—"by Heavens, it would have been great!" This we fully expected at his hands, and "in this expectation we were baulked." Just as our critical anticipations were on tip-toe, Mr. Kean suddenly

* Generosity and simplicity are not the characteristic virtues of poets. It has been disputed whether "an honest man is the noblest work of God." But we think an honest poet is so.

strained his ancle, as it were to spite us;—we went out in dudgeon, and were near missing his Imitations, which would not have signified much if we had. They were tolerable, indifferent, pretty good, but not the thing. Mr. Matthews's or Mr. Yates's are better. They were softened down, and fastidious. Kemble was not very like. Incledon and Braham were the best, and Munden was very middling. The after-piece of the Admirable Crichton, in which he was to do all this, was neither historical nor dramatic. The character, which might have given excellent apportunities for the display of a variety of extraordinary accomplishments in the real progress of the story, was ill-conceived and ill-managed. He was made either a pedagogue or an antic. In himself, he was dull and grave, instead of being high-spirited, volatile, and self-sufficient; and to show off his abilities, he was put into masquerade. We did not like it at all; though, from the prologue, we had expected more point and daring.—Mr. Kean's Jaffier was fine, and in parts admirable. This indeed, is only to say that he played it. But it was not one of his finest parts, nor indeed one in which we expected him to shine pre-eminently: but on that we had not depended, for we never know beforehand, what he will do best or worst. He is one of those wandering fires, whose orbit is not calculable by any known rules of criticism. Mr. Elliston's Pierre, was, we are happy to say, a spirited and effectual performance. We must not forget to add that Mrs. M'Gibbon's Belvidera was excellent, declaimed with impassioned propriety, and acted with dignity and grace.

"And what of this new Opera of David Rizzio, that the *New Times* makes such a rout about?"—Nothing. "Nothing can come of nothing." We truly and strictly could not make a word of sense of it. We wonder whose it can be. It is praised too in the Chronicle; but that is no matter. The story promised much; the music, the old Scotch tunes, more. They were both completely *transmographied*,—they melted into thin air. The author set aside the one, and the composers (of whom there are no less than five) the other. This required some ingenuity. The plot turns altogether upon this, that Rizzio (Braham) is supposed and made to be in love with Lady Mary Livingstone (Miss Carew), and by warbling out her Christian name in ballads in the open air, is imagined, by Darnley and the rest, to be in love with Mary, Queen of Scots (Mrs. West), from which strange misinterpretation all the mischief and confusion ensue. We fancy there is no foundation for this in tradition or old records. The author has indeed reversed the method of the writer of the Scotch Novels, for, instead of building as much as possible on facts and history, he has built as little as possible on them—and has produced just the contrary effect of the Great Unknown, that is, has spun a tissue of incidents and sentiments out of his own head, worth nothing, unmeaning, feeble, languid, disjointed, and for the most part, incomprehensible. Most of the scenes in the two first acts, consisted of the Exits and Entrances of single persons, who only appeared to deliver an introductory speech, and sing a song, and then vanished before any one else could come on to entrap them into a dialogue—a delicate evasion of the wily dramatist! Mr. Barnard repeated these Operatic soliloquies so often, as to be almost hissed off the stage, and Miss Povey (his sweetheart) by coming to his relief half a minute after he was gone, did not much mend the matter, either by the charms of her voice or person. This young lady is pretty, and sings agreeably enough, but we do not see what she can have to do with romantic sentiments or situations. Some of those in which she was placed, would require the utmost delicacy of the most accomplished heroine to carry them off without an obtrusive sense of impropriety. For instance, after warbling a ditty to the desert air of Holyrood House, she retires into a summer-house, hard by, to keep an assignation with the persuasive Mr. Barnard, and is presently surprised and carried off, instead of the silver-voiced Carew, by a band of ruffians, who—on her making many exclamations, and repeating "Oh! dear me!" and saying she only came to meet a young man—reply very laconically, "Aye, you came to meet one young man, and now you have met with four—that's better!" In the

last scene, the catastrophe is brought about by Rizzio's being discovered by the conspirators at a magnificent entertainment in the apartment of the Queen, which confirms their former suspicions and infuriates their revenge; and he is hurried from her frantic embraces, which display all the tenderness of a mistress, rather than the attachment of a sovereign, to be despatched in the adjoining chamber. His assassins find their error too late, when, from the passionate declaration of Lady Mary Livingstone that she is his wife, they are convinced of his and the Queen's innocence. The lesson to be drawn from this fiction, seems to be, that ladies (whether Princesses or not) who defy opinion, must take the consequences of their infatuated self-indulgence, or involve others in ruin: for the presumption is, that no woman in her senses will risk her character, unless she has a further object in view, namely, to gratify her passions. This was not, however, the inference drawn by the generality of the audience; for several passages, construed in allusion to passing events, were loudly and triumphantly cheered. They, indeed, saved the piece from final and absolute damnation, for it drooped from the beginning, and to the end, and had no other interest than what arose from the occasional parallelism of political situations. Mr. Braham (as David Rizzio) disappointed us much. He sung the airs he had probably himself selected, without any affectation indeed—"softly sweet in Lydian measures"—but without any effect whatever upon our ears; he fell into simplicity and insipidity, plump together, ten thousand fathoms down. The other singers acquitted themselves very well, but there was nothing to excite an interest in itself, or to answer to the previous expectations arising from the title of the piece. We had hoped to have been treated to some old Scotch airs, at least: but the joint-composers seemed to have a strong aversion to any thing connected with the sound of a bagpipe. This we suppose is a symptom of the progress of a more refined taste among us. The causes of our want of sympathy with it have been explained above. The piece has been repeated once or twice since.

Giovanni in London has been happily transferred to this theatre (Drury Lane) from the Olympic. It was a favourite with the town there; it has become a favourite with the town here. There is something in burlesque that pleases. We like to see the great degraded to a level with the little. The humour is extravagant and coarse, but it is certainly droll; and we never check our inclinations to laugh, when we have an opportunity given us. We have not laughed so heartily a long time, as at seeing the meddlesome lawyer tossed in a blanket in the King's Bench; and we should imagine there is a natural and inevitable connection between the performance of that gentle but salurary mode of discipline, and the titillation of the lungs of the spectators. Madame Vestris played, sung, and looked the incorrigible Don John very prettily and spiritedly; but, we confess, we had rather see her petticoated than in a Spanish doublet and hose, hat and feather. Yet she gave a life to the scene, and Pluto relented as she sung. There is a pulpy softness and ripeness in her lips, a roseate hue, like the leaves of the damask rose, a luscious honeyed sound in her voice, a depth and fulness too, as if it were clogged with its own sweets, a languid archness, an Italian lustre in her eye, an enchanting smile, a mouth—shall we go on? No. But she is more bewitching even than Miss Brunton. Yet we like to see her best in petticoats. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Gould (late Miss Burrell) of the Olympic, who played it first, was the girl to play Giovanni in London. She had a hooked nose, large staring eyes, a manlike voice, a tall person, a strut that became a rake.

> She forgot to be a woman: changed fear, and niceness,
> (The handmaids of all women, or more truly
> Woman its pretty-self) into a waggish courage;
> Ready in gibes, quick answered, saucy, and
> As quarrellous as the weasel.—

All this Madame Vestris attempts; but in spite of her efforts to the contrary, she shrinks back into feminine softness and delicacy, and her heart evidently fails her, and flutters, "like a new ta'en sparrow," in the midst of all her pretended swaggering and determination to brazen the matter out. On the night we saw this afterpiece, Mr. Knight played Leporello, instead of Mr. Harley: so that we can praise neither. L.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. VI.

We have not lately seen the foundation of an Opera so well laid as in the plot, incidents, and dialogue of Tancredi. The exquisite, yet noble, simplicity of Metastasio has, but too commonly, been cited as the excuse for the meagre insipidity we generally find prevailing in the Italian words for music: that singleness of idea, so strongly insisted upon by some, as essential to the concentration of musical effect, has been maintained with such constancy, that a vocabulary of a dozen pages, (six tragic and six comic) might almost serve for the translation of the entire bulk of the phraseology of the King's Theatre. Tancredi is an exception,—a creditable, if not a splendid exception; and we must observe, in justice to the admirable devotion to system, manifested by the present management, that this innovation was the introduction of Madame Bellochi. It is understood to be a part of this lady's engagement, that she should not be called upon to sustain a male character. Her assumption, therefore, of the part of Tancredi, was a voluntary tribute to the patrons of her benefit; and so gratifying has the Opera proved to the public, that it has been repeated, at the express solicitation of the principal frequenters of the house.

The story of the piece abounds in those bursts of passionate and various feeling, which are most favourable to the display of a composer's powers. Rossini has the reputation of transfusing a sort of animal spirit into his music, which, like the oxygen of the atmosphere, acts as the supporter of life and flame. He has also the character of embroidering his compositions with an unusual share of ornaments. Thus it is, that loose and general criticism, from a partial acquaintance with his productions, and principally with his comic Operas, is satisfied to describe the works of the man, whose name now chiefly occupies the regard of the musical world. The cities of Italy and Germany, be it observed, are not, like ourselves, content with the old till heaven pleases to send the new:—they address their efforts to rear a successive race of composers, whom they encourage; and the public exercise of art is with them, a constant theme of discussion, and object of exertion: composers travel from city to city, they are sought according to the report of their merit, and Managers engage a composer to write expressly for themselves. Those of the King's Theatre of England, on the contrary, wait patiently (with a salvo to the honour of Signor Liverati) till the continental cities have approved, and perhaps nearly forgotten, the compositions which we of the second table receive with the humility that becomes us. This œconomical slowness on the part of our managers, coupled with their own and the public indifference, has so long kept us ignorant of the best of Rossini's works. But for these, Tancredi would scarcely have stood unnoticed and unknown in the windows of the importers of music: but

Snarl no more critic, critic snarl no more:

thanks to Madame Bellochi, Tancredi has been produced and applauded, and is likely to rival even Il Don Giovanni himself, with the English fair. In this Opera, the composer has availed himself, with great skill, of almost every variety of admissible style; and has, with infinite ingenuity, feeling, and propriety, proved to a demonstration, that even florid passages can be impressed into the service of legitimate, and even opposing sentiments. Force and fire, beauty and pathos arise in rapid succession. So entirely and thoroughly, indeed, is the spirit kept up, that we cannot recollect any part of the performance that languishes. Of course there are lights and shades, parts exalted, and parts kept down; but never, we think, without an intimate knowledge and apprehension of their due proportion and effect.

The principals — Tancredi and Amenaide—have universal importance. Their recitatives and airs abound in the various excellencies of the art, in passion of every sort, from impetuous, sudden, and forceful declamation,—from dignity, agitation, and disdain, to tenderness and melting sorrow. Melody flows unceasingly, and, as we have said above, one

of the most singular inventions, or rather new applications of Rossini's genius, is the conversion of passages, hitherto considered merely ornamental, into phrases expressive, and delicately expressive, of sentiment and situation. We refer the musical reader to the second act for ample illustrations. In this adaptation Rossini has extended the practice of Signor Raer, who himself extended the practice of Paesiello.

The chorusses are not striking from their complication, but from their light, agreeable expression. The finale of the first act is an exception; it is remarkably fine, full, and commanding. They are enlivened, throughout, by the accompaniments, over which Rossini has great control. He employs them in the most masterly way, filling up with strong touches every vacancy. They are not less skilfully managed in the songs, which are most judiciously thinned or enriched, according to sentiment, melody, and the ever fluctuating demand of passion and of pathos. His knowledge and application of the distinguishing beauties of the several instruments is not less visible; but he holds, the player to his task, and expects him to trample upon impossibilities. Tancredi is not, however, without prominent marks of the *manner* of Rossini. We have those gay interspersions of melody, and more particularly the repetitions he is so fond of; which, however, have their use in working upon the feelings. We have seldom been so convinced that reiteration does possess such an influence, as from the score before us. As a whole, then, we look upon Tancredi in the light of the performance of a man of undoubted genius and science, and we think it will advance his reputation far above that point where his lighter compositions had before placed it in this country.

The Benefit Concerts have exhibited nothing particularly novel. Mr. Greatorex's, Miss Sharp's, Mr. Bartleman's, Messrs. Cramer's, and Miss Goodall's, took place in May, and were well attended. Mr. Bartleman's was so crowded indeed, that not a ticket could be procured towards the close of the day. Such a tribute of respect cannot fail to be grateful to a spirit of uncommon ardour, rendered more sensible through the bodily trials it has so long sustained. We cordially congratulate this justly esteemed singer on his undiminished possession of public regard. The selections at the two latter were of that superior kind, which manifests the solid learning and sound taste of the conductors. We suspect, however, that the continual repetition of the same songs begins to be wearisome to the constant attendants of the concert at Hanover-square. It is curious that Mrs. Salmon should on both occasions be announced for Rossini's *Di piacer*. Vaughan sung an Italian Canzonetta of Handel exquisitely, and was as exquisitely accompanied by Lindley. At the Benefit Concert of Mr. Begrez, Mr. Kalkbrenner played in so surprising a manner as almost to have borne down competition.

June has been distinguished by the concerts of Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Spohr, and Mr. Bellamy. That of the singer first named was literally an overflow, and the earnestness with which the fashionable world pressed forward on this occasion, is not less a proof of good taste in the art, than of the just estimation which attends private worth and character in professors of eminence.

On the 13th, 14th, and 15th of June a grand musical festival was held at Oxford in honour of the king's accession. The band was complete, and the selections of the highest order. Dr. Crotch's fine oratorio of Palestine was performed entire. We cannot refrain from expressing our surprise, that a work which unquestionably entitles the doctor to take rank before all the composers of his time and nation, should be so seldom heard in the metropolis, and hardly at all any where else. The publication of the full score, which is announced to take place by subscription from the Royal Harmonic Institution, will probably give it that publicity which its great merits so well deserve. It blends more sound learning with the graces of modern writing, than any production with which we are acquainted, and though it ranges below the sublimity of Handel, and the elegance of Haydn, yet, while second to these great masters alone, it combines no inconsiderable portion of the properties of both.

The music of the new play, Henri

Quatre, contains some very lively and pleasing specimens of Mr. Bishop's taste and ingenuity. There is a general novelty of manner about them, which, perhaps, we may trace to the effect produced on the composer's mind by the circumstance of writing for two such singers as Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree. Mr. Bishop appears inclined to do his best, and his utmost, for both; and to conform to their natural and acquired characteristics, as well as to dramatic propriety, in assorting his music. Miss Stephens's rich quality and volume of voice, are contrasted with the lighter playfulness of Miss Tree's executive facility. To the songs of the one he has allotted, therefore, a chastened and more dignified, and sterling expression; to the other, playful, glittering, and changeful, he lends an illumination

As variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made.

The songs of Miss Stephens dwell upon tone, till the responsive chords in the heart begin to sound. Miss Tree thrills through florid notation, like the soaring lark, which has just now, by its song of extacy, while trembling, circling, poising herself in her ascent, courted the regard of the writer,—filled him with some of her own delights, and furnished him with a similitude.

Pity's Tear is an air of short compass, depending upon the qualities of expression, tone, articulate pronunciation, and sensibility. Simplicity of construction, both in melody and accompaniment, allowing great latitude to the singer, is its distinction. It is a thing of which a good deal may, we imagine, be *made;* not as a plain canvas to fill with ornaments, but as a regular design, where the figures are all laid in, and require only vivid colouring.

The Ray of Hope can cheer the Heart, is a song of pretension, with an accompaniment for the clarionet, upon which most of its orchestral eclat must depend. It is something bare of melody, which is made secondary to declamatory effect. The passages, though common, are yet not of a vulgar cast; and they are considerably varied by change of accentuation, which confers something approaching to singularity upon parts of the song. It hardly rises to the title of a bravura, but inclines to that denomination, and is, as a stage song, on the whole, effective.

Tell me, my heart, a sweet modern ballad, enlivened beyond the general, by contrasted expression, by changeful passages of feeling and delicacy, tenderness, and gaiety,—by a florid accompaniment, and by affording scope for sensibility, and some execution. It neither languishes in insipidity, nor exhausts by volatility.

Fears ne'er assail me: the most original song in the piece; requiring agility, lightness, and brilliancy, but, if sung with all these, capable of fascinating a monarch, provided he be of a temperament to listen to notes, "Wild as the wood lark." The composition is of a gladsome airy spirit, that rises, as the lark seemed to spring into air, to pour forth its own irrepressible extacies.

A duet, *My pretty page look out afar,* concludes the series from Henri Quatre. This is cut, we apprehend, to fit the capacity of the "little tiny boy," who sung it very prettily with Miss Stephens. It is, therefore simple in the extreme.

We have this month a ballad from the pen of Mr. Moore, in his sweetest manner. *How happy once,* has all the tenderness of his muse; though its art is merely new dressing hackneyed ideas. The commencement of the air reminds us (indeed they are the very notes) of a fashionable waltz; but this semblance soon disappears. There is a great portion of melody in this piece, though it is of a straggling, and up and down sort. But, like most others from the same hand, the ballad *must tell,* for any body may play it, and it will sing itself.

Lanza's *Tell me, ye little melancholy tears.* Expressive, and not inelegant music, to words which, we suppose, from internal evidence, are "by a person of quality."

I shall never forget him; sung by Madame Vestris, in Shakspeare versus Harlequin. *Miss Dolly Snip* speaks sensibly and feelingly, and were the critic to address the composer he might be well satisfied to use the young lady's own words—

I cannot be rude to a handsome young man,
And I'm sure I shall never forget him.

Bochsa's *Donald, with variations,* is amongst the most felicitous productions of the richly furnished mind

of this most sensitive and elegant composer. We know not where there is such a composition as this. The curious treatment of the subject particularly attracts us; for, though never absolutely lost, it is yet concealed by such beautiful and exquisite passages, that it is seen at intervals, like the rose amidst myrtles and aromatics, when the delicate net-work of their floating branches is moved by the passing zephyrs. Seldom, indeed, is such a tissue of taste, fancy, and fine expression woven as the third variation of this admirable composition.

Philomel, by G. Kiallmark—a nice little composition, full of fancy and sweetness, and in good taste—pure, natural, chaste, and poetical.

Rousseau's dream with variations, by the same author, is infused with so little of the same qualities, or, is rather so entirely destitute of them, that it is matter of surprise, how they should have both proceeded from the same mind.

A favourite Irish Melody, with Variations: by the same Author. The subject is the beautiful ballad *The Last Rose of Summer,* and its treatment is spirited and agreeable. Though not quite exempt from the samenesses of the old school, there is yet so much life and melody that we can pardon the casual lapse into hacknied construction, since it is so light, and redeemed by so much vivacity.

The Maid of the Mill, with Variations. We have heard that an ingenious mechanic is about to construct an engine to melodize a bass, to harmonize an air, to produce variations upon a theme. The author of this lesson is an organist, and has a domicile "a local habitation and a name," and therefore we presume that this is not one of the specimens from the machine, which, till we turned to the title (the last part of a sonata we look at) we thought to be the case.

Three Romances, by G. Bourget. In the genuine French manner, both poetry and music; but they are something above the million of such things.

The Maid of Derby, for the harp. Mr. Dussek has chosen a threadbare and a vulgar subject, and his treatment of it is not such as to redeem its original poverty. He has simply made it a pretty lesson, and this, perhaps, is no mean praise, considering how rugged and ungrateful to modern ears the theme is become, by so long a course of dinning and degradation.

Mr. Kalkbrenner has received the very high honour of having a sonata dedicated to him by the veteran Clementi "as a mark of esteem for his eminent talents." This great composer has rested, of late, from his long and successful labours, but the sonata before us proves his vigour unimpaired, his sensibility even more exalted, and his judgment now bearing the fullest fruits of maturity. It is like nothing else that we know. Mr. Clementi always writes with the comprehensive grasp of an artist who sees the whole of his design before him. He never appears to be led by chance, but to command his matter and his arrangement: the entire beauties of such a production are therefore only comprehended by the eye of a master, who can ascend from the parts to the whole. This sonata is difficult to execute at all, and far more so to execute in the spirit of the author: but it is rich in ideas, and they are expanded with the genius and learning universally attributed to Mr. Clementi. To understand the variety and nice shades of feeling with which he intends his work to be expressed, we beg the player to examine minutely the continual directions with which the *adagio* is crowded. A finer and more complete study cannot be recommended.

Latour's Le Petit Tambour. Mr. L. has selected an air which admits of rendering the old plan of variations susceptible of apparent novelty; and he has managed his subject with considerable skill. This is a sonata *to please.* Musicians will be well satisfied with the dexterity and science with which the composer has contrasted his own illustrations, and parts of the theme—while, to the million, the lesson will seem striking and impressive. The author has metamorphosed his sonata into a duet with ingenuity and success.

We have, this month, a sixth set of *arietts* from *Mr. Sor.* The delicacy of the intrument (the Spanish guitar) for which this professor is chiefly celebrated, makes him less known to the public than his merits deserve; for, as a player, he is spirited and refined; as a singer and composer, polished, various, and full of fire and feelling. His compositions na-

turally embody these qualities, and we see in them the sensibility of the man concentrated and sublimated, as it were, by the properties of his instrument. These arietts are very elegant, and breathe of the spirit we have described. Though such things abound in Italian, we have no English songs of the same refined delicacy. The Canzonets of Haydn and Mozart, adapted to English words, are the only things that convey an idea to our countrymen of the pure spirit which produces such very elegant trifles. These last indeed are, at once, the model and perfection of the art.

Guttman's Carnival, a Rondo, is a melodious, light, and lively strain, calculated to amuse, and to draw on young players. The passages are sufficiently easy, yet not without such changes, as well diversify the exercise for the hand.

Air Martial; by L. Von Esch. A bold theme, handled with a good deal of taste, animation, and ingenuity. Mr. Von Esch has contrived to dissipate the sameness by continual changes in the construction in the measure, and by strong accentuation. The lesson deviates from the cannon, and rises above the mediocrity which is too frequently the only characteristic of such compositions.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Steam Engine Furnaces and Atmosphere of the Metropolis.—Mr. M.A.Taylor has lately brought forward a motion in the House of Commons, for the appointment of a committee, to consider of the practicability of compelling persons employing Steam Engines and Furnaces, to erect the same in a manner less prejudicial to the health and comfort of the public than those usually employed for that purpose. The object of Mr. T.'s motion, although praiseworthy in itself, scarcely embraces one half of those nuisances which have so long rendered the scite of the metropolis proverbial for its fetid atmosphere, and general unfitness for the support of animal life. Manufactories of ammonia, white lead, vitriol, and other deleterious compounds, thickly beset the environs; and, in some cases, the very centre of London, not to mention the minor nuisances of melting tallow, boiling soap, and the thousand other evils contained in this pandora's box of impurity. The first idea of a furnace for consuming its own smoke was, we believe, suggested by M. Dalesme, a celebrated French engineer, who, in 1686, publicly exhibited an apparatus for this purpose at the fair of St. Germains, near Paris; but little attention, however, appears to have been given to the subject at this period. M. D.'s furnace was, in principle, nearly similar to those generally employed for heating large shops and manufactories, with this exception, that the smoke, instead of passing behind the grate, was made to descend through the centre of the liquid mass of fuel, and by this means nearly the whole of the inflammable part of the coal was consumed. The plan proposed to the House of Commons, is that lately adopted by Mr. Barnes, of Warwick; and this Mr. T. states, in his opening speech, to have fully answered the intended purpose; and, in proof that no nuisance existed in this manufactory after the adoption of the above plan, he states that there was a bleaching-ground within ten yards of the furnace; there was also a garden and conservatory; and none of these were injured or annoyed by the smoke. We cannot, however, consistently with our present limits, enter into a detailed account of the various processes employed for this purpose, the major part of which have been already described in the Parliamentary Report on this subject; but we should be wanting in justice to a most ingenious mechanic, and indeed to the public in general, who are likely to profit so largely by his invention, were we to omit noticing the smoke-burning and fire-regulators invented by Mr. Brunton, of Birmingham. This very simple apparatus, which is now employed at Messrs. Liptrap and Smith's distillery, Whitechapel, not only consumes the smoke, but it also economises the consumption of coal, which it distributes upon the fire in small portions, and at short intervals of time. It may also be right to add, that the whole economy of the fire is taken from the controul of the workman, and put under the same mechanical regularity as the speed of the engine, or the feeding of the boiler with water, and becomes equally subject to the inspecting eye of the proprietor. Mr. Davis, of Duckinfield, we understand, consumes the smoke from steam-engines, and other fires, by the following simple plan; and to those who have falling-doors, it will cause scarcely any expense: the man attending the furnace, before he supplies the fire with coals, pushes the fire forward, and lays the coals on the place where the fire laid, closing the door within an inch and half of the bottom. The air rushing through the part left open, has the effect of burning the smoke completely, with the exception of a small quantity which passes off during the performance of this operation.

Discoveries in Africa.—By accounts re-

ceived from the interior of this hitherto inaccessible country, it appears that the expedition under the command of Major Gray, on whom the direction devolved after the death of Major Peddie, has returned to a colony on the river Senegal, after a most harassing journey through the country of the Foolado. Mr. Docherd, the surgeon attached to the expedition, had, with a few individuals, however, proceeded onwards to Bammakoo, in Bambarra, where, our readers may recollect, the unfortunate Park finally embarked on the Niger. At this place, as well as at Sansanding and Yamina, provisions were in abundance, and every sort of European merchandize in great demand: the native merchants passing from Morocco across the Great Desert being the only channel for a supply of these articles.

Phosphoric Acid.—Mr. Barry, who has lately obtained a patent for his mode of evaporating vegetable extracts in a vacuum, has observed, during a comparison of the preparations made in this way, and those commonly prepared, that phosphoric acid, in a soluble state, is to be found in all the extracts. On further extending the investigation, it was ascertained that this acid, besides that portion that exists as phosphate of lime, is contained in a vast variety of vegetables; and he has also remarked, that all these vegetables which are cultivated seem to contain phosphoric acid in great abundance.

Atmospheric Phenomena.—The most striking difference in the results of the atmospheric phenomena, for the last two years, is in the number of meteors (some of them of a large size): of 121, no less than 95 appeared in the evenings of July, August, and September, the three hottest months in the last year. It may, therefore, be inferred, that they are generated by heat in an atmosphere highly charged with electric matter.

Philosophic Girl.---The Italian journals mention that a young lady, only 13 years of age, named Maria Catherina Gherardi, a native of Serola, has maintained in public a series of philosophic theses, in the Latin language.

Ingenious Automaton.----A German journal asserts, that an artist at Cemberg, in Prussia, has constructed a watch which imitates the human voice, and answers questions in German and Polish; besides executing musical airs.

Sherry.---The name *sec*, corruptly written sack, signifies dry; the sec wine prepared at Xeres, in Spain, is called, according to our orthograghy, *sherris*, or sherry. In the manufacture of this wine, lime* is added to the grapes; a circumstance, observes Dr. Macculloch, apparently conducive to its well-known dry quality, and which probably acts by neutralizing a portion of malic, or tartaric acid.

French Steam-Packet.---A Royal brig, called *Le Voyageur*, was lately fitted out at L'Orient for a voyage to Senegal, as a steam-packet, the first of this construction that has quitted a French port for a distant expedition. Intelligence has, we believe, been received of her safe arrival at the place of her destination.

Mr. Pond, Dr. Young, and General Mudge, have lately been elected members of the Danish Academy of Sciences. This distinguished honour, as far at least as regards the latter of these learned mathematicians, is but posthumous, the country having been already deprived of his services.

New Projection of the Sphere.—In this projection, which has been drawn by Capt. J. Vetch, the globe is supposed to be inscribed in a cylinder, the axes of the globe and cylinder being at right angles to each other, and their surfaces, therefore, coinciding at a meridian. The eye is supposed to remain at rest in the centre of the globe, and each point in the earth's surface is transferred to that of the cylinder by a right line passing from the earth's centre through that point. The cylinder being then unrolled, a view of the earth is obtained on a plane surface.

Gathering of the Clans.—It is a singular circumstance, that, in the Island of Ceylon, a custom prevailed among the natives of the former kingdom of Candy, similar to the "*Gathering*" described in Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*:—On any sudden call of the natives to rise up in arms, one of them, carrying a crooked stick in his hand, ran swiftly along, announcing to all he met the spot of rendezvous. The place was generally some small rising ground, and marked by a single tree left standing. There are many such in the Candian territory, and they are commonly the resort of the natives for religious or other purposes.

Earthquakes. — Intelligence from the Ionian Islands announces, that on the 21st February last, a terrible shock of an earthquake had devastated the island of Saint Maura. The church, several public buildings, and almost all the houses, were demolished, and the roads destroyed. At Corfu, also, we understand, considerable volcanic phenomena have been observed, and a small island has since emerged from the sea off Santa Maura, which is attributed to the late subterraneous commotion. His Majesty's sloop Aid has been dispatched to survey it, and to christen it *Lauderdale's Rock*.

* The *sack* of Shakspeare was probably *sherry*; a conjecture which receives additional strength from the following passage:—"*Falstaff.* You rogue, here's *lime* in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward!"

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The return of the Queen from Italy, in defiance of a menace held out by ministers, and in opposition to the known and earnest wishes of his Majesty, has caused discussions, and led to events, which may be said to have entirely occupied the public attention since the arrival in question. Never, perhaps, did so many important topics, connected with the state of the nation, press directly for the serious consideration of the people of this country. The greater number of the notices, now standing on the lists of the two houses of Parliament, may be said to include points which immediately affect the very existence of the state. We have no interest now to lavish on secondary subjects of debate, for we have become familiar with the language of life and death, and live in the near approach of an inevitable crisis.

Yet, encompassed, borne upon, as we are, by the most momentous objects of deliberation, and demands for decision, the arrival of the Queen in this country has in an instant, suspended all public sympathy,—except that which is so intensely engaged in the accusations brought against her, and the treatment she has received from the crown and its counsellors. Among the many grave evils, which most persons seem to anticipate from discussions, that it has been found more easy to excite, than, we venture to predict, it will be found to set them again at rest,—this does not appear to us to be one of the least. In no one way can the public interests be promoted by the disagreeable investigation with which the country is threatened; not one advantage of a really public nature is involved in these disputes—for it is allowed by all impartial persons, that, whatever the result may be, no lesson favourable to morality can possibly be derived from it;—that whichever party may ultimately triumph, neither good example, nor virtue, is likely to derive much honour from their success. Here then are the time and ability; the physical powers, the attention, the spirits, of the two legislative assemblies, likely to be fully occupied, and for a long and tedious period, with a matter, at once grossly distasteful and totally useless; and that, too, when affairs of great and crying urgency thrust themselves forward to be considered and regulated. The country is in a state of difficulty which leaves both the ministerial party and the opposition, equally at a loss to suggest any thing like probable means of relief; it is in a state of discontent which has called, say ministers, for new and severe laws, and an addition to the standing army. The industry of the nation is divided against itself,—agriculture against manufactures,--and both these are calling upon Parliament for protection. Our commerce is assailed by unparalleled difficulties and competition, and prays that a new legal system, likely to enable it to cope with these, may be adopted in regard to it. Our currency is in the very crisis of a revolution, which must sensibly affect all private fortunes, and which will try the very foundations of the state. The party most averse to any change in the constitution of Parliament, has acknowledged the necessity of correcting certain coarse and obvious abuses in the practice of elections; and the inquiry as to the expedient remedy is at present pending. The public feeling has at length raised itself in resistance to the sanguinary and unenlightened provisions which disgrace our criminal code; and the legal position in which the poor of the country are placed relatively to the other classes, is at once disgraceful and destructive—it provides for their corruption as well as misery, it throws an intolerable burthen on industry, and enlarges and perpetuates the evil which it is intended to relieve.

Such are a few of the more prominent points, claiming immediate consideration, and energetic measures on the part of Parliament: and never before was it so unanimously allowed as at present, that every step taken

must be critical, yet that some steps must absolutely be adopted. And it is at such a moment as this, that the Lords and Commons of England are to have their tables overwhelmed with a mass of private scandal!—that the examinations and cross-examinations of waiting-maids and footmen are to exercise the wisdom, and display the efficacy of these august assemblies! —that their journals are to be stained with recorded resolutions on the truth or falsehood of bed-room spies, parlour listeners, window-peepers, and seal-breakers! At this instant, too, when the world abroad, our jealous and observant neighbours, are all actively engaged in the pursuit of the highest objects—seriously and strenuously occupied in realising the promises of the age, and stamping the impression of a fresh and nobler character on their national histories, than has hitherto marked them! At this instant, when Spain is regenerating, France consolidating and strengthening, and Germany struggling in a good cause, England, the most conspicuous amongst them all, is to appear plunged, steeped, in the most odious, and contemptible, and ridiculous circumstances in which it is possible for either an individual or a state to be involved. Every ear pricked up, so to speak, to catch the words of a dirty tale;—every eye watching an obstinate contest between a man and his wife;—the public judgment balancing the mutual recriminations of the combatants, and nicely weighing which side is heaviest in sin and filth!—setting-off mistresses against gallants, desertion against infidelity, provocation against defiance, ungenerous indignities against unblushing audacity! —And who are the unhappy individuals who furnish this public, this fearfully public and ignominious spectacle? THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE COUNTRY! Oh, shame to human nature! Oh, disgrace to England! Had not his Majesty, then, *one* man, amongst his Counsellors, honest and wise enough to say to him at once— "Sire, this cannot, this must not, be; —Your Crown itself has not a value sufficient to counterbalance the mischief of this tremendous scandal—the people have not yet sufficiently lost the grateful recollection of your father's admirable example, to tolerate this parade of vice and disgrace!" Since, woefully for us all, not one minister, amongst the several who are now talking of their conscientious motives, and heartfelt regrets, has had integrity enough to act in this manner,—which is obviously the sole thing an honest Minister had to do,— it is for the nation at large to manifest loudly its indignation at the insult with which it is menaced, and, by one strong exclamation of abhorrence, to quash this miserable business for ever. From the bosom of every family between the extremities of the Empire, a groan of bitter regret and reprobation, ought to break on the ears of those, whoever they may be, who are ill-advised enough to prepare and press forward, in spite of all the manifestations of public displeasure that have hitherto shown themselves, this monstrous nuisance;—for there is not a well-ordered family in the empire that will not be degraded and distressed by it. Without pretending to the inspiration of prophets, we do venture to affirm, that if the private apartments of the palace are now to be thrown open to the coarse gaze and indelicate scrutiny of the multitude, all that is yet august in the acceptation of the word *monarch* in this country, will become for ever extinct: public feeling will never recover from such a shock inflicted at a moment when there is so great a predisposition to discontent and disgust. No—in that case, we shall consider the signs of the time unequivocally fixed; and stand by, in anxious observation of a course of events, the progress of which must, more or less rapidly, alter altogether the character of England, change the impression which her history bears, interpose a gulph between the past and the future, and break up the glorious associations that are now linked to her name. In this country too, as in others, it will be said, that it was the infatuation, the gross blindness, the paltry spirit of those most interested in averting such a change, that gave to it the final and irresistible impulse.— And is it possible, then, that with such striking indications of the public disposition before them, with all the hazards and difficulties of the public affairs pressing upon them, with the awful tendency of the age sounded, and yet sounding, in the thunder of great events occurring in the world,

neither the crown nor its counsellors should see the unfitness—the pernicious, poisonous, fatal character of the conduct they are pursuing! Is there yet one individual living amongst us, who has not been sufficiently warned that this is not a moment for tampering carelessly with the sentiments of respect for the splendid fictions of what is called, and what may really be, state-necessity. Is the public temper, then, one of such quiet, acquiescing veneration for the pageantry of the sceptre, and the sanctity of the throne, that even the caprices, the spleen, the spite of individuals may be fearlessly pampered at the expence of all the manly and virtuous sympathies of the nation! In what century do we exist? Are Kings and Queens now worshipped, like the Gods of the Greeks, with so implicit a reverence that their vices and follies run no danger of disturbing the sentiment of devotion! Do people now throw dust on their heads when royalty passes by. If not—what epithet, characteristic of excessive perversity, shall we attach to the conduct of those persons, who are now approaching to throw a *vile private scandal,* from the very palace windows, amongst a shouting mob below—there to be pitched and pulled, to and fro, in the boisterous violence of infuriated factions, to be followed by the laughing and hooting of a reckless and exulting multitude,—to have its impure and fœtid contents dashed and bespattered about, in vulgar insolence and merriment,—covering and rendering odious even the robes of majesty, and shedding a stench abroad over the country, sufficient to make our houses uninhabitable in their interiors! This blindness does indeed seem inflicted by heaven; and it causes one to shudder with fear.

Before recapitulating very concisely the facts of the Queen's return, and those that have since taken place in consequence of this step, we wish to make it understood, that, in applying strong blame to the counsellors of the crown (the crown itself not being constitutionally liable to blame) we are not animated by any decided sentiment as to what is called the guilt or innocence of her Majesty. One of the most discouraging symptoms of the time is that excessively unprincipled readiness to convert every topic into the food of party spirit, or the means of profitable speculation, which is now manifested. Nothing can be more apparent, than that some of the mouthing self-sufficient adulators of the Queen, amongst the journalists, are writing with the consciousness on their minds that they are merely acting a part, well calculated, as they imagine, according to the public disposition, to keep-up, or increase their sale, and the popularity of their papers. If the articles that have lately appeared in the journal we more particularly allude to, be compared in style and matter with the speech of Sir Francis Burdett, delivered in the House of Commons on Thursday the 22d, the difference will be at once perceived between sincerity and insincerity,—between the warm feelings of a spirited and independent gentleman,—who may often be mistaken, but who is always faithful to his own convictions,—and the affected enthusiasm of a naturally base disposition, covering the cunning and cowardice of its selfishness with a heavy and stiff apparel of bombast. The question as to the propriety of the Queen's conduct abroad, is one concerning which there does not exist public evidence to warrant the expression of a public opinion. This only we know, that she went abroad against the wishes and advice of her best friends; and that her residence in Italy has not been of a nature to cast the lustre of general esteem over the shade of her unfortunate condition. The English ladies who accompanied her Majesty from this country, very soon, we believe, found themselves inclined to take their leave; as did her Majesty's physician, a most respectable individual: and since that time her Majesty's family and establishment have been almost altogether composed of foreigners, male and female,—none of them particularly calculated to reflect credit on the principle of their selection, and some of them, with whom she most familiarly associated, directly objectionable on the ground of vulgarity and ignorance. The Queen might have lived, during her absence from this country, in a manner better calculated to withdraw her from the evil eye of suspicion, and protect her from the venom of malevolence; and by so doing,—by taking every precaution to avert scandal, and even

mystery,—by showing, in all her domestic arrangements, even a fastidious regard to the peculiarities of her situation,—she would have manifested herself more properly sensible, than we have at present reason to think her, of what she owed to the dignity of her title, the honour of the country by whose people she had been sustained in her moments of peril, her past misfortunes, and her sex's delicacy. What might have been indifferent in a common case, was, in hers, a matter of the first importance. Had her Majesty evinced the utmost possible solicitude to make the purity of her habits, and the magnanimity and correctness of her feelings, apparent in the view of the strangers amongst whom she has been residing, then, indeed, she would have had a better *prima facie* right to have her return amongst us celebrated as a triumph, and the honour of public opinion staked on her innocence. But, as matters stand, is there any cause for triumph, or for speaking boastingly in her name? Can it be a matter of triumph to a lady, that her name should be coupled with the horrid tales and recitals which it is understood the green-bag contains? Ought she not to shudder at the thought of becoming the daily theme of ruffian jibes in all the pot-houses of the nation?—To this pass she is reduced:—and is even conscious innocence of the high degree of guilt charged against her, sufficient to support her mind under such a prospect, if, at the same time, she is sensible that by a more prudent, or, at least, careful line of conduct, she might have avoided these outrages?

Such is the only view we can take of the Queen's case: and it is one which only authorizes the language of regret and humiliation. But it is at the same time perfectly consistent with a desire to see her Majesty properly secured against the insults of those who "are willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;" who condescend to a menace which they tremble to stand-by; and who wish to leap at once to the penalties of guilt, passing over the process of its proof, because their own characters are too frail to stand the tug of trial. Such we consider the counsellors of the crown, in its present proceedings, to be; and never were the public interests so palpably betrayed by timidity, or time-servingness; never was so much public mischief likely to be the consequence of such arrant, palpable, blundering weakness; never was public alarm so justly excited in association with general contempt and disgust.

The crown—that is to say, the crown counselled by a responsible cabinet—has adhered to no one system of conduct, or principle of honour, in this business. Neither to self-denial, to spare a scandal; nor intrepidity to punish a crime. It has dealt in inflictions of galling indignities, which it now says were never intended to degrade; in announcements of severe intentions,—which it now says it will be most happy to avoid being called upon to fulfil. This is clear, we think:—either the Queen can be proved guilty of conduct that would evidently render her unworthy of retaining the title,—or she ought to be permitted to enjoy it, and its attendant privileges, unmolested by persecution. If there exist reasons of state prudence,—on whatever considerations founded,—rendering an inquiry into her conduct unsafe, impolitic, or improper,—then ought she to be considered a free woman; for by assuming her guilt, yet, flinching from its establishment, the feelings of humanity and justice are wounded, and suspicions of an odious nature are engendered.—As to the prevarications in terms,—the flimsy false pretentions,—the trimming between recantation and bullying,—which we have recently been condemned to hear,—they may fairly be said to have sunk the characters of official men lower in public estimation than they have ever before stood in the moments of the greatest prejudice against them. Was it not apparent to every individual in the kingdom, that ministers did all they could to avoid taking the obnoxious word *Queen* in their mouths on the accession of his present Majesty? did they not use every species of periphrasis to escape from this fearful monosyllable? Yet the other day this notorious fact was unblushingly denied before the assembly that had witnessed it. In striking her Majesty's name out of the Liturgy, was not an indignity clearly intended? Is there one person in the whole country, with intellect so obtuse, as

to doubt this? Yet this too has been denied by the counsellors of the crown! When the Queen was told that, if she ventured to set her foot on English ground, an immediate message to Parliament, and an end to all negociation would be the consequence,—was it intended to hold out to her as a threat, the possibility that she, who was to be debarred from using the style and state of a Queen abroad, would be addressed in the language of gratitude and humility by the House of Commons;—that her hands would be kissed by a deputation of its members; a favour entreated of her, in terms of respect—and all this done, ministers themselves consenting and supporting it with their votes! Was Lord Hutchinson authorised to offer such terms to her Majesty, as would have placed her in as pleasant and honourable a situation as those which would have been granted at the conferences, had there been a disposition to accept them? Certainly not:—yet we hear counsellors of the crown pretending, for themselves and their master, that nothing is retracted!—Nothing retracted! What would have been the reply to the Queen had she, four months ago, requested that her legal character should be announced, "to some one court on the Continent," by his Majesty's government? Who can affect a doubt, that she would have been insulted by those very men who now offer to do this for her. Her legal character was in fact denied to her, by the erasure of her title from the Liturgy; and therefore a direct and important retractation is made in the offer to announce officially to a continental court her Majesty's legal dignities. Take however the words of the resolutions, in voting which ministers concurred: they *regret* that an *amicable adjustment* of the existing differences in the royal family, has not taken place: they recognise that the Queen may feel *just objections* to relinquish *any point* in which she may conceive *her own dignity and honour to be involved:* they express the *earnest solicitude* of the House of Commons that her Majesty will *forbear to press propositions*, &c. Was it to avoid such language as this that the Queen was to keep away from England? And if the counsellors of the crown have been forced to use this respectful language, contrary to their wishes and expectations, how criminal is it in them to have suffered the crown to degrade itself by uttering threats upon which it trembles to act,—and how contemptible do they appear in their shufflings and sophistries!

In the daily papers of the 2d June we first learnt, that the Queen had dispatched from Villeneuve Sur Yonne, three letters to England—one to the Duke of York—one to Lord Liverpool—and one to Lord Melville. The contents of that to the Duke have not transpired: Lord Liverpool she desires to order a royal yacht to receive her at Calais, and also to take the King's pleasure as to the residence to be provided for her: the letter to Lord Melville, repeated the demand for the yacht. This was pitifully evaded by a reply, that the King was at Windsor, and that Lord Melville could not therefore receive his Majesty's commands!

On Saturday evening, the third of June, Mr. Brougham, her Majesty's Attorney General, arrived at St. Omers, where the Queen then was, accompanied by Lord Hutchinson, whom he introduced to her Majesty as the bearer of certain proposals, which he was commissioned to make in the King's name. In consequence, as it would seem, of the Queen's firmness, Lord Hutchinson was induced to put these proposals in writing, and they were in substance, that her Majesty should have 50,000*l.* per annum settled upon her for life, on the conditions that she would never come to England, or assume the style or title of Queen of England. This her Majesty promptly and indignantly declined, and appeared offended with Mr. Brougham for having come over to her in company with a person commissioned to make such a proposal. She instantly set off for Calais, went directly on board a common packet, and next morning sailed for Dover. On her way to London, where she arrived on Tuesday the 6th June, she was much cheered by the people. Her Majesty went to the house of Alderman Wood in South Audley-street; the Alderman having gone to meet her in France. The people in the streets showed a great inclination to espouse her cause.

On the same day (Tuesday) a Royal Message was presented to the

two Houses of Parliament, stating that the King thought it necessary to submit, to each, certain papers respecting the conduct of her Majesty, since her departure from this kingdom. The proposal of Ministers was to appoint a Secret Committee to report on the contents of those papers, and on the measures it might be proper to pursue. In the House of Lords this proposal was carried; but in the House of Commons a general indisposition was shown to engage in the inquiry; and, on the motion of Mr. Wilberforce, an adjournment of the discussion was ordered, in the hope, that, in the mean time, an adjustment of differences might render further proceedings unnecessary. The Queen, deferring to the expressed wish of the House of Commons, opened the negociation by announcing her readiness to receive the proposals of Ministers. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh were appointed to treat with Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman; and, ultimately, the conferences were broken off without an adjustment having taken place, in consequence chiefly of a refusal on the part of the crown to restore the Queen's name to the Liturgy. On the motion of Mr. Wilberforce, the House of Commons, on this failure having been announced, adopted certain resolutions expressive of its opinion that "Her Majesty's forbearing to press the adoption of those propositions, on which any material difference yet remained, would by no means be understood to indicate a wish to shrink from inquiry; but would only be deemed to afford a new proof of the desire which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to express, to submit her own wishes to the authority of Parliament."

These resolutions were presented by deputation to her Majesty, and the substance of her reply will be fully explained by its last paragraph: —"It would ill become me to question the power of Parliament, or the mode in which it may at any time be exercised; but however strongly I may feel the necessity of submitting to its authority, the question whether I will make myself a party to any measure proposed, must be decided by my own feelings and conscience, and by them alone. As a subject of the state, I shall bow with deference —if possible, without a murmur—to every act of the sovereign authority; but as an accused and injured Queen, I owe it to the King, myself, and all my fellow subjects not to consent to the sacrifice of any essential privilege, or withdraw my appeal to those principles of public justice, which are alike the safeguard of the highest and the humblest individual."

These observations bring the proceedings on this matter down to the 26th June: what follows her Majesty's refusal, will be recorded and commented upon in our next number.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

AGRICULTURE.

If in our Commercial Report of last month, we adverted at some length to "the very remarkable petition" presented to the House of Commons, by Mr. Baring, on the part of the mercantile interest, it behoves us the more especially now, to bestow some attention on the simultaneous and energetic efforts of the agricultural classes of the community, which have occupied, and will occupy, for some time, not only the attention of the legislature, but the opinions and feelings of the great majority of individuals in the empire.

The collision of those two great component divisions of the community, has this of remarkable in it, namely, that, while the mercantile body, temperately but forcibly, advocate the benefits which would accrue from a free trade,—the landed interest loudly calls for general protecting duties on the produce of our soil, as the only measure which can ensure that extended cultivation, which is absolutely necessary to provide employment for the agricultural population. Let it, however, be remembered, that, if in the commercial body, many enlightened and sagacious merchants, dissent from the sentiments of the petition presented by Mr. Baring, there are also agriculturists of the first rank, influence,

and experience, who strongly object to any change of the existing laws which regulate the trade in corn.

The agricultural petitioners to parliament having, however, obtained (much we believe, to the surprise of all parties) their committee,—which, although more limited in its objects than was wished, is yet a material step gained for their cause,—we shall attempt a condensation of their arguments as the fairest means by which to obtain a knowledge of their ultimate views and objects.

The cultivators of the soil of the United Kingdom, then, call on the legislature to give the same protection to agriculture for the next six years, and in as ample and efficient a manner, as the commerce and manufactures have possessed for nearly the preceding four centuries; and the following are some of their reasons, among many others:—

1. Because it is the essence of injustice to protect one part of the community at the expense of the other; which is decidedly the relative situation of the commercial and manufacturing body with that of the agricultural; the interests of the former being strictly and effectually guarded by a series of statutary laws and regulations, framed during a period of 356 years; while the only effort worthy of notice, in favour of the latter, is contained in the provisions of the celebrated act of the 55th of the late king, which have been experimentally proved useless and nugatory.

2. That this injustice is considerably enhanced, and its manifest impolicy proved, by the consideration, that the favoured portion of the community is infinitely inferior (as well numerically considered, as in respect to its contributions to the exigencies of the state), to the agricultural body, as may be fully shewn by the fact, that when the occupiers and proprietors of the soil paid 6,473,475*l.* to the property tax, the contribution of the merchants and manufacturers to the same impost, reached but to 2,000,000*l.*! The same proportion will extend to their relations in respect of capital, numbers employed, or utility and consequence, as producing articles of the first necessity to man.

3. As the principle is incontrovertible, that the growers of raw produce are to all intents and purposes in fact, though not in name, manufacturers (inasmuch as their concerns cannot be carried on without CAPITAL, SKILL and LABOUR:)—as such, they are, therefore, entitled to *all* the protection, which *every other* manufacturer in the empire already enjoys; because, common justice, and common sense require, that all manufacturers, whether they pay taxes or duties upon the manufactory of their respective productions, should be equally protected or not protected at all.

4. But the petitioners are far from decrying the policy or utility of the system of protecting duties, that for ages has enabled the commercial and manufacturing interests of the United Kingdom (aided by our national industry and enterprize), to maintain their pre-eminence to the whole world. On the contrary, they ask for themselves (what has been hitherto denied to them), upon every principle of justice and policy, equal rights and consequently equal taxation; and in making this just, and, they trust, temperate demand, they renounce all attempts at monopoly for themselves, and rejecting all privileges and partialities in favour of any particular commodity or description of men, they are heartily consenting to the admission of the productions of the whole world into this island, at all times, and at all seasons, upon payment of an import-duty equivalent to the tithes and taxes now paid upon the growth of our own productions.

5. The result of such concession, even for the time above stated, six years, the petitions universally and confidently state, would be such an immediate *stimulus* to the extension of agriculture, adequate to the creation of such a redundancy of agricultural produce, as to reduce every article of subsistence to the lowest price at which it can be grown in the United Kingdom; invigorate the whole system of the country; and restore the entire skill, capital, and industry of the nation, in all its branches, to the brightest recollections of any former prosperity.

It will easily be perceived that in stating the above, all details have been avoided; nor, for the present, do we hazard an opinion upon so complicated a subject, and upon which there are so many conflicting opinions. The facts, however, upon which the allegations of the various petitions presented to Parliament on the subject of the agricultural distress of the country, are founded, are abundantly curious, and may form the subject-matter of future discussion.

Report.

The continued rains which prevailed from the latter end of the last month to near the end of the present threw a deep gloom over the hopes of the farmer and grazier;—the corn-crops were growing too largely in the straw to give the promise of earing well, while the cold nights were equally unpropitious to the growth of the short swath of the meadows and pastures. Had the rains continued, the consequences would have been most disastrous; but they have providentially ceased. Their prevalence was greater in the Northern and Eastern Districts: in the South, Midland, and Western, they were not so frequent and heavy. The present fine weather has set the mowers to work very generally, and its effect on the corn crops has been already astonishing.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, June 22.)

In the introduction to our last month's report, we ventured to state our opinion that the celebrated petition of the merchants of London, though founded on principles theoretically good, was not likely soon to lead to any important practical alterations in the system of commercial policy which we have so long pursued. This opinion appears to be that of the public in general; and decidedly that of the present ministers, as was very explicitly stated by the Earl of Liverpool, in the debate on the Marquis of Lansdown's motion, for a Committee to inquire into the means of extending the foreign trade of the country; though, his lordship conceded that something might be done, and therefore concurred in the appointment of a committee, as proposed. Still more averse are the ministers from any change in the corn laws, as appears from the very remarkable debate on Mr. Holme Sumners' motion for a Select Committee, to consider of the agricultural petitions; for though the house very unexpectedly agreed to the motion, yet the opposing party contrived to get the debate adjourned, and when it was resumed, succeeded in having the functions of the committee limited to an inquiry into the mode of ascertaining, returning, and calculating the average prices of corn in the 12 maritime districts, according to the existing laws; and into any frauds committed in violation of those laws. The truth is, that our system of foreign trade is so interwoven with our revenue, that every change, however plausibly advocated, must be, if not a financial sacrifice, at least a financial experiment, which, in the present state of the country, with an increasing debt, increasing taxation, increasing expenditure, decreasing revenue, and vanishing sinking-fund, we cannot afford to venture.

With respect to the general state of trade the variations since last month have been so inconsiderable, that we feel it unnecessary to make any observations beyond those which are contained under the several heads.

Coffee.—The market has been fluctuating the whole month, and in general lower than at the time of our last report; but last week there has been a considerable amendment; the prices rising 2*s.* a 3*s.* per cwt., though the public sales were extensive, consisting of 994 casks, and 3270 bags; St. Domingo, in large parcels, realized 119*s.* a 120*s.*; Jamaica, good ordinary, 117*s.*, fine ordinary, 119*s.* a 121*s.*; Brazils, 118*s.* Demerara and Berbice sold higher than any other, viz. middling, which had been selling at 128*s.* a 128*s.* 6*d.* realized 132*s.* a 133*s.*, fine ordinary, 131*s.* 1530 bags Cheribon sold, ordinary, 115*s.* 6*d.* a 116*s.* 6*d.*, good ordinary, 118*s.* 6*d.* a 120*s.*

On Tuesday the market was uncommonly brisk; there were three public sales, consisting of 656 casks, and 20 bags; the whole sold, with great briskness, at prices from 3*s.* a 4*s.* higher than a week before: and, it is worthy of notice, that this advance has happened at a time when the supplies of new coffee arrive in the greatest abundance, and that ten or eleven other public sales were advertized to take place this week. The improvement is attributed to the favourable accounts received from Germany, and to the large deliveries from the West India warehouses last week, for exportation, viz. 1272 casks, and 2187 bags. St. Domingo, of good quality, realized 122*s.* by private contract: Jamaica, by public sale, fine middling, in large parcels, 137*s.* a 139*s.* 6*d.*, good middling 132*s.* a 136*s.*, middling 128*s.*, from ordinary to ordinary middling, 123*s.* a 125*s.*, fine ordinary, 120*s.*, good ordinary, 117*s.* 6*d.*, 118*s.* a 119*s.* 6*d.* The greater proportion of coffee sold was Jamaica: a few lots of Demerara sold, middling, 130*s.* a 131*s.*, good middling, 133*s.* 6*d.*

Sugar.—The sugar market was in general languid for the first three weeks succeeding our last report; the supply was small, yet the buyers, in expectation of the new arrivals, showed no eagerness to purchase; so that prices, on the whole, declined, though the *average* rose. Last week, however, the demand increased, and the prices improved a little; on Tuesday, the 20th, there was a good supply of new sugars at market, and that day may be stated to have been the first when the supply was general, and of good quality. The show of sugars attracted the buyers, and very considerable business was done, though without any variation in the prices. The purchases of lumps and low goods were extensive last week: the supply of the former is unequal to the demand. In foreign there has been very little variation of the prices for this month past.

Average prices of raw sugar, by Gazette:—

May 27,	38*s.*	0½*d.*
June 3,	39*s.*	1½*d.*
—— 10,	38*s.*	7*d.*
—— 17,	37*s.*	7¾*d.*

Cotton.—The market, which became heavy in the week immediately following our last report, improved again greatly in the first week of this month. The sales were extensive, amounting to 4630 bags, viz. 450 Pernambuco 16½*d.* to 17*d.* duty paid; 80 Minas 12½*d.* duly paid; and in bond, 300 Boweds 11½*d.* a 11¾*d.*; 800 Surats 7*d.* a 9*d.*; 3000 Bengals, 6⅛*d.* a 8½*d.* In the following week the demand subsided, both at London and Liverpool, and there has been little doing since; (up to the 20th.) for though there were extensive buyers, at

prices about $0\frac{1}{8}d.$ below the market price; there were no sellers at the reduction. In consequence, no sales were reported but of a few Smyrnas at $11\frac{1}{2}d.$ duty paid, and a few Bengals at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $7\frac{3}{4}d.$ in bond. At Liverpool, the arrival of 42,000 bags, from the 3d to the 17th June, could not fail to depress the market.

Spices.—The prices have experienced no remarkable variation since the great sale at the India House on the 8th of May. Another great sale of spices is declared for the 14th of August; the quantity of black pepper is only 2000 bags, which, added to a report that the taxed price would be raised, caused a momentary rise in the price, which has since subsided.

Tea.—Since the conclusion of the India House sale, Boheas, which sold 1*d.* per lb. higher than at the last sale, now command an advance of 2*d.* a 3*d.*: common Congou and Twankay sold rather higher; the good at the increased prices; the finest Hysons 2*d.* a 6*d.* lower; no Company's Souchong in the sale.

Oils.—The demand for fish oils has increased, especially for exportation. Greenland, for arrival £33 a £34, chiefly at the latter rate. Southern and Cape are also higher. Seed oils, rather lower.

Baltic produce.—At the beginning of the month there was a great improvement in the prices, and most extensive business was done. Advices from St. Petersburgh, stating a great depression in the prices of tallow, and large arrivals from the Baltic, caused a decline in the prices. Yellow candle here is 58*s.* 6*d.* a 59*s.* 6*d.*, and for arrival, about 6*d.* lower. Large sales of hemp, to arrive, have been made at £41, which is an improvement. In flax there is little alteration. Town tallow has been invariably at 64*s.*

Corn.—The trade remains in nearly the same state; yet the arrival of foreign grain continues to be very large.

FROM OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

Baltic Trade.—An account of the value of manufactured goods exported from Great Britain to the coasts of the Baltic (Russia, Prussia, Norway, and Sweden) in the last five years:—also, The amount of duty received on the importation of timber and iron, from the same quarter, during the above period; distinguishing each year:—

Official value of exports from Great Britain;—

1815	£3,152,713	17	0
1816	2,840,881	4	3
1817	4,062,190	8	9
1818	4,151,292	18	8
1819	3,260,198	6	6

Total amount of duties on the importation of timber and iron:—

1815	£1,579,001	9	11
1816	804,389	1	3
1817	£ 990,910	15	$1\frac{3}{4}$
1818	1,252,948	17	4
1819	1,070,173	14	$2\frac{1}{4}$

Wool and Woollen Goods.—An account of the quantity of sheep and lambs' wool imported into Great Britain, in the year ending the 5th of April 1820:—

Total quantities charged with duty for home consumption:—

At 7*s.* 11*d.* per cwt. or 1*d.* per lb.	12,513,024 lbs.
At 6*d.* per lb.	475,355 lbs.

An account of the quantity of woollen manufactures exported, from the 5th April, 1819, to the 5th of April 1820:—

Aggregate value of all sorts of woollens, and woollen yarn	£6,899,694. 6*s.* 5*d.*

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

St. Petersburgh, 16th of May. Of the 36 ships which have arrived at Cronstadt up to this day, only three were in ballast; all the rest were laden with piece goods, fruit, herrings, and coals. As the supplies from the interior have not yet arrived, the transactions in our articles of exportation are mostly limited to what remains of last year's supply, and to the little that is brought by land. As we are in hourly expectation of fresh supplies, nothing is doing in foreign articles. Of our export articles, *Bristles* of the very best quality, are scarce, and readily obtain 75 r.; something inferior but yet very good $72\frac{1}{2}$. Those of the second quality may be had at 22 r., but are good for nothing. *Flax* 12 heads are scarce, and held at 160 r. Nine-heads not to be had under 125 r.—*Grain.* Rye of best quality is held at 15 r.: wheat is offered at 25 r. but meets with no buyers at that price.—*Hemp.* More has been doing of late, and 100 r. have been paid for very good clean, 102 r. for the best, 75 a 76 r. for outshot, and 65 r. for half clean.—*Hemp oil* has risen and is held at $10\frac{1}{2}$ r.—*Tallow* has fallen and meets with purchasers; yellow, on the spot, is to-day at 172 r. Soap ditto, 150 r. No contracts for delivery, as only 116 r. all down, are offered for yellow, and 148 for soap, and the holders demand 168 r. and 150 r.: white may be had at 150 r., as there is no demand whatever for it.

Riga, 20th and 27th May.—*Flax*, though less in demand than last week, maintains its prices. Marienburg crown 49 r.; Thies and Druiana Rackitzer 46 a 47 r.; cut Badstub 42 r.; Ristenthreeband 35 r.; Tow 18 r.—*Corn*, except oats, duller; Courland wheat 93 r. a 110 r.; Courland rye 61 a 63 r.; Russian ditto 60, and Courland barley 48 a 49 r. Hemp oil 110 r. Polish potashes 92 r.—*Seeds* have risen; for remaining sowing linseed 6 a $6\frac{1}{2}$ r. are asked. Druiana linseed $5\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 r.; crushing

linseed 18½ r. a 23 r. Tallow is more in demand, and is held at the following prices, viz., white crown 165 r.; yellow 185 r.; soap, 160 r. Among imported articles, sugars alone maintain a good price.

Hamburgh, 10th June.—Cotton. Little doing, except in Bengal, sold by auction.—*Coffee.* The demand continuing to be brisk the prices have again risen.—*Corn.* Though some purchases have been made this week for Portugal, yet the arrivals have been so large that only the best qualities maintain their prices.—*Pepper* and *Pimento*, rather higher; fine spices, unchanged.—*Indigo* not much in demand, and prices lower. *Rice* improving, the supply having been small, and a great part already exported again.—*Tea.* The 1300¼ and ⅛ chests of souchong and hyson chin, from Providence, are already sold; but at present the demand is limited to small parcels.—*Sugar.* There has been a brisk demand for our refined sugars this week, so that some descriptions are almost entirely cleared off: large purchases have in consequence been made of strong middling lumps in loaves, for our refineries, at 11½*d.* a 11¾*d.*: the sale of ordinary and of crushed was small. Raw sugars, of all descriptions, and dry quality, are in great demand, not only for our refineries but for exportation; so that notwithstanding the supplies we have received, our stock begins to run very low, not only in fine goods, but ordinary white Brazils: for the latter there has been already paid 10¼*d*; for middling and fine middling 10¾*d.* to 12*d.*; and for fine common 13*d.* For the last arrived white and yellow Havannah 14¼*d.* and 10¼*d.* were in vain offered, and afterwards 14½*d.* paid for about 50 chests of the former kind.

Germany.—It is stated that several German states, viz. Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, and the Saxon Duchies, have concluded a treaty, by which they agree to establish freedom of commercial intercourse between their respective states, abolishing the inland tolls; and that Hanover and Oldenburg have declared their readiness to accede to this treaty, unless prevented by the refusal of the Electorate of Hesse, which lies between. This statement is not official; but as it is of great importance, and has been very publicly made, the states of Wurtemburg have resolved to request the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to inform them whether such a treaty has been concluded, or not. This step would go a great way towards realizing one of the wishes of the German merchants and manufacturers, as such a treaty would probably be soon acceded to by other members of the German Confederation. The accomplishment of the other object of the merchants and manufacturers, namely, to lay heavy duties on all foreign goods imported, does not appear to be so near at hand as its advocates would make us believe.

France.—In the commercial reports from the great cities and sea-ports, we have not observed any thing particularly interesting to the English merchant. The accounts from Bourdeaux are more favourable, and those from Marseilles speak with a degree of confidence of the revival of trade. The sugar refineries at Marseilles have been greatly increased, and with those of Bourdeaux, supply all the south of France as far as Lyons, but they do not furnish any thing for exportation.

The law containing some changes in the Tariff of Customs with a view to encouraging the French trade and manufactures has passed; but we have not yet seen an official copy of it. It is, however, justly observed by intelligent merchants in France, that these annual changes in the tariff of customs are great impediments to commercial speculations on an extensive scale.

Genoa, 3d June.—The arrivals of grain from the Black Sea continue. The prices are however steady, and more inclined to rise than to fall, because we have great apprehensions for our harvest. Large sales have been made this week for exportation to Tunis, which city appears to be entirely destitute of corn. The crop of silk promises to be extremely abundant. The accounts from Piedmont, Lombardy, the two Sicilies respecting this rich crop are equally satisfactory. Our stock of corn is 140,000 emines of wheat, and 20,000 emines of pulse.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The Brothers, a Monody, and other Poems. By Charles Abraham Elton, Esq.

Dr. Prout is preparing for the press an Inquiry into the Nature and Medical Treatment of those Diseases connected with a deranged Action of the Urinary Organs, especially Gravel, and Calculus: it is the author's object to take a more comprehensive view of this important class of diseases than has hitherto been attempted.

Dr. Leach has nearly completed his Synopsis of British Mollusca, being an arrangement of Bivalve and Univalve Shells according to the animals inhabiting them.

Dr. Thomson is printing a New Edition of his System of Chemistry: he also announces his intention to prepare a work on the Practice of Chemistry.

Mr. William Allen, of York, is about to publish a volume of Lectures on the Temper and Spirit of the Christian Religion; recently delivered to a large private audience, and now addressed to the numerous parties which agitate and divide this empire.

In the course of the Summer will appear, by the Rev. H. K. Bonney, Prebendary of Lincoln, Historic Notices, in reference to

Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire, with plates.

A Memoir of the Life of Major Topham, written by himself, has been found since his death, which contains many singular Anecdotes of the circle in which he formerly moved, and eccentric traits of his own character.

The Rev. Henry Atkins, Vicar of Arreton, has announced a Volume of Discourses on the King's Proclamation for the Encouragement of Piety and Virtue.

Mr. Bridgens is about to publish in Royal 4to. in a series of 12 Numbers, Sketches illustrative of the Manners and Customs of Italy, Switzerland, and France, with coloured Plates.

The Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith will soon publish the Second Volume of Scripture Testimony to the Messiah.

Mr. C. Mills, author of the History of the Crusades, has in the press, Travels in Europe during the Pontificate of Leo X.

A Volume, entitled, "The Legend of St. Loy," in Four Cantos, is printing. By Mr. J. A. Heraud, author of Tottenham, a Poem.

Mrs. Graham, author of an Account of a Residence in India, is now publishing an Account of a Three Months' Residence in the mountainous country east of Rome, with Engravings of the Peasantry and Banditti of the Country.

In the press, M'Julien's Daughter, a Poem, in Five Cantos, with elucidative Notes. By H. O'Neil Montgomery Ritchie.

Mr. G. R. Rowe, of Haverhill, has announced a Practical Treatise on those Nervous Disorders denominated Hypocondriasis and Dyspepsion, or Indigestion.

The readers of Travels may expect shortly a Volume of Letters written during a Tour through the Duchies of Normandy and Bretagne. By Mrs. Charles Stothard: to be accompanied with numerous Views, Costumes, &c. from the pencil of C. Stothard.

The Rev. Joseph Jones, of Newchurch, Newington, has nearly ready for publication a Course of Morning and Evening Prayers for Four Weeks.

Dr. Hartz, of Dublin, has nearly ready an Historic Sketch of the Causes, Progress, Extent, and Mortality of the contagious Fever, epidemic in Ireland during the Years 1817-18-19; with numerous Tables, and an Appendix, containing various Documents illustrative of its general History, and of the System of Management adopted for its Suppression.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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BIRTHS.

May 17. In Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Viscountess Duncannon, a son.
— In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of William Lynch, Esq. a son.
21. At Alresford, the lady of the hon. Capt. Robert Rodney, R. N. a son.
23. In St. James's-square, the lady of Sir Watkin W. Wynne, bart. a son.
24. At Peover Hill, lady Mainwaring, a daughter.
26. At Bitton Vicarage, Gloucestershire, the lady of the Rev. H. T. Ellicombe, a daughter.
27. In Welbeck-street, the lady of Godfrey Fitter, Esq. a daughter.
28. At the Admiralty-house, Rochester, lady Gore, a daughter.
29. In Woburn-place, the lady of J. H. Merivale, Esq. a daughter.
30. At Gayhurst, Bucks, lady Sophia Pierrepont, a daughter.
June 1. At Knowle Farm, near Tunbridge Wells, the lady of Major Genl. Beatson, a daughter.
— At Clearwell-court, Gloucestershire, Mrs. Haffendon, a daughter.
2. At Earls Terrace, Kensington, the lady of Major H. G. A. Taylor, of the Madras Establishment, a son.
— At Rochdale, the lady of Lt. Col. Macgreggor, 88th regt. a son.
— At Gatscomb-house, Hants, the lady of Sir Lucius Curtis, bart. a son.
4. In Upper Berkeley-street, the lady of William Baynes, Esq. a son.
— At his seat, Maynan, Denbighshire, the lady of K. J. W. Lenthall, Esq. a daughter.
— At Cheltenham, the hon. Mrs. Brooks, a son.
5. In Bryanstone-square, the lady of James West, Esq. a son.
— At Beaulieu-house, the lady of Henry Metcalfe, Esq. M. P. twin daughters.
— In Grosvenor-place, lady Emily Drummond, a daughter.
6. At Chislehurst, the lady of Hubert Jenner, LL.D. a son.
7. At Chichester, the lady of the Rev. Barré Phipps, Prebendary of Chichester, a son.
— At Bishops-court, Isle of Man, lady Sarah Murray, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Arndilly-house, the lady of the hon. W. Fraser, a son and heir.
At Edinburgh, the lady of William Robertson, of Great King-street, Esq. a son.
The lady of James Crawford Maclead, Esq. a son.
Lady Douglas, a son.
At Hatton-castle, Mrs. Duff, of Hatton, a son.
At Redcastle, the lady of Patrick Grant, Esq. a son.
In Portland-place, London, the lady of Alexander Macgreggor, Esq. of Balhaldeis, a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

At Duckett's-grove, Co. Carlow, the lady of John Dawson Duckett, Esq. a daughter.
In Rutland-square, Dublin, the lady of Benjamin Riky, Esq. a son.
In Merrion-square, Dublin, the lady of Frederick Shaw, Esq. a daughter.
At Richmond Barrack, Dublin, the lady of Dr. Macpherson, of the 42d Highlanders, a son.
In Cork, the lady of T. Rye, of Rye-court, Esq. a son.
At Frescati, the lady of Col. McMahon, a daughter.
At Craigbilly, the lady of John Hamilton O'Hara, Esq. a son and heir.
At Croom-Glebe, the lady of the Rev. John Croker, a son.
At Macmine Castle, Co. Wexford, the lady of Thomas Newton King, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 20. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Mr. Franks, to Miss Nicholl, daughter of Sir John Nicholl.

22. Launcelot Baugh Alleyn, Esq., late master of Dulwich College, to Caroline Jane, eldest daughter of Thos. P. Romilly, Esq., and niece of the late Sir Samuel Romilly.

23. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Hunter, Esq., to Caroline, second daughter of Edward Wilkinson, of Potterton, county York, Esq.

— At Catsfield, Sussex, the Rev. Wm. Delves, to Mary, daughter of Fras. Bedingfield, of Kirklington Hall, Cumberland.

24. Major Ellison, of the Coldstream Guards, to Mary, fifth daughter of Matthew Montagu, Esq., of Portman-square.

— At Ripon, Thos. Darnborough, Esq., to Maria, only daughter of the Rev. Joshua Simpson, of South Otterington, near Northallerton.

25. At Farnworth, Lancashire, T. Horsfall, of Ryshworth Hall, Yorkshire, Esq., to Mary Ann, daughter of T. Moss, Esq., Moss Brook Widnes, Lancashire.

27. Alex. Mackintosh, Esq., of Great Portland-street, to Mary, eldest daughter of Lachlan Robert Mackintosh, Esq., of Beverley Lodge, near Colchester.

— At Bath, William Shawe, Esq., of Downside House, Somersetshire, to Elizabeth Mary, youngest daughter of Lady Staines.

30. At Doncaster, the Rev. Henry Fenton, to Dorothy Anne, youngest daughter of Saml. Cooke, Esq., Streetfields, Warwickshire.

31. At Bungay, T. Collingwood Hughes, Esq., son of the late Rev. Sir Robert Hughes, Bart., to Elizabeth St. John, youngest daughter of Robt. Butcher, Esq., of Upland Grove, near Bungay.

June 1. Admiral James Douglas, second son of the late Admiral Sir Jas. Douglas, Bart., to Mrs. Blathwayt, of Bryanstone-square.

— At Marylebone, Wm. Mac Intyre, M.D., to Mary Warren, only daughter of the late Rev. John Plowman, of Tolere, county Dorset.

— At Ipswich, George Helyar, Esq., barrister at law, third son of Wm. Helyer, Esq., of Coker Court, Somerset, to Louisa Matilda, third daughter of the late W. Rawstone Russell, Esq., of Barningham Hall, Norfolk.

5. At Upton upon Severn, Thos. Bird, Junr., Esq., solicitor, to Miss Croomes, of Kew Green, Surry.

6. His Excellency Count Reginald Victor Romanzhoff, eldest son of the Prince de Ligchtgeinsteene, to Miss Anna P. Short, eldest daughter of J. B. Grantham, of Stamford, Lincolnshire, Esq.

— George Butcher, Esq., of Burchett, Sussex, to Miss Eliz. Lawrence of Bisham, county Berks.

7. George Finch, Esq., M.P., son of the Earl of Winchelsea, to Jane, daughter of Admiral Halliday.

8. At Godalming, Surrey, Willm. Pontifex, Esq., to Miss Ann Marshall: at the same time and place, Edmund Pontifex, Esq., to Miss Sarah Marshall.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Warren Hastings Sands, Esq., to Miss Harriett Lindesay, of Kilconquhar.

Charles Guthrie, Esq., to Jane Campbell, daughter of the late Sir John Hunter, his Majesty's Consul General in Spain.

At Gillston House, Fifeshire, Capt. John Whitehill Parsons, 10th Hussars, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Major-Gen. Dewar, of Gilston.

At Leith, Mr. Neil Dryburgh, to Agnes, second daughter of Richd. Ged, Esq., Leith.

At Glasgow, James King, Esq. of Kingsborough, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Ferguson.

At Edinburgh, Alex. Manners, Esq., W. S., to Barbara, eldest daughter of Stewart Murray Fullerton, of Fullerton, Esq.

At Dumfries, Jas. Allen Dalyell, Esq., to Arcntina, youngest daughter of the late Jn. McMurdo, Esq.

At Montrose, Capt. George Bell, to Miss Margaret Addison Doughal, daughter of Thos. Doughal, Esq. banker.

At Edinburgh, Jas. Anderson, Esq. of Stroquhan, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Anderson, St. George's-square.—Mr. John Maclachlan, bookseller, to Miss Elizabeth Steel.

At Eastwood Manse, Wm. Moffat, Esq., Glasgow, to Jean, second daughter of the Rev. G. Logan, minister of Eastwood.

At Glasgow, A. F. Gray, Esq., Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs, Irvine, to Miss Margaret Barton.

IN IRELAND.

Patrick Ward, of Ardee, Esq., to Miss Steene, youngest daughter of P. Steene, Esq., of Drumcondra, county Meath.

In Dublin, Lieut. Thos. Mockler, R. N., to Sarah, daughter of the late John Werner, Esq., of Mecklenburgh St.—Thos. P. Kennedy, Esq., to Frances, daughter of the late Dickson Coningham, of Londonderry.

At Belera, the Rev. George Truluck, to Miss Catherine Jones, of Fortland, county Sligo.

At Melno Castle, P. M. Lynch, Esq., eldest son of Mark Lynch, of Duras Park, county Galway, to Miss Ellen Wilson, of Belvoir, county Clare.

In Tralee, Fras. Twiss, Esq., of Thornhill, King's county, to Miss Barbara Hillierd.

At Tramora, Mr. Wm. Carson, proprietor of the Clonmel Advertiser, to Miss Margaret Talbot, of Clonmel.

Walter Henry Burgh, Esq., grandson to the late Chief Baron Burgh, to Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of Charles Fitzgerald, Esq., of Shepperton, county Clare.

At Killurin, county Wexford, Bartholomew Warburton, Esq., of Birr View, King's county, to Anna Lucinda, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edw. Bayly.

DIED.

May 18. At Ashford, Kent, Mrs. Disney, widow of the Rev. W. Disney, D. D. rector of Pluckley, and last of the three daughters and co-heirs of the late John Smyth, Esq. of Chart Sutton in the same county.

21. In Gower-street, Bedford-square, Alex. H. Sutherland, Esq. F. S. A.

22. In the 76th year of his age, at his seat in Gloucestershire, the Rt. Hon. James Lord Sherborne. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only son the Hon. John Dutton.

— In London, the Rev. W. Hundry, rector of Boughton, Norfolk, 68.

24. At Carlisle, Lieut. Col. Salkeld, aged 59 years, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Cumberland, and recently High Sheriff of the county.

26. At Hardingstone, Northamptonshire, the Rev. Ashton Vade.

— In Gloucester-street, Reginald Bellingham, eldest son of Sir Bellingham Graham, bart.

— At Poole in Dorsetshire, Capt. Linthorne, R. N.

— At Thirsk aged 24, Lieut. D. R. Addison of the 101st regt. of foot.

27. At his father's house, Lincoln's-inn-fields, H. Cline, Jun. aged 39, one of the Surgeons, and one of the Lecturers on Anatomy and Surgery to St. Thomas's Hospital.

— In Bedford-square, G. Gostling, Esq. in his 76th year.

— At the Parsonage House, in his 64th year, the Rev. Baily Wallis, D. D., rector of St. Mary Stoke, Ipswich.

28. In the prime of life, at Wilton near Ross, Hen. Platt, Esq.

— At Bath, aged 60, the Rev. and Venerable Josiah Thomas, M. A. one of his late Majesty's Chaplains, rector of Street-cum-Walton, and Backwell, Somerset, and of Kington, Deverell, Wilts: officiating Minister of Christ Church, and Archdeacon of Bath.

30. In Bath, of a rapid decline, Christiana Louisa, youngest daughter of the Hon. Paul Horsford, his Majesty's Attorney-general for the Leeward Islands.

—At Condover, Salop, in his 81st year, the Rev. E. Daker, M. A. formerly Fellow of Magdalen-college, Cambridge.

31. At Neston, Eliz. Agnes, wife of C. B. Trevor Roper, Esq. of Plas Teg, Flintshire.

June 1. Aged 84, the Rev. H. Richardson, vicar of Coniscliffe, county of Durham.

— At Cheltenham, in her 72d year, Rachael Worsley, wife of John Ireland of Hampton-

lodge, Herefordshire, Esq. and daughter of the late General Merrick.

— At his seat, Rushell, Wilts, Sir John Methuen Poore, Bart. 75. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his great nephew.

—At Market Weighton, Mr. Bradley, the Yorkshire Giant. When dead he measured 9 feet in length and 3 feet across the shoulders.

2. In London, Thomas Norcliffe, Esq. of Langton, county of York, aged 63, one of his Majesty's Justices of the peace for the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire.

3. At Statfold Hall, Staffordshire, Samuel Pipe Wolferston, Esq.

4. In Harley-street, aged 16, William, eldest son of W. Dickenson, Esq. M. P.

— In Baker-street, the Rt. Hon. H. Grattan, M. P. in the 74th year of his age. He was first returned a Member of the Irish Parliament through the interest of the late Lord Charlemont, in the year 1778. In 1790, he was returned for the City of Dublin. We understand, that with his latest breath, he expressed a wish that he could be conveyed to the House of Commons, that he might die like the immortal Chatham.

— Francis Drummond, Esq. of Sloane-street, late Capt. in the 98th regt. 72.

— In Norwich, Thomas Tawell, Esq. founder of the Blind Hospital in that city.

6. At White Windows near Halifax, Lydia, widow of Joseph Priestley, Esq. 70.

7. At Exmouth, Major Calland, formerly of the 2d Life-guards.

8. At Egremont-house near Harrow, Robt. Hazard, Esq. of Kittery-court, county of Devon.

— At Brighton, of a hœmorrhage on the lungs, George Knowles, Esq. 47.

9. In London, the Rev. John Beever, rector of North Claypole, near Newark, Nottinghamshire.

11. In Wigmore-street, Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Sir Harry Parker, Bart. of Milford-hall, Suffolk.

— At Bromley, Middlesex, W. Mann, Esq. 70.

— At Hinckley, Leicestershire, Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Sir Alex. Kinlock, Bart. of Gulmorton, East Lothian.

— A. M. de Cardonnel Lawson, Esq. of Cramlington, Northumberland, and Hermitage, Bath. 73.

— At Bristol, Mr. James Norton, a respectable bookseller, and a man of the strictest integrity.

12. In Bedford-square, after a long illness, endured with singular patience and resignation, Mrs. Butterworth, wife of Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M. P. 50.

— At Bath, the Hon. Miss P. H. Hutchinson, sister to the Earl of Donoughmore.

— At Harlow, Essex, Mr. Thomas Josolyne, nearly 40 years Master of the Chantry-house Academy.

13. At Rawleigh-house, Devon, Justinian Casamajor, Esq. of Potteralls, Herts. 73.

14. At Aske-hall, near Richmond, the Rt. Hon. Thomas Dundas. 79.

— At his house in Ainslie's Belvidere, Bath, aged 80, Dr. James Sims, formerly of Finsbury-square, London.

15. In Montague-place, Russell-square, Mrs. Lens, wife of Mr. Sergeant Lens.

— Eleanor Martha, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Dawson, Esq. of Edwardstone-hall, Suffolk.

18. At Walthamstow, Mrs. Camppen, 81.

19. Soon after eight o'clock, at his house, at Spring-grove, near Hounslow, the venerable President of the Royal Society, the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, G. C. B. &c. &c. &c. The loss to Science by the demise of this excellent man and liberal patron will be long and severely felt. Sir Joseph had been for a long time labouring under a most distressing illness; for some years he had been deprived of the use of his lower extremities, and rendered so feeble as to be lifted from his room to his carriage. He possessed a princely fortune, of which he has assigned a large portion to the encouragement of science, particularly Natural History, private and public charities, and domestic hospitality.

21. In Goodman's-fields, Mr. Charles Tabor, 80.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Laurieston, Miss Anne Erskine, eldest surviving daughter of the late Dr. John Erskine, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh.

In George-square, Edinburgh, Capt. James Tod, late of the Hon. E. I. Company's Naval Service.

At Delrow, Lieut.-col. Leighton Cathcart Dalrymple, C. B. 15th hussars, second son of Sir Hugh Dalrymple, Bart.

At the Manse of Assynt, Helen, wife of the Rev. Hugh Mackenzie, D. D. minister of that parish.

At Banff, James Gardiner, Esq. late of the island of Jamaica.

At Pinkieburn, near Musselburgh, Alex. Lindsay, Esq. late Physician in Dublin.

At Bridgend, the relict of the late Dr. M'Omie.

At Auchindinny-house, Mrs. Inglis, widow of Vice-Admiral John Inglis.

James Patrick, Esq. of Knowhead Stirlingshire.

At Perth, in her 73d year, Mrs. Pringle, wife of the Rev. Dr. Pringle.

At Edinburgh, Mr. James Sawers, bookseller.

At Haddington, aged 34, Margaret Watson, wife of James Bryce, merchant.

At Montrose, Mrs. Jean Straton, daughter of the late Patrick Straton, Esq. of Montrose, in the 85th year of her age, a lady whose benevolent disposition must long endear her memory to her relatives and the inhabitants of that town: she possessed both the means and the will to do good:—besides leaving handsome legacies to her relatives, she has bequeathed the following sums.

To the poor within the town of Montrose	1000
For the education of poor children	1000
For the benefit of decayed gentlemen in Montrose	1000
To the Episcopal Chapel of Montrose	1000
To purchase a house for the officiating clergyman of the chapel	600
To the seamen's box	240

At Edinburgh, Hugh Warrender, Esq. of Burntsfield, his Majesty's agent for Scotland, and deputy-keeper of the signet.

At Aberdeen, at the advanced age of 96, John Abercrombie, Esq. formerly chief magistrate in that city.

At Nairn, in his 70th year, the Rev. Isaac Ketchen, 40 years pastor of the associate antiburger church in that town.

At Arbroath, John Eyles, Esq. 47.

In London, Francis Drummond, Esq. Capt. in the late 98th regt. of foot, in the 72d year of his age, representative of the ancient and respectable family of the Drummonds of Hawthornden, in the county of Edinburgh.

At the Manse of Lochalsh, Dr. Alex. Downie.

At Milton, the lady of Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart.

IN IRELAND.

At Coolock, after a few days illness, Hartley Yeo, Esq.

At Maynooth-college, in his 59th year, the Rev. Paul O'Brien, for many years professor of the Irish language in that Establishment,—author of an Irish Grammar, &c. Rich treasures of Celtic erudition sink with him into the grave!

At Killina, after a few hours' illness, Sir James Bond, Bart. in his 78th year.

At Esker, in his 68th year, the Rev. Edward Berwick, rector of Leixlip, county Kildare, and Clongish, in Longford.

At Lady Clarina's house, Dublin, aged 18, the Hon. Mrs. Gillespie, her ladyship's second daughter, and wife of Rollo Gillespie, Esq. late of the 20th light dragoons.

Suddenly at Waterford, W. Newport, Esq. an eminent banker, and only brother of Sir John Newport, Bart. M. P.

At Annefield, county of Clare, W. Power, Esq.

At Lissan, Richard Staples, Esq. 3d son of the Rt. Hon. John Staples.

At Reedsland, county of Meath, Rowland Cooke, Esq. 67.

In Dublin, in the bloom of life, Frances, eldest daughter of Edward Bellew, formerly of Drogheda, Esq.

In Upper Gardener-street, Dublin, John Forster, Esq. late deputy-sergeant-at-arms for the Equity and Pleas sides of the court of Exchequer.

At Rosstrevor, aged 50 years, Mrs. Anne Maria Dawson, relict of the very Rev. Dean Dawson, rector of Loughgilly.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S.

		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
May 1	M.	48	29·848	57	W	Fine
	A.	57	29·848	49	NW	Fine
2	M.	48	29·800	64	W by S	Cloudy
	A.	57	29·745	52	NNW	Cloudy
3	M.	44	29·682	70	Var.	Cloudy
	A.	53	29·678	62	S	Cloudy
4	M.	45	29·500	60	E	Cloudy
	A.	53	29·453	52	ENE	Fine
5	M.	45	29·378	57	NE	Fine
	A.	54	29·379	50	NE	Fine
6	M.	46	29·412	58	WSW	Clear
	A.	56	29·369	48	WSW	Cloudy
7	M.	49	29·142	64	WNW	Cloudy
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
8	M.	56	29·236	76	S	Rain
	A.	58	29·238	63	SSE	Showery
9	M.	56	29·160	70	SW	Cloudy
	A.	62	29·182	58	SW	Very fine
10	M.	57	29·343	65	SW by S	Cloudy
	A.	61	29·356	54	SW	Cloudy
11	M.	55	29·466	68	SW	Cloudy
	A.	61	29·479	63	SSW	Showery
12	M.	—	29·546	—	SW	Cloudy
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
13	M.	56	29·522	65	ENE	Cloudy
	A.	59	29·467	63	ESE	Cloudy
14	M.	57	29·404	67	SSW	Fine
	A.	64	29·379	55	S by E	Cloudy
15	M.	57	29·343	66	SW	Cloudy
	A.	61	29·343	52	SW	Fine
16	M.	51	29·236	81	W by S	Rain
	A.	58	29·240	63	SW	Showery
17	M.	53	29·300	70	S W by S	Cloudy
	A.	56	29·288	58	S W by S	Showery
18	M.	48	28·877	87	SW	Hard rain
	A.	53	28·783	75	SSE	Stormy
19	M.	52	29·148	70	W by S	Very fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
20	M.	56	29·685	69	WSW	Cloudy
	A.	61	29·742	60	WSW	Showery
21	M.	56	29·865	65	WSW	Fine
	A.	65	29·863	57	SSW	Fine
22	M.	61	29·746	62	SSW	Very fine
	A.	70	29·719	53	S	Very fine
23	M.	65	29·554	60	ESE	Clear
	A.	72	29·500	53	ESE	Clear
24	M.	66	29·284	68	S by W	Fine
	A.	65	29·312	58	W by S	Cloudy
25	M.	55	29·298	76	SW	Showery
	A.	55	29·289	72	SSW	Stormy
26	M.	50	29·353	77	SW by S	Fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
27	M.	—	29·208	82	Calm	Rain
	A.	57	29·183	67	Var.	Showery
28	M.	54	29·123	66	W by S	Fine
	A.	54	29·116	73	W by S	Rain
29	M.	53	28·915	64	W	Fine
	A.	56	28·871	59	W by S	Hail
30	M.	49	28·859	62	W	Fine
	A.	56	28·862	54	W	Fine
31	M.	52	28·900	62	W by S	Fine
	A.	54	28·913	58	W	Showery

Rain, by the pluviameter, between noon the 1st of May, and noon the 1st of June, 3·383 inches. Evaporation, during the same period, 4·270 inches.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 17 June.	Hamburg. 16 June.	Amsterdam 15 June.	Vienna. 7 June.	Genoa. 3 June.	Berlin. 13 June.	Trieste. 2 June.	Leipsig, 12 June.	Bremen. 15 June.
London.....	25·45	36·2	39·11	9·54	30·10	6·22	9·54	6·16¼	618
Paris.....	—	25 21/32	56⅛	117	96⅛	81¼	23⅜	78¼	17 7/16
Hamburg...	185¾	—	35	145¾	44⅕	151¼	43⅝	146¾	135⅝
Amsterdam.	56⅜	105⅝	—	138	90	143½	49½	138⅞	—
Vienna	254½	146¼	14½	—	60⅛	41¾	98½	100¼	—
Franckfort..	2½	148⅝	35¼	—	—	6·6⅛	—	98½	—
Augsburg...	253	147¾	—	98¾	60¾	103¼	99	99⅜	—
Genoa.....	477	81½	89¼	61	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	—	—	—	—	103	—	—	109¼
Leghorn	509	87¾	95½	57¼	—	—	153½	—	—
Lisbon	553	37	40¾	—	892	—	—	—	—
Cadiz.....	14·90	87¾	96	—	644	—	—	—	—
Naples	421	—	79	—	101⅖	—	39	—	—
Bilbao	14·90	—	96	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	14·95	87¾	96½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Porto.....	554	37⅛	40¾	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 15 June.	Nuremberg 8 June.	Christiania 5 June	Petersburg. 30 May.	Riga. 3 June.	Milan. 1 June.	Madrid. 6 June.	Lisbon. 29 May.
London	152¼	fl. 10·3	7 Sp. D.	9⅞	10 1/16	33·5	36½	52
Paris	79⅛	fl. 118½	31½ Sp.	105	—	55	15·8	547
Hamburg....	147½	148¼	156½ p.C.	9	9 1/16	49	90 nom.	37½
Amsterdam .	140⅛	140¼	156	9 5/16	10 1/16	55 5/6	98 nom.	41¼
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	87⅜	23 nom.	865

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From May 24 to June 24.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-3	12-4	12-5
Ditto at sight	12-0	12-1	12-2
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-4	12-5	12-6
Antwerp	12-6	12-7	12-8
Hamburgh, 2½ U	36-11	37	37-2
Altona, 2½ U	37	37-1	37-3
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-55	25-70	25-80
Ditto 2 U	25-85	26	26-10
Bourdeaux	25-85	26	26-10
Frankfort on the Main Ex. M.	155	155	155½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M.	10-8	10-9	10-9
Trieste ditto	10-9	10-10	10-10
Madrid, effective	35	34½	34¼
Cadiz, effective	35	34½	34¼
Bilboa	35	34½	34¼
Barcelona	34	34	33½
Seville	34½	34¼	34
Gibraltar	30	30	30
Leghorn	47¼	47	46¾
Genoa	44½	44	43¾
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	27-60	27-60
Malta	45	45	45
Naples	39½	38¾	38¼
Palermo, per. oz.	116	116	116
Lisbon	51¾	50¼	50
Oporto	50	50¾	50
Rio Janeiro	55	55	55
Bahia	58	58	58
Dublin.	8½	8½	8
Cork	9	9	9

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	..	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	..	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	6	..	3	14	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	..	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	5	0½	..	0	5	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 37s. 7¼d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 11½*d.* the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Ware	£1	2	0	to	1	8	0
Middlings	0	12	0	to	0	16	0
Chats	0	5	0	to	0	8	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	May 20.		May 27.		June 3.		June 10.	
Wheat	70	10	71	2	71	0	70	8
Rye	42	10	43	11	44	0	44	11
Barley	35	6	35	7	35	1	34	9
Oats	25	4	25	2	25	3	25	8
Beans	42	10	42	11	43	1	42	6
Peas	45	5	47	7	45	3	46	0

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from May 22 to June 21.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	34,109	715	50,259	85,083
Barley	15,258	1,234	60	16,492
Oats	94,103	33,925	20,991	149,099
Rye	104			104
Beans	3,883		120	4,003
Pease	2,505		525	3,030

Malt 10,272 Qrs.; Flour 87,340 Sacks.
Foreign Flour 5151 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	70*s.*	to	86*s.*
Sussex, ditto	63*s.*	to	74*s.*
Essex, ditto	00s.	to	00s.
Yearling Bags	60s.	to	74s.
Kent, New Pockets	70*s.*	to	94*s.*
Sussex, ditto	66*s.*	to	82*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Farnham, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Pockets	63s.	to	75s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.		*Clover.*		*Straw.*
	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.					
	3 0 to 4 10	5 0 to 7 10	1 8 to 1 10
Whitechapel.					
	3 0 to 4 10	5 0 to 7 15	1 8 to 1 14
St. James's.					
	3 8 to 4 14	0 0 to 0 0	1 4 to 1 16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—	Beef	3*s.*10*d.*	to	4*s.*10*d.*
	Mutton	4*s.* 4*d.*	to	5*s.* 4*d.*
	Veal	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Pork	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Lamb	5*s.* 0*d.*	to	7*s.* 0*d.*
Leadenhall.—	Beef	3*s.* 8*d.*	to	4*s.*10*d.*
	Mutton	4*s.* 6*d.*	to	5*s.* 2*d.*
	Veal	4*s.* 4*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Pork	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 4*d.*
	Lamb	5*s.* 4*d.*	to	6*s.* 8*d.*

Cattle sold at Smithfield from May 26 *to* June 19, *both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
8850	2080	87200	1780

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from May 26 to June 23.

	May 26.			June 9.			June 21.			June 23.		
	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.		s. d.
Newcastle	29 0	to	38 3	28 0	to	39 0	29 6	to	41 3	31 6	to	41 0
Sunderland	37 9			32 0	to	39 9	35 9			41 0	to	42 0

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(June 19th, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Canals.	
—	100	—	Andover	5
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6
54,000*l.*	—	3	Do. Bonds	40
2,000*l.*	25	21	Birmingham (divided)	535
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	100
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90
—	100	8	Chesterfield	120
500	100	44	Coventry	999
4546	100	—	Croydon	3 7 6
600	100	6	Derby	112
2060¾	100	3	Dudley	62
3575¾	133	4	Ellesmere and Chester	75
—	100	58	Erewash	1000
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	53
11,815¾	100	9	Grand Junction	218
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	55
48,800*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan Notes	93 5
2849½	100	—	Grand Union	34
20,640*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	93
3096	100	—	Grand Western, 79l. paid	4
749	150	7	Grantham	126
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13
25,328	—	1	Kennet and Avon	19
11,699½	—	1	Lancaster	27
2879¾	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool	275
545	—	10	Leicester	260
1895	100	2 10	Leicester & Northampton Union	87
—	—	119	Loughborough	2400
250	—	8 10	Melton Mowbray	170
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	144
43,526*l.*	100	5	Do. Debentures	92
247	—	22	Neath	350
1720	100	32	Oxford	640
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	66
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel, 33l. paid	
12,243*l.*	—	—	Regent's	33 10
5631	100	2	Rochdale	42
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160
—	100	7 10	Shropshire	140
771	50	3	Somerset Coal	70
—	100	40	Staffordshire & Worcestershire	640
300	145	14 10	Stourbridge	205
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	18
533	100	10	Swansea	160
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495
350	100	—	Tavistock	90
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway	23
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1900
1000½	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham	210
980	100	10 10	Warwick and Napton	205
6000	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham	25
			Docks.	
2209	146	—	Bristol	98
—	—	5	Do. Notes	
3132½	100	3	Commercial	60
450,000*l.*	—	10	East-India, Stock	163
1038	100	—	East Country	15
3,114,000*l.*	—	3	London, Stock	80
1,200,000*l.*	—	10	West-India, Stock	172
			Bridges.	
2912	100	—	Southwark	25
4443	40	—	Do. new	22

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Bridges.	
3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18
54,000*l.*	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	90
5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 10
5000	60	—	——— Annuities of 8*l.*	28 10
5000	40	—	——— Annuities of 7*l.*	24
			Roads.	
300	100	—	Barking	35
1000	100	5	Commercial	105
—	100	5	——— East-India Branch	100
492	100	1 15	Great Dover Street, (70*l.* paid)	31
2393	50	—	Highgate Archway	6
1000	—	1	Croydon Railway	12
3762	50	1	Severn and Wye	30
			Water Works.	
3800	100	—	East London	58 10
4500	50	1 5	Grand Junction	40
2000	100	—	Kent	24 10
1500	—	2 10	London Bridge	50
800	100	—	South London	20
7540	—	2	West Middlesex	40
1360	100	—	York Buildings	22 10
			Fire and Life Insurance.	
300	1000	25	Birmingham	350
2000	500	2 10	Albion	40
25,000	50	6	Atlas	4 4
—	—	40	Bath	575
—	250	3	British	50
4000	100	2 10	County	37
20,000	50	5	Eagle	2 12 6
50,000	20	1	European	20
1,000,000*l.*	100	6	Globe	118
40,000	50	6	Hope	3 15
2400	500	4 10	Imperial	74
3900	25	1 4	London Fire	23
31,000	25	1	London Ship	19
100,000	20	2	Rock	2
745,100*l.*	—	10	Royal Exchange	229
1500	200	1 4	Union	32 10
			Gas Lights.	
8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	61
4000	50	—	Do. New Shares, 20*l.* paid	28 10
1000	100	7	City Gas Light Company 70*l.* paid	93 10
1000	100	15	Do. New, 30*l.* paid	42
2500	20	—	Bath Gas, 16*l.* paid	17
1500	20	—	Brighton Gas, 18*l.* paid	14 10
1000	20	2	Bristol	28
			Literary Institutions.	
1000	75gs	—	London	40
700	25gs	—	Russel	11 11
700	30gs	—	Surrey	8 10
			Miscellaneous.	
1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart	21
1397	100	2 10	British Copper Company	50
2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery, 80*l.* Shares	8 10
3447	50	—	Do. 50*l.* do	5 10
2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	18
		4	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	71 10
		3	Do. 2d. Class	61 10
		5	City Bonds, 5 per Cent	100

Daily Price of Stocks, from 27th May to 24th June.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Exchequ. Bills.	Ditto Commer.	Consols for Acc.
May															
27	—	69 8⅝	69⅞ ½	77¼	86⅛	104½	17 15/16	—		—	21	77¼	12p	—	70¼
29	—	68⅝ ¾	69⅜ ½	77⅛	86	104¼	17 13/16	—		—	21	—	10p	—	70
30	224½	68⅝ 9	69½ ¾	77⅛	86	104½	17⅞	—		220	20	76¾	12p	—	70¼
31	224½	68¾ 9	69½ ⅞	77	86	104⅞	17 13/16	—		—	18	—	12p	8d	70½
June															
1	224½	68⅞ 9⅛	69⅞ ⅝	77¼	86⅛	104¾	17⅞	—		220	16	—	3p	4p	70½
2	224¼	68⅞ 9⅛	69¾ 70	77⅛	86⅛	104¾	17⅞	—		220	14	76⅞	4p	4p	70⅜
3	224½	69⅛ ½	shut.	77¼	86⅝	104⅞	17⅞	—		—	16	—	4p	—	70¾
5	224½	69⅜ ⅝	—	77¾	86¾	105⅛	17 15/16	—		—	16	—	4p	—	70⅞
6	224½	69⅜ 8⅞	—	77¼	86⅝	105	17⅞	—		221	16	—	4p	—	70¾
7	—	69¼ 9	—	77⅜	86⅜	105	17⅞	67¾		—	14	—	1p	—	70⅝
8	—	68⅞ 9⅛	—	77⅛	86½	105	17⅞	—		—	13	—	—	1p	70⅝
9	—	69⅛ 68½	—	77⅛	86½	104⅞	17⅞	—		—	13	—	1p	3p	70⅞
10	—	68⅝ ¾	—	—	86½	104⅝	17⅞	—	¼p	—	14	—	1p	—	70¼
12	—	68¾ ½	—	—	86½	104½	17⅞	—	¼p	—	—	—	1p	4p	70⅛
13	222	68⅞ ⅝	—	77	86⅝	104¾	17 15/16	—	¼p	—	12	—	1p	—	70¼
14	—	68⅝ ¾	—	77	86⅝	104⅝	17⅞	—	¼p	—	15	—	2p	—	70⅛
15	—	68¾ ⅝	—	76⅞	86⅝	104⅝	—	—	¼p	—	13	—	1p	—	70⅛
16	220	68⅝ ¼	—	76¾	86⅝	104⅝	17⅞	67¼	¼p	—	10	—	2d	3p	70⅛
17	219	68⅛ ½	—	76½	86¼	104½	17 13/16	—	⅛d	—	11	—	1d	3p	70
19	219½	68¼ ⅜	—	76½	86⅜	104½	17 13/16	—	⅛d	—	—	—	1d	3p	70
20	—	68⅛ ½	—	76⅝	86½	104½	17 13/16	—	⅛d	—	11	—	1d	3p	69⅞
21	219	68½ ¾	—	76	86⅜	104⅝	17⅞	67¼	¼p	—	13	—	1d	—	70⅛
22	219½	68⅝ ¾	—	77	86⅜	104¾	—	—	¼p	—	13	—	1d	—	70⅛
23	—	68½ ¾	—	77	86⅜	104⅝	17⅞	—	¼p	—	14	—	1d	4p	70⅛
24	—	68¾ ⅝	—	—	86¼	—	—	—	¼p	—	15	—	1d	—	70⅛

IRISH FUNDS.

May	Bank Shares	Government Debenture 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Debenture 4 per ct.	Government Debenture 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Do. do. 6 per ct.	Royal Canal Stock, 6 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water Debentures.
25	—	78¾	73⅞	—	103⅛	102¾	—	66	26⅛	98	98½
30	207	76⅞	73½	—	101¾	101¾	—	—	—	—	par.
June											
2	205	76	74	—	101⅞	101½	40½	63	22	—	—
5	206	77⅜	75	—	102⅛	101⅝	41	65	—	—	—
8	—	77⅛	74⅝	—	101	100¾	—	63½	—	—	—
12	—	76¼	74¼	—	101	100½	40	—	—	—	—
15	205	76½	74¾	—	102	102	—	—	—	—	—
19	208	76⅝	75	—	101⅞	101⅞	—	62	—	—	—

Prices of the **FRENCH FUNDS,** *From May 27, to June 20.*

1820	5 per Cent. consols		Bank Shares.	
May	fr.	cr.	fr.	c.
27	74	70	1522	50
June				
3	75	45	1553	75
6	73	35	—	
10	74	65	1542	50
12	75	—	1545	—
17	75	95	1565	—
20	77	10	1580	—

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.								NEW YORK.	
	May 30	June 2	6	9	13	16	20	23	May 10	13
7 per cent	105	105	105	105	105	105	105	105	106	106
Bank Shares	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	98	97
Louisiana	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.
Old 6 per cent	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.
New 6 per cent	103½	103½	103½	103½	104	104	104	104½	104½	104½
3 per cent	67	67	67	67	66¾	66¾	68	66¾	68¾	68

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. VIII. AUGUST, 1820. Vol. II.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKSPEARE.

This INSTITUTION has occasioned some inquiries; among others it has been asked, whether THE LION'S HEAD is *intended* to be *jocular?* It might be dangerous to answer this question—and Lions are not apt to commit themselves. Suffice it, then, to say, that our's roars *ex cathedra*, as the *mouth-piece* of the Magazine. According to the fulness of our Letter-box, he venteth his responses, retorts, or explanations; occasionally, too, pushing his nose a little beyond the bars of his own den, just to snuff what is going on about him.

We have more than one Epistle before us, questioning the propriety of inserting *pugilistic articles*. We hope that the very clever one in our present Number will be thought a satisfactory answer to these remonstrances. To say the truth, we did, at first, feel shy about following so directly in the traces of others; and along a path, too, which had been trodden with power. We would always avoid doing this, if possible; and have been rather surprised, on more than one occasion, at finding persons of real talent forgetful of the great truth, that when "two men ride a horse, one must ride *behind*." But the pleasantness of the Papers, on this subject, submitted to us by some of our friends, has conquered our original shyness, occasioned as we have just explained,—and we only feel it necessary, now, to say a word to some of the serious objections to this sort of insertion, as "*undignified*, and altogether *discreditable*,"—for such are the terms employed.—Is not man, in distinction from all other animals, a laughing animal? and has not every thing its laughable side? Is not England, in distinction from all other nations, a country of humour and humourists? And are the writings of Swift and Gay not good or elegant enough for insertion in a modern magazine? On points of moral principle, it is becoming to assume a high, clear, and serious tone; but surely the impropriety of picking-pockets is not, now-a-days, debateable; and if not, the practitioners of the art may very safely be sported a little with (as well as hanged), and human nature be permitted to show its face of sorry meriment amidst frailties which no one excuses, and that pretend to no justification.—As to *boxing*, we apprehend that there are but few of the readers of the LONDON MAGAZINE likely to feel tempted to contest with Cribb his enjoyment of the profits attached to the *championship*. Besides, if there were, we don't know whether we would not be inclined to say, so much the better for the country: things are not come to so bad a pass as we had feared: the athletic minds, with the athletic arms of old England, still exist, and the Prize-ring is our security, that the energies of the nation will not be wholly smothered in that slough of slander and obscenity, now forming for the public annoyance, under the superintendance of the Crown and the two Houses of Parliament! Were the Five's Court to be wholly deserted while the House of Lords is crowded by persons curious to hear the evidence of the *Italians*, we might say of the country, *c'en est fait—all is up!* If more be thought necessary on this subject, more might be said—but an article which we have in view on the Beggar's Opera will afford a fitter oportunity than THE LION'S HEAD for the conclusion of the argument.—We have now, however, an account of another sort to settle with our *fanciful* contributor: Mr. Egan's encomiast:

Mr. Jackson's admirer: the dealer in jewels: and, what is still more to his credit in our eyes, the warm-hearted friend of old *Street-walker*, the Bull-dog, whose promised Biography we long to receive. What astonishes us is, how any man, who has good taste enough to cherish these partialities, should not like Mr. Edgeworth's Memoirs, written by himself! The hearty eccentricity, the unconquerable vivacity,—the busy, bustling, sanguine, persevering temper which distinguished this true child of the "green Isle," would have done honour even to a Fellow of the Five's Court: and the reflection of these sparkling qualities shines so brightly in the work in question, that we cannot permit it to be insulted without calling for a ring and fair play! We suspect, however, that our esteemed contributor has been imposed upon: it is possible that neither Spring, nor Carter, nor Scroggins, has yet found leisure to give attentive perusal to Mr. Edgeworth's Memoirs; and such neglect may have operated on the mind of the ingenious essayist, and produced an undue impression against the book. That he has not judged or himself in regard to it, we are sure, for there is no man whose *tact* we have a better opinion of. We are confident, for instance, that he thinks highly of Mr. Keats's last volume of poetry (which we mean to review in our next Number), and that he regards the joke of electing one of Blackwood's Editors to be professor of *moral* PHILOSOPHY, as infinitely more laughable than any thing that has ever appeared in the pages of that work. That such an one should undervalue the amusement furnished by Mr. Edgeworth's Memoirs is lamentable. For ourselves, we have so high an opinion of the powers (now quenched) of the Irish philanthropist, that, were he now alive to do honour to our challenge, we would back him, on a wooden-horse, against Buckle on a racer! In leaping, we would pit him, without fear, against the famous Jumping Jim! Nor are we rash in saying so much. Mr. Edgeworth, in his youth, would have beaten any man of his calves in a horn-pipe. Earth, air, or water, all was alike to him! He'd have manufactured, and then run, a balloon against Garnerin himself; or dropped with him in a parachute, play or pay, taking the chances of steeples and crow's-nests. He'd have swam with Lord Byron,—and disputed the lady with him too, on the other side the Hellespont,—for he was four or five times married, and has left a progeny by each of his wives. Further, Mr. Edgeworth invented poetical Telegraphs, and wrote treatises on Education! An individual thus eminently and variously gifted, is not to be lightly disparaged, even in a boxing article. That his book is an entertaining one; that his character was estimable; that his talents were eminent, we will maintain—as long as we "CAN COME TO TIME."

Mr. David Ap Rice Llanrellyn seems warm in his feelings, and is peremptory in his demands. We remember noticing one of the pieces he alludes to, as unfit for publication: the others he does not very well recollect himself, nor do we. He had better present our compliments to "*the Club*," and beg the members to accept his and our apologies.

Maria's verses are written under the impulse of a delicate feeling for natural beauty; and she has even a higher merit in our eyes, than this—for she encloses them in a letter, where she calls herself our "*admiring Correspondent.*" Yet not even this (so stubborn is the stuff of which Editors' bosoms are made) can hinder us from perceiving that the turn of her expressions is sometimes not sufficiently removed from common-place, and even inaccuracy. The following four lines, however, are pretty,—and there is a tenderness of disposition shown in them which leads us to think that she is so too,—or at least young—and youth is equivalent to beauty.

> Oh it was sweet to breathe the fragrant air
> When Sol again appear'd, and showers were gone,
> To wander 'mongst the groves, and woodlands fair—
> —*But was it sweet to wander there alone?*

Some of the Poetical pieces sent by J. A. H. are likely to be inserted next month.

A Correspondent transmits us a regular Essay in favour of Debating Societies, to which we cannot promise a place:—we think it, however, only fair to quote a short, but striking passage from the article in question, where the good effects of a general *diffusion* of Debating Societies over Europe, or rather, we believe, over the *world*, are eloquently enumerated. It may perhaps serve to convince the sceptical on this point:—

> The thick clouds of ignorance, and the evil vapours of prejudice, would be hurled into the dark mazes of forgetfulness. The clangor and affectation of sceptical presumption: the gaudy splendour and assumptive greatness of pretended accomplishments, would be buried in oblivion; and folly, the offspring of ignorance, would naturally be for ever banished and confined to very narrow limits, by the powerful and resplendent rays of wisdom!

The distinguished member of a Debating Club stands apparent in the above glowing passage. The exercise of writing could never have led to the production of so brilliant a surface. Speaking was necessary to give this confidence in metaphor—and the passage, therefore, has the merit of practically exemplifying the beneficial results of the Institutions it eulogizes. Most of the periods contained in the Essay in question, are very characteristic of the Orator:—but there is one, in particular, sufficient to make a man jump on the table, and take off his hat to the chair! The conclusion comes cantering with a noble elocutionary rattle. We are sure we need make no apology forgiving it as one more quotation:

> The advantages of good speaking in the Senate House are so numerous and conspicuous, that *language must fail in the description.* The speech of a wise and eloquent Senator is read with avidity and delight by all ranks. Every one is lavish in its praise; and the abilities of the speaker re-echo from the statesman to the peasant, till at last his talents become the theme of every nation, *and the effects of his transcendant genius are felt from* POLE to POLE!

We have read the Letter of Francis with interest; but we are sorry to be obliged to say, that his Verses do not appear to us written with sufficient force and distinctness to warrant their publication.

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MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

GOETHE AND HIS FAUSTUS.

Goethe, whom our Scotch Reviewers have ridiculed almost equally with Wordsworth, enjoys, perhaps, a higher degree of literary fame than any living writer whatsoever; for he is the idol of all Germany: and when the extent of this part of Europe is considered, with the circumstance of its division into a variety of nations, its concurrent applause is to be esteemed a more unequivocal title to honour than any degree of present popularity in a more limited and united country. If we run over in our recollections the biographies of the most famous poets of modern nations, from the resurrection of literature up to the present day, it will at least be difficult to pitch on one who, during his life-time, has excited either so much, or such long-enduring esteem —or an enthusiasm at once so lively and so heartfelt, as Goethe. His fame in Germany may perhaps be likened, for its universality, to that which Voltaire enjoyed in France; but it may be safely affirmed, that Voltaire never awakened in the minds of his admirers that compound feeling of smitten reverence, jealous affection, and absolute devotedness, which constitutes the sentiment of admiration cherished by the Germans for Goethe. Petrarch, it is true—the most fortunate of authors in this respect—produced, by his genius, even a more stupendous effect, perhaps, on the minds of his contemporaries than the writer of whom we are now treating:—but the difference of circumstances between the age of Petrarch and our own, renders it impossible to institute an accurate comparison between the two on the point in question—even if it were altogether fair to take, as unimpeachable evidence, what the Italian himself relates, in his Latin Epistles, of the signal honours rendered him by a people of lively emotions, intoxicated with the new sweetness of his liquid verses. Out of each hundred thousand individuals in his country, Petrarch, it is probable, could only reckon on ten—not readers—but who even knew how to read: in the progress of civilization, the proportion has become greatly increased; and the question of comparative popularity between writers of the present and past times, is thus rendered impossible of solution.

When, in 1773, Goethe published his first tragedy, the Goetze of Berlichingen, and again, in 1774, his celebrated romance of Werter, the general attention of Germany was turned at once, by a great simultaneous movement, upon the new poet. From the Rhine to the Baltic his praise furnished almost the sole theme of conversation; and, from that period to the present, he has exercised, not by his writings alone, but by these

in union with the tenor of his life, and the style of his habits, a species of *dictatorship*, as it may be called, over the public opinion of Germany, which constitutes him, as it were, a primary and influential centre of the moral and literary civilization of that vast country. Thus welcomed with acclamations from all sides, Goethe pursued his auspiciously commenced career; and, day by day, as the productions of his genius accumulated, encreased those most precious and grateful fruits of intellectual toil,—the esteem and admiration of his native land. By his native land, we mean the whole of Germany; for we do not hold ourselves bound to abide by the capricious divisions of states and principalities, which disunite a people that are essentially united by similitude of character, and a common form of speech. The mode of considering as forming one nation all who speak one language, will doubtless some day prevail, and do away with the present less rational partitions, the effect of which is to retard civilization, and perpetuate those dissensions by which, whoever may profit, the people are sure to lose.

It would thus appear that, in Germany, the public sympathy has not lain-by, sluggishly or vilely, waiting for the death of its favourite, in order to render him frankly the religious homage of reverence and affection: on the contrary, Goethe, now a septuagenarian, may be said to enjoy the honours of an apotheosis on this side the tomb. At the same time, he has not passed altogether free from the attacks of irritated mediocrity, and the venom of slanderous envy; but these accustomed tormentors of distinguished genius have been less troublesome than usual in regard to Goethe; nor have they ever had other effect than to heighten, in his favour, the noise and splendour of the triumph, accorded him by a people that may be said to pant impatiently for opportunities to signalize his glory.

The truth is, we believe, that the state of manners and thinking in Germany, is still far from having reached that point of social corruption, where the virtues or accomplishments of the few constitute an offence to the many. There is no general disposition in that country to rise and make common war against any intellect that may show itself likely to surpass the common standard; or to extinguish the brightness of a mental luminary, if for no other reason, from a fear that its light may fall too strongly on nakedness and deformity. Here, there has not as yet been substituted for genuine criticism, that malevolence against noble natures which seeks to accomplish their mortification, or destruction, by basely flattering the very grossness of the public taste, and the worst errors of public opinion. It is to be remembered, that the existence of literature, properly so called, in Germany—(considering it as one nation, but without wishing to offend the Northern Germans by confounding them in all things with their Southern brethren)—can scarcely be said to reckon more than half a century of duration;—thus the people of that country are still, in regard to letters, youthful and generous in their feelings;—they admire ingenuously, and praise under the irresistible impulse of enthusiastic affection. It is seldom that we find the superiority of others irritating the hearts of the young; for in these there generally exists either an indifference altogether as to rivalry, or a sanguine hope of at least equalling the excellence they admire. One or other of these conditions seems necessary, that human nature may be able, without experiencing a secret pain, to abandon itself to the pleasure of admiration. Besides,—German criticism having still more recently risen from the degradation of an insipid and vulgar taste, servilely subdued to the recognition of the supremacy of French models, is particularly inspired at present with this fresh, frank, and manly spirit. Its doctrines seem to spring fairly from the heart, and they bear the stamp of sincere meditation: these are indeed very different from the critical judgments that spread, like poisonous tares, over the field of literature, in old and more corrupted countries. German criticism is not in the habit of imposing laws that contravene the rights of intellect: it respects the independence of mind: it knows its province, and that it does not belong to it to assign limits to thought, or bounds to fancy—nor to impose chains and ignominious fetters on

genius—nor to proclaim intolerance. German criticism is at present neither cold nor frivolous. It is not of that base kind which sets itself with an earnest industry about the hunting out of defects; nor of that heartless species which, being destitute of enthusiasm, has no understanding for the highest merits of an author; whose gratification consists in degrading and destroying by buffoonery what is sublime, profound, or pathetic. It is of that generous sort, which, proceeding from the deep infelt emotions of the heart, is competent to analyze them without interrupting them: whose glory it is to follow in the train of whatever is noble and beautiful; to welcome it, without suspicion, as the dearest consolation of human life. In its writings are to be seen a glow, a heat, a confidence, a spirit of magnanimous emulation: its desire evidently is to raise the feelings of its readers to that elevated mood in which they are most susceptible to the impression of the fine imitations of nature,—in which the soul spurns the selfishness and triviality of common life, and yearns over the elegant forms of a more pure and perfect existence.—It is necessary to bear this general sketch of the character of German feeling and criticism in mind, while we continue to speak of Goethe and the celebrity of his works.

It strikes one with astonishment, to think of the vast variety of the studies to which this great man has devoted his time, and applied his intellectual powers. That insatiability inherent in minds of a sublime order,—which, without recognizing the ultimate end of their desires, are constantly sensible that nothing within the bounds of human life can content them,—has impelled Goethe, while, with unfailing activity, he has pursued his intrepid course, now amongst the principles of criticism in art and letters,—now into the laws of nature in her physical productions,—from these through the dark and perplexing labyrinths of theology,—thenceward into the depths of ideology,—the mysteries of language, the science of philology, the construction of ancient and modern tongues,—through the occult empire of chemistry, even onward into the fanciful land of the alchemist! Nor has all this vivacity of curiosity ever apparently had an injurious effect on the delicacy of his sensibility. It is this which engaged him in a pilgrimage to Italy, that he might visit the finest monuments of the finest minds; it is this which has for ever held him under their influence;—which, aided by the instructions of the aged Oeser, has incited him to unfold their history and their subtlest theories—to examine them learnedly as well as intently—to augment their magic influence on our minds by illustrating them with the splendour of his imagination. This Winckelmann and Lessing had previously done; and Goethe has ably followed their example.

So much generally of the author in question; it is now time to state, that a single one of his dramatic compositions—the FAUSTUS—is more peculiarly the subject of the present article. It is for this reason that, in what we have further to say of his literary character, we shall confine ourselves to his capacity of poet. If he were not—as he really is—one of the most comprehensive intellects, one of the greatest *encyclopedists* of his age,—his poetical compositions would nevertheless fully suffice to justify with posterity the high applause which he has received from his contemporaries.

Lessing, the famous author of "*Considerations on the Laocoon,*" valiantly opposing himself to the pedants of his time, and encouraging the literary timidity of his countrymen, had proclaimed, and sustained, what may be termed a radical reform in German poetry. He specially founded the necessity of an alteration on the propriety of giving to it a distinct national character, of which it may be said to have been then altogether deprived—for the slight indications of this which lay scattered in the pages of ancient legends, were generally neglected, in consequence either of the rudeness of their forms, or their intrinsic worthlessness. At the alarm-cry of Lessing, Germany began to rouse itself; and then was widely spread in that country the ferment of literary doctrines, which had been already actually commenced by Klopstock and some Swiss writers. This ferment assorted well with that stirring in the regions of morals, politics, and metaphysics, which now made

itself perceptible: it therefore proceeded vigorously, and produced an entire revolution in the conception and feeling of poetry—a strict alliance between the contemplation and the imagination. Then it was that Germany, consulting its own history, the disposition and character of its own people, its own hopes and prospects—the genius, in fact, of its own proper civilization, aspired to the honour of possessing a poesy of its own;—drawing inspiration from its own *individuality*—if we may be permitted thus to express ourselves—copying images from its own manners, and liberating itself from the slavish condition of reproducing the poetry of foreign nations with a mere change of language. The German muse, at this period, though perhaps inclined to follow the lessons of her English sister more than any other, pressed hard nevertheless to get abreast of the latter,—exclaiming, in the words of Klopstock—"*I love thee, daughter of Albion!—and my affection for thee springs from admiration; but more than thee I love immortality: the palm and the laurel are dearer to me than even thou art, and I desire to gather them for myself!*" In short, Germany now sallied worthily into the poetical lists, to measure herself with the other nations of Europe—to excite their envy, or conquer their applause.

Goethe was destined by nature to be one of the most valorous champions in this bloodless but clamorous contest. It seemed as if he had been furnished by nature herself with all those endowments whose united sum constitutes a fitness for exercising the marvellous but difficult art of the poet. The circumstances of his education in the house of his father, the first adventures of his youth, the first excitements of his faculty of thinking, were calculated to augment rather than weaken the influence of his natural gifts. Public spirit was destined to awaken and give a first direction to the genius of Goethe: but he was ordained soon to take under his control, and to direct afresh, the public spirit. It is also true, that the consciousness which he afterwards had of his superiority, coupled perhaps with a certain desire to cause its rights and its authority to be quickly felt and respected,—has induced him sometimes, without need, and without use, to tamper with, for the purpose of altering, the fashion of public opinion:—it thus happens, that, in following the history of his life, it may appear to some that Goethe has not shown sufficient consistency, or abided sufficiently by determinate principles, in his practice of an art which always may, and always should be, regulated by certain fundamental rules.

But reflecting on the vast genius of Goethe, and the happy pliability of his imagination and sensibility—a pliability which renders it easy for him to assume at pleasure diverse characters, and to counterfeit at pleasure the most opposite sentiments,—we must, in reason, abstain from imputing to vanity or caprice that versatility, which is rather to be traced to the activity and enterprize of his mind, filling him with a burning desire to embrace, in the operations of his intellect, the whole variety of the universe—which he has enlarged even to the invasion of the limits of the ideal world. To the ambition of his disposition in this respect, there can be but little doubt, for instance, that we ought to attribute his having, in his tragedy of Iphigenia, diverted the public taste from that national style, to favour which he had himself invited it, when, agreeing with Lessing in the doctrine which we have before noticed, he thought, felt, and spoke as an ancient German in the Goetze of Berlichingen, and as a modern German in the romance of Werter. Goethe's Iphigenia is a tragedy which appears to have been written by an ancient Greek, so exact and so lively is the picture there given of those sentiments and actions which are the natural offspring of the state of civilization that we know to have existed amongst the Greeks. In a recent criticism by A. W. Schlegel, who more than any other person enters into the real spirit of Athenian tragedy, this dramatic piece is termed a counterfeit—an echo,—an after-song—of the Greeks—*ein Nachsang der Griechen.*

As Goethe is gifted with almost universal power to imagine characters, sentiments, habits, and passions, with their modifications as operated upon by the circumstances of time and place,—so is he with a Proteus ability to give substantial and con-

sistent forms to his poetical compositions, to point and trace their scope, and determine their effects. Nothing can better illustrate what we mean by this assertion, than a passage in one of the works of the ingenious and luminous Madame de Stael. "Nearly all the productions of Goethe," says she, "are composed on different systems. Sometimes he abandons himself entirely to passion, as in Werter, and the Count of Egmont: sometimes he touches all the chords that vibrate on the imagination, as he generally does in his fugitive poetry: —now he paints with the fidelity of an historian, as in his Goetze of Berlichingen: now he is simple as an ancient author; for a proof of which we may refer to his Herman and Dorothea. In his Faust he plunges amongst the whirlwinds and storms of life; and in the Tasso, the Natural Daughter, and even in the Iphigenia, we find him managing the dramatic art, as if to elevate monuments to stand by the side of tombs: his works have then the fine forms, the splendour, and the purity of marble,—but they have also its cold immobility. One cannot criticize Goethe as an author who is excellent in a certain style, and bad in another: he rather may be said to resemble nature herself, who produces all, and of all," &c. &c.

Amongst the multitude of the volumes published by this author, there are four which, up to the present time, he has particularly consecrated to a plain narration of the events of his life. He who writes his own biography, unless he be a creature altogether null in the human family, is pretty sure to write a work which will be acceptable to all classes of readers. Although curiosity may not be gratified with the display of important adventures; although the mind may not be kept in a state of agitation by those sublime fears and hopes that await on the vast interests of history—there is nevertheless, almost necessarily, in the composition of him who narrates the story of his own actions, a certain vivacity, an air at least of frankness, a simplicity, or what the French term naiveté, altogether constituting a magical charm —which can never be successfully imitated by the art of rhetoric, and which pleases mightily that innate curiosity, felt by almost every one, to become acquainted with the casualties of life in the experience of others. —It is by the influence of this species of enchantment, that an artist of Florence, Benvenuto Cellini, narrating the occurrences of a common plebeian life, manages to arrest our attention, equally with Julius Cesar recounting his own grand military enterprises.— But if the self-biographer is an individual, not only distinguished by extreme mental acuteness, and exquisite sensibility, but inclined to represent with accuracy and research the multiplied operations of his internal life, the various intellectual phenomena which preceded, accompanied, and followed his external actions—as has been done by Saint Augustin and by Rousseau—then, to the common interest which has been already explained, is added a very particular one:—we regard such a composition with the most lively attention, as calculated to throw light on the secret source, and hidden mazes, of what may be termed the vital fibres of the human character, and to afford some clue to the great mystery of their movements.

Such is the case in regard to Goethe's book. Besides that the occurrences of his poetical life are often the direct consequences of the circumstances of his social or domestic situation, it happens also that the biography of this great man, associated with his poetical productions, is of a nature to assist the student of the art, as well as the inquirer into the springs of moral existence. The two, thus considered in connexion, enable one to trace the line of contact between the world of reality and that of the imagination; the relations that exist between the sensations directly proceeding from facts, and those which spring up in the mind under the agency of a reminiscent fancy;—the system of action by which the intellect advances from its slightest impulses to its most ardent flights; and the benefit which a poet may derive, in the exercise of his art, from his self-consciousness and feeling of individuality. Thus, for example, in the Memoirs of his own Life, we find the real history of Goethe's love affair; and it furnishes us with the type from whence he has extracted the *ideal* of the passion, so finely represented in

his poetical compositions. In the portrait of a girl to whom he was much attached, we recognize the source from whence he has taken that sweet ideal image of moral beauty which lives in the tender Clara, the beloved of Egmont, and the touching innocence of Margaret, the wretched mistress of the devoted Faustus. We could support the doctrine above laid down by many examples taken from the works of the author in question, and we should have great pleasure in following this fascinating search, but it would lead us too far from the chief object of the present article, which we have already stated to be the examination of Goethe's most celebrated Tragedy—Doctor Faustus. We shall therefore content ourselves with stating, before quitting this part of our subject, that the first idea of the very composition just named was suggested to the poet by some circumstances proper to himself, or rather by the resemblance which he believed to exist between some of his own feelings and those which might be supposed to exist in such a breast as that of the fabulous Faustus.—We would instantly give here the language in which Goethe confesses this resemblance; but we think it will be more intelligible to the generality of our readers after we have briefly sketched the popular tradition relative to the ill-fated philosopher.

His celebrated life is placed by the Germans about the beginning of the sixteenth century: and as the towns of Greece contended between themselves for the honour of having given birth to the great poet who sang their Trojan triumphs, so several of the German villages dispute the right of claiming for their son the famous wizard of whom we are treating. Knittlingen and Maulbronn in Suabia, some hamlets of Anhalt, others in the March of Brandeburg, clash together their rival pretensions. The strife is still undecided; and it is likely that it will always be so,—for as it has been suspected that the great poet of Greece never existed as a single individual, so there are some grounds for imagining that the Faustus of Germany is in the same predicament. Public opinion, however, inclines chiefly to favour the claims of Knittlingen; and we only profess to be its expositors in recounting some few of the particulars of the story.

John Faustus was originally a peasant's son; but being sent to Wittenberg, where he had some relations living, he began to cast wishful looks at the tree of knowledge; occupying himself closely with the study of the sciences, and displaying in their pursuit signs of a marvellously quick capacity. Arrived to the age of sixteen years he went to Ingolstadt, where he plunged into the depths of theology, and, after three years' application, took the degree of Doctor in it. With his title came weariness of this study; and the new Doctor, in successive fits of restlessness, turned the powers of his mind, first to medicine, next to astrology, and ultimately to magic—in which last dangerous art he even instructed an humble follower named John Wagner, son of a clergyman of Wasserburg. At the death of an uncle, who was pretty well supplied with the means of life, Faustus became heir to some property; but in a very short time it was all squandered away in a course of profusion. Thus reduced, the ill-fated man returned to his magic, and even went the length of conjuring the demoniac spirits of the awful abyss to appear and serve his unhallowed will. The prince of these terrible powers obeyed the call, and concluded a compact with the devoted man for the term of twenty-four years. It was conceded, on the side of hell, that for this period Faustus should be served by a fiend named *Mephistopheles*, who should be bound to obey his orders, and promote in all things his pleasure. The lost one, now allied to the devil, travelled through Europe, accompanied by his terrible confederate: they every where lived a merry life; laughed heartily; gratified every caprice; wrought prodigies,—and thus Faustus hid from the public eye the agonies of his conscience, while he every where excited wonder and admiration. There is still to be seen, in an old cellar of Leipsic, a painting of one of the miraculous exploits of this infatuated D.D., performed in the very place where the memorial of the occurrence remains. It represents him, in the presence of a large company of persons, flying out of the cellar, mounted, *en cavalier*, on a pipe of wine! This exercise, however pleasant, sure-

ly is not so much preferable to riding on horseback, as to justify a man's selling his soul to the devil for the sake of securing its enjoyment.

The stipulated term of twenty-four years being expired, the prince of the powers of the air came to claim his bargain. The unhappy Faustus was whisked off by his remorseless purchaser. It was in the dead of the night, between the hours of twelve and one, in the little village of Romlich, that this dreadful event happened; the devil there made himself master of his miserable prey,—cruelly dashing the body of his victim against the stone walls; so that fragments of the skull, and broken pieces of the bones of the infatuated Faustus, disclosed to the villagers in the morning the nature of his awful fate.

Such is the substance of the popular tradition in regard to the hero of Goethe's tragedy: the reader who might wish to enter more at large into his history, would find ample provision for the gratification of his curiosity in a work of George Rodolph Wiedemann, printed at Hamburgh in the year 1599, also in one published about the same time by an anonymous author, at Cologne.*

In these, the statements of popular prejudice and superstition are made in the gravest language of learned truth,—though perhaps there is some reason to suspect that deception is actually meant, and that the object of the writers is to confuse and terrify the ignorant multitude for the purpose of more easily governing them at their pleasure: It is however a curious fact, that several erudite and really respectable authors, have given full credence to the marvellous story of Faustus, and have stoutly maintained its truth. Newmann, Professor of Theology at Wittemberg, in his "Historical Dissertation on Faustus the Deceiver," printed at Wittemberg in 1683, sustains his magical character with much show of argument. Many other writers of talents and acquirements take the same side; and among these we are obliged to number with astonishment, Camerarius, and Gessner. There is, however, to be found among them considerable contradiction as to some of the principal circumstances of the life of Faustus, his birth being placed by them at various epochs, and in various places; —nor is there a greater unanimity as to his lineage, or even the particulars of his sad end.

On the other hand, there are certain writers who mistake altogether the personage of whom they treat; confounding him with John Faust of Mentz, the companion first of Guttenberg, and afterwards of Schoeffer, in the invention and improvement of the art of printing. A slight attention to dates, however, will prove the error of these, for the Faust of Mentz lived in the fifteenth century, and the Faustus of Knittlingen is said to have lived in the sixteenth, and disappeared about the year 1560. Tritheim and Melancthon deny the existence of Doctor Faustus altogether; and another party, perhaps nearer to the truth than any of the others, without disputing that there was such a person, distinct from the Faust of Mentz, maintain that he was neither more nor less than a man who had made great progress in the sciences, particularly in those of a physical nature, —but that his genius was probably mingled with a certain portion of quackery, which led him, in his public experiments, to make pretensions which the public ignorance accepted as evidence of magical powers. Zeltner and Struvius may be consulted by those who wish to become masters of this question,—particularly the latter in his Introduct. in Not. rei litt., and in his Biblioth. h. s. Antiq, &c. &c.

As we have entered upon the opinions entertained relative to the character and reality of Faustus, we may mention, before quitting the subject, that there are several who consider him as altogether a creation of monkish revenge. It is well known that, before the invention of the art of printing, the profession of a writer of manuscripts was a very lucrative one, and of this employment the religious orders possessed almost a monopoly. The new art introduced by Guttenberg and Faust, soon triumphantly

* See *Wahrhaftige Historien von den greulichen Sünden Dr. Johann Faustens.* Hamburg, &c. &c.: and *Des durch die ganze Welt verrufenen Erzschwarzkünstlers, und Zauberers Dr. Faust mit dem Teufel aufgerichtetes Bündniss abenteurlichen Lebenswandel, und schreckliches Ende.* Coln, &c. &c.

established itself, and carried a mortal blow against the copyers, who thus found themselves left without occupation, and consequently without gains. This was enough to excite Cenobite anger against the invention and the inventors; and it accords with monkish policy to seek, in such a case, to turn the fury of popular superstition against their enemies. Nor is it unlikely that some of the subtler minds amongst these orders, might, even at that early period, foresee in the establishment of the novel art, the future destruction of their influence—the demolition of "the tyranny of the cowl and the hood." Such anticipation would furnish a still more active motive to hostility,—and no mode of opposition could be better adapted to the circumstances of the time, than that of discrediting the most learned and respectable of the printers, Faust of Mentz,—and deterring others from adopting his profession, by representing his art as a diabolical one, and the artificer as an ally of the enemy of heaven and earth. Such, say some, is the real origin of the fable of Faustus, which was well received by the people, because it was in harmony with the received ideas of the time. If any one feel a desire to follow up this division of the dispute, let him consult an interesting tract by J. C. Durrius, professor at Altdorf, entitled *De Johanne Fausto, Epistola ad Dm. Gregorium Sigismundum Fuhrerum.*

The story of Faustus having, in one way or another, become firmly grounded in the popular belief, the writers for the vulgar were soon on the alert to take advantage of so promising a subject, to give life and identity to those miracles and relations of supernatural wonders calculated to arrest the attention, and to please the imaginations of a superstitious populace. One book, among others, full of all sorts of follies, and sentiments either extravagant or absurd; a book that lies even from its title page,—which states it to have been printed in 1404, that is to say before the invention of printing,—became very celebrated in Germany: its title is *Fausts Höllenzwang, oder der Schwarze Rabe*—that is to say *the Black Crow;* and, however nonsensical its contents, the Germans owe it gratitude for having furnished themes and suggestions for several poetical works of uncommon merit. We do not here allude to those early romances and ballads which spread over the various countries of Europe, and ours among the rest; nor to the numerous farces and puppet plays, however ingenious some of them may be, founded on the popular story of Faustus:*—but more or less directly, to the productions of Scink, of Screiber, of Müller, of Klinger, of Lessing,—and chiefly to the masterpiece of Goethe—to which it is now high time that we should confine our attention.

Even at the time when Goethe was living at Strasbourg for the purpose of completing his legal studies,—that is to say not long before the period when he published his Werter,—the poet thus wrote of himself: "*The fable of Faustus, which I saw represented in the puppet-shews, is a most interesting one. It has awakened thoughts and feelings in my mind:—I, too, have tried many of the paths that lead to knowledge, and have been turned from them with a full persuasion of its vanity:—I, too, have tried many of the fashions and modes of existence, and have quitted them ill-requited and disappointed.*" These are the words of Goethe which, some way back, we promised to the reader that we should quote: and they confirm what we were then affirming, viz: that the real history of the poet's mind connects itself very interestingly with the subjects and the forms of his fanciful compositions. But they are of more consequence for our present purpose, as they indicate—rapidly and slightly it is true—from what point of view Goethe set out in the enterprize to delineate the character of his Faustus, availing himself of the popular traditions already current. For this latter reason, we request the reader to bear them in his mind during the remainder of the present article, as necessary to the appreciation of our observations.

Lessing, when he entertained the idea of giving new dignity to the subject of the puppet-play, to elevate it to the rank of an imaginative composition, and to give it a noble moral aim and tendency, had it in view to

* See Görres on German Popular Books.

make two tragedies out of the story. Unfortunately, however, for German literature, his design was not accomplished; and all we have of his Faustus is one solitary and short fragment. Yet this is quite sufficient to shew us what was the regulating principle, the cardinal motive, of this poetico-moral conceit of Lessing. The reader will at once recognize it in the following brief quotation of a dialogue, held between Satan and an inferior Devil, in a scene which opens the drama.

Satan. Well, fourth-rate devil!—what have you been about?—what exploit have you lately performed.

Devil. None: but I am cogitating a design, which, once effected, would eclipse all the actions of my colleagues in mischief.

Satan. What have you, then, in your head?

Devil. The idea of wresting from heaven its present chief favourite on earth:—a youth, meditative, solitary, and studious; who minds nothing but study,—who breathes and feels only in it: a youth who has renounced all the passions but one—A PASSION FOR THE TRUTH: a youth, who, in good faith, would be dangerous to you and to us all, should he ever become an authority amongst the people. What say you Master?—to rob heaven of this fine fellow—eh?—would it not be well? What think you?

Satan. It is a sublime, a stupendous thought. But how can'st thou contrive to give it execution.

Devil. That's the rub: I don't know: I have grinned with rage because I could not find a way:—I have made the circuit of his whole heart, searching every corner, but really it does not appear to me to have a weak side, by which one could catch him.

Satan. Ah fool! hast thou not said that he has CURIOSITY?

Devil. Certainly more than any other mortal.

Satan. Then leave him to me: to me alone, I say:—curiosity is quite enough to seal the perdition of any one.

In this design of Lessing, indicated by the above quotation, we may observe one of the peculiarities of German poetry, at the epoch of this great genius, and which indeed he had been the chief instrument of attaching to it—we mean the disposition to transport into poetry something calculated to afford a field for fanciful metaphysics, and giving occasion of grotesquely displaying the recondite phenomena of the human mind. The demon who proposes to tempt Faustus by means of his curiosity, is an invention which opens the way to a poetical exposition of the aberrations to which the mind of man may be conducted, abandoning itself to speculation without bounds or check,—and the progress from speculative self-deception to the conclusion in corruption and depravity of conduct. It is impossible to divine, from the fragment that remains to us, the exact manner in which Lessing might have executed his design; yet, without detracting from the reputation of so great a genius, there seems to be some reason for believing, that he would not have succeeded so well as Goethe; and if we compare the plans of the two writers, there will, we think, be found sufficient to justify this presumption. In that of the first-named, the influence employed is extrinsic—namely, infernal suggestion, which is successful in perverting the mind of Faustus:—but with the second, on the contrary, this mind is already itself partly perverted by the effect of its own passionate, proud, and restless itch for knowledge;—the man himself supplies his own temptations, and these arise out of his own habits;—he has recourse to books of magic only to find aid for the desires of an intellect already vacillating and impatient.

This last conception manifests in its author a more extensive knowledge of the mysteries of the heart, than is indicated by the first, and a more lively conviction of the power of the dramatic art to represent them. Goethe is not content to shew the perversions of his hero, availing himself of the direct and straightforward agency of an evil spirit,—which may be considered as a sort of allegory,—but he adventures on the more difficult task of deriving them solely from the internal springs of his nature, acting according to the usual laws of human thought and feeling. We may here incidentally remark, that the popularity of Goethe's plan manifests that the German public had by this time advanced a good deal in the capacity to follow and enjoy philosophical ideas, giving a character to productions of elegant literature. A less thinking people would probably have given preference to the design of Lessing.

The Faustus of Goethe is, from the beginning, a prey to sad and severe

passions—vanity, weariness,—and a proud and intemperate curiosity, which renders him ambitious to unveil, by the sole force of his own mind, those secrets of his nature and of the universe, which we have been denied permission to penetrate. This curiosity leads him to cherish a painful metaphysical scepticism; which state of mind is generally but one stage removed from that of moral scepticism. In fact, the vain-glorious Faustus has lost, under the effect of these feelings, that elevation of soul, which study, even if in some measure erroneously conducted, has nevertheless a tendency to produce. Rather than renounce the applauses of the vulgar, he renounces candour and sincerity,—deceiving his admirers by putting-off on them, as legitimate, certain arts and speculations, the emptiness or deception of which he had himself ascertained. Thus the miserable man became reduced to live in a state of perpetual contradiction to himself—a circumstance which, more perhaps than any other, renders an individual inclined to all evil.

To Faustus, in this state, appears Mephistopheles, an evil spirit, whom he has conjured up. In the character of this demon, the poet has delineated, with exquisite genius, the *ideal* of perversity and depravity. What distinguishes Mephistopheles from other inventions of a similar cast is, that his perversity does not take its rise from passions of monstrous, but sublime violence, as in the Satan of Paradise Lost,—nor in the mischievous inclinations, coupled with ignorance and bestial abjection, as in the Caliban of Shakspeare;—but that he is what may be termed the superlative personified of that vice and depravity to which civilized man approaches, in the abuse of that high developement of the intellectual faculties, which takes place in the last most advanced stages of civilization. To the diabolical tendencies and intentions of Mephistopheles, is found united that sort of complacency in error which defiles a great part of moral and social science. It would appear that his mind was infatuated with this failing; that all his ideas were under the influence of certain sophisms, which the wicked subtlety of human wit opposes to the voice of human conscience, and which we sometimes find passing in the world as the aphorisms of reason, the maxims of an undeceiving philosophy. Mephistopheles vituperates the generous passions and feelings—sympathy, kindness, self-denial,—as things contrary to his nature—and he mocks them as absurdities. He has no need to hate that he may hurt; he feels absolute pleasure in the ruin and affliction of beings, who, in other respects, are indifferent to him. Mephistopheles is incapable of courage; and in this, too, he is totally different from the Satan of Milton:—he is also incapable of *regrets*, and here he differs equally from the just-named grand creation, who thinks of the past with bitter hate and desire of revenge,—and from the Abbadon of Klopstock, who earnestly covets his ancient angelic purity, of which, in his fallen state, he knows the inestimable value, without possessing the power or hope of restoration. Mephistopheles is a flatterer, and a liar:—but there is *one false pretension* which he dare not make. He is prohibited from using the *language of the tenderest of passions*. Wearing the form of a gallant cavalier, he compliments the women on their beauty, &c.; but the magic words, "*I love you*," must never pass his infernal lips.

In this way our distinguished author, not only composes his demon of all that is worst in the moral world, but also deprives him of every modification of character that could in any way, and to any degree, awaken in the breast of the reader that species of admiration which some of the greatest villains have been known to inspire—for villainy has within itself, but too often, ingredients of the sublime. Goethe's demon is the image of the despicable and the depraved, coupled with mischievous power.

Become the companion of Faustus, the spirit commences his infernal work by deriding the insufficiencies of human knowledge, and exaggerating its frivolity. The philosopher, already discontented with his contemplative life, and with his want of power to issue from the intolerable state of intellectual uncertainty, readily falls into a complete disgust with solitary and laborious studies. Mephistopheles plunges him into sensuality; this soon paves the way to

crime, and from crime the road is short and direct to desperation. This progress is not unlike that of the Monk, in the famous Romance of Lewis. Ambrosio proceeds from the excesses of fantastical contemplation to the most horrible enormities, through the intermediate indulgence of sensuality, fermented in his veins by the arts of hell. This personage, however, is in many respects dissimilar from Goethe's Faustus; and whether we consider the incidents of their respective histories, or the conception of their respective characters, we must admit that each is entitled to the praise due to originality of invention.

Goethe has, as yet, published but one, the first, part of his Faustus; having had originally the intention of writing a Trilogia: but this first part forms a whole by itself, and fully displays the dominating idea which has governed him in the conception of his work. We have seen what this dominating idea is, and we have seen the characterizing features of the two principal personages of the drama;—it only remains to give our readers some notion of the manner in which the poet has realized his conception. To do this will be no unpleasant task to us, for it will lead us to go over again the fine verses of this dramatic poem; but we fear there will be some difficulty in transporting the interest of the piece into a description of it;—for, to say the truth, it appears to us that the numerous and transcendant beauties of this work, do not consist either in the quality, or continued importance of the actions of the personages; or in the art with which these are inwoven together; or in the nature of the plot, or its progressive developement. Its power and brilliancy—and it has much of both—are rather constituted by the truth and richness of the *sentiments* suggested by the characters and the situations, expressed and illustrated by means of new images, always evident—with wonderful ease as well as variety of style, and a rythmical harmony full of effect;—in the frank boldness of the touch with which are depicted the most secret phenomena of the mind;—in the keenness and perspicacity of the moral views, which, extending themselves over creation, converts it, as it were, into a vast satire.

But these touching sentiments, this fine representation of intellectual phenomena, this elevated regard thrown over the world and over society, are likely to escape in analysing the naked conduct of the fable; or, to hinder them from so doing, it would be necessary to make the analysis equal to a translation of the whole. This, unfortunately, we cannot do, consistently with the plan of our publication; we therefore beg the reader, who may be acquainted with the original, to pardon us the numerous omissions which he will find in the following account, to which we are constrained; and we also intreat that they, who may have no previous knowledge of Goethe's Tragedy, will bear in view what we have now said, and not estimate the total value of the production by a bare sketch, in which it will necessarily be divested of all its rich ornaments. Yet we confess that the last request seems to us almost unnecessary; for surely what we have already said on the important originality of the characters of Faustus and Mephistopheles, is sufficient to impress with esteem for this wild but sublime composition of the German poet.

Goaded by his restless curiosity, Faustus conjures the appearance of one of the regulating spirits of nature. A spirit appears to him as a flame, and harshly taunts him with the vileness of the human condition—"the distance that separates man from those invisible beings, who wander over the universe."

Thou art a worm!—a weak, a coward worm! Thy soul crawls: and to thee is wanting the courage that would raise thee to me, that would unite thee to me intimately, and without dread.

Faustus. Nevertheless my mental principle resembles thine, oh Spirit!

Spirit. No: it has no resemblance, but to thyself and thine own thoughts.

Faustus. Then I, the image of the Divinity, dare not even compare myself with thee!!

The spirit vanishes, and the mind of Faustus becomes more irritated under this insult. Left to himself, he turns again to meditation; but nothing like satisfaction can he find: he casts a rapid glance over all

the works of man, and they appear all alike despicable. Tired at length of life, disgusted with his studies, and particularly with the art of magic, that had not sufficed to elevate him, as he desired, above human nature, Faustus resolves to put an end to his existence. Just as he is on the point of carrying the fatal cup to his lips, he hears the sound of the bells that announce the dawn of the morning of Easter, and at the same time, the sweet hymn of a chorus of angels, that chaunt the resurrection of Christ. (The reader will bear in mind, that it falls within the plan and object of this tragedy to embrace the three divisions of nature—the celestial, the human, and the infernal—which all concur to give movement to a drama, that may be said to represent *the ideal of the universe.*)

These solemn sounds, these superhuman melodies, mingling with the religious songs of women and youths, ravish the soul of Faustus. The poisoned cup falls from his hand; his thoughts fly back to the days of youth; tears stand in his eyes; and he feels attachment to existence stirring again within his heart.

But, alas, neither the smiling face of spring, nor the innocent songs and dances of the peasants, with which he mingles; nor the respect with which they greet him as a man of learning and virtue; nor the friendship and almost religious veneration with which he is regarded by his disciple Wagner, can long maintain in the errant mind of our philosopher, that magnanimity which for a moment inclined him to the pure and tranquil enjoyments of life. His evil feelings return to make themselves master of the man. He and Wagner are walking in a field of the country, at the fall of the evening, when they perceive a dog tending towards them in a rapidly continued spiral movement: Faustus suspects him to be a demon in disguise; calls the animal towards him, and takes him to his house. Here, conjured after the usual forms of magic, the creature assumes a human form. This is Mephistopheles, whose influence over the unhappy Doctor is now about to commence, only to finish with his destruction. The demon promises to Faustus the realization of all those sensual delights which his passionate imagination had ever dwelt upon; while another spirit, coming to the assistance of Mephistopheles, inebriates the misanthrope with fancies of all the voluptuous pleasures of nature, and, by an air of the most touching tenderness, steeps the devoted mortal in a sleep animated by visions of exquisite enjoyment. While Faustus slumbers, the two evil beings vanish; and at length he awakens only to feel, more intensely than ever, the horror of solitude, and the torment of unappeased desire.

At the moment chosen by Mephistopheles for his second visit, the soul of Faustus is actually agonised by a yearning after the fruit of the forbidden tree. The world appears before him as a hideous waste, not furnishing one single green or pleasant spot: all is nullity, all emptiness for him. Wherever he turns his eyes he sees a privation; wherever he turns his ear, he seems to hear a voice intimating to man—"*this day will pass without bringing thee a single joy.*" Life bears upon him as a heavy load; but it is not his deliverance from misconception that chiefly causes this intolerable sensation; it is rather the violence of his passions that now produces the sense of the insupportableness of life. And again he desires death, conjoining with the idea of dissolution the two favourite wishes of vanity and sensuality. "Oh happy he! who falls amidst the splendour of victory,—around whose temples death entwines a garland of blood-stained laurels:—happy, more happy, the man who expires in the arms of a beloved girl, after a tumultuous dance!"

Changeable, however, in his frenzy, Faustus speedily betakes him to the abuse of all created nature, of all the bonds of society, and hurls his envenomed malediction even against the gratifications of love, and the palpitations of hope. More than aught else, however, he blasphemes human patience; and at this instant Mephistopheles proposes himself as his servant and companion, offering to procure him all sensual deliciousness, and to make him taste of unknown and unsuspected delights: at the same time, in anticipation of the future, which he cannot conceal, he arms the mind of the listening philosopher against it, by satirical and biting sen-

tences, directed against that moral nausea of which he feigns a wish to cure the sufferer.

Faustus consents to the proposal; and hardly is the *awful pact* concluded, when a young scholar, smitten with respect for the Doctor, comes to consult him on the nature and course of the studies he ought to pursue. The newly affianced colleague of the devil is in no mood to receive such a visit at this moment; so Mephistopheles assumes the doctorial *toga*, and sets himself gravely, as Faustus, to listen to the innocent inquiries of the unsuspecting youth, who little thinks before whom he is standing! The dialogue between the be-gowned demon and the artless lad, who is full of an ingenuous desire to profit by admonition, and to improve in honourable attainments, offers points of strange contrast, and occasions for the most acute remarks. The cordial but simple goodness of a fresh inexperienced heart is brought, as it were, into the lists with the most refined malignity of an insolent and depraved spirit,—a spirit of scorn and contumely, matured in the arts of spiteful derision. The questions of the student, though sometimes rather blundering, are marked with a frank and youthful eagerness after instruction: the replies of Mephistopheles are the circumlocutory evasions, the tantalising duplicities of one who makes magisterial mockery of an humble applicant. The fiend, while he feigns a grave interest in the subject, is in fact indulging a chuckling demoniac laugh at its folly and triviality; he describes the various studies of the college, and the honoured attainments of human learning and sagacity, with the keen touches of a satirical poet, who conceals his mordacity under the cover of encomium. After telling him that the art of medicine is very simple; that jurisprudence is a malady, and theology the science of belief, Mephistopheles dismisses the young student quite contented, but not knowing very well whether he stands on his head or his feet.

The demon first conducts Faustus to a party of merry-makers, in order, as he says, that the philosopher may see "how *easy* it is to live a life of jubilee." From thence they go to the habitation of a witch, who is served by a set of outlandish animals, to whom the poet gives the name of Meer-katzen (*cat-apes*). This creature is a deformed species of ape, that speaks with a human voice. Mephistopheles promises his friend some pastime in their conversation, while waiting for the witch herself, who was then prowling abroad. The discourse of the cat-apes is indeed a heap of the most grotesque gibberish: highly whimsical certainly, and put together with great power of imagination, but gross and disorderly, and differing from that of the witches in Macbeth, by being wholly ridiculous, and exciting laughter, not awe.—Faustus does not seem much interested in the jargon of these creatures: his mind is too much occupied with its own desires to stoop to relaxation, or bend from the strenuousness of its disposition. Turning, however, towards a looking-glass, he sees, to his great surprise, the figure and face of a most beautiful female, and he is lost in a stupor of admiration. His soul, throughout all its powers and inclinations, now assumes a determinate and steady bias: he must embrace this exquisite creature: a voluptuous hope takes possession of him, he burns with the flame of love. The witch arrives, and, on the hint of Mephistopheles, presents her mortal visitor with a cup, the beverage in which is of a nature to give increased intensity to the fire he already felt. "This potion," says the demon, "will cause him to see an Helen in every woman." That Goethe is an attentive reader of Shakspeare may be perceived in this passage: "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt" is the more poetical manner of expression adopted by our bard. Mephistopheles and Faustus laugh at the witch's formal mummeries of preparation in regard to this drink; and they do so, while they value themselves on scrupulously observing all the ceremonies. Imposture making "pomp and circumstance" of its own imposition,—and man acting as the slave of what he despises, are the two tremendous examples of social corruption which it is the object of the poet to represent in this scene of sortilege.

Having left the witch, they meet in the street a young, and beautiful girl. Faustus finds in her the realization of

the image in the glass; and desires that Mephistopheles may immediately put him in possession of her. She is a young person of low condition; but innocent and graceful as she is lovely. The soul of this maiden is candid and open; her manners decorous but frank; the habits of her life pure and religious. In short, the fair and tender Margaret represents the *ideal of virgin simplicity.* Mephistopheles proposes to surround her with guile and fraud of every species, for the purpose of subduing her to the will of the man whom he serves. A crowd of indeterminate but painful presentiments accompany the palpitation of the reader's heart, at finding so good and sweet a being now made a butt for the assaults of the blackest malignity; at seeing the lost Faustus set out with the demon to give full accomplishment to the ruin of so beautiful and so touching a creature.

Faustus is introduced by Mephistopheles into Margaret's apartment: it is not sumptuous; on the contrary it is humbly furnished; but an elegance, springing from the virtuous mind of the inhabitant, pervades its arrangement; and an air of clean, orderly, tasteful disposal sheds a solemn but endearing influence around the chamber. The demon (for the virgin is absent) heightens the desires of his companion by dwelling on these indications of an enchanting character. Faustus is infatuated with all about him,—and from all he sees his passion derives fresh strength. He disgraces his new system of life by becoming really enamoured of Margaret, and hence he is taken with that timidity and tremor which are apt to seize lovers when for the first time they are about to accost the lady of their wishes. He has not courage to wait the return of Margaret, but goes off, during her absence, leaving behind him some valuable presents, the effect of which he hopes will be to dispose her affections towards the giver. The arts of Mephistopheles speedily so bring it about, that Faustus and the maiden find themselves alone together, as if by accident, in the garden of one of her friends. Here the first declaration of love takes place. The young and innocent creature, unconscious of her peril, conscious of her own poverty, and humble in her thoughts as in her words, is dazzled and beguiled by the obsequious professions of a man, who, from an elevated rank, has deigned to cast the eyes of attachment upon her, and to swear eternal fidelity in his love. The poor soul cannot resist the instinct of tenderness within her breast. Her passion for Faustus increases day by day; while he, whose desire has been changed to enjoyment, already permits certain symptoms of satiety to become manifest—or, at least, he affords reason for believing, that he would cede, with no ill-will, the gratifications for which he had been so anxious, in order to experience the stimulus of fresh pleasures.

Margaret's mind is never debased: in it virtue is always predominant. She loves her Henry (the name taken by Faustus) to desperation, but she also adores her God,—and she would fain extend the feeling of piety from her own bosom to that of her beloved, whom, to her great grief, she suspects to be an unbeliever. For this reason she is very anxious that he should break off his intimacy with Mephistopheles. The latter she cannot regard but with dread and horror, and trembles lest he should corrupt the person whom she both respects and loves. "I don't know why," she says,—"but the presence of that man who is always with you, strikes me with a shivering chilliness: his face seems to stab me to the heart: his voice turns my blood:—for that reason I think him perfidious. When I am near him, a secret fear causes me to tremble: when I am near him, I almost feel as if I could not love thee, my dearest—and I am but too sensible that I could not pray to God! No, my Henry—oh no—he is not—indeed he is not—a fit companion for thee."

This zeal, this trouble, and perplexity about the virtue of those who are dear to them, is one of the most touching qualities in the love of women; and one that elevates it in dignity, as well as in tenderness, far above the corresponding passion, as it commonly exists in the breasts of the other sex. In the present case, it redoubles our sympathy for Margaret; it disposes us entirely to forgive the faults she commits, in consequence of the immensity of her af-

fection, and to weep over the misfortunes which are accumulated on her head by the artifices of selfish sensuality, and hellish depravity.

Nor are these misfortunes tardy to arrive. She has granted permission to Faustus to pass the night in her room, and, fearful that her mother might espy the visit, she consents to give her a soporific draught, which her lover says he has prepared for the purpose, and which he represents as perfectly innocent, or rather salutary. Alas! the potion has been prepared by Mephistopheles, and the mother of Margaret sleeps, never to awake again!

Margaret, now left alone, feels within her womb, the consequences of her indiscretion: she knows not how to hide her shame from the public eye; —nay, already it is suspected; the smile of derision, and the vulgar joke, are already current amongst her uneducated neighbours at her expense, and the sense of her infamy begins now to mingle with the delirium of her love.

Margaret has a brother, who is a soldier. He returns from the war eager to embrace the sister whom he expects to meet, as he had left her, lovely in innocence. The whisper of her dishonour poisons his ear before he has yet seen her. In the silence of night, Valentine approaches the maternal roof: from the fullness of his heart burst forth words which do not express the ferocious anger of a soldier, but the deep melancholy of a man, betrayed "where he had treasured up his soul." He hears footsteps approach: it is Mephistopheles and Faustus, who prepare to give a serenade below Margaret's window: —her brother's grief is turned into vindictive fury: he defies the two; fights, and drops mortally wounded! The assassins fly: the groans of Valentine bring a crowd of people from all quarters; Margaret comes out with a light, and enquires who is the unhappy person that lies weltering in his blood? The populace exclaim—"it is your brother—the son of your mother!" The wretched girl hears herself cursed by the dying person, who imprecates on her head all the calamities that usually attend the lot of the prostitute.

Deserted by her lover, bereft of all, Margaret has now no consolation left her on the earth. She goes to the house of God, where alone she can hope to find grace: but here she is disappointed and driven to despair. The church is full of people: a funeral ceremony is performing: the solemn sounds of the organ, the mournful ejaculations of the people, imploring peace for the soul of the defunct, the chaunting of the priests who announce the vengeance of heaven, almost cause her heart to burst, and fill her with dread and remorse. The evil spirit is hard by her even in the sanctuary: he whispers in her ear—"Where now, Margaret, are the serene days of thy innocence? Then God was in your soul—that soul which is now oppressed with the weight of crime. Oh, miserable woman, what hast thou done! Prayest thou now for the repose of thy mother who perished by thine own hand? On the threshold of thy door there is blood: and, oh heaven, what blood! Thy brother's!—Within thee, leaps a living creature—how wilt thou be able to conceal thy sin,—how hide thy shame!"

These reproaches make her tremble, weep, and become delirious; the agony of remorse, at length, causes her to fall senseless on the pavement. —Unfortunate, abused Margaret!—she groans under the weight of her desperation, and Faustus appears to have discarded her entirely from his thoughts. Conducted by Mephistopheles, he attends the nocturnal conclave, or sabbath of Witches on Walpurgisnight—and engages with them in their malign and brutal joys, and rites. However imaginative, and full of smart repartee and satire, this picture of the riot of St. Walpurgo may be, we must nevertheless blame the poet for having thus placed it in a part of his work, where it interferes most unpleasantly with an interest of a higher and more powerful nature—we mean the pathos of the situation in which the unhappy, but still amiable, Margaret is placed. How could Goethe have thought it possible to make us relish this fantastic extravagance, these mad subtleties of a poignant intellect, at the moment when he has so forcibly excited our pity, and with this passion filled our hearts. In this scene, he appears to us to con-

sult propriety, and the wishes of his readers, only when, at the conclusion, he introduces the apparition of a female—pale as death—whom Faustus instantly recognizes to be his Margagaret. At the view of her mournful countenance, her woe-begone form, the tenderness of his former love is awakened in the mind of this deluded man; and it is mingled with a compassion and remorse suggested by obscure, but horrible presages.

Impelled by the workings of despair, Margaret has *murdered her child!*—hoping thus to hide from the public eye the testimony of her dishonour. But by the public voice she is accused, and she is thrown into prison. Of all the dreadful agonies which his mistress has suffered, Faustus, as yet, knows nothing: he is informed of them on the eve before the day, when she is to expiate her crimes, as they relate to earth, under the hands of the executioner!

So dreadful a series of events, to which is just about to be added the most terrible of all—the loss of reason which the miserable girl experiences—would constitute too heart-rending a picture, if no ray of consolation fell over it, to temper, though not to dispel, the darkness of its horrors. The poet, a master of his art, avoids rendering his composition insupportable to our feelings, although the excess of her woes was insupportable to the poor Margaret. To throw in the necessary alleviation, and to give that moral relief, which is demanded in a work of art that ventures to depict the awful aspect of human misery, Goethe has recourse to an expedient which in no degree lessens the melancholy interest of his poem, while it presents a certain gratification to the feelings and the imagination of the reader. Faustus is made to experience in his mind a return to the benevolent sentiments of a human being.

The pain that lacerates the heart of Faustus, which had previously seemed possessed, under demoniac influence, with callous scorn of the bitterness of tears,—the anger with which he accuses Mephistopheles of being the perfidious cause of all the misery that has befallen his mistress,—the courageous pity which leads him deliberately to vow that he will front every danger, that he will risk every thing to save her,—his lamentations, his perplexity, contrasted against the cold smile of mockery with which Mephistopheles replies to him, are grateful, though mournful testimonials, of the nobleness of the human soul, which, in the midst of its worst wanderings, ever preserves certain traces of its divine origin.

Mephistopheles promises to cast the jailor asleep, so that Faustus may gain possession of the keys of the prison, and withdraw Margaret from her dungeon before the fatal dawn breaks—after which the demon will be ready, with his black steeds, to receive both, in the magical car, and to transport them from the city under cover of the darkness.

The night is advanced: Faustus goes to the prison: opens its gates: enters. The wretched Margaret does not know her seducer:—the terrified creature takes him for the executioner, come to drag her to death. "Barbarian," she cries, "who has given thee this right over me? It is but midnight. It is not yet the hour to conduct me to the scaffold. Oh take pity upon me, and let me live! To-morrow—to-morrow—will not that be soon enough. Oh God! so young—so young—and to be obliged to die in this way!"

The discourse of the malefactor is one continued delirium. Now she does not recollect that she has murdered her child, and begs that it may be brought to her, that she may suckle it: now, having recognised Faustus, she prays him to fly to the place where she had drowned the innocent creature, in order to save it.—"Quick, quick," she cries, "save your poor son! Go—fly! keep still the path that leads by the side of the brook: cross the bridge: enter amongst the trees: to the left—to the left—close to the lock—in the deep pool—Oh catch him instantly! He rises! he stirs his little hands—his feet—save him—save him—oh save him! Quick, quick—save him!"

Confused and wandering in her ideas, she cannot steadily consider the dreadful nature of her own situation, nor can Faustus impress upon her the necessity of flight. She wishes, on the contrary, that her lover would live with her where she is,—and

sooth her sorrows with a smile of compassionate tenderness: — then again she seems thunderstruck by the signs of his affection:—"How comes it," she cries, "that you do not hold me in horror! Know you, friend, whom you wish to save? I have slain my mother: I have drowned my son!—was not the poor child given as well to thee as to me?"

And now the first blush of morning shews itself in the eastern sky. Mephistopheles comes to the door of the cell:—"haste—haste," he exclaims, "you are lost—thus to waste your time in complaints, fears, and fancies! My horses already snuff the breeze of morning: the day already rises; another instant and I cannot save you!"

Margaret at this intrusion of Mephistopheles is suddenly struck, as it were, by a great shock; she recognizes the demon; her senses return; her delirium vanishes; she turns in penitence towards heaven; starts back from Faustus; and invokes God to sustain her in the extremity of her agony. The moment of death often brings back the senses from lunacy as well as delirium.

Mephistopheles.
(*cries aloud*) SHE IS JUDGED!
Voices in heaven.
(*exclaim and chaunt*)
SHE IS SAVED!

The fiend and the seducer of Margaret disappear together,—while the voice of the woman, forgiven by heaven, is heard calling upon her Henry, as if to win him back from depravity and his fearful companion.

All the charms of poetry conspire to render supremely pathetic the story of the unfortunate Margaret. The verses which depict her innocence, her love, her remorse, her grief, her desperation, her madness, succeed to each other with such suitable and admirably adjusted melody—so sweet and at the same time so lugubrious—as almost to bid every other poet despair of rivalling Goethe in the art of versification. The heart is torn when we are thus forcibly and for ever separated from the doomed Margaret, whom we continue to love notwithstanding her aberrations: and to the last dolorous groan of Faustus, when he rushes from her cell and leaves her to her earthly fate, we join the tear of our pity, which accompanies the fair malefactor to the threshold of a future life.

The interest we take in Magaret is so strong as almost to destroy that which we ought to feel in the fortunes of Faustus, the hero of the piece. This would be a fault in the poem were it completed: but as we have but its first part, and no one can tell how dextrously the poet may be able to conduct us from an episode back to the original story, criticism must be silent on this point,—and, instead of displaying its rules, content itself with hoping that the author will yet give completion to his work.

Besides, the formalities of criticism would be very ill-applied to a production that is evidently conceived and executed in a spirit of bold experiment, and determined liberty. The Faustus is a wild composition, it may be said—a chaos,—but it is a chaos in which the qualities of genius, and the power of a robust, ardent, and sublime imagination are mingled in rich disorder;—where we find all the elements of the grandest thoughts, and the most touching sensations. We might easily pass literary censure on the work, and justify it on established and even reasonable principles: we are sure that, in so doing, we should please the stiff, the precise, the formal, and the dull,—but liberal consciences in such matters would find our criticism very malapropos, or rather ridiculous. Such would ask us, if it was not likely that the poet knew all these objections as well as ourselves, and had made up his mind to despise them.

There is no appearance that Goethe wrote this dramatic poem with an idea of its ever being represented on the theatre. He seems only to have had in view the gratification of free and solitary imaginations, and musing intellects:—in short, like Lord Byron in his Manfred, the German writer designs his tragedy only for perusal.

The analogy that exists between these two dramas, has suggested this allusion to our noble poet. Yet we are far from joining some of the traducers of Lord Byron in calling his work a mere copy. Such an accusation, the offspring of envy and ma-

lignity, scarcely stands in need of refutation; not to mention many of the reasons against it, we may observe, that the combination made by the English poet of two moral phenomena —viz. the power of remorse, and self contempt for experiencing it,—is one perfectly new, the honour of which is solely due to Lord Byron. Further, it is exemplified in original situations, and treated with much novelty of thought and sublimity of feeling. Whatever may have been the effect of the German drama on the mind of Lord Byron, Manfred may justly claim the title of a grand and independent conception.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH SEA HOUSE.

Reader, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly,--didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left—where Threadneedle-street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.*

This was once a house of trade,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers——directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend,) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,—and soundings of the Bay of Panama!—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration:—with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an "unsunned heap," for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous Bubble.——

Such is the *South Sea-house.* At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battening upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfœtation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, that wished to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, sought to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous hoax, whose extent the petty peculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as

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* I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate.—Ossian.

would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the Bubble! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce, —amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India-house about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle, and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet: —a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*,—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had every thing on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as any thing from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South Sea-house—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries,) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humourists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastry. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visnomy, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his forte, his glorified hour! How would he chirp, and expand, over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be

more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay,—where Rosomund's pond stood —the Mulberry-gardens — and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of *Noon*,—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog-lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster-hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt "strained to the height" in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious, but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment —the bright solitary star of your lives, —ye mild and happy pair,—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly, "with other notes than to the Orphean lyre." He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle-street, which, without any thing very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them, (I know not who is the occupier of them now*) resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violincellos—double basses—and clarionets —who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of any thing romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of 25*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house,

* I have since been informed, that the present tenant of them is a Mr. Lamb, a gentleman who is happy in the possession of some choice pictures, and among them a rare portrait of Milton, which I mean to do myself the pleasure of going to see, and at the same time to refresh my memory with the sight of old scenes. Mr. Lamb has the character of a right courteous and communicative collector.

or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days, when South Sea hopes were young—(he was indeed equal to the weilding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days):—but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was every thing. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand, that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon?—Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quitted it in mid-day—(what didst *thou* in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" of the time:—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelbourn, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.——

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader, (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend) from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's Life of Cave. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.——

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind

more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.——

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations?*—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!——

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very *names*, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic — insubstantial — like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece:——

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

ELIA.

THE TRAVELLER.

No. IV.

LINES

Written at a Village amongst the Mountains near Grenoble, after there reading the Accounts given in the English Newspapers of the Death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and of the Manifestations of Public Feeling at that Event.

THE PEOPLE'S DOORS ARE SHUT!—their steps are still:
England is shrouded, like a mighty hill
Wrapp'd in a mist;—her homes are dark, and dumb,—
For perish'd is the promise of her day to come!

It is not Battle, like a lava-stream,
Ploughing, with burning share, its smoking way;
Nor is it Pestilence, with lurid gleam,
Like falchion of an angel, bade to slay;
It is not Famine, come to nip the heart,
And, by each empty fire-place, stretch the dead:—
Ours is a lingering and a hopeless smart—
The sceptre seems from Judah to depart,
The Lion of the tribes bows down the head!

Long hath she triumph'd in Time's arduous race,
And long in strength of arm and soul excell'd;
Nations have panting strain'd their sluggish pace,
Her sandal-marks upon the dust to trace,
While she hath rush'd afar, and all beheld;—
But now they press to touch her garment's hem,
That virtue may escape from her to them.

The heart that swells must shrink:—they who have slept
To dream of thee; and who have woke and wept
On the proud thought:—they who have ever made
Thy "palmy state" their canopy, and fed
Their souls upon the richness which its shade
Hath nurs'd and shelter'd:—who have heard with dread
The whistling wind, because thy navies rode—
And yet exulted in the hurricane,
Knowing the seas were their abode,
And that they monarch'd o'er the main—

'Tis they, my country, that have right to be
Watchful and questioning to jealousy.
Strew'd is the earth with ruins; and they lie
Low in decay that rose in honour high!
Might we not fear, then, when still longer grew
The shadow of her banners,—stretching still
As if the extent of sea and land to fill,—
That England's day towards its evening drew?
No—for the coming age look'd fresh and new;
It bore a mein, as if outbraving time;
A rising light its scintillations threw
Above the horizon; we mark'd it climb,
And hail'd the promise of its burst sublime!

A Lady sovereign, seated on a throne,
The paragon of states!—begirt about
With free men, claiming to be call'd her own,
And on astonish'd kingdoms looking out;
With one above the people by her side,
The idol of her love, the sceptre of her pride!

For England's helmet what a beauteous crest!
High streaming o'er her arms, with glorious glance,
As 'twere another birth of bright romance.
The blooming bowers where the old Gods delight,
That shine, like plumes, o'er Thessaly's rugged height,
Are not so fair, nor would so nobly crown—
As this soft halo-radiance, vision blest—
The hoary peaks of Britain's stern renown,
Where Vengeance sleeps in clouds that darkly frown,
Or, waken'd, sends their fires and whirlwinds down
To race with screaming eagles, from their nest.

Alas! the blow hath fallen!—with lightening leap
Grief is in all the faces of the land:
A nation's hope recoils, with murmur deep,
As sinks the heavy billow from the strand:
In every eye there is a mute demand—
Why is it so?—The wint'ry clouds o'er-head
Darken, and fix, and scowl a look of dread!

Such is *our* sorrow—therefore we repine;
'Tis heavy, and we bow beneath its weight:
If such is ours, alas, what must be *thine!*
Thou, whose heart slept beneath the soft moon-shine,
Wak'd to the darkness of a widow'd state.
Lost is she early, who was found but late!
Love's whisperings were not hush'd upon her lips;
The blush of maiden fondness was not gone,
It linger'd till a mother's glow came on—
And Death hath smitten both with dark eclipse!

Man may be proud, for he is doom'd to bear
The weight of Heaven's hand in all its force;
That nature sure must have a noble source,
Which pains exalt, and agonies prepare.
Though stern the thought, 'tis armour for our need,—
A caustic styptic for the souls that bleed.
In joy we live but for the present day,—
'Tis ample then, and we require no more;
Basking upon the spot where falls the ray,
Who'd rouse within the shadow to explore?
It is when stung by misery that we scour,
And dash our spirits o'er this little hour,

And throw our eyes aloft, demanding why,—
—From that dread magnitude of pendant space,
Which aye regards us with unanswering face—
Man hath among the rolling stars a place,
In which to weep, to wonder, and to die?

But, hush! a softer note to both is due;
They walk'd in pleasant places, and there grew,
In both their hearts, nursed by each other's care,
A faith in God which God had planted there
As his best gift:—he who wants that, wants all:
There is no voice to answer to his call,—
To guide him through the darkness is no light,—
He hath no sword or buckler for the fight,
And when around his bark the waters rave,
There's none to come to him upon the wave.

Weep, then, thou lonely one—but do not weep
As if her light went down into the deep:
The darkness is with us—with her 'tis morn:
To end on earth is elsewhere to begin,—
To sink in death is newly to be born:
The cage hath lost the bird that was within,
But it is free, and spreads itself in air,—
And drinks the heavens,—and sails o'er all that's fair—
And warbles of the day's approaching rise,
Showering its song of rapture from the skies!

On mountain-tops, when the wind stirs the pine,
Or, when 'tis night, 'mongst flowers shedding balm,—
Watching that silent orb's regard divine,
Which she throws forth upon the boundless calm;
Where bathe the stars in the same silver stream,
That downward on the cottage-window flows,
And brightens in its course the hanging rose,—
Which sparkles not,—but clothes with a mild gleam,
As with a spirit's robe, rendering the earth a dream;

There may'st thou catch an inward cheering sense
Of a pervading great Intelligence,—
Wrapping the Universe, like a vast sea,
Beyond all sounding, and without a shore;
Whose mighty bosom is Infinity;
Where what is launched must float for evermore;
Where lov'd and lost ones all shall yet rejoin,
Though the abyss may mock our fathom'd line.

Expand Imagination's seraph-wings,
To bear thee up above the closed tomb,
See shapes of grandeur in the rolling gloom,
And link thy soul to the great chain of things,—
That it may circle in that wond'rous round,
Which nought can quit,—where all shall yet be found.

But hard to bear that aching sense of void,
That dreary emptiness about each place,
Which, like a phantom, stares upon the face,
When the look's gone that gave a constant grace,
And mark'd the time by telling hours enjoy'd!
When a pale want is on the vacant seat,
When in the withering silence nought is heard
But the dull echo of each useless word,
Commingling with the moment's cricket beat—
The soul droops watching o'er the lingering grains,
That shew how draggingly its sand-glass drains.

Yet to thy doating grief it may be dear,
To think how she is mourn'd with sorrow true:
Grandeur, and love, and joy, and youth are here,
In one fair victim stretch'd upon the bier,
As if the heart of life were stricken through.
Full high the shaft of Death hath this time flown:
It quivers in a startled nation's view,
Whose smitten hopes emit a doleful tone,
Responding to a husband's broken groan.

DESCRIPTION OF CERTAIN FRESCOS,

PAINTED BY SOME GERMAN STUDENTS NOW AT ROME.

[The following interesting Letter, written by a gentleman, who, though not in the profession, is distinguished by his fine taste, and knowledge of paintings, has luckily fallen into our hands. It is not to be considered as the Paper on these German productions, which we promised in our last Number: on the contrary, that promise has procured us the favour of the present communication from a friendly quarter, where the criticism contained in it was sure to be justly appreciated, and where it was thought that such accurate description, and judicious criticism, of the works we had professed an intention to notice, would be, as it is, very acceptable. The promised essay, however, will probably still appear;—being altogether more disquisitive and general than what follows, which is frankly given, as it was received, in the language of familiar and private correspondence.]

Rome, 15 *May*, 1820.

My dear Sir,—I have found some accidental difficulties in the way of procuring you a particular description of the German Frescos.—The person for whom they were painted is the Baron Bertholdi, a singular and generous fellow. He is a Prussian, and is Chargé d'affaires from the court of Berlin to Rome. He was a Jew and became a Lutheran, on which change a cardinal is said to have remarked--"*Adess' Adesso si farà buon' Cristiano; ha gia mutata camera nella casa del Diavolo.**—He declares that he once lost half his property in gambling, and that it is the best school in the world for studying the march of fortune and the changes of life: "*Croyez vous que moi,—un petit étranger comme çà,—que j'aurois été admis à l'intime amitié de Talleyrand, et de tous ces grands hommes là, si je ne les eusses pas rencontrés au jeu?*"—In fact, I dare say, his great friends repaired his losses with a good post. This is not very attractive and amiable to an English ear,—but the spirit and candour which will own it are very striking, and there is a great deal of *bonhommie* in the Baron's character and personal appearance. He is a good deal like ——— in manner and every thing—forehead, mouth, glasses, complexion, and voice; but older and smaller. This man, for the sole encouragement of his countrymen the painters, employed four of them to paint that room in his house which you have seen. It was undertaken just before the return of the statues and pictures from the Louvre, a time of some difficulty here, the French government having just retired, and the influx of travellers not yet set in. When I inquired of Overbeck, (one of the artists) what had been paid, he said the Baron had behaved in the most noble manner to them all, having given them double the sum agreed for; but, as even that would sound trifling to an Englishman, he would not do his Mecænas the injustice to mention what would not be fully appreciated. The house you must know is not Bertholdi's own; it belongs to an Englishman (a picture-dealer and exhibition-man, formerly a miniature-painter, viz. Day of the King's-mews) who, *all' Inglese*, curses him for having daubed his walls with mock Massaccios and Albert Durers,—because there is not enough of Reynolds or David, I guess,

* Soon we shall have him becoming a good Christian: he has already changed his bedroom in the Devil's house!

in the works.—The Prussians employed were, Peter Cornelius, Philipp Veit, Wilhelm Schadow; and the fourth who was called in, there being no other Prussian capable of undertaking it, was, Frederick Overbeck, of Lubeck; who had, of course, the last choice of the subjects, which are all from the story of Joseph. As Overbeck was chosen for his talents, and not from a national feeling, we are not surprised to find that he has treated those which were left him in a superior manner, perhaps, to any of the others. At least, he has certainly done so in his Famine: but you know them very well, and admire them justly, without letting their defects prejudice you against their excellencies. I have given them a diligent and fair examination, without flying off in a fury because they were deficient in chiaro-scuro, and its consequent relief and effect—or because they mostly want harmony, and intrinsic value of colouring. Setting aside these faults, I have found them capable of inspiring much poetical feeling in the breast of a spectator disposed to receive such impressions; though they will not stop and astound an indifferent passer-by, like some works of less intellect, but of more force and fire of execution.

The room is small but well arranged. Ottomans surround it, on which you sit conveniently to contemplate the opposite pictures. You are thus placed at the greatest possible distance, which, though rather too near for pictures of that size, is not amiss in this instance, where effect is not considered, but where a close examination is necessary to do justice to the nice expressions that are continually aimed at, and often hit.

The point of sight in the perspective arrangement of these works is consequently planned near:—Raphaël in his cartoons, and many other works, has done the same thing; and this adds to their Gothic, or, at least, ancient character. But there is one great difference between Raphaël and the Germans. Small as the *locale* of the latter is, the merit of the finest heads is lost, for the most part, at the proper distance. You must approach within three or four feet—to the distance at which the painter stood—to discover their excellence: but you do discover it, and that is more than can often be said. It is a great thing that it is there to be felt, when seen;—the mind shows itself, though the mode of operation is not the most masterly.—It is too laboured, detailed, and defined;—Raphaël, on the contrary, has painted for the proper distance—as much so as Rubens, though in a different style. A few masterly touches, without any attention to niceties when close, produce the effect from below of the most perfect animation, life, beauty, passion, and every thing wanted.

But to return to the *Casa dell' Arco della Regina*—so called, because the Queen of Sweden lived there, and there was formerly an arch. The first picture opposite you, on entering the north door, is by Overbeck. It is *Joseph sold.*—There are three groups, closely connected, the centre one of which consists of Joseph led from his brothers to join the train of travellers who purchased him. He is a beautiful Raphaellesque lad; his head hanging forward with *real* and excessive grief, and his hand raised to his face, but not so as to conceal it, his right hand being carried round to his left eye, from which he seems wiping the tears with the ball of the thumb—a very natural action, where there is only one hand at liberty. His face is very interesting, very beautiful, and there is in it a strong and unequivocal character of affection—suffering, wounded, pouting, almost bursting.—It is impossible to give that head a fair look and to doubt its expression, or resist its natural effect on the feelings. The man who has charge of Joseph is a well contrasted character: dark, strong, hard-favoured, and warlike; moustaches pointed; a spear in his left hand; a turban on his head; a sword, gilt belt, and gilt borders embroidered on his robes. He is leading the boy to the adjoining group on the right; the principal figure of which is a young Eastern lady on a camel, who is contemplating the scene with compassion, or rather a melancholy quiet abstraction from its business. A black slave near her is looking hard at her with a less disinterested expression. Perhaps his eyes are too much softened by the object of his admiration. Several camels, with a man and a young slave-boy, rather older than Joseph, holding them, make up the group. There

is a desponding insensibility in the look which the latter casts on his new companion in servitude, that makes one feel for what the stranger will have to endure. The young page is gayly dressed with a curious quaint cap: Joseph has lost his robe, and has nothing but a small piece of white cloth (painted very hard) round his middle. His golden hair is hanging gracefully on the farther side the face. The third group is larger.—It contains six figures.—An old man, the leader of the party seemingly, with an attendant, is concluding the bargain with four of Joseph's brethren. The costume is simple and primitive, but not poor:—sandals, pouches, horns, skins, cloaks, staffs, and a good display of the naked—that is, arms and legs. The characters of the brothers are well varied, and strongly stamped. One is a vulgar, hard featured face, with a sandy complexion: another is more gentle, young, and sensible, doubting and pitying: a third with a deep sunk eye, has a sort of Buonaparte cast of countenance,—wicked and clever. The author of the plot has a guilty conscious expression, but inflexible: he looks hard at the purse. The old man, who is giving it, is a fine venerable character, with grey silvery hair. The white and red dress, the furs, the pink sash, bags of money, and walking stick, are all well painted in many respects, but mostly hard and cutting.—At some distance, to the left, is a shepherd with sheep; one of the brothers, no doubt;—and not far from him are four others, in a group, cutting a ram's throat over the party-coloured garment of Joseph. Two of the small figures are very good indeed;—and so are three or four others, (part of the caravan) coming down a rocky hill with a natural arch on the right side of the picture. There is much to admire in this work, but a good deal to condemn, especially for an English eye. The effect of chiaroscuro is so very weak that the colours seem inlaid, and no part is well relieved; and further, though the colours of the draperies are extremely well chosen and placed, yet there is no harmony,—every thing being as cutting and violent as possible. Intellectual power, and a fine delicacy in the conception of the expressions are its great merits, and these are not trifling ones.

No. 2. *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.* Weit.*

No. 3. *A Mother and her Children starving.* Overbeck.—This is an allegorical representation of Egypt suffering under the seven years' famine. As an allegory, perhaps, it is not quite complete, but as a picture it is sublime and full of imagination. The expression of the woman's head is profound, intense,—suffering in mind and body:—but it is not the suffering of a common being. There is a grandeur in the forms, and a dignity in the action, that sustain the rank which the figure claims. The work is heroic, epic; and the impression, made on my mind by the countenance was never surpassed by any effect of Michael Angelo's. There is the mind of the latter in this; but neither as much practical power, nor so grand a scale. The head hangs over, and the mouth is drawn down with a shudder of maternal affection, which cannot be mistaken for any other passion. The head-dress, as well as the cast of features, reminds one of the Capella Sistina: I doubt if this could have been produced in any other country but Italy. The picture is a bright reflection of the genius of Buonarotti. But to the detail.—To the left is a wolf, gaping, famished, sharp-shouldered, ravenous, growling; his ears thrown back; his eyes too small and human. Near is a very fine group of two boys, struggling for a loaf: it is well composed: their arms are ingeniously locked: energy is shown in the hands and the squeezing of the fingers, instead of the common-place grace of most modern pictures.—In the first boy there is a great expression of misery, without any of that skinny hardness perceptible in some of the others. A third, turning to the mother for sustenance, is younger. The mother, as I have already said, and as I shall repeat, is a sublime being, sinking under a weight of internal and intense suffering.—Her figure is full of dignity: her expression is not confined to the head, admirable and forcible as it is: it is carried through the whole figure; even the hand has the true pressure

* We omit the description of this piece, as containing nothing very interesting.

of the mother finely felt in it. One cannot stay to find fault with the length of the arm. The infant she holds is beautiful and well coloured. The turn of its head is very good; full of weakness and disappointment. It tells you the mother's breast is dry. The figure on the mother's left hand —(another boy—seven children being introduced to indicate the number of years the famine continued)--is finely posed and composed. The expression is admirably languid. The next child is a very fine profile: a famished look well expressed, except in the corners of the mouth, which injure the rest of the face much. With the right hand he is rousing the mother, and with the other he pulls the basket from the last figure in the picture. This boy is very well: selfishness and fear form his character and expression: he is robbing the almost exhausted store. A dying horse finishes the group, whose head and neck fill the angle of the picture, and balance the wolf at the other end.

No. 4. *Joseph declaring himself to his Brethren.* Cornelius. This composition is ingenious, of very difficult plan, and very successful execution. The subject is one of the class of the Cartoon of Peter receiving the keys. The artist has varied the brethren well, with great *gradation of expression*, which is a thing I always look for. They are not all equally moved; and it is very proper that they should not be so. In the Transfiguration of Raphaël there is every degree of expression, from the Possessed and his relations, to unconscious standers-by. How much does the apathy of one part display the interest and animation of another! Not only some repose is necessary in itself, but its opposition adds such energy to action.—There is no place like Rome for assisting studies of this kind, and affording examples of those niceties relating to expression, movement, grace and energy of action, which can only be judged of in *great originals*. Theory in England, as well as practice, is exhausted on colour and the mechanical: these are very desirable, but should be deemed subordinate. To the picture of Cornelius, however:—the first head that presents itself is a portrait of the Baron himself. He appears as Joseph's chief Butler, and he is more prominent in effect, and more strongly painted, than are in general those Mecænas's who take a place in the scenes they are the means of creating. Such introductions are by no means uncommon in old pictures, even when the story is laid in paradise itself. The Baron-Butler is looking with hearty complacency, and some reflection at the same time, on the meeting. The likeness is strong rather than fine. He shows, down to the breast (the rest being hidden by Joseph's splendid chair) a sort of middle-age costume. His tranquil look forms a fine contrast to the emotion of the principal figure, whose rapidity consequently catches the eye immediately. Nothing can be better than this. Joseph can resist his feelings no longer. The sudden step with which he has risen from his seat is given to perfection. The whole figure is beautifully conceived and represented, and in harmony with the head, fine as it is. It is not so difficult a subject as Overbeck's two chief faces, but perhaps it has hardly been surpassed by any thing ancient or modern. One can easily see that if the Apollo had not been known, this face would never have been painted. The painter's mind must have been filled with that master-piece of antique beauty. Numerous as the ancient statues of high class are, all over the world, but above all in Rome, it is astonishing how few first rate faces there are, compared with torsos and limbs, (I mean, of course, faces of ideal beauty; not portraits, or mere athletæ, or common men):—a Mercury, and one or two of the Niobe family, are all that can be in any way brought in competition with the Apollo, and they are vastly below that sublime countenance. How one regrets that the numerous and valuable specimens from the Parthenon, do not include one head, except those small profiles, in low relief, of persons in a procession. There are two heads, however, which, though it is now a long time since I have seen them, have still left a strong impression on my mind. One is that of a Venus (so called) found at Capua, and now in the Studji at Naples. It is a fragment, with the body. The head is looking down, and it struck me as combining as much beauty as has ever since been produced, with the purity of the finest antiques. I was in some measure the means of bring-

ing it into notice *and fashion*, and, from the manner in which it has *taken*, I am inclined to think my impression of it was not altogether wrong. I have tried long, but in vain, to get a cast from it, or even a mask or squeeze from the face: but I am glad to hear that some one else has been more successful, and has procured one for our king, which I hope will be published in London for the sake of the arts. To this object you may contribute by speaking of the fact. The other face I allude to is less beautiful. It is of the severe class, and altogether of less consequence, being a very small fragment: the *head* only remains, almost without the neck, and mutilated. They call it a muse, and it is to be seen in the British Museum. To return however from this digression. The head of Joseph in the picture by Cornelius, is fair, very handsome, and noble. The face is longer than the Apollo, and it has the most touching expression; eye swelled with a tear; nostril sharp; mouth indicating a slight sob. In short the whole countenance shews a man overcome. It is a profile, and brought close against young Benjamin's face, which makes the effect of both much stronger. The latter is clinging to his brother with unmixed, innocent, and childish joy. He has just sprung to his neck, and Joseph's left hand is round his head. Nothing can be more happy in every way. Joseph's *sleeve* is capital. Do not smile at my coming to the sleeve. I *must* look at every part; besides see what Mengs says about a sleeve in Raphaël's Spasmo di Sicilia. The next figure is full of vulgar devotion, (his eyes shut) kissing the other hand of Joseph which he holds with both his. He has a pouch and a shepherd's pipe. The next has a round cap; he has an expression of mean awe, and seems as if just venturing a look. The next to him has a queer ugly cap, but displays a more refined character under the influence of a sullen shame. Another, with long yellow drapery, and very Jewish, shows a bolder scrutiny, but still feels his awkward situation. This is a very fine expression indeed. These four are kneeling, and well composed. Two envious figures stand a little back. One of them (with a staff) old, dark, and showing some remorse; the other more ugly and malicious. A head looks over the others at the kneeling group with some marks of regret:--then come two younger; one in horror and surprise, and the other hiding his eyes through sorrow or shame; the last leans gracefully on the shoulder of the first; both are very elegant. Beyond is a head in profile, seemingly sick, to account for being last, and put there to make up the eleventh. The colours are treated and chosen with greater breadth than in the others. The accessaries are rather numerous—Gothic architecture—window—fountain outside, with the brothers' asses drinking,—one braying:—the Millini tower, and Colonna pine introduced. None of the advantages of Rome are lost to these men!

No. 5. *Joseph interpreting the dream in prison.* Schadow.—The first object is the door. A dark grating before it is natural and hard enough; near it stands the jailer in a leaning position, very well done, except that his legs are small, and he is a little knock-knee'd. A guard close by is quaint, and as Gothic as any painted glass; both are at some distance, or ought to seem so; but from their being badly painted, as to perspective effect, they seem puppets, and near. Joseph is well intended. The idea is beautiful and Raphaëlesque, but the execution is not quite successful, I mean as to action; and the character of face is not only young, but effeminate also; at the same time it must be acknowledged that he is elegant, mild, and inspired, though rather in a mild, quiet way. He is explaining a dream, and evidently with regret. The *unfortunate Baker*—(a good title for a tragedy by Crabbe?) sits clenching his wrist with one hand, and his chains with the other. He is a fine figure, or rather a fine intention again; he sits fronting; it is a full face and full figure; his draperies are rich, and I do not see that on that account they take from the grandeur of the figure which is very imposing; they are of different reds, and green and gold; there is one long fold from his left shoulder to the ground, which is very grand, or rather would be, if it were less hard and wooden; he sits in the midst of his finery in sullen gloom, looking as it were into his fate with an absent stare. The more happy

Butler is not so well dressed; his left hand is very thick, and his face a portrait in profile of an ugly thin fellow, but he is full of attention and hope. In their expressions these Germans seldom miss their object, and when they *do*, their *good intentions* are pretty evident. The back ground of this picture is dark, and there is more effect in it than the others, but still not enough. The dreams are given in circles of light against the upper part (in imitation of Raphaël). The figures in them, are in nearly the same coloured dresses as the men below, but not quite. I have three more pictures still to send you an account of, which I hope to do soon.

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Always yours,

MIDNIGHT HOURS.

No. VI.

TO NIGHT.

Oh! Night! oh lovely, gentle, dark-eyed Night!
Take me to thy calm breast, and let me share
The sweet tranquillity that dwelleth there:
For dearer far to me is the soft light
That sparkles in thine eyes, than are the bright
And dazzling glances, that are ever flying
From thy fair sister's. Sweeter thy lone sighing
And thy whisperings to me, than the might
Of Day, with all her thousand harmonies!
They are not joys *thy* votary can prize;
But 'tis thy shaded breast, and milk-white brow
Round which those bands of lambent jewels glow,
I love! Then throw thy raven locks aside,
That I may gaze on thee as on a bride!

SONG.

Thou brought'st me once a crystal cup
Encircled with fresh flowers;
With purple wine it was fill'd up,
That sparkled through the flowers.

The perfumed draught thou bad'st me taste,
In honour of thy natal day;
I took the wine with joyful haste,
And bless'd thee and the happy day.

The heart*is*-ease did the wreath adorn,
And with the rose caress'd my lip;
But while I drank a hidden thorn
From 'mongst the roses pierced my lip.

I saw thee triumph in my pain,
And when the cup I put aside,
The heart's-ease thou didst take again,
And threw the rosy band aside.

Yet bring again that crystal cup,
Encircled with fresh flowers;
Or come and see my grave fill'd up,
And strew'd with dewy flowers.*

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* The iteration of the same concluding word in the second and fourth lines of the above verses, is common in French pieces of this description.

A RECOLLECTION.

She sang—and as the liquid tones
Stole through her parted lips, methought
The breath of sadness fill'd the room;
Tho' now and then a note, that swell'd
With love's deep luxury, burst from
The gentle lady's heart unbid;
And then her mild blue eyes would shine
Through gathering tears: but proudly
She flung her clust'ring ringlets back,
And sought the tender strain to drown
In wilder minstrelsy;—striking
Disdainful touches from her harp,
As if to banish thoughts that pain'd her soul—
The memory, perchance, of hapless love.

April, 1820.

THE JEWELS OF THE BOOK.

——— See here be all delights,
That *Fancy* can beget on youthful thoughts.
Milton.

Things are now come to such a pass, that it is scarcely possible to start a hare or a wild fawn among female writers, or the red stag or wild boar of prose or poetry, without being pretty sure that the northern keepers will intercept the course, and caution you against amusing yourself at their expense. The moment one lets a gun off at a flighty subject,—or the pointer of the fancy stands at a glorious covey of *ideas feeding*,—it may be calculated upon, that no second shot must be fired, and that the daring intruder will instantly be threatened with the heavy consequences of a trespass. We are inclined to pay as much respect as our betters to the rights of private property; but we are enemies to the game laws, both of the field and of literature; and shall, as far as in us lies, carry into practice our opposition to the monopoly of woods and wildernesses. Thus far our metaphor has kept upon its legs admirably,—and it may be as well, therefore, now to dismiss it; but before doing so we wish to announce that we have stumbled on *a preserve*, and that we intend to sport in it to our hearts' content, until all the game be bagg'd, or until our friends be weary of the amusement.

Mr. Egan, the celebrated author of Boxiana, has in a little octavo volume,* contrived to amass together all the particulars of horse, dog, and man, worthy of being known:—but before proceeding to analyze a work of such exquisite composition, we must indulge ourselves in a few sentences of laudatory prose on a gentleman who caters more pleasantly for the public mouth than any other person now living. Mr. Egan writes (as we are informed by a young gentleman in the law) the accounts of the fights in the Newspapers,—and gives all the little pithy paragraphs of pugilistic information which announce to the world the arrangements of the matches. We cannot for a moment question our friend's communication, for we continually detect the hand of a master in those interesting records:—And who is there but must admire the ability with which the brutalities and severities of bruising are softened to the taste and timidity of a young gentleman in stays, or a lady at her breakfast table! A pathos—a humour,—or gaiety, is thrown into the recital,—with "infinite variety"—so that a broken jaw comes before the reader under favourable and attractive circumstances. A man is not felled to the earth;—he only *goes down distressed*. His breath is not crushed out of his body,—he is only *queered* a little in the *bellows*. The face that is beaten to a mummy, is "rendered unintelligible" merely; and the blinding of the eyes is relieved into the milder expression of *dimming the ogles*. The reader

* Sporting Anecdotes, &c. by Pierce Egan.—London: Sherwood and Co. 1820.

that would shrink from seeing a human head held by a stout fellow in one hand, and belaboured over the features with the other, reads with indifference, or even delight, of "*the weaving system,*"—which is but the poetry of such an incident. There is in the language of Mr. Egan, a beautiful indistinctness—a sort of gentle twilight—that softens all objects to the same endurable appearance,—which it would be in vain for other writers to attempt. To write faithfully, firmly, and delicately, of boxing, requires indeed a pen with a *man* behind it. Mr. Egan is altogether, as we learn, a pleasant character. His songs are neatly written, and as full of character as a spirit shop on a Saturday evening;—his voice is clear, easy, and natural; and his management of it betrays any thing but inexperience. He tells a good story, writes a good sentence; and is the most obliging gentleman in the world.

But to come to his book,—for we have fallen into an eulogy that might almost be suspected of having been trained, by its *long-windedness,*—we shall open the leaves at a venture, and commence with whatever our eyes chance to fall upon.

"*A Sporting Biographical Sketch of William Habberfield, slangly denominated 'Slender Billy.'*"—Our readers will perceive that a chance opening of Mr. Egan's book is a sure introduction to some facetious or remarkable character or subject. In the present instance, we are familiarized with what Mr. Hardy Vaux calls, *a family man;* that is, with a gentleman who was never very particular in his modes of possessing himself of money or spoons; and who *uttered* those *false promises,* which the governors and company of the Bank of England refuse to attend to, and even visit with Mr. Cotton, and the bell of St. Sepulchre's. Billy was, however, so saith his intelligent biographer, a man of sense and honour; for he was not surpassed, even by Sir Samuel Romilly, in "dividing the *swag* among the *pals,* or in the capacity of an arbitrator." He was industrious and acute,—but highly unfortunate. We shall give a short abstract of his life, recurring to our emperor of anecdotes whenever such recurrence will enliven or enlighten our subject, and taking the facts he states as the basis of our abridged biography.

The place, and the day of *Slender Billy's* birth, alike remain in obscurity: he is very similar to the gentleman in Congreve's Comedy, who was suspected never to have had a grandfather. His days of education are also very imperfectly recollected; but it is not improbable, that the recollection is scarcely more imperfect than was the education itself. As some proof of this, we may quote Mr. Egan's brief Memoirs, which state that, "however singular it may appear, it is an incontrovertible fact, that Slender Billy could not *read,* although he was indicted for forgery." To attempt in Billy's life, "to run it o'er, e'en from his boyish days," would be as idle as to give Malthus's Political Economy to a convict at the Hulks, or seek to get through the first volume of Mr. Edgeworth's Memoir.* We come at once to the days when he dwelt, full of fame, at a *flash* tenement called "the five *chimbleys,*" in Tothill Fields. The softer sex called this spot the Willow Walk. Here he kept a bear, several badgers, and bull dogs past all number; and the Westminster boys were sure of diversion at Willow Walk,—but it now and then happened that their personalities would suffer from those lively *finger smiths* who haunted that place as faithfully as the pigeon its pigeon-house. Billy was famed at the bull-ring, for his adroitness in checking the infuriated beast from breaking his rope by an unhindered rush, and for the dexterity with which he seconded his dog, catching it after its *teetotum* journey in the air, before it reached the earth. He had the most celebrated *slitting* badgers of any man in *the fancy;*—but at the same time he possessed the dogs that would draw or fight such badgers to a miracle. Nothing came amiss to *Slender Billy,* so that it was not too tediously honest. He preferred entering a house by the window at night (particularly if the shutters were closed) to tamely going in at the door. Luggage from the backs of post-chaises and carriages became facinated and seduced, by his winning and attractive manners. Above all, he was, as Mr. Egan assures us,

* The Lion growls something on this matter—for an interpretation of which see his "Head."

"as *close as midnight.*" To say that he was a *knacker*, is perhaps needless, when we say that he dealt in horses. As a proof of his skill and unwearied industry in his pursuits, which branched as many ways as the *radii* of a star, we shall quote the following passage from Billy's ingenious biographer.—"He had been known for forty years to the police as a *cross-cove*, technically termed, but had always escaped, until his release of General Austen and other French prisoners, when he was impeached by his *pal*, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. This was the prelude to his misfortunes; and such was the *generosity* of the Frenchman towards Billy, who had thus risked the safety of his own person, added to the expences of procuring a boat, and the assistance of other persons to render the escape more certain, that upon the French General's landing on his native soil, notwithstanding his great promises, Billy was ungratefully bilked of his reward. This piece of *ingratitude* touched the feelings of Habberfield so keenly (which often angrily escaped him on the recollection of the circumstances), that he often asserted he would sooner have forgiven the robbery of his whole *menagerie,—Blunt* and all,—in one night, than that any man should have forfeited to him, his *word* and *honour* in any transaction in which he had been engaged." It is melancholy to think, that the lightest scoundrel of France triumphs in villany over the deepest of our knowing ones.

Billy could not lead an idle life in prison; so he took to the amusement of *arranging* for the disposal of forged notes. He carried on this pastime successfully for a few years; but as Sterne says, each man hath his *nose;* and such was poor Billy's case. One of his associates *peached*, and the officers burst in upon him while the mischievous *flimsies* were in his hands. By mere strength of body, and undauntedness of spirit, he kept the men from him with one hand, while he held the other in the fire, till the dangerous papers were consumed. "Now it's all right, and you may search, and ————," exclaimed the resolute Billy;—but they *did* search; and to his discomfiture and ruin discovered a parcel of evil notes in his bedstead, which he had forgotten. He was tried, found guilty, and ——. Our feelings will not permit us to go further.

To record the achievements of this enterprizing man, we should require a volume. He was supposed to have *received* the plate, that was *removed* from St. Paul's Cathedral some few years back; and there is no doubt of his having been an extensive *gin-spinner*, otherwise smuggler. "It was Billy's boast that he had not for many years worn a single article of dress that had not been *prigged.*" He left a widow and two amiable daughters to lament his untimely loss.

The following stanzas, from the pen of a theatrical amateur, who had attended his bull, badger, and dog fêtes, will be read and admired, if not for their grammar or poetry, for their mysterious pathos, and ballad-like simplicity.

Ah! wretched Billy! slender is thy hope;
How could'st thou be so silly;
*Flash screens** to *ring*† for home-spun rope,
Oh hapless slender Billy!

To *badger*,‡ *beaks*,§ and lawyers sage,
No *kiddy* could be better;
He'd bear their baiting for an age,
But now he's *flash'd* || the fetter.

His race is run, his days are few,
To the ending post he's beckon'd;
The judge could place no more than two—
Poor Billy, he was second. **

We have now, with the help of Mr. Egan, given some idea of the renowned *Slender Billy*,—a man whose life would have been fifty times more worth Mr. Murray's publishing, than the methodistical autobiography of Hardy Vaux. The latter, in banishment, is crying out in a penitent voice, and confessing himself to the world in the hope of its pardon, that he may go his ways, and sin again. Billy scorned to save his life, though a treacherous word would have done it. The memoir, as written by Mr. Egan, is a happy composition,—full of whim and particular phrases,—with a slip

* Forged notes. † Change. ‡ Bully.
§ Magistrate. || Wears.
** Habberfield was the second criminal tied up at the gallows.

of morality in it, like a bit of lemon-peel in one's punch,—and delightfully flavoured with the choicest lime-juice of *slang*. We shall now,—as Horace in London says,—take another piece by chance, as sailors dip in the tub for salt pork.—What have we now?

"*Sketch of Mr. John Jackson, a most distinguished Teacher of the Art of Self-defence, at his rooms, 13, Bond-street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.*"—In "the pugilistic hemisphere, Jackson,"—as Mr. Egan observes, "has long been considered a fixed *star*, and other bodies, (that is, —the carcasses of Jack Randall, Bob Burns, Tom Shelton, Ned Turner, the *Gaslightman*, Little Puss, and Jem Bunn, the *Bow Boy*) may be compared to so many satellites revolving round the greater orb, deriving their principal vigour and influence from his dominion." We are then informed that this planet of cross-buttocks, is five feet eleven and a half inches in height, and weighs fourteen stone; which certainly ranks him among the *big-ones*. He is declared to be elegant, athletic, and gentlemanly,—and, not content with being the best made man in the kingdom, has wisely endeavoured to be the best behaved man also. It appears, that he entered the *ring* in the nineteenth year of his age, with the formidable *Fewteral*,—a man, whose picture must be familiar to every lover of the fine arts, since it has been displayed, this many a day, near the topmost pane of Mr. Fores's print-shop, in Piccadilly, and reminds us, by its extraordinary attitude, of an old Pollard half blown down. Jackson triumphed over this alarming opponent, and, by care and attention, seated himself in the bar of an inn in Surrey,—"in which situation he is remembered with respect."

"Mendoza surrendered his laurels to Jackson, at Hornchurch in Essex, in *ten minutes and a half*, on the 15th of April, 1795."

Jackson also fought *George the Brewer*, but was the loser on account of a slip, which broke the small bone of his leg.

He now retired from the inside of the *ring* for ever, partly instigated, as we have been informed, by some thousands of reasons, which a widow lady was able to produce,—and partly by superior manners, and a laudable ambition to mingle with a more refined circle. Of a pleasing address, and an amiable and communicative disposition, he goes about delighting the first men in the kingdom, and instilling urbanity into the fiercest and the lowest. Pugilists look up to him as the star of their patronage:—Peers turn to him; and where his eye directs, there follows their favour. "In offering our advice to the pugilists of the present day," says Mr. Egan, "it cannot be expressed in more concise or appropriate terms, than '*Go thou and do likewise.*'"

"Jackson has not been engaged in any contest whatever for upwards of twenty-five years; and it has been observed of him, in reference to other men, that few pugilists have appeared but what have been distinguished for some peculiar trait of excellence appertaining to the art of self-defence: some for superior *strength*;—others for intuitive *science*,—and many for extraordinary *bottom*;—but Jackson has the whole of them united in one person. His agility is truly astonishing; and there are few men, if any, that can jump further than he can; and in point of strength he is equally gifted. A cast has been taken from the arm of Jackson, on account of its fine proportion and anatomical beauty, and of its athletic and muscular appearance."

Thus does Mr. Egan go on, picking the roses of description, and making up a *bouquet* of pleasant phrases for the *fancy*, which savoureth of the spring.

In 1811, a *benefit* for the Portuguese sufferers, at the Fives Court, produced the sum of 114*l.*—And Jackson suggested and regulated the sports which were thus so beneficially productive.

In 1812, a similar benefit, for the British prisoners in France, brought "the respectable sum of 132*l.* 6*s.*"—which was immediately paid over to the committee. Jackson wholly managed this meeting of the pugilists, who readily assembled at his call upon such an occasion.

The *regulations* of the *prize-ring* and of the *benefits*, are totally under Mr. Jackson's direction; and heartily do we concur in opinion with Mr. Egan, if not in metaphor,—that "whenever this link is broken in the *chain* that binds together the pugi-

listic *hemisphere*, we are totally at a loss to know who will be able to supply the *chasm!*"

This slight sketch of Mr. Jackson's life must end here for want of materials to continue it, as the gentleman is still alive, and pursuing the even tenour of his way:—Sincerely do we pray, that our memoir may long remain imperfect, and that its amiable object may delay its conclusion for a rich clustre of years. We shall be pleased to have the niche we have allotted him, continue empty, like Dr. Gardiner's *last and best bed-room* in Shoreditch church-yard, for very many years, being assured that he is needed in his home, in the circle of his friends, —and most especially by a large, muscular, and formidable family of brave, yet irregular children, whose movements require a kind, yet a vigorous hand to controul them.

Before we conclude, we must observe, from our own experience, that Mr. Jackson, by his persuasion and kind looks and gestures, renders the crowd at a prize-fight as temperate as lambs, and as orderly as doves. The awful mob swells, heaves, rolls in tumultuous grandeur to and fro, and breaks when *he* is away;—but his presence, like the soothing wind of the west, winnows away all rudeness, and lulls it into enormous quiet. The dirtiest fellows fall back with smiles, or crouch down on the grass with muttered civility, at his bidding. He walks about with an umbrella in his hand, —his fine legs tightly dressed in white stockings, close breeches, and short gaiters,—and with his watch-chain hanging out in strange and beautiful security. No thief would approach his fob:—no pickpocket intrude upon his respectable and unprotected flap. His pocket his sacred. His *repeater* bears a charmed life. If one unruly countryman or costermonger dares to rush in upon the *ring*, Mr. Jackson kindly takes his arm, expostulates on the indelicacy of his conduct, and leads him quietly to his proper limits. —The two men do not enter the ring till Mr. Jackson intimates that "all is ready." They then quit their respective postchaises, and, with a quiet saunter, walk through the parted crowd; they cross the bright grass in their beautiful trained condition, and dressed in the neatest clothes, and the whitest linen, up to the ropes. Jackson shakes hands with them,—introduces them to Lord ——, and the Marquis of ——;—makes a few observations on the goodness of the ground,—looks up at the sky, and wishes the sun were not so bright on their account.—But we are becoming tedious with our minuteness, and shall desist at once. The fight at length commences, and the beaten man is sure of the attention of Mr. Jackson; he puts an irresistible beaver before the patrons of the fist, who in the moment of enthusiasm, come *down with the dust* handsomely. A fight is thus made as orderly a scene as a *club*-rubber,—and, if by our description, we should be thought to have a passion for the thing, "we own the soft impeachment," and attribute it to the regularities which (thanks to Mr. Jackson!) make the scene so agreeable.

In conclusion we have only to observe, that we take a great pleasure in meeting Mr. Jackson occasionally in the street, when he never fails to impress our minds with the respectability of his manner, and the grandeur of his person. His dress is quiet, and that of a gentleman,—but tightly-set, to display the muscular beauty of his frame. He looks like *the Theseus* escaped from the foolish visitants of the Museum, and enjoying an English walk in a blue coat, and becoming lower garments:—or, when the Exhibition is *quenched*, he may be mistaken for the Farnese Hercules taking a holiday, by permission of Sir Thomas Laurence, and sauntering about town in indolence and *kerseymeres*. In truth, we respect Mr. Jackson very sincerely, and feel considerable pleasure in thus having introduced him to our readers. We wish he would write a book, that we might show our love for him by the style in which we should review it.

In turning over the leaves afresh, our eye has caught a glimpse of "*training*,"—but we dare not plunge into so learned and laborious a subject. The following little gem of history makes ample amends, however, for the denial we set upon ourselves, and will, we have no doubt, give to our readers that gallant delight which generally stirs in the heart of man at contemplating the graceful pleasures, and innocent revels, of the gentler sex.

Extraordinary Cricket Match between Twenty-two Females.

In the year 1811, on Wednesday the 2d of October, in a field belonging to Mr. Strong, at the back of Newington-green, near Ball's Pond, Middlesex, this singular performance between the Hampshire and Surrey heroines commenced at eleven in the morning. It was made by two noblemen for 500 guineas a side. The performers in this contest were of all ages and sizes, from *fourteen* to *sixty*. The young had shawls, and the old long cloaks. The Hampshire were distinguished by the colour of *true blue*, which was pinned in their bonnets, in the shape of the Prince's plume. The Surrey were equally smart. Their colours were *blue* surmounted with *orange*. The latter eleven consisted of Anne Baker (sixty years of age, the best runner and bowler on that side), Anne Taylor, Maria Barfatt, Hannah Higgs, Elizabeth Gale, Hannah Collas, Hannah Bartlett, Maria Cooke, Charlotte Cooke, Elizabeth Stock, and Mary Fry.

The Hampshire eleven were, Sarah Luff, Charlotte Pulain, Hannah Parker, Elizabeth Smith, Martha Smith, Mary Woodson, Nancy Porter, Ann Poulters, Mary Novell, Mary Hislock, and Mary Jougan.

Very excellent play took place on Wednesday; one of the Hampshire lasses made forty-one notches before she was thrown out. And at the conclusion of the day's sport, the Hampshire eleven were 81 a-head. The unfavourableness of the weather prevented any more sport that day, though the ground was filled with spectators. On the following day the Surrey lasses kept the field with great success; and on Monday the 7th, being the last day to decide the contest, an unusual assemblage of elegant persons were on the ground. At three o'clock the match was won by the Hampshire lasses, who not being willing to leave the field at so early an hour, and having only won by two notches, they played a single game, in which they were also successful. Afterwards they marched in triumph to the Angel at Islington, where a handsome entertainment had been provided for them, by the noblemen that made the match.

Who can read this interesting account, and not feel his heart bound with rapture at the feats of Ann Baker! Imagination sees her throwing down the ball, in that hour of joy,—the *golden* ball,—to Ann Poulters, the Hampshire Atalanta!—If Hannah Higgs was a fascinating bowler; who can deny that Mary Jougan must have been a charming *long-stop!*—What ball could be so ungallant as to slip through the fair fingers of Sarah Luff!—what wicket so forgetful of its feminine protector, as to fall at the feet of Mary Fry! How beautiful must have been the sight—the anxious heavings of two-and-twenty fair bosoms beheld at once, like a sweet human sea! Hundreds of dark curls dancing in the sun! Black eyes and blue eyes flashing with health and exercise, to the number of forty-four, open and alive at once!—And forty-four winged feet, playing delightedly on the charmed grass.—What a rustling of gowns, like a crowd at a birth-day!—What a streaming of handkerchiefs and hair! We could write and speculate for ever on this romantic scene, but that we fear our printer will have already exhausted his notes of admiration:—and it is hardly fair to deprive our readers of so much food for the fancy. It is clear that such a match must be made all of women, or not at all; for it would be impossible for men to succeed if one fair opponent were admitted amongst them. The most expert player would err in *catching-out* a lively and laughing girl, whose heart was in the game;—and the ablest bowler would lose his confidence in aiming at a wicket, beside which were set a pair of the prettiest ancles in the world. His bowling would evaporate in ogles;—his exclamation of "play!" would fade away in sighs. The *long-stop* would forget his post, and lie dreaming at the lady's feet;—the *scouts* would fill the air with amorous complaints,—and the *markers* would neglect the notches, and lose the score in her fleet and beautiful presence. Women seem to triumph in all their undertakings:—they love better than men;—they smile better than men;—they dress better than men;—they play cricket better than men;—it is most probable they would *box* better than men. We wish Mr. Egan could have given some little record of their pugilistic powers. It would be a fairy account. To think of a beautiful body, *doubled-up* by a round arm!—To imagine how much better a woman would give a *chattering hit* on a white *mug*, than a man!—To behold a graceful female figure, "*going down distressed*" like a Tragedy Queen! Mrs. Siddons would do this grandly!—To see a pearled forehead being *fibbed* under a gentle arm by a fair

ivory hand! How would the *claret* blush on a rosy lip!—"But these eternal blazons must not be?" and men must continue their prose style of fighting,—leaving the ladies to conquer with tenderness and tea.

For the present we shall pause.—But Mr. Egan's book is still so full of pearls, that we shall *dive* again, and present such jewels as we may happen to find, to our readers. There is a delightful account of *Street Walker*, a celebrated fighting dog, whom we have had the honour of seeing in his glorious retirement under a tap in St. Giles's, full of scars and nearly blind, but noble yet, and heavy with sombre pride. He looks like an old lion,—and his awful jaw still, though toothless, seems full of power and confidence:—But we must not go into the description of him now. He will, however, take the lead, as he has always done, in our next selection.

MR. EBERT, AND MR. DIBDIN.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Stockton-upon-Tees, July 5, 1820.

Mr. Editor—I was surprised and a little amused by the account, in your last number, of the forthcoming "New Bibliographical Work" of Mr. Ebert of Dresden. At first sight, it should seem, that that account was published in order to throw discredit, however obliquely, upon the bibliographical labours of our countryman Mr. Dibdin; but I am persuaded that your Journal is influenced by principles more liberal and enlightened, than those which could instigate such a proceeding. However, it so happens, that I am in possession not only of the whole of Mr. Ebert's criticism upon the Decameron, (Parts I. II. published at Leipsic, in the year 1819, by Brockhaus; see page 226, &c.) but that I mean, in the leisure of retirement, to make a literal version of it into our own language, to be *encadred* by notes, marginal and foot. In short, Mr. Editor, it is my intention to publish this elaborate piece of criticism, with notes, which, as Mr. Dibdin somewhere expresses it, in the work criticised, will be considered both "pungent and palateable." My name will be concealed from the public, as it is from yourself; and I choose to call myself One of the Fancy.

A word or two, however, before the appearance of this my translation. The Dresden or the Leipsic critic (which you please) is not a man to be laughed at, or kicked at, with impunity: and he seems indeed to have the same notion of our bibliographical countryman. He commences, he carries on, and he concludes, his elaborate performance, with the highest respect, and with the most marked admiration of Mr. Dibdin's labours; for he begins by observing that the Decameron "is so rich in the most interesting information, that were all preface and digression rejected, it would be extremely difficult to compose a review of it within the limits of one article. The whole disposition of the work (adds he) announces so thoroughly the literary spirit which prevails in England, that *there* it must be necessarily received with the most unqualified approbation and have a most decided influence." Nor is there any thing throughout his review to weaken the force or subvert the truth of this preliminary observation.

From the communication in your Journal, it is admitted, that, "till the appearance of the Bibliotheca Spenceriana, and the Bibliographical Decameron, we possessed no works in the department of bibliography, which could for a moment be put in competition with those compiled by the French and Germans." But had Mr. Ebert forgotten Maittaire?—for we claim him as our own. I can excuse his omission of the name of Mr. Beloe—for that gentleman appears to have always described books with his eyes shut, or his judgment paralysed: but the name of Bowyer—and still more those of Oldys, Ames, and Herbert, should not have been forgotten. It appears from the article in your Journal—which is well borne out by the review in my possession—that Mr. Ebert has the folly, if not temerity, to say, that "to a German more particularly, who possesses a Freytag, Baumgarten, Masch, Heineken,

Hummel, Reuss, Pfeiffer, Gemeiner, Denis, Braun, Helmschrot, Seemiller, Zapf, Panzer, Grass, Strauss, &c.—the works of Mr. Dibdin will be found to convey no new information." Now, I do not scruple to affirm, that this observation is both ridiculous and untrue; for the object of Mr. D. has been—in his Bibliotheca Spenceriana more particularly—to refer to most of these authorities—(those of Masch, Seemiller, Braun, Zapf, Panzer, and Denis—for, as critics in books, neither Heineken, Strauss, nor Freytag is to be mentioned) to notice their descriptions—whether correct, or otherwise—and to concentrate, in one focus, all the scattered rays of information which could be collected; while his own is, generally speaking, more complete and correct.

I pass by the full and curious particulars relating to "The Infancy of Printing"—Bibl. Spencer. vol. i. p. 1. &c.—in which more has been done for the block books, there reviewed, than Heineken ever ventured upon; and take leave to ask the patriotic, but somewhat plodding, Mr. Ebert, in *which* of the *above* authorities, or whether in the *whole* of them collectively, he will find the same full and minute intelligence respecting the Letters of Indulgence, the Latin Bible of 1462, the Psalter of 1457, the suite of early Ciceros, the first Horace, the first Lucretius, the first Macrobius, the two first Ovids, the early Phalarises, the first Plautus, the Bologna Ptolemy of 1462, and the series of early Virgils—as are to be found in the catalogue of Earl Spencer's Library? Perhaps the account of Caxtons, in the 4th volume, is the fairest specimen of literary bibliography, which the pages of that work contain; although I think a good deal might have been spared, and a more serious truncation have taken place, respecting the Horace of 1498, the Terence of 1496, and the Nuremberg Chronicle of 1493. Mr. Dibdin's fondness for early art has led him (pleasantly, I think, rather than profitably) astray in these articles. Now, I should like to ask Mr. Ebert, where, in the authors just mentioned, there will be found, not only an account of the Caxtons, but even of the early Italian books—which the fourth volume of the Bibl. Spenceriana contains? and especially of the Monte Sancto di Dio 1477, and the Dante of 1481? In these queries I purposely abstain saying one word about the very great superiority of Mr. Dibdin's illustrations by way of *ornament*, which bring the book described absolutely before your eyes. The Germans ever have been, and perhaps ever will be, strangers to this most desirable department of bibliography. And besides, may I not ask, what will you find in Mr. Ebert's Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexikon, that may not be also found in the corps of German writers, which he has collected together in such formidable array?

You are pleased to mention Mr. Ebert's work as being executed "on a much more improved plan,"—and "infinitely more comprehensive and correct, than Mr. Brunet's "Manuel du Libraire:" but the specimens selected are unluckily not very confirmatory of this position. What might have been afforded by the article Biblia, I cannot take upon myself to affirm; but I mean to say—not without due consideration—that he who should swell this article to an unconscionable size, would betray his want of judgment as a bibliographer: for, in my opinion, about fifty articles, in this department, would satisfy every reasonable curiosity. State the number of impressions—which are mere *reprints* of the Bible of 1462—and this alone would give you a hundred articles. But what is hence gained in a critical knowledge of texts?

I say the "specimens selected" in your Journal are not the most favourable—either on the score of fidelity or fulness. Where did Mr. Ebert gain *all* his information about the Caxton Arthur, but in Mr. Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities and Bibliographical Decameron? But did he find, from the *latter*, that Lord Spencer gave 750*l.* for the Wygfair copy? Consult vol. iii. p. 142—where it is said that that "copy was procured for the not inordinately extravagant sum of 320*l.*" And a little further—that Mr. Southey was in training for the forthcoming reprint. Does Mr. Ebert appear to know that there were at least three dozen large paper copies of Mr. Southey's edition. He says not one word about it. In the notice of Mr. Utterson's new edition of Arthur of Little Britain, Mr.

Ebert might have known that there are "twenty-five copies printed upon large paper, of a folio size." Thus you see, Sir, Mr. Ebert himself has something yet to learn, and something to correct.

Of the general tone and temper of Mr. Ebert's criticism upon the Bibliographical Decameron, it may be fairly observed, that the German reviewer speaks entirely as a straightforward, plodding, bibliographer.... exclusively attached to signatures and catch-words, titles and colophons: that there must be a vast fund of information in Mr. D.'s book, wholly strange to his feelings, and foreign to his pursuits. The object with the English bibliographer, has been, to unite taste with research, and literature with bibliography. The introductory portion—the opening of the third day—the management of the History of Printing in the fourth—the history of Art, as displayed in illuminated MSS. of which the first day is composed--the history of Book-Sales, and the personal history of Collectors—forming the ninth and tenth Days, are all points beyond the feeling, or the interest of the Head Librarian of the Dresden Public Library.

At the same time, when Mr. Ebert comes to grapple with our English bibliographer upon firm ground—respecting the history of Printing in the sixteenth century—he evidently displays some muscular strength and power. Yet he could never have managed the biographies of Plantin and Oporinus as Mr. D. has contrived to manage them. I am purposely silent respecting the copper-plates of the Decameron. They speak for themselves. I must now, Sir, make my bow, and wish you and the public adieu; till I again come forward as

ONE OF THE FANCY.

LIVING AUTHORS.

No. III.

GODWIN—CHIEFLY AS A WRITER OF NOVELS.

Some minds find their chief pleasure in variety: others in completeness: others again in intensity. Mr. Godwin's is of the latter class. He regards the passions as divided and determinate powers, and he puts them in action, as they try the ordnance at Woolwich, not from a desire to forward any certain plan of general operations, but to essay and strain their own strength, the energy of their resistance, and of their violence. For the harmony of union he seems to have little feeling: to the softening and reacting springs of conduct; the modifying impulses; the preserving, and redeeming guards and checks; in short, to all that lessens dead weight, and breaks collision in the moral machinery of the world, he is almost insensible. He delights in simple principles, and undivided forces. His instinct is that of the bloodhound: he will follow on one track with wonderful vigour, and a perseverance that may be termed remorseless; but except for the single scent which has excited him to the chase, he has neither observation nor sensibility. Admiring, therefore, as we do, the genius of this author, we nevertheless think him a painful writer: we rise with the heartache from his works. The motto to his Mandeville is suitable enough for all his novels: "and the waters of that fountain were bitter; and they said, let the name of it be called Marah." We can conceive nothing more truly appalling than a world peopled with his characters, and proceeding on his system. His personages stand out as severe or sorrowful *alto relievos* from the surface of society: his moral tendencies have all the enthusiasm of passion, with all the blindness and inevitability of a property of matter. He never balances these: no cloud, "instinct with fire and nitre," ever comes to give "rebuff" to the fall of his characters: "plumb down they drop," under the influence of their chief quality, which acts as irremissibly as gravitation in a stone,--growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength.—There is something,—to us at least,—very distressing in contemplating this sort of spectacle: we seem to be witnessing

a struggling wretch carried down the rapids towards the fatal cataract. The course of the adventures in Mr. Godwin's novels produces a sensation similar to that which is felt when, stooping down to the proper level, the eye is cast along the inclined plain of the river ponderously rushing to the precipice of Terni. The banks of this river are high on each side, so that the water is closely imprisoned in its bed, along which, with a murmur, as if of despair, it comes rushing down, —rapidly, but not so quick as to dazzle or elude observation, yet sufficiently so to make both the soul and sight of the spectator giddy. In that stream there is the finest and most formidable image of irrevocable doom: —one step into its current would put salvation out of the reach of all the arms and all the prayers of a world assembled to attempt a rescue. Along its surface might a man be hurried,—his strength full, and his senses clear, —with the blue sky, and the fair sun over his head,—and the bushes, the flowers, and the trees hanging quietly near him,—but without a remnant of hope left in his heart--casting a wistful and straining look at the unconscious animal grazing in safety close by, or the astonished peasant, or the shrieking friend, while approximating destruction roars for him from below.

The current of the fortunes of Mandeville, Caleb Williams, Fleetwood, and, in a less degree, St. Leon, seems in each instance to have the same hopeless, fixed, irresistible tendency. The man is lost in the stream: that is to say, he does not appear to have a man's resources against a certain bias, which, though proceeding from his nature, is at once contrary to his will, his interests, and his reason. In the works just named, the impelling power cannot with propriety be termed Fate or Destiny; for these words suppose a superior and external influence,—something directing and controuling the actions of the man, and their results, according to the views and purposes of an over-ruling intelligence. But our author lodges his fatal principle within the nature of the man himself; deriving it sometimes from the circumstance of a seven-month's birth, and sometimes even from a gloomily situated mansion. His characters receive an impression from such things, as the metal takes one from the die with which it is struck, —passively and permanently—never afterwards to be obliterated, and always to bear one current acceptation. This is subjecting spiritual existence to the laws which govern dead matter, but without bestowing on it the necessary and corresponding privilege of insensibility. The human creature hangs in one certain direction like a plummet; but he is endowed with the susceptibility that only ought to attend volition, or a destiny held in higher hands, for unknown but important ultimate purposes. The disheartening and afflicting effect of the works in question, on the mind of the reader, is particularly to be traced, we think, to this degrading position in which human nature is generally placed in them: the chief characters seem labouring under incurable diseases; their actions have all the uncontroulable unwilled violence of spasmodic muscular agitations; their sufferings appear the agonies of a disturbed dreamer, who feels acutely, but who cannot be held a real agent in the scenes in which his mind is busying itself, or amidst the events the idea of which causes drops of sweat to gather on his brow.

We must, therefore, characterize Mr. Godwin's works, as morbid:--they are far however from being sickly:—distempered, diseased, or deformed, would rather be the word we should apply to them. There is no affectation apparent about them; no cant; no exaggeration of expression beyond the feeling or the situation which the author wishes to realize. He analyzes human nature with consummate skill; and having given it up to the mastery of one of its elements, he conducts the experiment with admirable address, and displays the results with prodigious vigour. Imagine a man in whom one of the bodily organs should monopolize the place and functions of all the others—life at the same time continuing with unchecked vivacity: whose spleen, for instance, should occupy the regions, and discharge the offices of his heart and brain, or whose bile should circulate in his veins, as well as continue to be secreted in his liver. His existence, becoming modified in conformity to the natural tendency of the usurping principle, would afford as fair a spe-

cimen of human nature as the chief characters in Mr. Godwin's novels, whose souls are subjected to as monstrous an invasion of a moral description.

What we are now urging is not meant to convey blame: we feel how ill that would become us: our wish is only to characterize, or at least to state the impressions which the works in question have made on us. It would be worse than impertinent to quarrel with Mr. Godwin for not having performed something foreign to the cast of his genius: it would be unfair to ask this of him: we should be the losers, as much as himself, were such a request granted. It is, however, perfectly fair to give the preference to one class of productions over another, and to state the properties, in both, or either, that have led to the decision. We have said that Mr. Godwin's novels pain us in the reading; that they leave sad, desponding, restless sensations on the mind; darken the horizon of life with thick clouds, which settle rather than drive; --that they "mildew the white wheat;" —that their "climate is foggy, raw, and dull:"—but it is due to the distinguished author also to state, that, though they may wither the heart, there is nothing in them directly calculated to corrupt conduct, or pervert the feelings on which its correctness depends. We are the more anxious to state this, because we believe the world has not given him sufficient credit on this head.

Mr. Godwin has a mind of a speculative and questioning cast; and one that feels acutely, what it suits so many persons to deny or overlook, viz. "the ills to which flesh is heir," in the miseries and absurdities of social institutions, the false pretensions, and falser conceptions that constitute which is termed social order:—but he is an honest man, and one of too magnanimous a disposition, either to seek to blind others or himself. The dirt on one side is to him no more agreeable than the dirt on another: he would fain pick his steps out of the way of both. However decided his sentiments may be as to the imperfection of many of the establishments of the time, he seems to be one of the most temperate and impartial—we do not say the most correct—of political casuists. The collected body of his works amply justifies and bears out the declaration he makes in the preface to his last: "I have never truckled to the world. I have never published any thing with the slightest purpose to take advantage of the caprice of the day, to approach the public on its weak side, or to pamper its frailties. What I have produced was written merely in obedience to that spirit, unshackled and independent, whatever were its other qualities, that commanded me to take up my pen."—*Preface to Mandeville.*

He got, however, at one period of his life, deeply involved in the toils to which his sincerity and solicitude for human happiness conducted him; and as he lay in these, entangled and floundering, he was of course a tempting object for the kicks of those asinine animals, who know, with equal sagacity, when to act as servile drudges, and when as spiteful assailants. That Mr. Godwin exposed himself to their attacks, we have his own authority for stating:—he has professed himself anxious for an opportunity to modify the sentiments inculcated in a celebrated political and philosophical performance which he wrote at an early period. He has shewn himself anxious to guard against such misinterpretation of his first doctrines, as might lead "each man for himself to supersede and trample upon the institutions of the country in which he lives. A thousand things," he says, "might be found excellent and salutary, if brought into general practice, which would in some cases appear ridiculous, and in others be attended with tragical consequences, if prematurely acted upon by a solitary individual. The author of Political Justice, as appears again and again in the pages of that work, is the last man in the world to recommend a pitiful attempt, by scattered examples, to renovate the face of society, instead of endeavouring by discussion and reasoning to effect a grand and comprehensive improvement in the sentiments of its members."—*Preface to Fleetwood.*

These are nice discriminations, however, to which he will never get mankind or their leaders to attend;—and after allowing him the full privilege of protesting against an unqualified or partial application of his maxims, there will still remain a large amount of

absolute error for which he must be held accountable. In his philosophical treatise, as in his novels, he considers man in patches and parcels rather than in the totality of his nature; he argues on one fact, rather than on that combination which constitutes truth;—satisfied with having discovered a weakness, he does not trouble himself to inquire whether it be not inextricably connected with some vital principle or source of welfare, which must perish under its remedy, as Dame Lorenca Sephora would have perished, if, to please Gil Blas, she had got the surgeon to dry up her cancer.

Without inquiring how many, or which, of his former doctrines he would now disavow, it is sufficient for our present purpose that in his later productions we find "the affections and charities of private life, topics of the warmest eulogium;" that the tendency of these productions is rather to repress presumptuous dissent, and angry opposition, than to provoke them; and that practical tolerance for even the gravest errors of bigotry, and the grossest abuses of arbitrary power, is suggested in them by the eloquent appeals of an elevated philosophy. We do not find, however, that these merits are now fairly balanced against Mr. Godwin's original faults: the latter, though most distant in point of time, seem to be freshest in the recollection of the buzzers of critical opinions, the awarders of reputation, those who occupy the literary tripods, and of course the crowds that repeat their responses. More than one reason may be given for this. Our author, though he has shewn a disposition to make the *amende honorable* to truth, has manifested no inclination to make it up with irritated interests;—and further, while he has mortally offended one party, he has neglected to conciliate any. His soul comes into the secret of no faction; nor would he, apparently, even for the sake of an approved cause, write or affirm what he would blush really to think. There exists nowhere, therefore, any zeal to see him righted; while there is still, naturally enough, a good deal of disposition to do him wrong.

We had occasion to remark in our observations on the author of the Scotch novels, that a feeling of kindness towards human nature and individuals, under all the varieties of faith and practice, seemed to be the necessary consequence of their delightful pictures. We would now say for Mr. Godwin, that he appears to be quite as tolerant and forbearing in disposition, as the still nameless writer, his contemporary and fellow labourer. There is, however, this great characteristic difference between them, so far as regards their works; that those of Mr. Godwin suggest *lenity*, while those of the anonymous inspire *love*: the latter gains our sympathies on the side of his characters; the former secures for them the protection of our philosophy. We become partners with one class in their actions: we pity and palliate the other in their fate and conduct.

Mr. Hilkiah Bradford, the Puritan tutor of Mandeville, is delineated with a masterly hand, and in a pure spirit of lofty observation: the integrity of his zeal is recognised, the ardour of his faith displayed, and a character of sublimity is given, in the description, to his creed, and to the habits that sprung out of it. The mutual recrimination of Catholics and Protestants, in the same work, are balanced so as to hinder us from execrating the violence of either. The inquisitor, and the familiar of the Inquisition in Saint Leon, have much to say for themselves: sufficient at least to merge their personal responsibility in the merits of a system, which may hold up its head in the world with as much justice as some others that people now-a-days are inclined to regard with more favour. The terrible Bethlem Gabor, too, is no more hateful than a tiger is hateful: we would avoid him as we would the whirlwind of the desart, but owning him, at the same time, to be a magnificent piece of mischief—monstrous rather than culpable. The reader, however, in all this, is only led to be intellectually tolerant to error and mistake:—he is not made to see that "soul of goodness in things evil" which excites the affections, and reconciles them to human nature and the human kind,—but he is taught to consider it as a natural phenomenon on which it becomes him to reason dispassionately, having first submitted it to the superior and independent scrutiny of his understanding.

This plan includes but little of comfort or consolation; little, we are afraid, of derivable benefit to either the mind or the manners of people in general. Its general result is dissatisfaction and melancholy; and these feelings, as we have already observed, are engendered by Mr. Godwin's works in a very remarkable degree. He brings a spirit of infatuation into play which terrifies and saddens: madness of conduct without alienation of reason: unconquerable tendencies to evil in virtuous dispositions: abrupt changes of general character to draw on fearful catastrophes: the galling weight and corrupting influence of society and social institutions, without allowing for their preservatives, checks, and safeguards. For a striking instance of the latter misrepretation, refer to his Caleb Williams. Here we find misery of the most acute description traced to what is called the natural operation of social establishments; and it cannot be denied that they have a tendency to produce a great deal of the suffering ascribed to them in this work; but, at the same time, they would inevitably prevent much of the horror and mischief which it represents to have occurred,—which are often inconsistent with our state of manners, and chimerical with reference to our laws. Nevertheless this very error we imagine, contributes to put the scene vividly before the reader, as an exhibition where his philosophy may find easy exercise in speculation and inference. His heart is dissatisfied; his feelings tortured; but his understanding is flattered by the palpableness of the conclusions, all of which are direct and evident—much more so than if the thousand niceties and complicated realities of genuine practical nature were fairly mingled, and formed the groundwork of the composition.

Mr. Godwin's characters and incidents may thus be said to form subjects for lecturing on the properties of human nature and human institutions, rather than to be actual examples of their life and real influence. In this respect his literary productions bear the impress of the remarkable period when his authorship commenced, and which may be considered as having chiefly impregnated his imagination, and animated his powers. The age of the French revolution, considered as an era in literature and philosophy, was an age of exhibition and demonstration; the first of which was unfair and incomplete, and the second little or nothing to the purpose. They proved a part, it is true,—but the whole they misrepresented. It then became fashionable to talk of influence and destinies, instead of disposition, character, and duty; men were described, and provided for, and reasoned upon, on the basis of certain theories relative to the general tendencies of things, rather than from a practical regard to the qualities of individuals: examination entirely superseded experience; and human will became altogether subordinate to the concatenation of circumstances. Out of this system have grown-up Mandeville, and Caleb Williams, and Fleetwood; who are always doing what they have an aversion to do, degrading themselves in a way unworthy of their qualities, and suffering agonies from which, in the common course of things, as the world really goes, they would have been exempt. We more than doubt, therefore, whether it can be justly said of Mr. Godwin that he has displayed the depths of the human heart, and laid bare the most secret springs of human feeling: he has rather submitted these to a set of artificial experiments, which in practice could not have effect, and which in theory involve inconsistency.

Our objections will be misconstrued if they are supposed to apply to such improbabilities as Saint Leon's possession of the secret of the philosopher's stone, and his consequent enjoyment of the power of avoiding death, and of rendering his purse inexhaustible. The consideration of what would be the natural influence of such knowledge on the human mind, as it is constituted, is well worthy of the attention of the speculative philosopher, and supplies excellent materials for the use of the novellist. Nothing can be more stupid than French criticism, in this respect, which would fain condemn such a fiction as childish, simply because it is a fiction. The principles of nature may often be most forcibly illustrated by combining circumstances that do not fall within the order of nature according to our experience. But the French Academy does not understand this:

it lately gave, as the subject for a poetical competition, "*The Trial by Jury*," a selection sufficient to convince us, that they are a people still very unlikely to possess either good juries, or good poetry. The former are likely to be too poetical, and the latter too juridical:—we should have a better idea of the sobriety and discretion of their jurymen and judges, were their poets encouraged to take the philosopher's stone, rather than a modern political institution, for their theme. Were this the case in France, we think it probable that Madame Manson's appearance before the jury would have been less disgraceful to herself, to the court, to her nation. But perhaps we are wrong; for Lady Morgan, and others who are no doubt proud of thinking in her ladyship's suite, or wake,—whichever may be the most proper word,—tell us, that the French are a more reflecting people than the English, and more distinguished by sober steady sense!

The Saint Leon of Mr. Godwin is more tender in its melancholy than any of his other works: the Fleetwood is of the most genuine interest, and altogether perhaps the best. The Caleb Williams is the most characteristic of the writer, and the Mandeville is more false in plan, and at the same time we really think more powerful in execution, than any of its predecessors.

In the work first mentioned (Saint Leon) the picture of conjugal attachment, fidelity, affliction, agony, gradual alienation, and ultimate destruction, is managed with a skill, and worked up with a feeling for pathos, beyond all praise. The character of Marguerite excites the interest of a saintly portrait by one of the old masters: she seems to shine with a purer light than that of the daily earth: the power of her virtue, and the magnanimity of her prudence, produce the effect of passion from their intensity, —and entirely preserve the conception from wearing that air of coldness and insipidity which generally belongs to faultless personages. As her noble and confiding soul becomes smitten with distrust, and its affections are blighted in their core, a gloom, like the frown of heaven, spreads over the unhappy offender of so much goodness. In losing his place in her heart, he seems to undergo the doom of excommunication from paradise: a cloud spreads over the horizon of his fortunes—which neither immortality nor boundless wealth can ever clear away.

Fleetwood, again, is a story of conjugal dissension: the hero is the slave of early circumstances, and a tyrant towards late connexions. At an advanced period of his life he marries a young and accomplished female, who is left solely dependent on him by a melancholy accident which befel her family. The heedless appropriation to herself of a favourite study-room belonging to her husband, first instils the poisonous drop into her cup of felicity, turning it into bitterness for them both. The infatuation, however, is not unnatural, and it is very finely described in its paroxysms. But Ruffigny's journey from Lyons to Versailles, when a child and a runaway from a silk manufactory, in order to tell his story to Louis XIV., and claim redress from that monarch, is our favourite part of the book.

> I was persuaded that I could interest his majesty in my case, that I could induce him to judge me deserving of his protection. I would say to him, sire, dispose of me as you please; make me one of your pages; you shall find me the most zealous and faithful of your servants! * * * * * I bought a portrait of this monarch: it was almost the only extravagance of which I had been guilty since my last degradation. I carried it in my pocket: on Sundays, when I had wandered into the most obscure retreat I could find, I held it in my hand, I set it before me, I talked to it, and endeavoured to win the good-will of the king. Sometimes I worked myself into such a degree of fervour and enthusiasm, that I could scarcely believe but that the portrait smiled upon me, and with a look of peculiar benignity seemed to say, Come to Versailles, and I will make your fortune!—*Fleetwood*, vol. i.

This journey, and series of adventures, are beautiful: yet we dare not say that they are equal to the enterprise of Jenny Deans.

The master-passion of Mandeville is unreasonable, or rather irrational hatred:—a feeling inconsistent with his general character; out of harmony with the circumstances in which he is placed; inadequate as a cause, and extravagantly represented in its effects. The name of madness is, to be sure, often introduced, and applied to Mandeville's state of mind: but the

interest we are solicited to take in his conduct is not that which a madman's could inspire. We find, however, a vast deal of grand delineation, and penetrating sentiment in this work. The commencement of Mandeville's disturbed life in the dark and fiery cloud of public discord is finely imagined: civil war and massacre seem to have stamped his character:—saved from death by the fidelity of a Catholic female, his education is conducted by a Puritan tutor, at an abode which "melancholy has marked for her own." Mandeville is offered as a cast from such a mould—the result is every where traced to the engendering causes.

Caleb Williams was the first of Mr. Godwin's novels, though we notice it last. It represents fatality without destiny, persecution without malice, merited misery absurdly accounted for. Nature is outraged, and mankind insulted, in this work. The characters, their faults, and misfortunes are all traced to social institutions,—but they all of right belong to Mr. Godwin. They could not have existed or occurred in society as we see it constituted, or as it could by any possibility be constituted. No one, however, who has once read this novel, can ever forget it. Mr. Falkland, the worthiest of assassins, the most diabolical of philanthropists, must ever after haunt his thoughts as a hideous anomaly; a something sufficiently like a fellow creature to pain by the resemblance, and far enough wide of human nature to startle by its monstrosity.

There is not, perhaps, a more beautiful, or amiable composition in the language, than Mr. Godwin's Essay on Sepulchres. He introduces it by professing his hopelessness, that his recommendations will be received.

> I have none of the qualifications that befit the institutor and leader of a public undertaking. I am a man of no fortune, or consequence in my country; I am the adherent of no party; I have passed the greater part of my life in solitude and retirement; there are numbers of men who overflow with gall and prejudice against me (God bless them!) and would strenuously resist a proposal I made, though it were such as from any other quarter they would accept with thankfulness.—*Preface to the Essay on Sepulchres.*

The proposal is "for erecting some memoral of the illustrious dead, in all ages, on the spot where their remains have been interred."

Whatever may be thought of the practicability of such a scheme, no one who is worthy to read this work will doubt, after having read it, that it is calculated to engender that "solemnity and composure of spirit, which, so far as it operates at all, will be favourable to elevation of mind, to generous action, and to virtue."

That the reader of this article may part with Mr. Godwin with a due admiration of his disposition, and of his genius, we shall conclude with a noble passage from this excellent little work:—

> I conceive it to be one of the advantages which the fortune of my birth reserved for me, that I was born the native of an *old country*. * * * * I am not satisfied to converse only with the generation of men that now happens to subsist; I wish to live in intercourse with the illustrious dead of all ages. I demand the friendship of Zoroaster. Orpheus, and Leinus, and Musæus shall be welcome to me. I have a craving and an earnest heart, that can never be contented with any thing in this sort while something remains to be obtained. And I feel that thus much, at least, the human race owes to its benefactors, that they should never be passed by without an affectionate remembrance. I would say, with Ezekiel, the Hebrew, in his vision, "Let these dry bones live!" Not let them live merely in cold generalities and idle homilies of morality: but let them live as my friends, my philosophers, my instructors, and my guides! I would say with the moralist of old—"Let me act as I would wish to have acted, if Socrates or Cato were the spectators of what I did." And I am not satisfied only to call them up by a strong effort of the imagination, but I would have them, and men like them, "around my path, and around my bed,"—and not allow myself to hold a more frequent intercourse with the living, than with the departed good.

BIBLIOGRAPHIA CURIOSA.

No. I.

——————————— Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides in his ancestral tombs.
These hoards of sweets you can unlock at will:
And music waits upon your skilful touch.—*Wordsworth.*

We too have been bitten with the Bibliomania, but our symptoms were not desperate, our case was not quite hopeless, and we have not therefore remained among the incurables. While the disease was strong upon us, every thing gave way to its influence: our suburban villa was filled, from the kitchen to the attic, with literary *lumber*,—literally then such to us. Being now removed from the vortex of book-buyers, the spirit of accumulation has subsided, we have had time to cool,—to arrange our books and our thoughts, and we can now find another use for our collection, beside the vain one of exhibiting our choice *Grolier's, De Thou's,* and black-letter-beauties, to astonished friends or envious rival collectors. Notwithstanding the dull and insipid trifling of some Bibliographers, and the finical coxcombry of others, there is something in this book-science which has forcible attractions, not for the trifler and idler alone, but for the man of letters also. One of the most acute, most elegant, and most companionable of scholars—the Atticus of his day—is distinguished for his ardour in the pursuit of books, and book knowledge; he has accumulated the most extensive, and probably the most complete private library in the world, not merely for the gratification of an ostentatious vanity, but for the pleasure of imparting his treasures to those who need them, and know their use and value.

It is not to the man of letters, who lives in the metropolis, and mixes in the world, that the necessity of a large library will be obvious,—but to such men as the great poet, from whom we have taken our motto, who, living the life of a recluse, must have felt, as he has expressed himself, that books—

Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
Round which with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow.

It is true, as one of the wisest of mankind has said, that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;" and that "some books may be read by deputy;"—we, therefore, who have perhaps more than enough of the latter class, offer our services as deputy readers to those who have too much of more valuable occupation on their hands to allow them to cater for themselves; and thus we may have the satisfaction of at least being useful to others, if our reading has been of no avail to ourselves.

With this view we have selected a few of our *rarissimi;* and shall, from time to time, describe, analyse, or extract from them; but we must premise that we shall not indulge ourselves, in describing the dimensions of the margin, the condition—"the Morocco-Russia-or-Hogs-skin surtouts," (however tempting the theme); and that we shall claim the privilege of our friend Weathercock, of continuing our notices only when "we are in the humour."

It is curious, and we cannot but think it is ominous, that we should have chosen this 17th day of June, the anniversary of our club, for the first of our lucubrations. Who does not know *our* club?—The Roxburgh—the *Dilletanti* of the literary world; which, as all the world knows, was instituted to commemorate the enormous value of a worthless edition of the Decameron! But more of this when we record our transactions.

What lover of fiction is unacquainted with the Heptameron of that

Daisy of Daisies — that Queen of Queens—Margaret of Navarre? written in emulation of the Decameron, and the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, and, strange to say, surpassing both in the licentiousness of some of the stories! But very few, we presume, know, that a portion of the book appeared in English, as early as the year 1597, and might therefore have found a place in Shakspeare's library; as it would, no doubt, in that collected for him, by Maister Samuel Ireland, if it had not been too *rare* and *introuvable* for him to have any chance of meeting with it. Here then dear Bibliophile is the title of this Phœnix. "*Heptameron. The Queen of Nauarres Tales. Containing verie pleasant Discourses of fortunate Lovers. Now newly translated out of French into English. London. Printed by V. S. for John Oxenbridge, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules-churchyard, at the signe of the Parrot,* 1597." *small quarto.* This very curious little volume contains only seventeen tales, the first nine of which are those of the first day in the original; the next four are the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth of the second day; the two following are the ninth and tenth of the third day;—the sixteenth and seventeenth are not in the original Heptameron at all. The former of the two last mentioned, though grafted upon the first novel of the second day, is originally English, but probably it was not written on purpose for this work. It would have been extracted *entire* as a pleasant specimen of old English story-telling, but for the exceptionable morality of some parts, and the want of delicacy in others; the reader, however, may be assured that he has all of it that is worth having in the following extract. The narration is given sometimes in the third, and sometimes in the first person; such irregularities not being very carefully guarded against by the writers of those days. The humourous simplicity of the language in which the following tale is delivered, with the extreme smartness of some of the points, are, we think, likely to render it very delectable to our readers. It is homely, it is true; more so, perhaps, than Beppo, or the late Mr. Little's verses,—and yet it may be read with less danger than either one or the other of these celebrated and popular compositions.

¶ *Of a merry conceited Brickelayer, that had a curst qucane to his wife, and of that which happened.*

In the towne of Bleare, nere Aragon, there is a village called S. Mortis the faire, where there dwelt a handsome propper fellow, as any in Paris, where he was borne; and for his valour he durst have travelled into any gentlemans buttery, where all the barrels had beene full, without either dagger or sword about him. For his resolutions, if he had once gotten under a maydes chamber-window, he would never have started, till they had emptied something on his head. For his courage he durst have gone into any bad place, and would have come out againe as honest a man as when he first went in. For his credit, he might have runne on the score for sixe pots, with any alewife that kept house within five miles where he dwelt. For his qualities every maner of way, he had the preheminence amongst all the youths that were in those quarters; for at maytide, who was the ringleader for the fetching home of a maypole, but he? at Midsummer he was chosen the Summer lord: at every bridal, who must dance with the bride, but lusty Roger? Thus for a pleasant life, the constables of Paris lived not more merrily than he. And for his reputation, he was almost as much reverenced as our Churchwardens. But as the stoutest stand of ale at last is set on tilt, and the fattest goose comes soonest to the spitte; so his former fortunes were drawen to the latest date, and his prime of pleasures concludes with mishap. But oh cruel love, oh cruel love, that was the first fruit to his felicities! But who can resist love, if it be once crept into the bottome of a man's belly? Oh, what a rumbling it makes in his stomach, and how it bethrobs him about the heart. And see now the sequelle of his mishappe: he fortuned to be at a sheep-shearing, where he met with a pretie wench named Sissy, in a fine red petticoate, with damaske upper bodies, a white apron before her; and upon her head a broad felt hat, with a brave branch of rosemary sticking in her bosome; appointed amongst the rest with a paire of sheares to helpe sheare sheepe, and he having brought foorth a lusty yoang ramme, would haue laid him in her lappe; but she refusing to take him, sayd unto him: Now good friend Roger, if you love me, bring me none but polde sheepe; for of all things in the world, I cannot abide these horned beasts. When he heard these milde words, thus gently spoken, and how kindly she pronounced this sentence, (Good friend Roger, if you love me) oh heavens (thought he) what a sweete charme is this! Then noting her mo-

destie, that she could not abide the sight of an horned beast, he began to thinke with himselfe, how happy might that man be accounted who could light of such a wife. And having but a little given scope to his owne affections, love that had his tinderboxe ready to strike fire, by this time had set his fancy of such a flame, that not longer able to endure the heate without a cup of sacke, he said unto her: Sister, your maner of phrase hath wonderfully troubled me: for in your first speeches you call me your good friend Roger, and then you came in with a doubtfull demand, in these words (if you do love me) as though I could be your good friend, and yet did not love you: but Sissey, sith you have popt me such a doubtfull question, If you and I were alone by ourselves, I would give you such an answer, that you should well finde that I loved you, and that hereafter you might leave out your *If*, and say Roger *asse* you love me.

With these words, pretily casting her head at one side, she gave him such a leering looke, that might as well have danted him with dispaire, as give him comforte and hope of grace; for the one of her eyes was bleared, and seemed as though she wept, the other was a prety pinkeney, looking ever as though shee smiled, for that in her very countenance at one instance, you might easily beholde pleasure, and paine, pitie, and rigour, curtesie and crueltie, love and disdaine; and then with a sweet voice, like one that were asking an almes, she sayd: Roger, if you love me as you say, your love shall not be lost: but men are so crafty now adayes before they are married, that they will make a mayde believe they love her, *till*,—and then they will not stick to deny their owne children; but if your love be no such love, Roger you shall not finde me unkinde: when he heard the wisedome of the wench, it made his pulses to beate; and for answere he said,

Sissy, your sober speeches so wisely delivered, together with your sweete countenance so lively placed, hath so prevailed with your good friend Roger, that for the better confirmation of my love, receave here this token, as a pledge of my good will; and, taking then a twopenny piece which hee had in his purse, he bowed it and gave it unto her, the which when she had received, she said,

Well Roger, now I doe account you as mine owne; and at night when my mother is gone to bedde, if you will come home, we will there talke further of this matter: and for your welcome I will bestowe of you a messe of creame.

Sissy (says he) looke you keepe your promise; for I will be there, and because you will be at so much cost with a messe of creame, I will bring with me a penny worth of spice cakes: and although they had thus referred their further speeches til their next meeting, yet during the time that they remained there in place, many amarous glances, and loving countenances, there passed still too and fro between them: but at night the appointed time being come, thither he went, and Sissy, was at the window watching for his coming, who having once espied him, she opened the dore, where she received him with such a sweete kisse, as if her breath had been lately perfumed for the purpose, whose dainty smell was as savery as if it had been a red herring that had beene newly rosted;—her lovely lippes pleasant and soft like a locke of wool that was but then come out of the seame basket. Before they parted, their marriage day was appointed; and Sissy, in time made her mother acquainted with the matter; who, nothing misliking of her daughters choyce, gave her her blessing, with many other good helps to furnish foorth her bridall day: the which, when time had drawen to be solemnized, and that the lusty youths of the parish were gathered together to go with us to church, and the young damsels were flocked on a heape to waite on the bride, attending her coming foorth, the good olde woman, her mother, who had been ever chary of the lovely chicken her daughter, and then at the very instant when we were ready to go to church, she was schooling of her with this exhortation.

Sissy (said she) the day is now come which you have so much longed after; it is twenty yeares ago since you first wished for a husband, and, byrlady daughter, you were then seventeene or eighteene years of age, so that at this present you want not above two or three, of forty: now if wit went by yeares, you are old enough to be wise: but I being your mother, besides my many yeares, which might advance my skill, so I have buried four severall husbands (the heavens be praised for it!) which hath so much the more confirmed my experience in the dispositions of men, and I can the better judge of their naturall inclinations: and by all that I have gathered by my owne proofe and practise, I have found it still by triall, that the fantasies of men are euer best fitted with the follies of women * * * * * * * * * Thou art now to consider the inequality of the yeares betweene thy selfe and thy husbande: and therefore a little to whet him on to make him to like the better of thee, it shall not be a misse for thee to shewe some youthfull conceipt, especially being thy bridal day, * * * * * * with much more after this manner.

Sissy, making a manerly curtesie, sayd: yes forsooth mother, I will remember all that you have tolde me: by this time all things being prepared, to church they went,

where the priest having once done his office, they returned againe, and were accompanied with her neighbours and friendes that went home to dinner with them, for whom there was prouided furmentie, and mince pies, besides other good meates both rost and sod; the which being all ready, Sissy was placed at the upper end, between two of the most substantial honest men according to the custome of the parish and himselfe likewise (as the maner was) did wait that day at the table with a napkin hanging on his shoulder.

But oh what a comfort it was to him, to see howe dainetily Sissy fed of euery dish that came to table, and how lustily she laid about her for her victuals, and (thought hee) if it be true as some men say, that a good feeding horse will go through with his labour, then I warrant you if I give Sissie her meate, I neede not feare. But dinner being almost at an end, and the cake bread and cheese readie to be set upon the table, the good old woman her mother who had likewise beene very busie that daie in taking paines to fill the pots, and to carry away emptie dishes, began to cheere up the companie, bidding them welcome, and telling them she was sorie there was no better cheere for them.

[Part of what follows in the original we are here compelled to omit.]

Within a very few months after Roger was maried, Sissy began to grow jelous: for she had bin once thirsty, and when that he wanted money to send to the alehouse, she would tell him that hee spent away his thrift amongest some other yong queanes. Here began our first falling out: and to set forward the matter, there dwelt at the very next house by him a Taylor that had a wife, who was sure once a day to measure the breadth of her husbands shoulders with his owne meteyarde.

Sissy and this Taylors wife grew to be acquainted: and amongst other conclusions it was agreed between them, that to preuent diseases, and to preserue them in health, they would euery morning, next their hearts, take a physical diet, which was a full quarte of the quintessence drawne from an ale tub, warmed by the fire, with a grated nutmeg, halfe a yeard of blacke pudding rosted, a quantitie of salt, with a measure of fine wheat flower, first made into paste, and after baked in a loafe of bread; these ingredients, after they had incorporated together, they would afterwardes lightly fast till noone: and they founde such a commoditie in vsing the medicine, that if the Taylor and he had not euery morning giuen them money to pay for the simples, it had not beene good for them to come that day after in their sights; for the Taylor's wife shee could handle a meteyeard or a cudgell passing nimbly. But Sissy had gotten the practise of all manner of weapons; and besides that, shee had the use of her nailes, which she employed many times about my face. She could likewise handle a paire of bellowes about my pate, a paire of tongues about my shinnes, a firebrand sometimes should flie at my head, a ladle full of scalding liquor otherwhiles in my bosom, a three-footed stoole, a pot, a candlesticke, or any other thing whatsoeuer came next her hand, all was one to her, she had learned such a dexteritie in the deliuerie, that they should haue come whirling about my eares. But in the end, hee deuising with himselfe a remedy for the mischiefes, he found meanes to be made the constable, hoping that his office would haue bin a protection to him for a yeare, and that shee durst not haue stricken her majesties officer. But within a day or two, it was his fortune to finde oute a pot of strong ale, which she had set vp in a corner for her owne drinking; and he (being thirsty) gaue it such a soope, that he left very little behinde; the which afterwards when she came to seeke for, and found her store so pitifully impaired, against his comming home at night, she prouided her of a waster; and hee was no sooner entered the doores, but forth she comes with her cudgell in her hand, and with such a terrible countenance, that were able to affright any man that should behold it.

Roger (said she) I had thought you would neuer haue giuen me occasion to be iealous of you; but now I see you loue a cup of strong ale better than you loue me: and do you not thinke then that I haue great reason to be displeased with your vnkindnesse towards mee, and to beate out that lacke of loue that causeth you so lightly to regard me: Sissey (said he) take heed what you do, for you know that I am her majestie's officer, and here I charge you in the Queenes name that you holde your handes. What master constable (said she) have you gotten an inchantment for me: or do you thinke that your charme shall serve to excuse you: No sure, no, for now you have deserued double punishment: first, you being an officer, if you offer wrong, your punishment must be so much the more grieuous: and is it not meere iniustice to take that which was not prouided for you? Next, you haue deserved to be wel punished, for the little reuerence you haue used in the execution of your office, commaunding mee in the Queenes name to holde my handes with your cappe on your head, nor vsing any dutie or reuerence. But maister constable, I will teach you how to vse an office: and with that she let flie at his head, shoulders, and armes, and would still crie, Remember heereafter how you doe your office; remember your duety to the Queene; remember when you do command in her

Maiesties name, that you put off your cap, and do it with a reuerence; and such a number of other remembrances she gaue him, as (I thinke) there was neuer poore constable before nor since, so instructed in an office as hee was. To tell of many other like remembrances which at other times she bestowed upon him, would be but tedious: but the conclusion is, he is now rid of her, she being dead, and heele keepe himselfe a widower (for her sake) as long as he liveth.

So much for the carpenter and his "curst wife:" but what is perhaps still more worthy of notice in this singular volume, is a prefatory address to Master Oxenbridge the publisher, by some wit, signing himself A. B.—which is written in a pleasant Rabelesian vein, and which savours very much of the facetious style of the quaint and joyous Sir John Harington. We give it entire, and shall add nothing of our own, that we may leave the reader *con la bocca dolce.*

To his assured good friend I. O. Stationer.

Sir, you having manie times beene in hand with me about a booke, intituled *The Queene of Nauarres Tales;* which (as you say) you have caused to be translated out of French, at your proper charges, on mind to print it, and you have several times bin in hand with me to write you a Preface. You know I never read the booke, and therefore I am not able to say what argument it holdeth, nor otherwise what it concerns, which were behovefull to be knowne to him that shall write a preface: but the title is enough to grace the booke, bearing the name of *the Queene of Nauarres Tales;* whereby any man may conjecture that the contentes are some pithie discourses, written for pleasure and recreation: and so great a princess vouchsafing so to honour them with her owne name, who can thinke but that the pleasure is contained within the limits both of wit and modesty? For the curious conceited fellows that live now in the world, thogh not possest with any great store of malice nor wit, but are yet of such a jesting humour, that they will dry-bob any man that writes of what subject soever;—insteade of a preface, I will present them with a piece of an olde tale; a fiction, and fained, I know not by whom; but if the author will not be found, let me father it myselfe, the fable is this.

Nature having many yeares agoe so wasted her tressures, in the perfitting of woman's beauties, that by her former prodigalitie, her perfections are so consumed and spent, that the women of this age are enforced to supply their defects by periwigs and painting, by bombasting and bolstering, and such other artificial helps; the poore lady (finding her owne scarcitie, not able to performe that excellencie, as before she had done in the feminine sex) determined yet to make proofe, and to trie her cunning, what she could do in the masculine. Vndertaking the taske, with this settled curiositie, she proportioned a man of such excellent perfection in all his limbs and lineaments, that Nature herselfe began to wonder at her owne worke; and as the curious artificer, who thinkes his labor to be but lost, that is still concealed and never brought to sight, so Nature bringing forth this super-excellent personage to be viewed, appointed him in such a place where the people of seueral nations had their continual recourse: the first that passed-by was a Spaniard, who taking a full suruey of this new formed man, crossing himselfe, both his forehead and breast; then throwing up his handes with admiration to the heauens, hee saide with a loude voice; "O most glorious and excellent creature! in countenance more amiable and lovely than our Lady of *Loretta*, in personage more comly than *S. Iago* of *Compostella:* but how shall I extoll thy prayses? my comparisons are too weake; I will therefore leave thee and blesse Nature, who hath blessed herselfe in featuring of thee." Nature that stoode faste by, where she might both heare and see, and yet vnseene herselfe, was wel pleased with this first salutation, and the Spaniard thus departed. The next that came by was an Italian, and he, (as the Spaniard before, but with a little more circumspection) taking a view of this goodly creature, fell first into the fit of wondering; from that, into, an extasie of praising, then to protesting, that, for a thousand ducats he woulde not haue his wife to haue a sight of this temptation: and now he fell to swearing, that to prevent all perills, he woulde keepe her still lockt vp in a chamber; and thus he went his way. With this Nature smiled to see the passionate demeanour of the iealous-headed Italian. And let it suffice that I deliver (though not in this particular sort) how the people of sundry other nations as they passed by, what praises and commendations, they would all of them attribute to this handy-work of Nature, imputing it to bee without fault, blemish, imperfection, or any maner of defect; till at the last there fortuned to come by an Englishman. I think some of the travelling fellows whereof there are some, that running thorow the world to seeke new fashions abroade, doe lose all their wits that they carried with them from home; or perhaps it might be some worthy souldier, that if he hath but discharged a case of ——— out of a gentleman's chamber, seene an ensigne three times spread in the field, puts himself by and by into an arming doublet, the poyntes, with greate siluer tagges, tied

in the pitche of the shoulder: then at every word he must be caled Mas. Captain: then if hee haue but learned thus much of the new discipline, as to say, Double your rankes on the right hand, now again as you were, double your files on the left hand, close you ranks, open your files: why so, this is enough to make him able to coosin an hundred and fiftie soldiers of their pay. Now for table-talke you shall heare nothing out of their mouths, but of the scaling of forts, the assaulting of breaches, the taking of citadales, and by their words they will seeme to undertake the winning of a greater towne than Lysbourne, but with discharging two or three vollies of oths. To conclude, when they are angrie, there is nothing in their mouthes but the stab; and when they are pleased, their friendship is not woorth an ordinary eighteene pence. I speake not to prejudice anie gentleman that hath trauelled for his owne experience, whereof there bee many worthy of commendations, nor to disgrace any souldier that is of desert, whereof there are none but are worthy of honour: but I speake of those counterfeit companions, that under these titles and pretences do countenance themselues, taking authoritie to slander, iest, scoffe, and find fault at any thing. One of these priuileged people now passing along the streete, his gesture so gouerned as if he caried a whole commonwealth in his head, his eyes so fixed as if hee were in the meditation of his mistresse, his countenance so graced, as a man might see a dicker of fools in his face, his salutation to such as passed by was a nod with his head, and his hand clapt ouer his lips, which they do call the *Basiles manus*, his speeches compendious and shorte, nothing but sentences: this finical fellow being now come to the place where Nature was yet abiding, rejoycing to heare herselfe so glorified for this excellencie of her worke, he began as the rest had done, to survey euery part, euery proportion and lineament, from the top to the toe, he went about him, and round about him, behinde, and before, prying, and beholding wyth more curiosity than any of the rest had done before him; and when he had looked til he was wearie, said never a word, but shaking a little his head was going away, till Nature seeing this strange demeanor called him backe, and in curteous sort demaunded of him how he liked the object, that hee had so aduisedly perused: to the which he answered; in faith it is not to be misliked, it is a very goodly presence, handsome, comely, God had done his part, and he saw nothing but the man was well inough. But I pray, saide Nature againe, what is it that you mislike? I perceive by your speeches there is somethine amisse, and therefore tell me what it is that you do thinke might be amended? Gentlewoman (said he) seeing you presse me so farre, I will deale plainly with you; the fault that I finde is this, it is pitty that he is not an Englishman borne, I could then haue commended these perfections, which I will now forbeare. And it is pitie (said Nature) that thou art an Englishman borne, for if thou wert not an Englishman borne I woulde so display thy imperfections, which in regard of that renowned nation now I will omit. This poore pedant meeting with such a counter buffe, thought it not good to fall a scolding with the Gentlewoman, but caling her curst queane, went his way scratching of his head. And here an ende of an olde tale.

Now M. Oxenbridge I wil direct my text again to your private selfe, how shall you and I escape the gentle frump from these same perilous conceited fellowes, that will not omit to finde a faulte at anie thing, nor wil not forbeare to breake a iest vppon any man? Marry Ile tell you how, weele stop their mouths if we can, wee wil give them the foole aforehand; I do not meane to any friendly reader, that will sooner wink at the fault, than finde a fault, but to these mungrell curres, that although they cannot bite, will yet stand aloofe and barke. And this *Misacmos* in his Apologie of Aiax sayth is a figure, and he calls it *Prolepsis* or Prevention. Nowe if we by giving the foole aforehand, could preuent them that they should not snarle at us, twere a pretty tricke. And why not? For now I remember me, I knewe the practise of it long before I knew *Misacmos*, and learned it of a gentlewoman that had borne a bastard before shee was married, who for prevention sake would call bad names first, and would raise slaunderous reportes of euery other woman, how honest soever, because she would brand them all with her owne marke. Call you this a figure. No sir, it was wit, and I warrant you proceeded from a very quicke conceit: but by your leave, if my wife were but halfe so wise, I would thinke that a carte were fitter for her than a coach.

Well I thanke you *Misacmos*, we have made a little bold with your figure, and I hope without offence; and I see prevention is very good * * * * * * let them winch that are rubbed on the gall, but if they kicke, I will stand aloofe and crie, guppe old jade are you coltish? And when I have a little laughed, I will leave myselfe to this olde axiome *Qui moecat moecabitur;* the which in our mother tongue may thus be interpretted, shee is a sorry lady that hath neuer a joynter. Thus M. *Oxenbridge* if you shall accept these lines thus hastily hatched, I hope the curteous reader will not be offended, and for the malitious I care not. Thus with my commendations to yourselfe I ende.

Your assured friend,

A. B.

CHRISTIAN VII. OF DENMARK, AND HIS QUEEN.

Christian the Seventh, on his accession to the throne of Denmark, in 1766, was sixteen years of age, of an agreeable person and pleasing manners. His affability, and the hopes always inspired by a new reign, recalled to the court those pleasures which the austerity of his predecessor had banished; and these were still further increased by the arrival of his young consort, Matilda, a sister of George the Third of England, whom Christian married soon after he ascended the throne. Matilda was in her sixteenth year, and to a beautiful complexion joined regular features: she was, however, treated with neglect by her husband, and an open rupture soon took place between the royal pair. Addicted to the society of dissolute young men, the King passed his time in turbulent pleasures, which sometimes exposed him to danger, even in the streets of his capital. To wean him, if possible, from these habits, he was persuaded to travel; and two years after his nuptials, quitting his young Queen, then just delivered of a son and heir, he departed for England, where his stay was but short; and thence, passing through Holland into France, he arrived at Paris, and soon acquired the good graces of the city and the court. A contemporary writer observes, with the arrogance of a Frenchman, "We were surprised to find in a Monarch of the North, a handsome person, a genteel air, and something like manners." Christian was preparing to proceed to Italy, when he was recalled to Copenhagen by intelligence of quarrels subsisting between his Consort and the Queen Dowager, his stepmother, a princess of considerable talents, but of an intriguing disposition. The young Queen had not been very discreet in the assertion of her prerogative; while, on the other hand, sufficient time had not elapsed for the Queen Dowager to divest herself of those habits of command, to which her former station entitled her. The return of the King put an end to these bickerings; and peace was, at least to outward appearance, established. But, though tranquillity was thus restored at court, discontent was visible in the country. During the King's absence, the Queen Dowager had been intriguing in favour of her son, Prince Frederick, on whose behalf she endeavoured to gain the suffrages of the nation in general, and the nobility in particular. Christian, on his return, found parties running very high. At the head of the most numerous, and supported by the chief officers of state, stood Count Holk, a favourite of the King, whose removal Matilda endeavoured to effect, as the means of thereby regaining the King's affection, and the respect due to her rank; while the Count employed all his influence to inflame the quarrel between the royal pair.

Christian had been accompanied on his travels, and had brought back with him as his physician, John Frederick Struensee, the son of a German clergyman, born in 1737, who had practised at Altona, whence he was taken into the royal service. In the assurance that Struensee was equally inimical to the Queen as himself, Count Holk induced the King to depute his physician with any communications it was requisite to make to the Queen. But this measure proved fatal to the interests of Holk; for while, on the one hand, Christian became every day more attached to Struensee, Matilda, contrasting the respectful attention of the present favourite with the haughty demeanour of the former one, accustomed herself, by degrees, to Struensee's society, and admiration of his talents soon succeeded to her former aversion. He was successively appointed governor of the young Prince, and reader to the King and Queen, in which office he so completely ingratiated himself with both parties, that he was enabled to effect a reconciliation between them. Struensee now pursued with ardour the plans of ambition he had secretly formed: he caused his intimate associate, Brandt, to be appointed director of the theatres and *maître des plaisirs*, in the place of Count Holk. Bernstorff, who had long been prime minister, was dismissed from his situation, and all the offices of state were filled by the adherents of the Queen and of

Struensee, who was appointed cabinet minister. Matilda's triumph was now complete; she was treated with respect by the King, and Struensee possessed her full confidence.—In order to consolidate their newly-acquired power, they contrived to seclude the King from all society, and more particularly endeavoured to prevent any intercourse between the monarch and his ministers. Brandt was directed to occupy him constantly with frivolous amusements; and this mode of life was as congenial to the King's disposition as it was favourable to the views of Struensee, who, encouraged by the success of his former efforts, ventured, in 1770, on a measure, by which a complete change was effected in the Danish constitution, and the whole power placed in the hands of himself and the Queen. At their instigation, the King abolished the council of state, and substituted in its place a committee, consisting of the heads of the different departments of government. The members of this body possessed very limited powers: they could assemble only at stated periods, might be dismissed at pleasure, and, in short, had neither title, rank, nor influence. The Danish nobility had hitherto enjoyed a seat in the state council, and considered its abolition as an infringement of their privileges: from this moment they determined upon the ruin of the minister who had proposed this measure. Nor did Struensee manifest sufficient prudence in the maintenance of the power he had acquired; for although the foreign relations were conducted agreeably to the dictates of sound policy, his internal administration was not marked with the same character. Bold, even to presumption, in adopting projects, he abandoned them with timidity when their execution was vigorously opposed. During his short but stormy administration, his schemes were various and manifold: he proposed to reform the financial system, and to diminish the taxes—he was anxious for the improvement of the jurisprudence, and had plans for increasing the army and navy of Denmark, without any additional expense to the country. In pursuance of these projects, many offices of state were abolished—the officers of the royal household were diminished—the horse-guards were disbanded, and their duty performed by dragoons. A plan, which has since been adopted, of commuting the personal services of the peasants for a pecuniary rent, met with so determined an opposition on the part of the nobility, that he was forced to abandon the measure.

The King grew every day more averse from business, and his faculties were visibly impaired. Struensee was invested with powers such as no Danish minister had previously enjoyed: he was authorised to issue any orders he might verbally receive from the King, and, without requiring the royal signature, send them to the different departments of government: it was merely necessary that the cabinet seal should be affixed to them, and that an extract should once a week be laid before the King. His enemies discovered, in this measure, a plan for annihilating the royal authority; and they availed themselves of the liberty of the press, which he had introduced, to represent his actions in the most unfavourable light, and to spread atrocious calumnies against him and the Queen. This Princess had, in 1771, been delivered of a daughter; and many scandalous reports, respecting the legitimacy of this infant, were afloat. Struensee was accused of criminal intimacy with the wife of his Sovereign and benefactor, and minute particulars were detailed, to give support to this assertion. In consequence of these libels, the liberty of the press was restricted, but the public mind became every day more inflamed. In this critical juncture, Struensee's firmness deserted him; and his anxiety became excessive when a mutiny broke out among a detachment of sailors, who had been brought to Copenhagen, and were destined to serve against Algiers: the pretext of this disturbance was want of pay. To prevent similar occurrences, Struensee determined to remodel the police by that of Paris; and this measure augmented the number of his enemies.

The hatred of the public now broke out in open murmurs, and Struensee's situation became so critical, that the British envoy, foreseeing the disastrous consequences which would result from the fate of the minister, endeavoured to persuade him to retire,

and went so far as to offer him the assistance of his purse, should pecuniary means be wanting, to enable him to remove from the kingdom. It is believed, that Struensee himself was anxious to avoid the impending storm, but that the Queen opposed his retreat, fearful she should thereby lose her acquired power.

The public feeling broke out in threats against the obnoxious minister, whose apprehensions became evident. Precautions were taken against popular commotion; the palace guard was doubled; cannon was planted in the principal streets; and six thousand ball-cartridges were distributed to each regiment stationed in the capital.

It was with great surprise that, on the 17th January, 1772, the people of Copenhagen learned, that, during the preceding night, the Queen, Struensee, Brandt, and many of their adherents, had been arrested. There had been a ball at court, at which Matilda, little foreseeing the approaching danger, had danced with great vivacity: the palace duty was that night entrusted to Col. Koller, who, after the King had retired to bed, assembled his officers, and told them he had orders to place the Queen and Struensee under arrest. Count Ranzau, and others of the party, were then admitted into the palace; and the Count, making his way to the King's apartment, awoke him, and told him his life was in danger.—"What shall I do?" said the Monarch, in great anxiety. "Shall I fly? Help me! Counsel me." "Sign this paper," said the Count, "and I will save my Sovereign and his family." Ranzau, without leaving time for a moment's reflection, then laid before the King a paper, ready drawn up, which he was about to sign, but, on observing the Queen's name, he dropped his pen, and was at last, with much difficulty, persuaded to affix his signature. Koller, attended by other officers, now proceeded to the Queen's chamber, and placed her under arrest; the next morning she was conveyed to the castle of Kroninburgh, a few miles distant from Copenhagen. Struensee and Brandt were sent to different prisons, and a special commission, consisting in a great measure of their personal enemies, was appointed to try them. The points of accusation were numerous, and drawn up in terms of the most unqualified severity. Struensee's counsel attempted a defence of the different articles, with the exception of the one imputing to him unbecoming conduct towards the King, to which he pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of his Sovereign. His ruin, however, was determined upon; and on the 25th of April sentence was passed, that, after being degraded from his nobility, his right hand, and then his head, should be cut off, his body quartered and placed upon the wheel, and the head and hand on a stake. This sentence was confirmed to its full extent by the King. Struensee, when informed of it, behaved with great fortitude; the disgraceful part of the execution appeared alone to move him. Brandt, who had been tried by the same commission, was likewise condemned to suffer decapitation. On the 28th of April the two friends were brought to the scaffold, where they both conducted themselves with great firmness: Struensee had the pain to witness the execution of Brandt before him.

It was the intention of the Queen Dowager's party to have proceeded with the utmost severity against Matilda; but the energetic representations of the British envoy prevented this measure, and the party contented themselves with procuring a divorce to be pronounced between the royal pair. A small squadron of ships of war soon afterwards sailed from England for Elsinore, on board of which the unfortunate Matilda embarked: she was conveyed to the Elbe, and from thence proceeded to Celle, in the electorate of Hanover, the castle of which place her royal brother had assigned to her as her future residence. In this secluded situation, Matilda dragged on a melancholy existence for three years, and died in 1775, aged twenty-five.* It is a

* About twenty years ago the writer of this memoir had the curiosity to visit the castle of Celle, then in a dilapidated state; he was shown the apartments Matilda had inhabited; and some old domestics, who had been in her service, spoke of her with regret and affection.

well-known fact, that shortly previous to her decease, Christian had secretly recommenced a correspondence with her, and that she entertained hopes of regaining her former station. The Queen Dowager endeavoured, in vain, to discover the agents of this mysterious correspondence, which caused great uneasiness to the party; and the death of Matilda, occurring at this critical period, gave rise to rumours of her having been poisoned.

After Struensee's death, the whole power devolved to the Queen Dowager, and the King fell into a state of mental imbecility, from which he never recovered. In the year 1784, when the present King had attained his sixteenth year, he laid claim to the Co-Regency of the kingdom with his father; but the Queen Dowager opposed his pretensions; and it was not without difficulty he obtained his rights; on the assumption of which his stepmother retired from court, and was thenceforth excluded from any interference with public affairs.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A DYING SON TO HIS MOTHER.

Weep not for me, mother! because I must die,
  And sink in death's coldness to rest;
Weep not for me, mother! because death is nigh,
  I go to the home of the blest!

It is but a moment—a pang—and no more—
  A struggle—and that to be free;
'Tis the spirit's last look on a journey that's o'er;
  Oh Death has no terror for me.

Weep not for me, mother! the Christian should fling
  His frailties and fears to the wind;
But only in death when his spirit takes wing,
  Can he leave them for ever behind.

Farewell to thee now—the mist thickens fast;
  The cold hand is laid on my breast;
The moments are numbered—another—the last,
  I go to the home of the blest!—

A PORTRAIT.

'Tis not her form, not yet her face;
  It is the soul that sparkles there,
And lightens in a nameless grace,
  That makes us feel that she is fair.

Nor is it yet her bright brown hair,
  Strewn o'er her brow that starts between,
As the white roses, here and there,
  Are peeping through the veil of green.

We love her for the glancing eye,
  That lightens all above—below,
Reveals a spirit pure and high,
  And beams with more than eastern glow.

When down cast—oh! its dazzling flush
  Will through the very eye-lash break,
And soften in the rising blush—
  And in the smile do more than speak.

THE CHARACTER OF POPE.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Mr. Editor,—After an interval of five months,—*tantum post intervallum*,—the Editor of Pope, or his friend, has mustered up sufficient courage to impeach the remarks of the Reviewer of Spence's Anecdotes in The London, on the conduct of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles in his edition of that poet; and, with that prudence and discretion so becoming your office, you, Sir, have consigned to a correspondent the article which does him such suspicious honour, and have ascribed to Mr. Bowles those gentlemanly manners which no one more than the reviewer of Spence admires. It were well if gentlemanly manners towards his contemporaries were synonymous with justice towards his predecessors—in this case, though

The labour we delight in physics pain,

I should be spared some trouble, and Mr. Bowles some perplexity, past, present, and to come. Mr. Bowles's friend does not argue very acutely, nor quote very correctly, even from his friend's or his own pamphlet; I am, nevertheless, thankful for parts of his letter. He tells us, that Mr. Bowles's answer has been acknowledged by Mr. Campbell himself to be a perfect vindication of his friend from the charges that were hastily made against him; which I should not have credited without so indisputable an assurance; and he recommends to me to see Mr. Bowles's letter to Campbell, as conclusive on the subject. Upon his recommendation, "seen it I have," and I think it the narrowest and feeblest defence, "that e'er my vagrant reading coped withal," on the point at issue between the Rev. Lisle Bowles and the reviewer of Spence; coming as it does from the former, who seized the opportunity "as the last that might offer" (it will not be quite the last) of defending himself against his opponents. Mr. Campbell says of his editor, that "he has kept in the shade Pope's good qualities and exaggerated his bad;" Lord Byron goes further, and asserts, that with candour on his tongue he had gall at his heart: "bitter words these, gossip!" Now how does Mr. Bowles reply to Mr. Campbell? He tells us that Horace Walpole had declared that Pope received a thousand pounds of the Duchess of Marlborough, on condition of suppressing the character of Atossa, and that having pocketed the money, he published the satire.

"A story so base," says Mr. Bowles, "ought not for a moment to be admitted solely on the testimony of Walpole. Pope certainly was not a favourite (on account of political differences) with the Walpoles, though he received civilities from Sir Robert; and till there is other proof, besides the *exparte* evidence and sole assertion of Walpole, the same candour which made us regret, what upon no better foundation, was said of Addison, ought to make us reject, with equal readiness, the belief of a circumstance so derogatory to the character of Pope."

All this seems candid, and even lofty,—excepting the insinuation of civilities received by Pope from Sir Robert Walpole:—but why all the vacillating and doubt about the fact, between Walpole's assertion, and the salvo in Addison's favour, when Mr. Bowles knew that the charge *must* be false, and Mr. Bowles must have been aware of the falsehood even from Warton's pages; since the character of Atossa, for whoever designed, was not printed till years after Pope was gathered to the grave of his fathers. Why was this kept out of sight in Bowles's Life of Pope; why, with so unequivocal an evidence of Walpole's untruth, was the tale repeated at all! This head and front of Mr. Bowles's defence offers a sorry example of "candour;" the rest is all begging of the question, or taking for granted. In saying this I allude to the connection of Pope's name with Curll, and Addison, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Your correspondent says, "Mr. Bowles has advanced some facts relating to Pope's life which have not been attempted to be dis-

proved: he has drawn inferences from these, not in the spirit of spleen or sarcasm, but with the full admission of the general virtues of the great poet." The friendship of your correspondent has, I fear, beguiled his judgment; and his deduction has, I suspect, been made without examination. It is my deliberate opinion, not hastily formed, that Mr. Bowles has not contributed *one* indisputable fact to the life of Pope; and when I assert that he has charged the poet with meanness, evasion, hypocrisy, and falsehood, I am persuaded, that more facts than we are at present in the possession of are necessary to warrant such imputations. It is no excuse for these slanders that Mr. Bowles came "reeling ripe" from the perusal of Mr. Coxe's party pamphlets *in quarto*,—compilations resembling History, just as the works of Cooke and Oldmixon, or Ridpath and Roper are worthy that distinction,—and which, like them, almost before the ink is dry, are sweeping fast to

Where things still-born are mixt with things forgot.

Party prejudice is the planet under which Mr. Coxe had his historical birth, and, in matters connected with history, Mr. Bowles could not have followed a blinder guide. That "enlightened historian," as Mr. Bowles with great simplicity calls him, has "contributed" a note on "lying Arnall, of the Dunciad," in which his sense and shrewdness are loudly eulogized, though he is admitted to have been "vain-glorious and important in his own ideas; *as Pope was*, WITH MUCH LESS REASON." This is Mr. Bowles's "guide, philosopher, and friend," in matters of history! It is, surely, mighty consoling to reflect that merit, though late, is sure of its reward: almost a century after their decease, crabbed Dennis finds his admirer in the reverend Lisle Bowles, and "lying Arnall" has his eulogist and patron in Mr. Archdeacon Coxe! *Agite, o juvenes!*

It is not without reason that Campbell, Lord Byron, and, as Mr. Bowles complains, many others, have resented the aspersions cast on Pope's moral character: they have many of the disgusting features of the war that was once waged against Ben Jonson, and against Milton, on account of his politics, and are, I persuade myself, like those, capable of satisfactory solution. Your pages may be more profitably employed than in controversy, of which no one can anticipate the termination; but to announce my determination of entering upon the many controvertible points in Pope's life and character is the object of this communication. How far the enquiry may carry me, or how I shall succeed in my purpose, I will not venture to anticipate,—but I shall enter upon the undertaking, as the Apostle has it, "nothing doubting;" nor shall I be deterred by the terror of great names from examining those doubtful points of the letters printed by Curll, Pope's dispute with Addison, nor his quarrel with that "piece of virtue"—as Coriolanus says—the Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

The authority of "so respectable a name as Mr. Campbell's," seems to have great weight with your correspondent, and well it may; and, if it were "my cue to speak," I,—as you well know, Mr. Editor,—could speak to Mr. Campbell's personal kindnesses to myself, under very peculiar circumstances, as well as to his deserved reputation. But the merit of the enquiry I propose to myself to institute must be decided by something more substantial than a name; at the same time, that your correspondent may not suppose that I intend to shrink from the responsibility of what is done, or what I hope to do, I shall to the latter, as well as to what is now before you, Mr. Editor, affix the signature of

OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A FOREST.

Grey hermit, who, amidst these forests green,
Didst spend thine age, and art thou dead at last?
The haunter of this cave—is he unseen?
And is his radiant spirit quench'd and past?
Could he who knew the name of every star
Draw thence no subtle fire, to re-illume
The clay now cold, and left without a tomb?
Had he no friend?—alas, he was afar.

What drove him to this cavern—who may learn?
Perhaps acquaintance with his heart had given
An impulse, from the busy world to turn
And hold in solitude high talk with Heaven.
Perhaps the loss of friends had worn his soul,
Or love (for ever will that pain prevail)
Had flush'd his cheek in youth, and left it pale:
And yet, how quietly hath he pass'd the goal!

By no tempestuous passion hurried on,
Calmly, 'tis said, he lived amidst these woods
For years, a meek inhabitant; and none
Of all the dwellers in the trees and floods
But knew his voice—perhaps, as from a book,
Read a sweet language in his aspect bland,
And, while they felt the bounty of his hand,
Of the pure spirit which he felt, partook.

Hither I came to seek no mean repose;
No fugitive from the common toil of life;
For I have had, and battled with, my woes,
(Like Terra's offspring, stronger from the strife.)
Hither I came to seek him: 'twas too late:—
To tell him mine, and ask his, sorrows past:
I found him whitening in the Autumn blast,
And wept, albeit rejoicing in his fate.

Methought he said: "Although the clay be here—
(The tenement wherein my spirit lived,)
Beyond the regions of pale Death and Fear,
The essence and the beauty have survived:
My streaming blood is dry, and cold my brow,
But I in happier claims may still be seen,
Invested with that olive bright and green
Which here I planted, and which blossoms now."

—Grey hermit, rest in joy: a name like thine
Is a possession: though the heart decay,
Thy honours in memorial song shall shine,
Thy word shall be a truth, thy hope a stay.
Thy end was lonely, but no voices fell
Complaining in thy ear, nor check'd thy breath:
Thou wast alone when thou didst meet with Death;
And not a friend was nigh to say "Farewell!"

Yet—yet, upon the boughs (for thou didst know
The forest choir, and to their friendship clung,)
A feather'd company, unused to woe,
Over thy corse a cheerful requiem sung:
And in the face of all the stars thine eye
Closed like a flower that shuts at set of sun;
Thy toil was over, and thy journey done.
Looking at Heaven thou wast content to die. B.

EXCURSION TO THE TOP OF SKIDDAW.

(*Extract from a Letter to a Friend.*)

We now pursued a path—which is rendered very safe and pleasant since Gray's time—to the entrance of the valley of Borrowdale. Gray was so frightened at the terrific rocks that overhung the path, and the immense fragments that had been separated from them, and which nearly blocked up the way, that he went no further than the farmer's at Grange. We, however, had no such obstacles to encounter, and, having crossed the outlet of the lake, by a rustic bridge, we soon entered the romantic valley of Borrowdale. The wood winds about in every direction—round the bases of the mountains ;—at times we seemed to be completely enclosed, and the eye in vain sought to find the probable place of our outlet—One spot in particular excited our admiration ;—it was a small valley, nearly circular, walled in closely by mountains, which rose to the height of above 1000 feet around it.

After proceeding two or three miles further on, we came to the Bowder Stone. This is an immense rock, which many years ago was detached from the neighbouring cliff, and came thundering into the valley below. The place is easily discerned from which it was riven—and tremendous must have been the fall.–It weighs many thousand tons, and is so singularly poised upon a very sharp edge—that persons on each side may shake hands together, through a small hollow. Some poor people who inhabit a neighbouring cottage, contrive to pick up a living by showing it to visitors, and have made a sort of ladder, by which we ascended to the top.

There is a beautiful view from it of the valley near its termination ; the river is seen winding along, like a streak of light,—through a highly cultivated and charming vale, closed up by the immense mountains of Eagle Crag, Longdale Pikes, and others, the names of which I cannot give you. The inhabitants rarely leave this peaceful seclusion—and seem to live in almost primitive simplicity.—We now returned as far as Grange: having been reading that part of Gray's journal the night before, which alludes to Borrowdale, we just recollected the young farmer he mentions at Grange—who showed him such civilities. The passage is as follows :—

" Here we met a civil young farmer, overseeing his reapers, (for it is now oat-harvest) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, &c. His mother and he brought us butter that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish—bowls of milk, thin oaten cakes, and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man that last year plundered the eagles eyrie: all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouse, &c."—Just recollecting this, we ventured a question to the guide, if he remembered any thing of this young farmer—when to our surprise, he said, he knew him very well; that he was still living and would be glad to see us. We accordingly went and met with a very friendly reception from the old gentleman: he was sitting in his arm chair, almost sinking under old age—but with all his faculties perfect; and his wife in another opposite to him, unable to leave her chair for the rhumatism ; — they had lived together nearly half a century. He remembered Gray very well, described his fine piercing eye, and sharp countenance, and well remembered his fear of venturing any further into Borrowdale. I read him that part of the journal which alluded to himself, and he seemed pleased, but said there was one thing he should not forgive him for, viz. that Mr. Gray had forgotten to mention his name. I told him I would make him amends, as far as I could, should I ever *publish my journal*—he gave it me instantly ; Caleb Fisher: he says, the estate on which he lives, has been in the possession of his family for upwards of 600 years—and that the name appears in the deed, executed when the inhabitants of Borrowdale bought their freedom from two Knights, to whom the estate had been given for some services performed in the Cru-

sades. We took leave of the old gentleman, and once more embarked. Our course was on the west side of the lake. It was a beautiful evening indeed—calm and still—and the prospect all around us too magnificent for words to describe—Skiddaw was before us—clear to the very summit; and the view of this grand elevation induced us directly to agree with our guide, for a journey of ascent, with the assistance of poneys. Four the next morning was the time fixed for our departure. The hour came, and with it our conductor punctual to a minute: it was then dark, and seemed very cloudy: but the dalesman, accustomed to judge of the weather, assured us it would turn out fine—and we soon dressed and commenced our journey. In leaving the town on our poneys, we passed the house of R. Southey, Esq. who lives here much respected, and after going nearly five miles, came to the beginning of the ascent — the horses, however, kept their footing well:—they rested on their hind legs, and felt about with their fore feet, till they had attained a secure footing;—then they sprung forwards. In this manner we proceeded some time, till we came to the foot of a very steep hill, which seemed to us the summit; but, on asking our guide, he told us that when we reached that point, we should be about *half way.* We summoned fresh spirits, and pushed on till we came to an ascent, so steep that we did not chuse to sit on the horses longer;—so we dismounted, and led them. About a mile from the top we came to more level ground, and here we received the mortifying intelligence from our guide, that a cloud had rested on the summit, which he feared would continue, so that we should probably see nothing when we had concluded our toil. He however, recommended us to make the best of our way onward, or rather upward. We accordingly urged our horses forward, and were not long in gaining the top of the mountain:—but, to our great sorrow, we there found ourselves quite enveloped in a dense cloud, which prevented us from seeing above a few hundred yards in any direction.

It was exceedingly cold, and we found some snow had fallen. There are no signs of vegetation on the top of Skiddaw, but a little grey moss. The surface of the summit is not extensive—and is covered entirely with a broken strata of flat stones;—there are two piles of these which were raised by Mr. Southey and his friends on the memorable night that he gave a fete on the mountain, in honour of the jubilee, when its summit was so splendidly illuminated that it was seen for many miles round. Behind one of these we took shelter from the severe cold—and left our horses to graze a little on the side—on the short grass. Our guide had by this time come up with us—with some sandwiches, and a bottle of brandy—which seemed to better our prospects in more ways than one, for whilst we were taking our dram the wind suddenly sprung up: the cloud that enveloped us was dislodged from its resting place, and we saw it sailing away below us, broken into many pieces, before the gale.—It was now nearly nine o'clock, and in an instant the sun burst upon us, in all its power and grandeur, and what we then discovered rivetted us to the spot in delight and astonishment. Our guide, who had been in that situation for seventy years,—said he never had such a prospect before. Not a cloud was to be seen:—the air was quite free from vapour, and the country all round, appeared a picturesque map.

At our feet lay the lovely valley of Keswick: the town just below us;—Crossthwaite church, a little white object amidst the green, a short distance from it:—Derwent Water, with its beautiful islands,—(like specks upon its surface)—stretching away till we lost it amongst the chaos of hills.—We counted around us the tops of fifty-six mountains, all of which were glittering in the morning sun,—except where the shadow of one partially clouded the other, which made a lovely variety of chairoscuro. The vale of Newlands on the other side of the lake was seen immediately before us, between two high ridges, and looked delightful. The other to the right (Bossenthwaite Lake) lay quite calm and still.—Next appeared the flat country — which stretches along quite to the coast of Cumberland.—This view formed a striking contrast to the other;—but scarcely less magnificent. The whole of the country was as clearly seen as possible: it was just harvest time, and

the fields appeared of every colour. The rich ripe corn, and the green pasture, filled with sheep and cattle; —woods and plantations, all sweetly mingled together!—the towns of Whitehaven, Workington, Cockermouth, Wigton, Monypool, Penrith, and the city of Carlisle—all distinctly seen. The Solway Firth, over which we saw into Scotland. The river on one side was bounded by the Scotch mountains, and again, more to the left, over the sea, lay the isle of Man, above 70 miles distant, which we saw distinctly.—On turning round we had a view of the Cheviot mountains, and some of the Northumberland hills also.—Beyond Penrith the view was bounded by Cross Fell; and a little further round, the mountainous parts of Westmoreland and Yorkshire closed the view. Saddleback and Helweleyn, next claimed our attention, and were indeed grand objects. We had also a glimpse of Windermere, which, to our view, seemed elevated amongst the mountains:—beyond we saw the Cartmel and Ulverstone Sands.

After remaining about half an hour, in this elevated situation, and feasting our eyes with the glories of the prospect, we began to descend.—The pressure on the legs is so great during this rapid descent, that we were more fatigued by it than by the whole journey up. At length, however, we regained our inn at Keswick:—Our excursion had occupied about five hours,—and you may imagine the relish with which we sat down to breakfast.

GENERAL REPORTER.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

I. *A Letter to Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, on the Condition of the Colonies in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, as set forth in the evidence taken before the Prison Committee in* 1819. *By the Hon. Grey Bennet, M. P.* London. Ridgway. 1820.

We have received a packet of New South Wales Gazettes, and have been favoured with the sight of some private correspondence from the colonies mentioned in the above title, many of the particulars contained in which appear to us of a very interesting and important, and several of rather an amusing nature. On the topics of doubt and dispute, referred to in Mr. Bennett's excellent letter, we do not at present intend to enter; though another opportunity may offer for considering these serious points. At present it is merely our intention to string together a few miscellaneous notices of Australasian society, amusements, and prospects; which may be interesting as an exhibition of the present state of this transplanted slip from our own stock, the history of which will now encrease every year in magnitude and dignity.

We are particularly pleased to find that the Sidney Gazette pays great attention to what is called *fashionable intelligence*,--rivalling, we really think, the mother Morning Post in this department, and expressing itself with that elegant carelessness of the rules of language, coupled with that ambitiously charged style of description, which we find characterizing the best examples of route records, and Court-day chronicles here at home. The surprise we might otherwise have felt at this particular indication of a high state of manners, shewing itself at so early a period, is prevented by the recollection that our Grosvenor-square squeezes have ever been favourites with that class of persons to whom New South Wales is chiefly indebted for its refinements. Amongst the distinguished arrivals at Sidney, we find announced that of Tip-ha-hee, an agreeable cannibal from New Zealand; and in the list of departures we see the names of several learned Frenchmen, belonging to the discovery ship the Uranie. The presence

of these last mentioned fashionables, we are told, has diffused the rainbow of gaiety over the Australasian hemisphere, which their absence will suffuse with septentrional gloom. At "Mr. Riley's dinner, ball, and supper,"—(what! dinner, ball, and supper, too!)—given in honour of the French visitants, "sixty-nine persons sat down to the festive board, and the toasts and sentiments, given after dinner, evinced the *greatness of soul of two rival nations!*" The company afterwards retired to the dancing room, "where the *Guardian Genius of Sidney* seemed to have *culled its choicest sweets* to grace the 'MAZY DANCE!'"—Rather an ambiguous, and, candour compels us to say, clumsy remark, follows the above, which is in the very best filigree style of phrase. The journalist informs us that he has "in vain endeavoured to collect the *particular excellencies* of the female band!" The very idea of making an *inventory of particulars* in such a case must be allowed to be excessively *antipodish:* it savours more of the Society-Islands than of fashionable society. Only think of the strange effect which the detailed enumeration of the items of the various ladies would have in a public journal, under the head of "PARTICULAR EXCELLENCIES!" Miss Conkey's curls; Mrs. White's wig, imported in the brig Blucher; the new step of the Secretary's lady, taught her by a transported dancing-master! All such things are better left to the imagination; or confounded in a common mass of attraction, the composition of which is of too subtle and sublime a quality to be submitted cleverly to analysis or individual appropriation.

We are entirely satisfied, however, with the drawing up of the following paragraph, descriptive of the Judge Advocate's balls and suppers, also given in hospitality to the French officers and *Savans.*

At these balls, (says the Australasian editor), several *young ladies, natives of the colony,* were *debutantes;* and we seize this opportunity of expressing the confidence with which we rest the future happiness of the state upon these our best and sweetest hopes. These are to be the *mothers* of still another generation, and if that generation shall not rise in virtue and industry, we are sure it will not be the fault of its more amiable parent. The sight of these young women is truly consoling to a *prospective mind.* Of those who were present at the Judge Advocate's balls, *some* were beautiful, and *all* were modest and simple! We confess ourselves proud in having so interesting a display of the *true riches of a young colony,* to exhibit to the *intelligent foreigners* who now honour us with their presence!"

We cannot but admire the glowing style of these compliments as genuinely Australasian in its character,—and highly illustrative of the present state of this youthful society. The fair New South *Walers,* or *Welchwomen* (we profess we do not know which is the proper appellation) are considered with direct and apparent reference to the main purposes of their creation, the sex's privilege, and the individual's hope. The gallantry of the journalist is connected with an enthusiastic anticipation of an enormous increase in the list of births; while the soft passion of love, and the growing interests of the colony, meet in the same sentence, and conspire together to give it eloquence. He is enraptured with the beauties at the ball, because they *console his prospective mind:* seeing them dance, he reflects that they may be soon in a situation which would render dancing imprudent, and this idea it is that principally gives grace to their movements in his eyes! He is the very *Cimberton* of the Conscious Lovers, with his spectacles on his nose:—"Now I am considering her on this occasion but as one that is to be *pregnant*—and pregnant undoubtedly she will be *yearly.*" He looks down the ranks of the country-dance, he casts his eye round the circle of the quadrille, and ejaculates to himself—"heaven grant they may be all unable to take their places in such sets this time twelvemonth!" It is with these views, and in these hopes, that he finds the Judge Advocate's ball so exhilarating. We apprehend that this turn of thinking, this dexterity of association, this disposition to approximate events, this *prospective-mindedness* at balls and supper-parties,—this pressing forward into the future for the sake of coupling the end with the means, cannot be confined to the editor of the Sidney Gazette. It must be common in society at New South Wales, and we know of nothing more calculated than this feeling to give a

charming interest to its assemblies. Once fairly and openly put upon the footing of patriotism, once identified with Australasian prosperity, included amongst the ways and means, associated in statistical lists with the cutting of canals, the draining of marshes, the building of bridges, and the founding of harbours, as an element of "the riches of a young colony,"—the matter is divested of all its old-world accompaniments of embarrassment, hesitation, mystery, and timidity. The state of manners which existed in Italy under the reign of Saturn, may be revived at Botany Bay under the presidency of Governor Macquarie; interest leading to the same conclusions as innocence,—and Malthus being held in derision by the very kangaroos!

But we must check ourselves in the pursuit of this animating theme, else, we are afraid, we should be found running astray. To turn, then, from love to hoaxing—(we hope the ladies will pardon the transition: it is rather violent we admit.)—There are colonial hoaxes, we hear, got up in the style of those of the mother country,—as full of monkey-mischief, and as destitute of real pleasantry: equally calculated to impart to their inventors and performers the desirable secret consciousness of having well merited a kicking. What a treasure this is for a man to carry about in his own bosom, unknown to all the world—doating on it, dwelling on it, delighted with it! What a sparkle must light up his eye, when he hears, in company, some unknown person generally execrated as a spiteful puppy, a malicious rascal, and is aware that these endearing terms really apply to himself! What though, like Junius, he is obliged to bear about with him an undisclosed secret,—is the approbation of his own heart to be counted as nothing? Is it nothing to know that silence only is between him and a horsewhipping, and that he has but to speak to be turned out of the room? There may be minds too fastidious in their notions of honour and manliness to like this: there may be some dispositions so morbidly sensitive as even to feel pain at the thought of being obliged to avoid the consequences of one's own actions by disavowing them; but the London hoaxers, who used to send crowds of tradesfolks to the doors of widow-ladies and apothecaries, could not have been open to such qualms,—for unless they felt pride and pleasure in the consciousness of being undivulged and unsuspected nuisances, it would be impossible to account for their conduct. Nothing can be more dull than their invention; nothing more miserably and nakedly mischievous. It is on a par with kicking a man's shins under the table, by way of an equivoque; or sticking a pin in the seat of a lady's chair to give life to an evening party. The contrivance, however, such as it is, has been *transported*;—and we find it flourishing at Botany Bay, to which place probably the contrivers have found their way at last, in consequence of their amiable propensity to "do good by *stealth*." In one of the numbers of the Sidney Gazette, now before us, we observe the following paragraph:

> A merry fellow wrote up to a family at Richmond, pressing their immediate coming to Sidney to participate in the intended festival at a daughter's christening. The good people, man, wife, a son, and daughter, came, accordingly, the day before the appointment, and went in as invited guests:—they were tolerably received, dined, and so forth:—they made themselves comfortable and familiar, and, making no preparation for other lodgings, the explanation came out at midnight, when the letter of invitation was exhibited. No child was to be christened, and all was but a *hoax*, which had put the Hawkesury family to an inconvenient expense, and the Sidney family to the stare. With innocent mirth the *sage* will not find fault, &c.

By the *sage*, the editor of the Gazette probably means himself; and he thus insinuates that he is naturally of a jocose turn, though he cannot approve of the practical jokes which dullness loves. The editor, as it seems to us, is in the right.

Still following the fashionable articles, we find an account of the horse races at Sidney. Mr. Emmets' Rob Roy beat Captain Barnard's Mulberry; and, on this occasion, the editor says, he cannot withhold his approbation from Mr. H. (not Mr. H. the farce)—but "the innkeeper of Castlereagh-street, who, instead of profiting by his vicinity to the course, gave a public dinner without charge upon his guests, and married a virtuous young woman, the daughter of Mr. Ward, many years chief con-

stable, and an innkeeper at Paramatta; whose widow (now Mrs. Walker, she having married again) keeps the same inn, much to the public accommodation."

Having understood that New South Wales was about the antipodes to Great Britain, we expected to have found the seasons, in the former place, almost reversed, as to their position in the year, from what we experience here. This however is not the case. June, July, and August, we perceive, are the *winter months* at Sidney, just as they are at present in London:—about November, says the Australasian Almanack, "heat becomes inclement throughout the day, and there are evening hot winds." In January, "the heat is frequently intense; and but for nocturnal dews the fields and gardens would be literally scorched up." The thermometer now stands at 62° at sunrise, and at noon rises to 80°, 90°, and sometimes to 100°, and upwards. At Van Dieman's Land, however, no such disagreeable degree of heat prevails: the climate there is temperate, the scenery beautiful, the land rich, and prosperity of every sort, including population, is rapidly on the advance.

A curious correspondence appears in the latest numbers of the New South Wales Advertiser that have been received in this country, on the subject of a new object of commerce, which seems to have been found out there. A nervous gentleman, who signs himself *Verax*, states that his attention was attracted by a bundle, carried under the arm of a man who walked quickly past him. The two remarkable circumstances of a *bundle* and a *quick walk*, thus united together, induced *Verax* to make inquiries as to the contents of the former; and these were satisfied by displaying to his view "*a human head with long black hair, in a state of perfect preservation.*" Horror, he says, almost took away his faculties; but the bearer of the head, "with perfect indifference as to his feelings and consternation, replied it was the head of a New Zealander, which he had purchased from a person lately arrived from that country, and which he was going to dispose of for two guineas to a gentleman who was about to embark for England." *Verax* thinks that the honour of the colony, and even of the mother country, is seriously compromised by such purchases, which "warrant the world to apply to us the imputation of being dealers in human flesh." *Candor*, in the next paper replies to *Verax*, whom, he says, Mr. John Hunter, would have called *Simplex*. From him we learn that these heads are exhibited by the New Zealand chiefs as trophies, which are highly prized, or rather superstitiously venerated by their possessors, so that there is good reason for imagining that they are not *sold* but pilfered from them by the crews of the sealers who touch at the island in question. "The first of these heads," he observes, "that I remember, was brought here by a wild fellow of the name of Tucker, in 1811, who got it by plunder; and so tenacious were the natives at that time of these heads, that a whole boat's crew was nearly cut-off for the crime of this fellow, which was not known until he exposed the head for sale at Sidney. The crew, an hour before the sacrilege committed by Tucker, had been upon the most friendly footing with the natives; when suddenly an alarm burst out, and had the vessel not immediately got away, a hundred war-canoes would have boarded her at once: Tucker has since been killed in New Zealand." The writer proceeds to state that he believes the heads in question are now procured through some of the natives who have been at the colony of New South Wales, and who, by mixing with Europeans, have become corrupted, as well as weaned from their native superstitions.

One is glad to hear, after the above, that the ship Active, which had arrived at Sidney from New Zealand, brought encouraging information of the success of the mission there, which seemed to make considerable progress in alluring the natives from their savage habits. At the Society Islands, however, the steps of improvement, already taken, were much more considerable. A great majority of these islanders, we are informed can read; and delight in reading the various tracts prepared for them in their own language. Being furnished by nature with the means of subsistence without labour, they can spend much of their time in reading, which they are inclined to do—and even in writing,

—using instead of paper the leaf of the plantain and banana. There are few families without one or more readers.

The native seminary for the instruction of the original inhabitants of New South Wales, seems to be doing a great deal of good, being favourably regarded by those whose good will and confidence are absolutely necessary to give full and pleasant effect to its objects. The following advertisement in the Governor's name is, we think, worth extracting, as forming an interesting feature in the manners and history of this southern slip of the British empire.

Secretary's Office, Sidney,
4th Dec. 1819.

The native chiefs and their tribes, are hereby reminded, that Tuesday, the 28th of this present month of December, is the day appointed for their general annual assemblage at the market place in Paramatta; and it is also notified to them, that his Excellency the Governor expects to see a very large meeting of them on that occasion, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon of the said day. *The usual supply of meat and drink will be plentifully furnished for their comfort*, and the children of the Native Institution, will be shewn to their relations and friends.

The Institution for the children of the aboriginal natives of the colony was founded at Paramatta, under the protection of Governor Macquarie, December 10, 1814. In the "New South Wales pocket almanack, for the year 1820," we observe a list of the committee of this excellent establishment, which seems to be assisted by all the respectable persons of the colony. In February, 1815, sixteen families of the aboriginal natives receive allotments of ground, for the purposes of cultivation, under a chief named Boongarie, who has ever been distinguished for the docility of his manners, and his friendly demeanor. A brass medal was given to him by the governor, which he wears suspended round his neck, naming him "Chief of the Broken Bay tribe." A boat, named the Boongarie was presented to him; and other deserving natives have since received medals to distinguish them for their good conduct. This method of exciting the emulation of these people seems to be attended with good effects. By an announcement in the Sidney Gazette, we find that so general is the disposition existing on the part of the savage people, scattered over the Southern Ocean, to take advantage of the means of acquiring knowledge, the persons at the head of the Native Institution have been obliged to give notice that its benefits are necessarily limited to the aboriginal inhabitants of New South Wales, and cannot at present be extended to those of other places. The son of Shungee, the principal chief of the Bay Islands, had arrived with several of his countrymen in the Active, desiring to be placed under a course of education,—and it was in consequence of their arrival that the notification above alluded to was made. It does seem a great pity that want of means should lead to the disappointment of this desire for improvement. Besides the satisfaction of seeing its blessed effects in the milder manners of these still ferocious tribes, we should reap tangible profit from the change, in the increased security of our intercourse with them, and the new capacities of production which moral improvement always developes, and that would increase the value of our commercial relations with them. The colony itself may have done quite as much as can with fairness be expected from it:—if so, the mother country ought to help out the good work, and we really think that enabling the institution in New South Wales to extend its protection generally to the natives of the South Sea Islands, desirous of admission to its privileges, would be a more effectual method of laying the foundations of civilization in that vast portion of the globe, than some others which have been much patronized here, and that started with more romantic pretensions.

It may amuse our readers to run over for them a few of the "*remarkable events*" of the colony, as we find them recorded in a "Chronology of Local Occurences."

The year 1804 was a memorable one, it seems, in Australasia: "on the 16th of October, Lady Barlowe overset at her moorings, and was raised again!" In 1805 "a turtle of 600 weight was taken by a fisherman's hook in Broken Bay, the hook fastening by accident within the ani-

mal's eye." In 1806, "Amelia Rixin was delivered of three children, and a beautiful colt with only two legs was foaled." The clock tower at Sidney, also, fell on the 4th of June of the same year,—and an earthquake was felt at Richmond in September. In 1810, "the servants of the crown were ordered to attend divine service on the Sabbath-day," and "a wharf was built in Cockle-bay."

Let not ambition mock the useful toils

of the New South Wales historiographer: such are the early "*remarkable occurrences*" of the colony, and in after ages they will be read with interest over the mighty empire of New Holland. Then, when civilization,—with its arts, its luxuries, and, we are sorry to be obliged to add, its corruptions,—is spread over the vast breast of the Pacific; when its clusters of islands, in which existence seems to have sprung up fresh, in late days, overgrowing, luxuriant, and beautiful,—but without that early vigour which characterized the savage life of primal ages,—when these shall be practised in the ways of society, and lose in custom the charm of romance,—then will it be remembered and proclaimed, that a far-distant speck on the waters has been the nursing mother of scattered nations. The language of England, in Australasia, in India, and America, will spread her renown from pole to pole, and render ineffaceable and undeniable evidence to the unexampled magnitude of her power and influence. No people, ancient or modern, can cite such evidence. It is irresistible. In the extremest West, and East, and South, our extraordinary country will be looked back upon, through the dim medium of elapsed centuries, with thoughts of veneration and affection. Her characters and institutions will then assume the aspect of glorious constellations, to which imagination will give brightness, and natural feeling divinity. The name of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Newton, pronounced in Australasia, ten centuries after their existence, will be re-echoed back from the mountains of Allegany, and prolonged over the prodigious range of Thibet. What other people can fairly cherish a hope of fame so extended and enduring?

II. *The Life of Wesley: and the Rise and Progress of Methodism.* By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate. 2 vols. 8vo.

It has been well observed, that "Methodism is Christian zeal without Christian order;" and the present work is a complete illustration of the definition. This anomalous sect, which resembles nothing else that is to be found in the history of religious dissent, has risen from the most insignificant origin to the formidable state of an Imperium in Imperio; and, like the small cloud which at first seemed no bigger than a man's hand, it has expanded with an astonishing rapidity over a great part of the hemisphere of Christendom. They who admire the system, on account of the benefits which it has produced, will consider this increase as a proof of the divine favour; and many will even regard it as a special interposition of heaven to further the advancement of religion upon earth. For our parts, though ready to acknowledge the good that has been done by the unwearied exertions of methodistical missionaries, we see nothing in the success that has attended the laborious efforts of these zealous men but what may very fairly be accounted for upon common principles. In the first place, Methodism began at a period, when the rights of conscience were not barely admitted, but secured by law; when schism and heresy were no longer considered as terms of reproach; and when, as a necessary consequence of this freedom, the authority of the established church had altogether become obsolete, both in word and deed. Thus the field of operation was clear of all obstacles, except such as, proceeding from bigotry and rudeness, were easy to be overcome by perseverance in gratuitous instruction and mildness of manners. Considering all things, Methodism had more advantages on its side, than difficulties to encounter, for the general love of novelty was in its favour; the principal leaders of the sect were men of liberal education, episcopally ordained, and gifted with no common powers of hortatory eloquence. Though, therefore, such men, when they appeared preaching in the fields and streets, might experience some boisterous treatment from

the vulgar, it was impossible but that many persons would regard them with the respect due to their functions, and with gratitude for their disinterested zeal. Having once succeeded in commanding attention, they could not fail to awaken some to a serious consideration of what had been so powerfully pressed home upon their minds. Proselytism is always easy, when the imagination is strongly affected, and when the passions are brought into a high state of excitement. This was the uniform case in all the extraordinary histories of Methodistical conversions; where reason was utterly confounded and rendered incapable of acting amidst the storm of agitating feelings. When the pale of ecclesiastical discipline was once broken, by the itinerancy of Wesley and Whitefield, all that followed was but in the natural course of things; and, as these teachers had now taken, as it were, the world for their parish, it was not to be wondered that their disciples should be numerous, and that some of them should be animated by a similar spirit. Lay preaching succeeded, because the people being already habituated to the irregularity of a clergyman in his canonicals, holding forth from a horse-block, could hardly see any incongruity in a cobler's following the example. It is evident, that neither of the fathers of Methodism had at first any intention to create a schism in the church. They set out with no other view than that of promoting what they considered a necessary reformation in morals. But the manner in which they went to work, and the popularity which they met with, carried them farther and farther from the establishment, till at length it was obvious to every man of unbiassed judgment, that, with all their professions of attachment to the church, they were in reality separatists of a new description. It is remarkable enough that Wesley, who was by much the greatest sectary of the two, should all his life have conformed to assert his claims to the character of an orthodox presbyter of the church of England; while in fact, he was rearing up a structure with a liturgy, a confessional, a ministry, and even a hierarchy too, in direct opposition to that very church. He altered the common prayer, he introduced new doctrines, commissioned laymen to preach, and even went so far as to appoint one Dr. Thomas Coke, a bishop of the Methodist church, while the consecrator himself was only in priest's orders! Thus it is, when men presume, even with a good design, to deviate from the straight line laid down for their conduct as the members of a particular society. Wesley was ambitious of the honour of being a reformer of the Church of England; and in the course of his progress he became the head of a new church in opposition to it, and over which, in reality, he exercised more than pontifical authority. But as his system rose by degrees, and was organised by casual circumstances; many things received admission into his institution, which his calmer judgment disapproved; and to which it is pretty certain he yielded with reluctance. Of the inconsistency of this extraordinary man, we have a striking instance, not recorded indeed by his present biographer, but established beyond all doubt by his own correspondence; we mean his connivance at female preaching in particular cases. It is true, he demurred at first; but when the gifted sister, who was Miss Bosanquet, afterwards the wife of Mr. Fletcher of Madeley, insisted upon the validity of her call to the ministry, Mr. Wesley yielded, with all the ingenuity of a disciple of Loyola, and his dispensation ran thus: "I think the strength of the cause rests there, in your having *an extraordinary call.* So I am persuaded has every one of our lay-preachers; otherwise, I could not countenance their preaching at all. It is plain to me, that the whole work of God termed Methodism, is an extraordinary dispensation of his Providence. Therefore, I do not wonder, if several things occur therein which do not fall under ordinary rules of discipline. St. Paul's ordinary rule was, 'I do not permit a woman to speak in the congregation;' yet in extraordinary cases he made a few exceptions,—at Corinth in particular." Certainly no papal bull was ever more authoritative than this, nor is it possible for any casuistry to be more sophistical: yet, though it forms a remarkable incident in the ministerial life of Wesley, his present historian has passed it over in absolute silence. It merits observation, how-

ever, that the founder of Methodism might have availed himself of an example, to warrant this practice, in the case of his own mother, who, during the absence of her husband from his living of Epworth, performed the office of an exhorter to his poor parishioners that were assembled for instruction at the parsonage house.

We shall not attempt to frame any thing like an analysis of Mr. Southey's very multifarious work; nor is it necessary for us to give an abstract of any part of its contents. The life of Wesley exhibits hardly any thing but what is familiar to most readers; and the narratives of the several preachers, which make up too large a portion of the volumes, are rather disgusting than edifying. Altogether, the history is abundantly curious, but in some cases, the author has we think betrayed what is very like a want of candour, and in others a defect of judgment. His account of the Moravians is an instance of the first, and his view of Calvinism is quite erroneous. He has dragged up from the stagnant pool of oblivion, the puerile follies of the early Moravian brethren, which, for seventy years, have been discarded by the society; and therefore, ought not now to be placed conspicuously before the eye of the public. It should be observed, that the ridiculous canticles which Mr. Southey has been at such pains in collecting for the entertainment of his readers, were the productions of Germans who knew scarcely any thing of the English language; and for that very reason, some indulgence might have been shown to these flights of ignorant enthusiasm. When it is considered that the Moravians have carried the gospel into Greenland, Labrador, the interior of Southern Africa, and the wilds of America, more respect is surely due to their unostentatious piety, than censure to their early foibles—which, by the way, are not much more offensive to good manners than some of the Methodistic hymns. Mr. Southey has acknowledged, that Wesley did manifest injustice to the brethren, but when the historian felt this, he ought to have abstained from injuring them by his own reflections. He has not been more liberal to the Calvinists than to the Moravians, for though he must be sensible that men of the greatest sanctity, as well as learning, have been distinguished by that general appellation, he has without any qualification stigmatized their doctrine as altogether monstrous, abominable, and of a most licentious tendency. Calvinism is not our creed, far from it, yet common justice and a pretty extensive acquaintance with the writers of this description, compel us to declare, that the doctrines of election, and final perseverance, are full as favourable to holiness of life, as those of univeral redemption and sinless perfection. Who can contemplate the characters of such venerable men as Whitgift, Hooker, Hall, Usher, and Sanderson, and dare to assert that the faith which they adopted, defended, and adorned, was blasphemous and immoral? Yet such must be the conclusion, if Calvinism be, as its adversaries represent, a system calculated to dishonour the Deity, and to degrade his rational creatures into mere machines. But let us not so judge of a doctrine which has for its object, the exaltation of the Divine glory, by referring all moral agency, as well as physical operations, to the controul of Infinite wisdom. Should Mr. Southey revise this work, we would recommend to his serious attention the sermon of the late Bishop Horsley, on the "foreknowledge of God, and the free-agency of man;" in which that profound theologian has placed the Calvinistic doctrine of necessity, when freed from scholastic subtleties, upon a solid foundation. The same great prelate has, in one of his charges, we believe the very last that he delivered, strenuously dehorted the clergy from preaching against what is called Calvinism, lest in the effervescence of an indiscreet zeal they should be found attacking some of the fundamentals of Christianity. One observation more upon this subject, and we have done. Taking the doctrine thus philosophically, as combining moral motives with the operations of the Infinite mind, we put it to Mr. Southey, or any other liberal inquirer, whether, as a principle for the regulation of life, it is not far superior to that superstition maintained by Wesley to his dying day, which places the human thoughts under the overruling influence of evil spirits? Our author has given some shocking instances of methodistical diabolism; but he has omited to state

that the venerable patriarch of this widely extended community, continued to the last to encourage the belief of these possessions, and of the potency of prayer for the relief of the afflicted. The following narrative of a conversation which took place between Mr. Wesley and Dr. Hales of Killesandra, in Ireland, is so very characteristic, that one may well wonder how Mr. Southey could have passed it over in silence, when he had the narrative before him.

About the year 1787, says Dr. Hales, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wesley, Doctor Coke, and some of their assistant preachers, with several of the most respectable members of the Dublin Society, at the hospitable table of a common friend in Granby-row. The conversation, during dinner, happening to turn on the subject of Witchcraft, I aked Mr. Wesley, whether he had read, and if so, what he thought of Bishop Hutchinson's book upon witches? —After some pause, finding that he made no answer, I repeated the question; on which he declared, that *Bishop Hutchinson, and the whole band of Bishops together, could not invalidate the reality of witchcraft.* And when I expressed some surprise, he repeated a story of a gentleman of consideration in the north of England, about twenty years before, who suddenly disappeared, and after a fruitless search for some time, was generally suspected to have been privately murdered. Some time after, a person in the neighbourhood, voluntarily came forward, and accused himself and two of his own brothers, of having perpetrated the deed; which they peremptorily denied. However, on his persisting in the accusation, and declaring that nothing but remorse of conscience extorted this confession; they were all condemned and executed. But strange to relate, shortly after, the gentleman who had been missing, returned home from France, whither he had absconded for debt. Mr. Wesley then asked me, whether the informer's conduct, respecting himself and his brothers, was not plain evidence of witchcraft, or demoniacal possession? I rather ascribed it to phrenzy or madness; upon which one of the preachers, to convince my incredulity, told a tale of a haunted house, near Dungannan, in the north of Ireland; which he assured me and the company, happened a year or two before, while he was in that neighbourhood.—After hearing this tale I turned, continues the Doctor, to Mr. Wesley, and asked, whether such imposing relations of witchcraft and ghosts, might not tend to support the spurious popish miracles? Whether, for instance, they might not be urged, in favour of the miracles alleged to be wrought at Abbé Paris's tomb? He then asked me, in reply, if I had read the President Montgeron's Vindication of their Authenticity? and when I answered in the negative, he earnestly recommended it to my perusal. Then, looking on his watch, he said, it reminded him of an engagement at that hour, to visit a woman possessed with an evil spirit, which the priests of Liffey-street chapel had in vain endeavoured to expel by their exorcisms. And when I expressed some doubt at his success with such a patient, he declared in a solemn tone of voice, that much might be done in this way by prayer and fasting: alluding, I presume, to our Lord's declaration on a similar occasion, Matt. xvii. 21;—and so, after an excellent dinner, of which he partook but sparingly, he withdrew from the company.

About the time when this interview took place, an extraordinary scene was played at Bristol, where a taylor, named George Lukins, was said to have been dispossessed of no less than seven devils, by the powerful prayers of a regular clergyman and six lay-preachers, in the vestry-room of the Temple church at that city. The story made a great noise, and the whole transaction gave much offence to the members of the established church, who justly looked upon the affair as an abominable farce, which tended to bring religion into contempt. It is a fact, however, that Mr. Wesley and the entire connexion of methodists, gloried in the imposture, palpably ridiculous as it was, and represented it every where in preaching and in print, as an instance of the sovereign efficacy of faith and prayer.

Mr. Southey has expatiated at some length upon the coetaneous existence of Voltaire and Wesley; remarking with no little exultation, that while the one was spreading infidelity, the other was counteracting the work of darkness, by diffusing the light of the gospel. Now, without meaning to undervalue the labours of this good man, his coadjutors, and successors, we shall simply ask, whether Christianity is likely to profit by such superstitious notions and practices as those which we have here mentioned? It is a miserable delusion to suppose that enthusiastic zeal presents an effectual mound against scepticism and licentiousness. The contrary has ever been the case, and in no instance is the melancholy truth more evident than at the present time, with the

exception, perhaps, of the seventeenth century, when an overwhelming flood of immorality burst through the breach which had been made by the Puritans.

Methodism is a proselyting system; it creates divisions, and consequently weakens the Church, which, in the expressive language of one of her suffering prelates, is cleft to pieces like the oak with wedges taken from its own body. But though the schism becomes wider and wider every day; and though the reports of the sectaries exhibit proud returns of increasing numbers of new converts, Infidelity keeps an even pace with the progress of Fanaticism; and should the latter succeed as it has done, in supplanting the ancient establishments of religion, the consequence will be the decline of Christianity.

III. *Poems, by Bernard Barton.* London, Harvey and Darton, 8vo.

We have felt a good deal interested in this volume, in consequence of hearing that its author is one of the Society of Friends; but certainly it cannot be said of him, that he sees creation clothed in a drab-coloured suit. He writes stanzas to ladies, versies to valleys, and a lyrical address to the Gallic eagle;—and all this he does in as quick, free, and lively a spirit, as any worldling poet that can be named. The only peculiarity we can discover about the pieces, indicative of their writer's sect, is their extreme benevolence, and spotless innocence. In these respects, indeed, his muse may be said to possess a lovely Quaker countenance,—such as we have sometimes had the good fortune to see in stage coaches, and have invariably fallen in love with, whenever we have seen it. The eye sparkling, but quiet in self-possession and modesty; the delicate complexion reflecting health of body and mind; the regular features, ever undisturbed by wayward or lawless feelings;—such is a Quaker-beauty; graceful in reserve,—holy as a nun, yet performing, or ready to perform, her proper part in society;—a Venus in a poke-bonnet, whose presence causes strangers to feel the authority and power of virtue, and to discipline their discourse, so as to pay homage to purity! We really wish that Mr. Barton, who has so much better opportunities than we can boast of, to contemplate the bewitching originals of this description, would send us a poetical portrait of some young and lovely friend; in whom the characteristic features of the sect are intimately united with the captivations of the charming woman. We should be proud to see it adorning the pages of the London Magazine, with its fine Madonna, Bethlem aspect. We had rather have it in our cabinet collection than any of Mrs. Mier's gallery,—except Lady Jersey, whose beauty, if she were but a Quaker, would be altogether fatal. We have reason, therefore, to thank heaven that she is contented to be the queen of Almack's.

The volume before us, generally speaking, is filled with the amiable effusions of a kind and gifted mind, whose internal harmony is in beautiful unison with the melody of external nature, and of virtue. More brilliant compositions, more finished and powerful poetry we have often met with; but we have never met with any that afforded more unequivocal indication of genuine feeling, of deep affection, of benevolence, sympathy, taste, and integrity. The writer seems to have an ear ever on the listen for the accents of charity, patriotism, and religion,--that he may catch their burthen, and prolong their sound: wherever human anguish causes the tear to start, there would he fain be to soothe or alleviate: whatever has really deserved well of fame, he is proud to celebrate: and the choicest and coyest charms of nature have smitten his heart with indelible impressions.

For these reasons the contents of his book form a catalogue of the best, the most beautiful, and the most touching subjects: all that is most calculated to improve and delight the mind, is there to be found,—in short, we cannot conceive a more lively reflection of a worthy character than this collection of poems.

That the expression is always on a par with the feeling we cannot say: the writer's style, as it strikes us, is very unequal; and, in the simplicity of conscious sincerity, we sometimes find him common-place in phrase, and careless in construction. It is very easily to be seen that Mr. Barton is not a professional writer:—we find

very ordinary lines often following very good ones, in his compositions, in a way that declares him disdainful of the labour necessary to avoid this, and to give his powers fair play. Near his most lively images are placed some of the dullest; and common prosing is too frequently hard on the heels of passages of genuine poetry.—We should, on the whole, then, set him down as an amateur of distinguished talent, ready to celebrate any worthy subject that offers itself; one that ought to be, and no doubt is, highly prized in the circles, and amongst the acquaintance, where, and to whom, he acts as laureate.

The first quotation we shall make from Mr. Barton's volume will be a piece to which we are led by hearty coincidence of sentiment with the author. It is addressed to Wordsworth "on the publication of his poem, entitled Peter Bell."

Beautiful poet! as thou art,
In spite of all that critics tell,
I thank thee, even from my heart,
For this, thy tale of "PETER BELL."
It is a story worthy one
Who thinks, feels, loves, as thou hast done.

It is a story worthy too
Of a more simple, primal age,
When feelings, natural, tender, true,
Hallow'd the poet's humblest page:
Ere trick'ry had usurp'd the place
Of unsophisticated grace.

I quarrel not with those who deem
Essential to poetic mood,
High-sounding phrase, and lofty theme,
And "ready arts to freeze the blood;"
Intent to dazzle, or appal;
But nature still is best of all.

Continue still to cultivate,
In thy sequester'd solitude,
Those high conceptions which await
The musings of the wise and good;
Conceptions lofty, pure, and bright,
Which fill thy soul with heavenly light.

Betake thee to thy groves and fields,
Thy rocky vales, and mountains bare,
And give us all that nature yields
Of manners, feelings, habits there:
Please and instruct the present age,
And live in history's latest page.

The poem entitled Recollections opens, we think, very beautifully:

All round was still and calm; the noon of night
Was fast approaching: up the unclouded sky
The glorious moon pursued her path of light,
And shed her silvery splendour far and nigh:
No sound, save of the night-wind's gentlest sigh,
Could reach the ear; and that so softly blew,
It scarcely stir'd, in sweeping lightly by,
The acacia's airy foliage; faintly too
It kiss'd the jasmine's stars which just below me grew.

Before me, scatter'd here and there, were trees
Whose massy outline of reposing shade,
Unbroken by that faint and fitful breeze,
With the clear sky a lovely contrast made:
'Twas nature, in her chastest charms array'd!
How could I then abruptly leave such scene?
I could not; for the beauties it display'd
To me were dearer than the dazzling sheen
Of noon's effulgent hour, or morning's sparkling mien.

Awhile in silent reverie I stood,
Pensively gazing on the objects round;
And soon my mind, in contemplative mood,
Abundant theme for meditation found;
And far beyond the shadowy visible bound
Of my eye's glance did eager fancy fly;
Nor even Virtue on her flight then frown'd,
But mark'd her progress with approving eye,
For heav'n-ward was her course, her visions pure and high.

They err, who calculate time's silent pace
By the mere lapse of minutes, or of hours;
Not even thought his printless step can trace,
Which hastens onward, over thorns and flowers,
Nor cares for sun that shines, or storm that low'rs.
'Twere wiser far in us to count its flight
By the improvement of our mental powers,
And by the store of suffering, or delight,
Which cheers Life's fleeting day, or clouds Death's coming night.

What we have said of the amiable turn of the author's character, will be fully borne out to the reader's mind by such pieces as the following,—and there are several of the same character in the collection.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Pale and cold is the cheek that my kisses oft press'd,
And quench'd is the beam of that bright-sparkling eye;

For the soul, which its innocent glances confess'd,
Has flown to its God and its Father on high.

No more shall the accents, whose tones were more dear
Than the sweetest of sounds even music can make,
In notes full of tenderness fall on my ear;
If I catch them in dreams, all is still when I wake!

No more the gay smiles that those features display'd,
Shall transiently light up their own mirth in mine;
Yet, though these, and much more, be now cover'd in shade,
I must not, I cannot, and dare not repine.

However enchantingly flattering and fair,
Were the hopes, that for thee, I had ventur'd to build,
Can a frail, finite mortal presume to declare
That the future those hopes would have ever fulfill'd?

In the world thou hast left, there is much to allure
The most innocent spirit from virtue and peace:
Hadst thou liv'd, would thy own have been equally pure,
And guileless, and happy, in age's increase?

Temptation, or sooner or later, had found thee;
Perhaps had seduc'd thee from pathways of light;
'Till the dark clouds of vice, gath'ring gloomly round thee,
Had enwrapt thee for ever in horror and night.

But *now*, in the loveliest bloom of the soul,
While thy heart yet was pangless, and true, and unstain'd;
Ere the world one vain wish by its witcheries stole,
What it could not confer, thou for ever hast gain'd!

Like a dew-drop, kiss'd off by the sun's morning beam,
A brief, but a beauteous existence was given;
Thy soul seem'd to come down to earth, in a dream,
And only to wake, when ascended to heaven!

There is something infinitely touching and fanciful in the following three verses, taken from several addressed to Sleep.

With angel eye, and a brow that never
Had been other than meekly calm;
And lips which a soft smile seems to sever,
Such as shed round a soothing charm;
With a step more light than Zephyr's sigh,
Would I paint thee, in loveliness passing by.

Such could I fancy thee, roving far
Beneath the pale moon's glistening beam;
Or the fainter light of heaven's fairest star,
Attended by many a shadowy dream:
Those purer visions, in mercy given
To slumbering souls, when they dream of heaven!

By an infant's couch I behold thee sit,
Its widow'd parent's earthly treasure;
And over its features, like sunshine, flit
Bright gleams of half-unconscious pleasure:
Smiles of a spirit that knows no fears,
Such as belong not to after years.

In the piece addressed to a father, on the death of his only child, we find the following striking verse:

I grant that the stroke which has laid thy hopes low,
Is perhaps the severest that nature can know;
If hope but *deferr'd*, may cause sickness of heart,
How dreadful to see it for ever *depart!*

In conclusion we shall quote one entire piece, doing equal credit to the head and heart of the estimable writer.

STANZAS,

Addressed to Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Forests, and lakes, the majesty of mountains,
The dazzling glaciers, and the musical sound
Of waves and winds, or softer gush of fountains:
In sights and sounds like these thy soul has found
Sublime delight; but can the visible bound
Of this small globe be the sole nurse and mother
Of knowledge and of feeling? Look around!
Mark how one being differs from another;
Yet the world's book is spread before each human brother.

Was this world, then, the parent and the nurse
Of him whose mental eye outliv'd the sight
Of all its beauties?—Him who sang the curse
Of that forbidden fruit, which did invite
Our first progenitors, whom that foul sprite,
In serpent-form, seduc'd from innocence,
By specious promises, that wrong and right,
Evil and good, when they had gather'd thence,
Should be distinctly seen, as by diviner sense?

They pluck'd, and paid the awful penalty
Of disobedience: yet man will not learn
To be content with knowledge that is free
To all. There are, whose soaring spirits spurn
At humble lore, and, still insatiate, turn
From living fountains to forbidden springs;
Whence having proudly quaff'd, their bosoms burn
With visions of unutterable things,
Which restless fancy's spell in shadowy glory brings.

Delicious the delirious bliss, while new;
Unreal phantoms of wise, good, and fair,
Hover around, in every vivid hue
Of glowing beauty; these dissolve in air,
And leave the barren spirit bleak and bare
As alpine summits: it remains to try
The hopeless task (of which themselves despair)
Of bringing back those feelings, now gone by,
By making their own dreams the code of all society.

"All fear, none aid them, and few comprehend;"
And then comes disappointment, and the blight
Of hopes, that might have bless'd mankind, but end
In stoic apathy, or starless night:
And thus hath many a spirit, pure and bright,
Lost that effulgent and ethereal ray,
Which, had religion nourish'd it, still might
Have shone on, peerless, to that perfect day,
When death's veil shall be rent, and darkness dash'd away.

Ere it shall prove too late, thy steps retrace:
The heights thy muse has scal'd, can never be
Her loveliest, or her safest dwelling-place.
In the deep valley of humility,
The river of immortal life flows free
For thee—for all. Oh! taste its limpid wave,
As it rolls murmuring by, and thou shalt see
Nothing in death the Christian dares not brave,
Whom faith in God has given a world beyond the grave!

THE DRAMA.

No. VIII.

It is now the middle of July, when we are by turns drenched with showers and scorched with sun-beams: the winter theatres are closed, and the summer ones have just opened, soon to close again—

Like marigolds with the sun's eye.

We are not, however, in the number of those who deprecate the shortness of the summer season, as one of the miseries of human life, or who think little theatres better than big. We like a play-house in proportion to the number of happy human faces it contains (and a play-house seldom contains many wretched ones)—and again we like a play best when we do not see the faces of the actors too near. We do not want to be informed, as at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, that part of the rich humour of Mr. Liston's face arises from his having lost a tooth in front, nor to see Mr. Jones's eyes roll more meteorous than ever. At the larger theatres we only discover that the ladies paint red: at the smaller ones, we can distinguish when they paint white. We see defects enough at a distance, and we can always get near enough (in the pit) to see the beauties. Those who go to the boxes do not go to see the play, but to make a figure, and be thought something of themselves: (so far they probably succeed, at least in their own opinion) and if the Gods cannot hear, they make themselves heard. We do not like *private theatricals*. We like every thing to be what it is. We have no fancy for seeing the actors look like part of the audience, nor for seeing the pit invade the boxes, nor the boxes shake hands with the galleries. We are for a proper distinction of ranks—at the theatre. While we are laughing at the broad farcical humour of the Agreeable Surprise, or critically examining Mrs. Mardyn's dress in the Will, we do not care to be disturbed by some idle whisper, or mumbling disapprobation of an old beau, or antiquated dowager in a high head-dress, close at our ear, but in a different part of the house.—Mr. Arnold has taken care of this at the New English Opera-house in the Strand, of which he is proprietor and patentee. The "Great Vulgar and the Small" (as Cowley has it) are there kept at a respectful distance. The boxes are

perched up so high above the pit, that it gives you a head-ache to look up at the beauty and fashion that nightly adorn them with their thin and scattered constellations; and then the gallery is "raised so high above all height," it is nearly impossible for the eye to scale it, while a little miserable shabby upper-gallery is partitioned off with an iron railing, through which the poor one shilling devils look like half-starved prisoners in the Fleet, and are a constant butt of ridicule to the genteeler rabble beneath them. Then again (so vast is Mr. Arnold's genius for separating and combining) you have a Saloon, a sweet pastoral retreat, where any love-sick melancholy swain, or romantic nymph, may take a rural walk to Primrose-hill, or Chalk-farm, by the side of painted purling streams, and sickly flowering shrubs, without once going out of the walls of the theatre:———

Such tricks hath strong Imagination!

If the Haymarket has been praised by a contemporary critic (of whom we might say, that he is *alter et idem*) for being as hot as an oven in the midst of the dog-days; the Lyceum on the other hand, is as cool as a well; and much might, we think, be said on both sides. As a matter of taste, or fancy, or prejudice, (we shall not pretend to say which) we do not greatly like the New English Opera-house. The house is *new*, the pieces are *new*, the company are *new*, and we do not know what to make of any of them. As to the things that are acted there, they are a sort of pert, patched-up, insipid, flippant attempt at mediocrity. They are like the odd-ends and scraps of all the rejected pieces, which have come into the manager's possession in virtue of his office for a length of time; and which he has stitched and tacked together in such a way that neither the authors nor the public can know any thing of the matter. They are a condensed essence of all the vapid stuff that has been suppressed at home or acted abroad for a number of years last past. Visions of farces, operas, and interludes, thin, blue, fluttering, gawzy appearances, mock the empty sight, elude the public comprehension, and the critic's grasp. The worst of these slender, wire-drawn productions is, that there is nothing to praise in them, nor any thing to condemn. They "present no mark" to friend or foe. "You may as well take aim at the edge of a pen-knife," as try to pick any thing out of them. They are trifling, tedious, frivolous, and vexatious. The best is, they do not last long, and "one bubble" (to borrow an allusion from an eloquent divine, in treating on a graver subject) "knocks another on the head, and both rush together into oblivion!"—Miss Kelly is here; she might as well be a hundred miles off. She is not good at child's play, at the *make-believe* fine-lady, or the *make-believe* waiting-maid. Her's is *bonâ fide* downright acting, and she must have something to do, in order to do it properly. She is too clever and too knowing to act a part totally without meaning, such as that lately given her in the Promissory Note. Such was not her Yarico. Ah! there were tones, and looks, and piercing sighs in her representation of the fond, injured, sun-burnt Indian maid, that make it difficult to think of her in any inferior part, or to speak slightingly of any theatre in which she is concerned: but critics, as it has been said of judges, must not give way to their feelings! There is Wrench here too, as easy as an old glove, the same careless hair-brained, idle, impudent, good humoured, lackadaisical sort of a gentleman as ever; there is Harley too, who has not been spoiled by the town, since we first saw him here:—then there is Mr. Rowbotham, a grave young man, a new hand, very like the real, the prudent Mr. Thomas Inkle: *encore un coup*, we have Mr. Bartley, who, if not a new hand, is fresh returned from America, and as much at home on these boards as before he went abroad: in the Governor of Barbadoes, he had quite a Transatlantic look with him: there is also Mr. Westbourn (we think he is at this house) and a Mr. Wilkinson, and a Mr. Richardson, (whose names and persons we are apt to confound together) and Mr. Pearman (whom it is not possible to mistake for any one else) and Miss Stevenson (a very provoking young thing), and Miss Love, and Mrs. Grove, and a whole *Sylva Critica* of actors and actresses, of whom the very nomenclature terrifies us. We give it up in despair! and so humbly take our leave of the New English Opera house for the season!—

"We had rather be taxed for silence, than checked for speech."

At the other house, to which we "do more favourably incline," both from old associations, and immediate liking, though there are some raw recruits (picked up we don't know where) there is a large and powerful detachment from the veteran corps of Covent Garden; Terry, Jones, Mrs. Gibbs, Liston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble, J. Russel, Farley, and Mrs. Mardyn and Madame Vestris from Drury-Lane, and last, Miss R. Corri, from the Opera House.—In fact, it is our opinion that there is theatrical strength enough in this town only to set up one good summer or one good winter theatre. Competition may be necessary to prevent negligence and abuse, but the result of this distribution of the *corps dramatique* into different companies, is, that we never, or very rarely indeed, see a play well acted in all its parts. At Drury-Lane there is only one tragic actor, Mr. Kean: all the rest are supernumeraries. No one, we apprehend, would ever cross the threshold to see Mr. Pope's Iago, or Mr. Elliston's Richmond, or Mr. Rae's Bassanio, or Mr. Hamblin, or Mr. Penley, or Mr. Fisher, or Mr. Philips, who plays the King in Hamlet: though, "in the catalogue they go for actors." In comedy, Drury-Lane is better off: yet, they cannot get up a real sterling comedy, for want of actors and actresses to fill the parts of *gentlemen* and *ladies*. Miss Kelly is the best comic actress on either stage, but she is only an appendage to the real fine lady, Millamant's Mrs. Mincing, "to curl her hair so crisp and pure:"—in cases of necessity, they have no one but Mr. Penley, jun. to top the part of Lord Foppington: Mr. Munden is their Sir Peter Teazle, and Mr. Elliston is his own Lord Townley. But they really hit off a modern comedy, such as Wild Oats, which is a mixture of farce and romantic sentiment, to an exact perfection. At Covent-Garden they lately had one great tragic actress, Miss O'Neill; and two or three actors who were highly respectable, at least in second-rate tragic characters. At present, the female throne in tragedy is vacant; and of the men "who rant and fret their hour upon the stage," Mr. Macready is the only one who draws houses, or who finds admirers. He shines most, however, in the pathos of domestic life; and we still want to see tragedy, "turretted, crowned, and crested, with its front gilt, and blood-stained," stooping from the skies (not raised from the earth) as it did in the person of John Kemble. He is now quaffing health and burgundy in the south of France. He perhaps finds the air that blows from "vine-covered hills" wholesomer than that of a crowded house; and the lengthened murmurs of the Mediterranean shores more soothing to the soul, than the deep thunders of the pit. Or does he sometimes recline his lofty, laurelled head upon the sea-beat beach, and unlocking the cells of memory, listen to the rolling Pæans, the loud never-to-be-forgotten plaudits of enraptured multitudes, that mingle with the music of the waves,

And murmur as the Ocean murmurs near?

Or does he still "sigh his soul towards England" and the busy hum of Covent-Garden? If we thought so, (but that we dread all returns from Elba) we would say to him, "Come back, and once more bid Britannia rival old Greece and Rome!" —Or where is Mr. Young now? There is an opening for *his* pretensions too. —If the Drury-Lane company are deficient in genteel comedy, we fear that Covent-Garden cannot help them out in this respect. Mr. W. Farren is the only exception to the sweeping clause we were going to insert against them. He plays the old gentleman, the antiquated beau of the last age, very much after the fashion that we remember to have seen in our younger days, and that is quite a singular excellence in this. Is it that Mr. Farren has caught glimpses of this character in real life, hovering in the horizon of the sister kingdom, which has been long banished from this? They have their Castle Rack-rents, their moats and ditches, still extant in remote parts of the interior: and perhaps in famed Dublin city, the *cheveux-de-fris* of dress, the trellis-work of lace and ruffles, the masked battery of compliment, the port-cullises of formal speech, the whole artillery of sighs and ogling, with all the appendages and proper costume of the ancient regime, and paraph-

nalia of the *preux chevalier*, may have been kept up in a state of lively decrepitude and smiling dilapidation, in a few straggling instances from the last century, which Mr. Farren had seen. The present age produces nothing of the sort; and so, according to our theory, Mr. Farren does not play the young gentleman or modern man of fashion, though he is himself a young man. For the rest, comedy is in a rich, thriving state at Covent-Garden, as far as the lower kind of comic humour is concerned; but it is like an ill-baked pudding, where all the plums sink to the bottom. Emery and Liston, the two best, are of this description: Jones is a caricaturist; and Terry, in his graver parts, is not a comedian, but a moralist.—Even a junction of the two companies into one would hardly furnish out one set of players competent to do justice to any of the standard productions of the English stage in tragedy or comedy: what a hopeful project it must be then to start a few more play-houses in the heart of the metropolis as nurseries of histrionic talent, still more to divide and dissipate what little concentration of genius we have, and still more to weaken and distract public patronage? As to the argument in favour of two or more theatres from the necessity of competition, we shall not dispute it; but the actual benefits are not so visible to our dim eyes as to some others. There is a competition in what is bad as well as in what is good: the race of popularity is as often gained by tripping up the heels of your antagonist, as by pressing forward yourself: there is a competition in running an indifferent piece or a piece indifferently acted, to prevent the success of the same piece at the other house; and there is a competition in puffing, as Mr. Elliston can witness.—No, there, we confess, he leaves all competition behind!

The two pleasantest pieces we have seen this season at the Haymarket are the Green Man, and Pigeons and Crows. They were both to us an Agreeable Surprise; for we had not seen them when they were brought out last year, or the year before. The first is moral and pointed; the latter more lively and quaint. The Green Man abounds in laconic good sense; in Pigeons and Crows there is as edifying a vein of nonsense. We do not know the author of this last piece (to whom we confess ourselves obliged for two mirthful, thoughtless evenings), but we understand that the Green Man is adapted by Mr. Jones from a French *petite pièce*, which was itself taken from a German novel, we believe one of Kotzebue's. The sentiments indeed are evidently of that romantic, levelling cast, which formerly abounded in the writings of the *ci-devant* philanthropic enthusiast. The principal character in it is that of the Green Man himself, who is a benevolent, blunt-spoken, friendly cynic. The only joke of the character consists in his being dressed all in green—he has a green coat, a green waistcoat and breeches, green stockings, a green hat, a green pocket handkerchief, and a green watch. This gives rise to many pleasant allusions; and indeed, from the manner in which the peculiarity of his personal appearance affects our notion of his personal identity, he looks like a talking suit of clothes, a sermonizing and sententious vegetable. Mr. Terry performs the part admirably, and seems himself tranformed into "a brother of the groves." He does not aggravate the author's meaning too much, but gives just as much point as was intended, and passes on to what comes next, as naturally, and with that sort of manner and unconscious interest which a man really takes in his own, or other people's affairs. Mr. Terry's acting always shows vigour and good sense. His only fault is, that he is too jealous of himself, and strives to do better than well. In the Green Man, he was quite at home, and quite at his ease; and made every one else feel equally so. Mr. Jones is an overstarched French fop in this play, full of foreign grimace and affectation, of which, however, he is cured by his passion for the fair ward of the Green Man (Miss Leigh, a very pleasing new actress), who does not at all tolerate such impertinence, and he afterwards turns out (*dandyism* apart) a very good sort of a humane character. Perhaps, enough has never been made on the stage of the frequent contradiction in this respect between outside appearances and sterling qualities within. We carry our

prejudices both for and against dress too far. It is no rule either way. A fop is not necessarily a fool, nor without feeling. A man may even wear stays, and not be effeminate; or a pink coat, without making his friends blush for him. The celebrated beau, Hervey, threw the scavenger that ridiculed him in the street into his own mud-cart; and a person in our own time, who has carried extravagance of dress and appearance to a very great pitch indeed, is, in reality, a very good-natured, sensible, modest man. The fault, in such cases, is neither in the head or heart, but in the cut of a coat-collar, or the size of a pair of whiskers.—Farley and J. Russel were Major Dumpling and Captain Bibber in the same piece: and a scene of high farce they made of it. The one is an officer in the army, the *local militia;* the other is an officer in the navy. The one excels in eating, the other in drinking. The one is most at home in the kitchen; the other in the cellar. The one is fat, huge, and unwieldy; the other, dapper, tight, and bustling. Farley is an actor with whose merit, in such parts, the public are well acquainted: Russel is one who will be liked more, the more he is known. Both in Captain Bibber, Blondeau, the French showman in Pigeons and Crows, and in Silvester Daggerwood, he has acquitted himself with great applause, and entered into the humour, eccentricity, and peculiar distinctions of his characters, with spirit and fidelity. His mimicry is also good, and he sings a French rondeau, or a sailor's ditty, *con amore.* The part of Major Dumpling was originally played by Mr. Tokely. It was one of three parts (Crockery and Peter Pastoral were the other two) for which he seemed born, and having rolled himself up in them, like the silk-worm, he died. Poor Tokely! He relished his parts; with Crockery doated over an old sign-post, or wept with honest Peter over a green leaf.

His tears were tears of oil and gladness.

But he also relished his morning's draught, and sipped the sweets till he was drowned in a butt of whiskey. The said fair-looking, round-faced, pot-bellied, uncouth, awkward, out-of-the-way, unmeaning, inimitable Crockery, or Peter Pastoral, or Major Dumpling, was the very little child that in the year 1796, Kemble used to carry off triumphantly on his arm in the original performance of Pizarro! Thinking of these things, may we not say, *sic transit gloria mundi?* So flies the stage away, and life flies after it as fast!—Mrs. Gibbs, "that horse-whipping woman," in Teazing made Easy, does not, however, wear the willow on his account, but looks as smiling, as good-humoured, as buxom, as in the natural and professional life-time of Mr. Tokely, and drinks her bowl of cream as Cowslip, and expresses her liking of a roast-duck with the same resignation of flesh and spirit as ever.

Mr. Liston in Pigeons and Crows plays the part of Sir Peter Pigwiggin, knight, alderman, and pin-maker. What a name, what a person, and what a representative! We never saw Mr. Liston's countenance in better preservation; that is, it seems tumbling all in pieces with indescribable emotions, and a thousand odd twitches, and unaccountable absurdities, oozing out at every pore. His jaws seem to ache with laughter: his eyes look out of his head with wonder: his face is unctuous all over and bathed with jests; the tip of his nose is tickled with conceit of himself, and his teeth chatter in his head in the eager insinuation of a plot: his forehead speaks, and his wig (not every particular hair, but the whole bewildered bushy mass) "stands on end as life were in it." In the scene with his dulcinea (Miss Leigh) his approaches are the height of self-complacent, *cockney* courtship; his rhymes on his own projected marriage,

What a thing!
Bless the King!

would make any man (who is not so already) loyal, and his laughing in the glass when he is told by mistake that Miss's mamma is eighteen, and his convulsive distortions as he recovers from his first surprise, and the choking effects of it, out-Hogarth Hogarth!

Let those laugh now who never laugh'd before,
And those who still have laugh'd, now laugh the more.

The scene where he is told he is poisoned, and his interview with the drunken apothecary (Mr. Williams)

though excellent in themselves, were not so good: for Liston does not play so well to any one else, as he does to himself. The rest of the characters were well supported. Jones, as the younger Pigwiggin, alias Captain Neville, the lover of Liston's fair inamorata, "does a little bit of fidgets" very well. He is sprightly, voluble, knowing, and pleasant; and is the life of a small theatre, only that he is now and then a little too obstreperous; but he keeps up the interest of his part, and that is every thing. The audience delight to hear his "View Halloa" before he comes on the stage (which is a sure sign of their opinion), and expect to be amused for the next ten minutes. If an actor can excite hope, and not disappoint it, what can he do more? Mr. Russell, as the little French showman, Mr. Farley as Mr. Wadd, and Mr. Connor as a blundering Irish servant, all sustained their parts with great eclat: and so did the ladies. The scene where Jones deceives two of his creditors, Russell and Farley, by appointing each to pay the other, had a very laughable effect; but the stratagem is borrowed from Congreve, who indeed was not the very worst source to borrow from.

The house was crowded to excess to see the new appearances in the Beggar's Opera; Madame Vestris's Captain Macheath, Miss R. Corri's Polly, and Mrs. Charles Kemble's Lucy, which last, indeed, is an old friend with a new face. Mrs. Kemble was the best Lucy we ever saw (not excepting Miss Kelly, who is also much at home in this part), and she retains all the spirit of her original performance. Miss Kelly plays Lucy as naturally, perhaps more so; but Mrs. Kemble does it more characteristically. She has no "compunctious visitings" of delicacy, but her mind seems hardened against the walls that inclose it. She is Lockitt's daughter, the child of a prison; the true virago, that is to be the foil to the gentle spirit of Polly. The air with which she throws the rat to the cat in the song has a *gusto* worthy of one of Michael Angelo's Sybils; a box on the ear from her right hand is no jesting matter. Her rage and sullenness are of the true unmitigated stamp, and her affected civilities to her fair rival are a parody (as the author intended) on the friendships of courts.—Madame Vestris, as the Captain, almost shrunk before her, like Viola before her enraged enemies. Indeed, she played the part very prettily, with great vivacity and an agreeable swagger, cocking her hat, throwing back her shoulders, and making a free use of a rattan-cane, like Little Pickle, but she did not look like the hero, or the highwayman, if this was desirable in her case. If, however, she turned Macheath into a *petit-maitre*, she did not play it like Mr. Incledon or Mr. Cooke, or Mr. Braham, or Mr. Young, or any one else we have seen in it, which is no small commendation. Miss Corri sang *Cease your funning*, and one or two other songs, with sweetness and effect; but, in general, she was more like a modern made-up boarding-school girl, than the artless and elegant Polly. She lisps and looks pretty. The other parts were very respectably filled, but some of the best scenes (we are sorry to say it) were left out. T.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. VII.

At the Opera on the 22d of June, appeared, in the part of *Zerlina*, in *Il Don Giovanni*, Miss Rosalie Corri, a younger sister of Miss Corri the joint Prima Donna. Towards the end of last year, a large number of the *Corps de l' Opera* embarked for Ireland, and treated the good people of Dublin with an Opera—a real Italian Opera! Il Don Giovanni was acted; Miss R. Corri made her debut with her sister and Ambrogetti, cum multis aliis. Her success was such as to warrant her introduction to the higher tribunal of the English public, and at the benefit of Miss Corri she appeared. This young actress is *petite*, but neat, light, and shapely, in her figure—full of liveliness, gifted with a sweetly toned voice of sufficient power and

compass, and with great natural facility of execution. All her talents are but nascent at present for she is not seventeen, and we question whether she has been as industrious as it is to be hoped the encouragement she has received will make her in the study of her art; but there are few debutantes who have exhibited more promise either in the orchestra or upon the stage.

Since the appearance of this young lady the manager himself has really introduced a new female singer!!—In the beginning of the season it will be remembered, a *correspondence* with Madame Catalani was announced. Almost at the end Madame Lachoque Montano actually arrives. A heavy declension certainly.

For this singer *Agnese* has been revived. This Opera was first introduced here for Ambrogetti, whose performance of the principal character is almost too closely allied to nature, under the distressful malady it represents, for human feelings to bear. A female of our own country has the honour of furnishing the story upon which this beautiful composition is founded. Mrs. Opie's Novel of "*the Father and Daughter,*" is known to every body. Two Italian dramas have been made from it; the one in prose by Philippo Cæsari, the other that we are speaking of by Luige Bonavoglia. The poet has taken the incidents, and even the sentiments, from the original with considerable fidelity, and with a degree of simplicity suited to the Italian stage, and to the singleness of thought and imagery music requires. The moral justice, however, and the pathos, are both diminished by his having given the play a happy termination in the marriage of the daughter to her repentant lover, and the restoration of the father to reason. Signor Paer, the composer, was lately, and we believe is now, director of the music at the Theatre Italien of Paris. He is about fifty-four years old, having been born at Parma, in 1774. In 1806, he was invited to Dresden, and he removed from thence at the command of Buonaparte, in whose service he was fixed with the title of director and composer of the private music of his Majesty the Emperor. He has written more than forty Operas, besides various lighter works. His style resembles that of Paesiello, and he is remarkable for the beauty of his melodies and the sensibility with which he expresses all the finer passions of the soul. Sweetness and elegance pervade the entire work, and he has enriched the manner of his predecessor by a little more ornament.

The characters of *Uberto* and his daughter are finely supported. The song "*Tutto e silenzio,*" by Aquesa; the recitative and air, "*O come e barono,*" by the father; and the scena, between both "*O cielo che suono e questo,*" are not surpassed in forcible representation of the transition from horror to tenderness, and the various passions that flit across the disturbed imagination of unsettled intellect. The melodies are exquisite, and M. Paer has availed himself of all the legitimate resources of his art. He is not, however, of the latest school of instrumental effects.

His accompaniments are subordinate to the voice, though the former are not wanting in any of the aids which harmony affords. His Opera is strictly vocal, yet he employs the orchestra with great and adequate effect. He apparently has unlimited command of beautiful strains of melody,--short, but never to be forgotten; and he employs them with singular effect to reduce the horror which the portraiture of the dreadful visitation and infirmity upon which his piece turns is calculated to occasion; at the same time, with inimitable art in picturing the general hallucination and the partial glimpses of reason in his principal character. The leading train of thought in the father's mind is the idea that his fugitive daughter died in his arms, and this thought, which often recurs, is blended with the imperfect recollection of an air Agnese was accustomed to sing. These brief strains M. Paer has set to passages which seem more beautiful and pathetic, at every repetition, and frequently as "*La figlia mia spiro,*" and "*Come la nebbia al vento,*" are heard, it is always with renewed impressions of mingled pain and pleasure. It is impossible not to feel the grace, the pathos, and the fine expression that pervade the whole of this masterly and tasteful composition. Madness has repeatedly afforded a theme for the cantata and the drama, but we doubt whether, in the ancient or the mo-

dern school or theatre, so touching a delineation as this has been drawn, and for the simple reason, that both the cause and the effect are so near to common life, and the manner of treating the incidents so little removed from domestic situations and affections.*

Madame Lachoque Montano has received no very striking marks of public favour; her voice is confined in its compass above, but the lower notes are good. She laboured under great apprehension at her first appearance, which has perhaps hitherto weakened the impression of her talents: these are not however first-rate.

Covent-Garden has brought out a musical romance (*Bothwell Brigg.*) It is a slight performance, and the songs and chorusses are principally adaptations of well-known Scotch airs, some of which, if we remember rightly, have seen the same sort of service before. Paer's Duet, "*vederlo sol bramo,*" is consorted with these veterans. It is remarkable, that our native composers, or perhaps we ought to say—the managers of our great theatres, should be content with so little novelty—or rather with the *crambe recocta* of dishes thrice served. The English theatre seems to us to be receding daily further and further from the chance of having an Opera in the legitimate sense.

The subscription concerts at the Argyle rooms by the harmonic institution, have just closed. At the fourth, Miss Symonds, formerly a pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, sung a Duet with Mrs. Salmon, and *Dove sono,* from Figaro, a song taught her by her original instructress. Miss Symonds has an extraordinary voice. She has a clear compass from A to F in alt—twenty notes. The quality is brilliant and fine, though the upper exceed the lower in volume. Her intonation is correct, and the foundation of her execution was laid in the very best manner, as her singing evinces. Her first, and we believe her only previous appearance in London, was at Mr. and Mrs. Lacy's last public concert but one. Since that time, we believe, she has not been heard in the metropolis, though she has sung at several provincial meetings, and in Scotland while on a tour with Mr. and Mrs. L. Her singing is of great promise, but whether that promise will ripen into a full and rich maturity depends upon intellectual qualities, rarely developed till a far later period of life than this young lady has yet reached; for it is MIND that leads to distinction in this, as in every other art.

Benefit Concerts are still going on. The first of this month was Spagnoletti's: the next a charitable exertion of talent for the widow of a deceased professor, Mr. Cobham; who announced her late husband as particularly entitled to notice, in consequence of being the "tutor to the celebrated English Catalani." This celebrated person was a Miss Fearon; at any time but little known, and now almost forgotten. She had great compass and facility, but a vulgar manner of singing: she is said, however, to have been recently much improved, and she has attracted a good deal of attention in France. Since Mrs. Cobham's night, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. T. Cooke, and Mr. and Mrs. Ashe (of Bath), have given concerts at the Argyle rooms. Mr. T. Cooke is a man of very universal talent. He plays well on a great number of instruments, as witness his late pantomimic exertions. He is a composer, a singer, a teacher of music on the Logierian plan, and of public singers. On his benefit night he took a part in glees of his own composition, played a concerto on the violin, accompanied his pupil, Miss Tree, and sung an Italian scena.

The first and chiefest object that claims our attention, on opening our monthly collection of New Music, is the first part of an Oratorio, adapted for Haydon Mozart and Bethoven, called *Judah,* by Mr. Gardener, well known as the compiler of the Sacred Melodies, a work highly estimable, and as the editor (we believe) of the Lives of Haydon and Mozart. As Mr. G.'s plan is novel, we give his own explanation, though we have some doubts as to the propriety of the title he gives his work.

The Oratorio, from its elevated style

* An English piece has, we believe, been constructed in one or two acts on the story, and called "*the Lear of common life.*"

and close alliance with this species of music, naturally suggested itself as the most eligible form; but, in adopting it, the author has found it necessary to deviate in some degree from the usual plan of these compositions. Music of this description is considered as a sort of Sacred Drama, and a certain limitation, as to subject at least, has in consequence been observed by composers. The slightest consideration will, however, be sufficient to show, that this dramatic character of the Oratorio is altogether ideal; or that its interest depends in no degree on the progress of the action, but on the expressive or imitative power of the music, and that the subject is of no other importance than as an index of the sentiment intended to be expressed. Instead, therefore, of confining himself to any single event of Sacred History, which the variety of his materials rendered nearly impossible, the author has selected at pleasure, from all parts of the canon of the Old Testament, such passages as appeared to him most analogous in sublimity, pathos, or beauty, to the character of the music to which they were to be applied. He has thus embraced most of the principal events recorded in the Jewish Scriptures, commencing with the history of Abraham, and terminating in a prophetic view of the millennium, and has designated his work by the comprehensive though indefinite title of Judah.

Mr. Gardiner has availed himself very judiciously of the vast bulk of materials to which he has had recourse, and has again manifested the good taste in selection he showed in his Sacred Melodies. The first chorus is a Kyrie of Haydn. *Now elevate the sign of Judah,* is to be found in the same mass. The words are so well chosen, and so considerately adapted, that they appear as if the combination with the notes was original. The work is finely printed, not only with the full parts, but with an arranged part for the organ or piano-forte, which levels it to the capacity of the general player, as well as fits it for those who are able to read and to comprehend all the lines of a score.

Kiallmark's air, with variations—*Les petites delassemens,* appears to be the first number of an intended series. The structure is according to the good old fashion, but it is well done. Mr. K. begins at a very low point of execution, and the six variations gradually rise above each other in the scale of difficulty. Facility, attraction, melody, and progression, the grand desiderata in a lesson of this sort, are thus preserved.

There is a new number of the *Operatic Airs* (the fourth) by Mr. Ries. This also is in the set form of variations. There are, however, originality, force, and taste; and less of what is either *recherchée* or common place, less of manner too than is in general to be found in the works of this composer. We must prefer it to the greater portion of Mr. Ries's writings for the piano-forte—for there is also plan, connection, and *melody.*

Mr. Burrowes has proceeded to No. VII. of his Caledonian airs. The last three themes of the series are, *the White Cockade, Charlie is my darling,* and *the Highland Laddie.* There is scarcely any writer of variations who displays more resource than this professor, and we offer *Charlie is my darling* as the proof. He has not only broken from the set forms, but has assigned to the several variations a determinate style, and contrasted sentiment. The idea, if not absolutely novel, is happily extended. Mr. B. also continues his select airs from Mozart's operas for the piano-forte with flute accompaniments. Mr. Latour and Mr Fiorillo have both published similar arrangements; and there is, besides, a publication going on by Dr. Crotch, Messrs. Cramer, Calkin, and others, at the Harmonic Institution, of a similar kind. Of these Mr. Burrowes's are the most simply constructed, the rest have the advantage of greater complication and fulness. By such means, as well as by the adoption of these melodies as themes for variations, and of his operas to the English stage, Mozart's music will be rendered more popular here, perhaps, than that of any other composer, ancient or modern.

In the last number of the Quarterly Musical Review, Mr. J. B. Cramer has been subjected to the suspicion of a direct and wilful plagiarism from Mr. Clementi's octave sonata, published forty-seven years ago (perhaps the most celebrated of all modern compositions for the piano-forte) and the reviewer has traced, with minute accuracy, the train of ideas from the first note to the last. This is a question which not only affects the individual character of the author, but musical property, and therefore is of considerable import to the world of composers and publishers. The fact is not less curious than the process, and they

who are disposed to investigate both, will find their trouble repaid by a comparison of Mr. Clementi's octave sonata with Mr. J. B. Cramer's grand sonata, to which is affixed the motto *Mens sine pondere ludit.* What adds to the offence is, that it appears Mr. Cramer is not quite free from imputation, with respect to another composition of Mr. Clementi's.

Mr. Cramer has *a sonata* (dedicated to Miss De Lihu) this month, of an inferior character to his generally admired and admirable productions. It is less artful, less melodious, and more common-place; but *aliquando bonus dormitat,* &c.

An Eighth Fantasia by Kalkbrenner, in which is introduced the Irish melody, the Rosebud of Summer. Mr. K. has treated this subject with his accustomed originality, and more than his usual brilliancy. The air assumes a new character under his hands, without losing its sweetness or expression. The introduction is spirited, and passages of the air are brought into it with novelty and effect.

Three favourite airs arranged for the piano-forte and harp, by S. A. Moralt, —*Non piu andrai, Voi che sapete,* and *Se a casa Madama*—lightly and prettily done.

The songs are few, and of little worth. With the exception of, *When we two parted,* and *See where the following day,* by Mr. Knapton, which are much above the ordinary cast of ballads, there is really nothing deserving notice. Mr. Davy has put *All that's bright must fade,* from the national airs to new words and a new bass, infinitely below the original. This is one exemplification of an art now too common, viz. "how to profit by another's genius."

When Victory's hymns are sounding, a bass song about Wellington and Waterloo, translated from the German, and adapted to music by Winter, has little to recommend it, and Kiallmark's, *Maiden wrap thy mantle round thee,* enjoys in our brief notice, the situation, it appears to us to deserve in the public estimation.

NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

MR. HAYDON'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

We promised, in our last Number, further observations on Mr. Haydon's Picture, &c., as well as on some other Paintings, which we then mentioned. Our attention, however, has been monopolized by other subjects this month. In the mean time, we are happy to help to give publicity to the following address, which we regard as equally manly and called-for. It puts the matter on its proper footing, and conveys an appeal calculated, we think, to touch the feelings, but not more so than to convince the sense of justice. We expressed ourselves, on another occasion, in censure of what we considered a tendency on Mr. Haydon's part to seek celebrity by means less worthy than those legitimate ones over which his great talents and noble resolution give him a command. It is not, however, such a publication as the following that could ever have warranted such a charge: there are critical moments when it becomes a man to speak out clearly in regard to himself, and to state frankly those claims which he honestly thinks he possesses. He will do so, however, with more effect, in proportion as his name is free from all degrading associations with mere party-praise, or party-blame; and it is at such an important instant that the benefit would be felt, of standing above all suspicion of having ever made undue sacrifices at the shrine of notoriety. We are compelled to make this passing, brief, and we hope *final* allusion to a less agreeable question than that which is now before us, because, while we wish to see justice done to Mr. Haydon, we are also naturally desirous to do justice to our own motives and feelings. We can most unaffectedly say, that we should have much more pleasure in believing, that the public at large were of opinion that our censure was uncalled for, than in calculating on their approbation in this particular instance. But if any such general sentiment exists, as would lead the great majority of persons, conversant with such subjects, to accompany with their assent, or outstrip, the objections referred to, Mr. Haydon, and all who call themselves Mr. Haydon's friends, may rest assured, that

he had arrived at a point in his career where it would have been hostility to his interests to have blinked any part of the question on which the public were called upon to pronounce. Have his merits as an artist been properly appreciated and rewarded? If they have not, what is the reason? Not the severity of our, or any other criticism certainly. We have felt and described the picture of Christ's Triumphal Entry, as the first of the present day, and nothing we have seen in other countries, or in this, is calculated to give us uneasiness for having expressed such an opinion. At the same time we feel it necessary to repeat,—what we have previously said,—that whether Mr. Haydon be, or be not, a cleverer painter than any other Living Artist, is a question to which we do not think ourselves called upon, or competent, to give an answer. His professional life we must ever contemplate with interest, and comment upon with the candour due to his lofty ambition. Perhaps we might have been inclined to have conceded more to his personal feelings, if we had not so strongly felt the strength of his case with the public; and been of opinion that to state and allow the just objections urged against some parts of his conduct, would be the way to display most conspicuously the large balance of applause and encouragement remaining due to his talents, courage, and patriotism. If this eminent individual had always been treated in the same way, we venture to affirm, that, at this moment, he would not have had so much reason to complain of the disgraceful tardiness of the public;—that tardiness which is so ably and so delicately reproached in the following Address.

ON THE RELATIVE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SCULPTURE AND OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

There is nothing of which the nobility and the public of this country are so little aware as the expenses of a great historical picture. A sculptor, an architect, and a portait-painter, are allowed to estimate their expenses, to calculate their time, and to put upon these a reasonable profit, that they may live respectably, and like honest men; but the moment these things are done conscientiously by an historical painter, from the comparative ignorance that exists of the nature of his undertakings, and from the greatness of the sum required, an outcry is raised of the exorbitancy of his expectations, and at the supposed unjustifiable nature of his pretensions.

The other reasons for this are evident. For sculpture, for architecture, and for portrait-painting, there is a demand; and the world must allow a man a fair profit on what is essential to its own pleasures, or its own comforts: but for historical painting there is no demand, and the purchase of such a production as an historical picture, in England, is considered a voluntary piece of charity on the part of the gentleman who purchases, and a voluntary piece of conceit on the part of him who has painted it, more gratifying to his own presumption than essential to his country—"Quod super nos, sed nihil ad nos."

Nothing can be more essentially different than the modes of encouraging sculpture and painting with us. No sculptor begins a national work without an order; he expects and he is paid half its price to meet the necessary expenses; he makes a model in clay, which can be chiselled on the marble for eight or nine months by other hands than his own, while he proceeds with other models, and finally goes over his work before he sends it home; and then receives five, six, or seven thousand pounds, for his production. The consequence of this rational and fair mode of patronage is, that the sculptor works with tranquillity and ease; he meets his expenses without anxiety by the advance of half his price; and, conscious of having his reward at the end of his labours, he completes his statue without impediment, because he is allowed to put a profit on his labour and his time.

Look you now what follows.—HAMLET.

If an historical painter wishes to paint a great picture, he begins it without employment, because it is not wanted, though every body is convinced it ought to be done. He paints every touch with his own hand; he meets his continual expenses in the best way he can, for his "revenues" are like those of Horatio, "nought but

his own good spirits to feed and clothe him." He sends it into the world finished by violent snatches of labour in the intervals of pecuniary want; he takes years about it, if he wishes to do it well; and then, when he asks the price which will remunerate him fairly, he finds the sum so large that the nobility and the public, from knowing nothing of the circumstances connected with large pictures, accuse him of being either fond of money, or of wishing to take advantage of the approbation they have given; whereas he is actuated by a sincere desire to place himself above difficulty in putting a fair profit on his time and expenses, so that he may try for once what he can do when his mind is unshackled and free.

I appeal to the country if this is a fair state of things. Is historical painting, or is it not, essential to the pleasure and the greatness of this country? If it be, ought historical painters to be left in such a state of uncertain reward?

An historical painter is not like a poet; he cannot put forth his effusions in the fields or in a small room; he must have a large painting-room, and a plaster-room; he must have cast, books, prints, draperies, lay-figures, armour, hair, and models of every description, if he wishes, as he ought, to paint every thing from nature.

Again, in England time is so valuable to all, and all is so occupied, that no individual, with either a fine head or a fine limb, can sit to a painter, unless he be amply remunerated for the loss of time, occurring in consequence of his absence from his daily occupation; a guinea a-day, five shillings an hour, and even a half-guinea, I have constantly paid for good models —and good models are as essential to a painter as good brushes or good colours.

These are facts of which the English nobility and people are not aware, for it is generally imagined a painter paints every thing "out of his own head," as it is often expressed: this is done by many; but Raphaël, Titian, Corregio, Michael Angelo, and Rubens, had no such dependence upon unassisted powers; and if Englishmen look on these great men as fit examples, they must, in addition to the talents bestowed on them by nature, whatever they may be, bring to their aid the same artificial and natural means as were not disdained by their illustrious predecessors.

An apology is now requisite for the intrusion, about to follow, of what relates more immediately to myself: but as this letter is in part a defence of myself, I hope it will be, without hesitation, received by the public.

Perhaps it may be affirmed with certainty, that there exists at last a conviction in the public mind, that great pictures, properly finished, are the only pictures in historical painting to do effectual good to the art. But, unfortunately, from the reasons before mentioned, a sufficient knowledge does not exist of the great expenses attendant on painting them: if there had been this knowledge, 3,000 guineas would not have been thought, as it has been by some, too large a reward for my last picture, in addition to what I have received from the exhibition of it. With deference to those who have thought the price excessive, I positively affirm it will but give me a fair profit on the expenses of the time and labour bestowed on it, setting aside entirely the effects of ill health. Notwithstanding the liberal prices I have had for all my pictures, the expenses of them have not been always cleared. An historical painter, at first, ought not to expect more; but a time comes when a man, in order that he may be honest to others, must be just to himself.

From the conviction of the national value of large pictures, it has been my constant determination to devote myself exclusively to their completion, and to refuse, however lucrative, all small commissions. It has been my earnest endeavour to lose no opportunity that occurred to strengthen by writing the growing appetite for art, under the belief that short papers, with the knowledge of an artist compressed in them, were a likely method of rousing the attention and interesting the feelings of those who, from their occupations, might not have time to attend to more important works, however much they might wish it, on the subject of painting. But it may be answered, the sincerest devotion to a pursuit is no proof of talents to honour it; certainly not: the question then is, have I, or have I not, displayed talents to justify my pretensions? Is my pursuit worthy encouragement, or

is it not? Do I, or do I not, deserve to be encouraged? The public must decide.

This is no longer a question between individuals, but between historical painting as an art, and the public as patrons of it; and no man ought, under an affectation of modesty, to ask a price for a large work that will do no more than clear his expenses, and leave him for another picture in the same state of want, anxiety, wretchedness, and impediment, through which all historical painters have hitherto finished their productions in this country. If he does this from an apprehension of otherwise getting no reward at all, he becomes instrumental in setting a pernicious example for all future purchases, of cramping the efforts of all those who may come after him, and who, instead of being benefitted by what he has gone through, would have the same hill to mount, the same obstructions to clear away, and be in danger of rolling to the bottom when their courage had brought things to the same crisis as I have brought things now.

If the English nobility and the English public consider historical painting essential to the reputation of the country—if they consider that I, as one of its members, have displayed sufficient talents to do it credit—if they are convinced that the works which are now before them give sufficient pledge of my consistency and perseverance, and that I have displayed sufficient firmness in the pursuit, so that they may calculate on a continuance: and if they think it of any importance that I should have the power of continuing in it, is it too much to expect that they will now decidedly step forward, and, by the public purchase of my last picture, according to the plan sanctioned by the first men in the country, set an example for the future encouragement of historical painters, and put me in an honourable condition to keep up the respectability of my private character, and to proceed in the execution of a more important work?

On the other hand, if they think me a personal obtruder on their notice, who makes pretensions which he has no talents to justify—who over-rates the value of historical painting to the character of the country, and pesters the public for encouragement at a time when thousands are in want in other pursuits more radically essential to the interests of the nation, it is but just that their public rewards in art should be reserved for those whom they may think more deserving, and whose conduct may excite in its progress less prejudices than mine.

B. R. Haydon.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

French Science.—Mr. Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, has published a collection of "*Eloges,*" read by him at the public sittings of the Institute of France,—which may be considered as completing the series of the history of the members of the *Academy of Sciences,* commenced by Fontenelle, and continued by Mairan, Fouchy, and Condorcet. The present collection is in three volumes, and we find it has been imported by the French booksellers in London. A writer in one of the Paris Reviews, says—"It would be vain for me to attempt to analyse the contents of this collection. Let the reader imagine the epoch *which redounds most to the glory of human intellect,* reproduced in delineation, and invested with all that reason and eloquence can bestow of ornament and force: a regenerated society born with, or rather *of,* regenerated science. Mr. Cuvier paints vividly the genius and the influence of this advancing period: he shows its causes and its results: and his discourses are themselves to be considered as constituting one of the most resplendent of the latter. The collection is introduced by a discourse on the connection that exists between the state of science and that of general society, in which the original manner and distinguished talent of the writer shine, perhaps, to more advantage than in any other part of his works."

The Frenchman's selection of the particular epoch that redounds most to the glory of human intellect, we may leave as a Frenchman's: it is something like Mr. Jay's promotion of Voltaire to the pinnacle of the hu-

man race, as the *wisest* of all human beings. But the merit of Mr. Cuvier's collection, will nevertheless be found very considerable:—to an Englishman it forms an agreeable and luminous guide to facts and characters not yet well-known in this country, but highly interesting to all who are fond of subjects of this class.

Racine: French Taste.—In lately noticing Mr. Milman's beautiful poem of the Fall of Jerusalem,* we were led to quote one of Racine's fine lyrical pieces,—a chorus from the Tragedy of Esther. Those in the Athalie are in general still more exquisite:—in fact, this latter piece may be considered as constituting the glory of the French style of poetry. It is strictly French in style, being of as regular a cast in its elegance as any member of the academy could desire,—yet rapid, vigorous, deep, and overpowering. The modern French critics, however, consider its religious spirit sufficient to render it ridiculous in representation, and therefore advise that it should be withdrawn from the theatre. We see in a Paris Journal, notice taken of four German Translations of this work: the writer adds "the Translation of Cramer, late Professor in the University of Kiel, has inspired the Composer, Schultz of Luneburg, master of the chapel of the king of Denmark, with those sublime choruses, that have so long formed the delight of the inhabitants of Hamburgh—and which one regrets to find so little known at Paris."

Greek Poetry.—A young Hungarian, Toth d'Ungvarnémet, is at present writing poetry in the ancient Greek language;—his pieces are chiefly of a patriotic cast, calculated to nourish the national pride of the Hungarians.

Albert Durer.—A German work, entitled "Albert Durer, and his Age," has recently been published at Leipsick. It affords, we are told, very curious researches into those periods, when painting, in common with the arts in general, was yet in the cradle in Germany. A striking picture of the age in question is given in this work, in which appear all the contemporaries of Albert Durer, that had any influence on art. A full catalogue of the various productions of this artist is added at the end.

Dutch Novel.—We point out for the benefit of any circulating-library Author, who may be in want of a striking title, a *Roman patibulaire*, as a French critic terms it, which is just published in Holland, and which comes before the public as "*The History of Pontolino, Chief of Assassins, and the terror of the Devil's Grotto!*" If the Dutch take to this style of composition we tremble for their dykes.

Comfortable Conclusion.—A French gentleman (a *poet*, perhaps we ought to say, since he writes verse) of the name of Viennet, has addressed an Epistle in print to "*The Encomiasts of past Times:*" he tells them, as the summing-up of his philosophy and his poetical taste, that—

——Malgré leurs defauts, leurs débats politiques,
Leurs poëmes en prose, et leurs vers romantiques,
Les pamphlets, les censeurs, et les gens comme vous,
Mon siecle, et *mon* pays sont les *meilleurs de tous!*

That word "*mon*" is of magic influence in France.

Rousseau.—A Mr. Raymond, a "*savant distingué de la Savoie,*" as we find him termed,—has bought Rousseau's celebrated country-house, called the *Charmettes;* the retreat of this wonderful man, when the violence of his passion for his "Mamma," as he called her, Madame Warrens, was at its height. Here, says a Frenchman, in a tone of pathos, "Mr. Raymond makes it his business to collect with care the divers inspirations which *all* the travellers of *all* countries experience at the sight of these places so full of delicious recollections." We are happy to hear that Mr. Raymond, *savant distingué de la Savoie*, knows so well how to occupy his time and talents.

* An Italian author, Cesare Arici, of Brescia, has recently published a poem on the same subject—the *Gerusalemme distrutta;* and they have printed at Venice two Cantos of an inedited poem by the Count Florio, entitled *Tito, ossia Gerusalemme distrutta*, to convict the former of plagiary. The subject of the destruction of Jerusalem had also been treated by a Neapolitan author, G. B. Lalli, under the title of *Gerusalemme desolata.*

The Isle of Ascension.—Mr. Rallier, a Frenchman of science and research, has written and published an inquiry as to the origin of those colossal statues which are found in the Isle of Ascension. His hypothesis is, that this island forms the summit of a mountain, consecrated and set apart for national rites, religious or civic, in a continent which has disappeared in consequence of a deplacement of the earth's center of gravity. This catastrophe submerged, according to his idea, the southern continents, while, in the north, a part of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, rose from out the waters. The fact on which his supposition rests, is, that we find, in the Isle of Ascension, the customs, dress, and arms, which are found in the very distant islands of Sonda, with the language of Hayti, and even of New Zealand.

Lord Byron.—A French prose translation of the works of Lord Byron is announced in the Paris Journals, and we find in the collection some pieces unknown to English readers as the compositions of his Lordship: the Vampyre, that miserable imposition, is one of these: and of Oscar and Alva, and Calmur and Orla, we know nothing whatever.

The observations added in one of the French periodical works to the advertisement of the above, we shall quote, as they are but short:—"The poetry of Lord Byron, being original, picturesque, energetic, and often sublime, must inevitably lose a good deal in translation, and particularly in translation into prose. In the present case, it is often rendered to us pale and disfigured. Nevertheless, one reads with interest these strange compositions, sparkling with beauties, the author of which derives noble inspiration from the wanderings of a melancholy and disordered imagination, disdainful of every species of restraint. He is deficient in the judgment which would enable him to conceive and arrange a plan. He rarely evinces that deep sensibility which evidently comes from the heart, and certainly reaches to it. A sombre misanthropy dominates over his imagination; yet a cold contempt for mankind, for life, for all terrestrial things,—and a satiety which extends to all objects, do not prevent him from giving utterance to grand and beautiful thoughts, which escape, as if by fits and starts, from the gloom in which his mind seems enveloped. The perusal of his poems, though seductive, has no great influence on the heart. No one can find himself better or happier in consequence of his communication with the works of this distinguished English nobleman."

The Jews.—A Jewish merchant, of New York, named Mordecai Noah, has demanded permission from the government of the United States, to become the purchaser of an Island on the Niagara, between the Lakes Erie and Ontario, not far from the English territory, and containing about a thousand acres on its surface. The member of Congress who acted as reporter of the commission charged to examine this demand, pointed out to the chamber, in very lively colours, the persecutions to which the Jews are still exposed in many parts of Europe, and suggested that the professed principles of the United States perfectly coincided with the views of Mr. Noah, in seeking to make this purchase: it being his object to offer an asylum, under the protection of the liberal and tolerant laws of the Unites States, to a class of men who sought in vain for a country on the soil of the old world. In short it is the intention of this opulent Jew to found a colony of his countrymen in this island; and his proposition has been sanctioned by the American legislature.

India.—A French traveller, Mr. Leschenault, writes home from Calcutta, that amongst the mountains of Nillegeray, he discovered a nation, where the women are in the habit of taking, each to herself, a variety of husbands. This, it is said, used to be the case in Britain, in those early periods which Milton treats of in his historical fragment:—but the practice is altogether so contrary to nature that we hold in doubt the assurance of its existence.

Choiseul-Gouffier's Travels in Greece. The publication of the *Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce* commenced in 1782; the first volume then appeared; but the events of the revolution impeded the continuation. The count Choiseul-Gouffier emigrated during this season of calamity, but never lost sight of his great undertaking. Having returned to his country, the first

part of the second volume came out in 1809, twenty-seven years after the appearance of the first. His death has intervened to prevent his witnessing the termination of his enterprise. Mr. Barbié du Bocage has undertaken to conclude this important work, the count having left the remainder of the second volume almost ready for publication, and much done towards the third and last volume. The second part of the second volume has just appeared under the auspices of its new editor. It commences with a dissertation on the extent of the kingdom of Priam, of which a map has been got up, following the recital of Homer. Then we have a dissertation on the plain of Troy, with a large and most carefully drawn map, the ancient names being connected with the modern appellations.

Masonic and Secret Societies.—A Masonic Dictionary (Freymaurer Lexicon) has recently been published at Berlin. Of this work the Isis, an excellent monthly miscellany, published at Leipzig, contains the following account:—

This book is got up with so much fulness that it is difficult to conceive where the author found all the materials for it. It not only enumerates all the places in the world where there are, or ever have been lodges, but gives also a concise explanation of all words, ceremonies, and symbols of masonry, without, however, divulging the ultimate *secrets* of the order. This book gives a useful historical view of the endeavours of mankind to unite themselves secretly for the promotion of useful ends. In general, the purpose has been either the communication of science, or the practice of charitable acts. The former class were only necessary in the most ancient times, when most of the sciences were entirely confined to individuals, and could not be understood by the multitude: when, too, the knowledge of many sciences was prohibited by a false state policy. But, in modern times, when knowledge has become a common property, secret scientific orders are useless, and become, in some respects, ridiculous, by pretending to know what is yet hidden from the remainder of the world. With regard to charitable orders, it may be said that they need no secrecy, except those, perhaps, whose object is the liberation of slaves. There remain, therefore, only the political orders to notice. These are naturally secret; but they are only tolerable in times of great oppression, like that which Napoleon had thrown over Germany. Whether, even in such cases, they are useful, and ought to be supported, it is difficult to say. If a nation is enlightened, every one will feel the degree of oppression, and know what ought to be done; if the opportunity of throwing off the yoke arrives, every one will find his own place without being sent to it by secret masters: this has been proved very lately. But if the bulk of a nation is yet in a state of barbarity, being neither possessed of its rights, nor having a knowledge of them, it will also want the feeling for those rights, and a small association will call upon it in vain.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Accounts from Petropawlowsk, in Kamtschatka, of the 10th Nov. 1819, received by way of Petersburgh, give the following particulars of the death of Tammeamea, king of the Sandwich Islands, which event took place in the month of March of the same year. The statement is derived from the reports of American vessels.

"Before the death of the King, an extraordinary phenomenon took place: within the space of three hours, the water of the ocean rose and fell on the coasts of the Sandwich islands for a space of six feet, with such a regularity and calmness that the ships in the harbour, and the villages situated near the coast suffered not the least injury. The inhabitants of Owaihi looked upon this as an omen of their Sovereign's approaching death. In the mean time, his Majesty had collected round his death-bed all the chiefs of the islands submitted to his power; and he made them promise religiously to maintain all the useful establishments founded by him, "which we," he said, "owe to the white people that have come to live among us." These, he requested to be respected before all others; that their property should be held sacred, and those rights and privileges be preserved to the white visitors, which they had enjoyed during his reign. Hereupon he appointed one of his sons, named Rio-Rio, to be his successor. This youth, of about twenty years old, has been brought up in the European manner, and is said to speak English tolerably well. According to the custom of the country, Tammeamea made all the present chiefs take the oath of allegiance to this newly appointed sovereign, and recommended him on account of his youth to the care of his consort, by which act he made her the temporary and virtual regent of all his possessions. A few hours after, this remarkable prince expired. By the law of

these islanders, the acknowledged successor is obliged to leave the spot, and even the island, where the sovereign died. But the bold and ambitious young Rio-Rio said to his friends on his departure from Owaihi, "Since my father has thought me worthy to reign, in preference to my brothers, I shall suffer no other power over me: and after the expiration of the time, I declare to you, I shall either return as actual king, or never return alive." The chiefs who had remained at Owaihi, were engaged in military exercise, and the whole island was filled with warriors, mostly armed in the European style. Even foreign ships in the harbour were obliged to arm themselves. This was the critical situation of these remote islands, when the American ship left them. They are, however, of opinion, that young Rio-Rio, supported by a numerous party, and even by the American ships that are there, will, although not without bloodshed, succeed to the throne. The property found after the death of the King, and which he had acquired in trading with the Europeans, amounted to half a million of Spanish piasters in cash, and the same value in goods, besides several well-fitted merchantmen. An immense fortune for a chief, who, in 1795, during Vancouver's residence near these islands, exchanged, in common with his subjects, bananas and figs, for the English old nails. He then assisted the sailors in filling the water-casks, and fitting the iron hoops to the casks, in which he showed much skill. And this barbarian died twenty-four years after, a well-informed and powerful prince, master of the whole of the Sandwich Archipelago.

Ausculation.—This singular mode of discovering the various disorders of the chest, by percussion, was, we believe, first suggested by Avenbrugger, a physician of Vienna, who published a work on the subject, since translated by M. Corvissart. A memoir has lately been presented to the French academy, by M. Laennec, detailing the various modes of employing this discovery. Among others, M. L. recommends the use of a tube, with thick sides, or a cylinder pierced along its axis, with a narrow aperture. This, on being applied to the chest of a person in good health, who is speaking or singing, produces a sort of trembling noise, more or less, distinct; but if an ulcer exists in the lungs, a very singular phenomenon happens. The voice of the sick person can no longer be heard by the ear at liberty; the whole of the sound passing along the aperture of the cylinder, to the observer. Commissioners appointed by the French Academy have verified the experiment in various cases of consumption.

Radical Tea.—The article sold in London, under this name, we find to be a composition of the cheapest herbs; viz. balm, rosemary, mint, agrimony, and colt's foot. This may be prepared at the rate of about eight pence a pound, although usually retailed to the public at three shillings. It may also be proper to observe, that the above composition, unlike the foreign tea, is stimulating only, and therefore its long continued use must be injurious to the nervous system.

Fata Morgana.—This singular and curious phenomenon, which is occasionally seen near the Bay of Naples, and which is nearly allied to the *mirage*, so well known in the east, was observed in Huntingdonshire, during the late hot weather. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the light vapours, arising from the river Ouze, were hovering over a little hill, near St. Neot's; when suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its farm-houses, barns, dispersed cottages, and indeed, the whole of its beautiful and picturesque scenery were distinctly visible in these vapours, forming a splendid aerial picture, which extended from east to west, for several hundred yards. This natural panorama lasted for about ten minutes, and was visible from a neighbouring declivity, about half a mile from Great Paxton.

Copal Varnish.—We are informed by a correspondent, and indeed have verified the fact, by actual experiment, that the solution of *gum copal*, in spirit of wine, or alcohol, an operation usually attended with considerable difficulty, may readily be performed by the following simple process. Dissolve one ounce of camphor, in a quart of alcohol; put it in a circulating glass, and add eight ounces of copal in small pieces; set it in a sand heat, so regulated, that the bubbles may be counted, as they rise from the bottom; and continue the same heat, till the solution is completed. Camphor acts more powerfully upon copal than any substance yet tried. If copal is finely powdered, and a small quantity of dry camphor, rubbed with it in the mortar, the whole becomes, in a few minutes, a tough coherent mass. The process above described, will dissolve more copal than the menstruum will retain when cold; the most economical method will therefore be to set the vessel which contains the solution by, for a few days, and when it is perfectly settled, to pour off the clear varnish, and leave the residuum for a future operation.

Red Fire.—The beautiful red fire which is now so frequently used in the theatres, is composed of the following ingredients: forty parts of dry nitrate of strontian, thirteen parts of finely powdered sulphur, five parts of chlorate of potash, and four parts of sulphuret of antimony. The chlorate of potash, and sulphuret of antimony, should be powdered separately in a mortar, and then mixed together on paper; after which they may be added to the other ingredients, previously powdered and mixed.

New Lamp.—A new lamp has been invented by Mr. Parker, of Argyle-street, which removes a general objection to lamps, now in use. It casts no shadow, and can increase its light on the lower or upper part of the apartment at pleasure. Its application is either for reading, or general illumination.

Trignometrical Surveys.—The elaborate survey commenced in the year 1784, by Gen. Roy, and since continued by Colonels Mudge and Williams, is now proceeding under the immediate direction of Captain Colby, of the engineer department, with a degree of accuracy hitherto unknown in this branch of local topography.*

Easy mode of determining the Solubility of Salts in Water.—A valuable paper on this subject has been published by M. Gay-Lussac. His method consists in agitating the water with a greater quantity of salt than it will dissolve at a given temperature, till it ceases to take up any more. The liquid is then placed in a balanced Florence flask, inclined on a sand-bath, and allowed to remain till the whole water is driven off On the flask being weighed again, the increase of weight will denote the quantity of salt contained in the liquid, previously saturated, subjected to evaporation.

Vinegar from Wood.—M. Stotze, of Halle, has discovered a method of purifying vinegar from wood, by treating it with sulphuric acid, manganese, and common salt, and afterwards distilling it over.—M. S. has also verified the method proposed by Prof. Meinike, in 1814, of preserving meat by means of vinegar from wood, and, by continuing the process with the same acid, he has converted bodies into mummies.

Iron Bridges.—A wrought iron bridge of 100 feet span is now preparing for Airthrey Castle, and another of the same materials is in contemplation for the improvement of the great north road between the city of Edinburgh and Queensferry crossing the river Almond. Chain bridges have long existed both in China and America, in the latter of which the plan has been very generally adopted.

Carmine.—A new process for preparing carmine, and depriving it of the usual yellow shade, has lately been discovered by M. Von Grotthus. To effect this M. G. employs ammonia, and subsequently acetic acid and alcohol, which gives to it a permanent and vivid colour.

Improved mode of printing copper-plates.—A late number of the Annales de Chimie, treating on the progress of French industry, announces a discovery by M. Gonord, by the adoption of which engraved plates, of a large atlas size, may be adopted to an edition in octavo, without any reduction of the copper from whence the impression is obtained.

Printing in Otaheite.—M. Turgenieff, Counsellor of State to his Imperial Majesty, has made a report to the Bible Society of Petersburgh, in which it is stated that the English missionaries have established a press in this too long benighted land, at which 3,000 Bibles have been printed. They were all sold in the space of three days, for three gallons of cocoa-nut oil each. The books of Moses, translated into the Otaheitan language, have been printed at the same press; also a catechism for the use of the inhabitants. These have been distributed gratuitously.

Heat at Bagdad.—On the 26th of August of last year the thermometer at Bagdad, rose in the shade, to 120° Fahrenheit, and at midnight was 108°; many persons died, and the priests propagated a report that the day of judgment was at hand.

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* In the prosecution of this work, frequent opportunities occurred of correcting the errors which so frequently mislead the land surveyor—of this, we need only select one instance. It occurs in *Taylor's Map of Dorsetshire*, where in the line between Dorchester church, and Nine-harrow hill, a distance of eighteen miles, there occurs an error of one sixth.

The first idea of this survey appears to have been suggested by M. Cassini de Thury, who, in 1783, transmitted a memoir to his Majesty's Ministers, describing the great advantages that would accrue to astronomy, by carrying a series of triangles, from the neighbourhood of London to Dover, there to be connected with those already executed in France, by which the relative situations of the two most celebrated observatories in Europe, Greenwich, and Paris, might be clearly ascertained. Since this period, we believe five counties have been published with three 4to. volumes, describing the progress of the survey. The fidelity which has hitherto characterized the progress of this great national work, at once shows the accuracy of the apparatus employed, and the high mathematical acquirements of those gentlemen, under whose superintendence it has been effected.

A trignometrical survey is also proceeding in India. This is performed under the immediate auspices of the local governments, by whose aid Col. Lambton has been enabled to measure, at different periods, an arc of the meridian, from 8° 9′ 38″ to 18° 3′ 23″ N. lat., the greatest that has been measured on the surface of the globe. From these observations, it has been ascertained, that a degree of the meridian, near the equator, contains 68,704 English miles, that in 45° of Lat. it is 69,03; in 51°, 69,105, and in 90°, 69,568.

Medicated gaseous compounds.—Soon after the discovery of oxygen gas, and the knowledge of some of its most remarkable properties, it was employed as a remedy in cases of consumption; the results, however, of these experiments were directly contrary to what had been anticipated. The velocity of the pulse was accelerated, and the fatal effects of the disease became more speedy. Carburetted hydrogen gas diluted with a certain proportion of atmospheric air has since been inhaled by consumptive patients with apparently good effects, and we have lately heard that a mixture of oxygen and azotic gases from saltpetre has been successfully employed in the United States as a cure for consumption.

Ionian Isles.—St. Maure, March 14.—Since the 15th of February, this island has been a prey to continual alarm, occasioned by earthquakes more or less violent. That which took place on the 21st of February was most disastrous. In the morning a dead subterraneous noise was heard, which was succeeded by a violent storm. These phenomena were followed by the shock of an earthquake so violent, that a part of the great fortress fell down, and the bridge across the channel was shattered in several places. The square situated in the centre of the town, sank sensibly; the Church of Saint Savior was soon a heap of ruins; the walls of Saint Martin's Church were much damaged; several houses fell down, and others were so much damaged that the inhabitants were unable to shelter themselves from the heavy rains which followed the earthquake. There is scarcely a stack of chimneys in the town standing; the aqueducts are destroyed, and the roads filled with ruins. The number of the victims of this catastrophe is not yet ascertained; there is reason to hope that it is not very considerable, the chief part of the inhabitants having quitted the town on the preceding evening. The damage, however, which this disaster has occasioned, both in the town and the surrounding country, is incalculable. It is easy to imagine the despair of the inhabitants, who have thus seen the work of whole ages destroyed in a few minutes.

Corfu, April 19*th.*—In the neighbourhood of St. Maure, a little island has recently been discovered, which is supposed to have been produced by the late earthquakes. The English sloop of war, the *Aid*, Capt. Smith, has just sailed to examine the island; if it should prove to have been thrown up by the earthquake, it is to receive the name of the *Lauderdale rock*. The island of St. Maure is in a most deplorable condition; the soil is in a state of continual oscillation. The few houses that are not entirely thrown down, such as the barracks, are threatened with instant destruction, and their roofs have fallen in. A most violent shock took place on the 6th, in a marshy spot in the vicinity of the town; it was accompanied by a strong smell of sulphur.

Modern Latin town.—M. Olmo, a curate of the Upper-Garonne, has formed the plan of founding a town, in which no one is to be permitted to speak any language except that of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace. This ecclesiastical Romulus invites all the friends of classic literature to assist him in carrying his plan into execution; but he has apparently forgotten that the rigorous condition he imposes on his learned colonists may give rise to some difficulty with respect to the admission of ladies, and that,

Pour être *savant* on n'en est pas moins homme.

The Journal de Toulouse treats the matter seriously, as will be seen from the following paragraph:—

"We understand that there is at present forming in this department a society of the friends of the Latin muse, who propose to raise a subscription through France, and the rest of Europe, for the establishment of a Latin town. This ingenious idea of Maupertuis was developed in a Latin work, which appeared in 1816, and from which the Hermes Romanus, as well as the Almanach des Muses Latines, gave extracts. The society includes among its correspondents several of the first Latinists in France; and a prospectus, which is about to appear, will explain to the learned world the progressive and well-conceived plan proposed."—*Literary Gazette.*

Cambridge.—The Porson prize for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse, has been adjudged to Wm. Henry Fox Talbot, scholar of Trinity College. The subject is from Macbeth, Act I. Scene the last. The dialogue between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, beginning with, "We will proceed no further," and ending with "What the false heart doth know."

M. Frediani, an Italian traveller, writes from Egypt that he has succeeded, after 16 days of excessive fatigue across the deserts of Lybia and Marmerique, in reaching the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, called the Great Temple, which no person appears to have visited since the time of Alexander the Great.—Such is his own account, which Mr. Bellzoni seems to demolish altogether by a few pertinent observations.

Five or six years ago the Pasha of Acre lost a son eight months old, who had been left sleeping alone in its cradle, and was found dead with an immense snake coiled upon his breast asleep, which had not bitten him, but either suffocated him with its weight, or chilled him with its cold.

Coffee.—Substitutes for this useful berry have grown so much into use on the Conti-

nent, that the importation of that article into Europe is reduced from seventy millions of pounds annually to below thirty millions.

Rare Collection of Books on the Early History of America.—One of the greatest Bibliographical curiosities which, for a long time, has claimed public attention, is the Catalogue of Rare Books connected with the discovery and History of America, lately printed at Paris, by Mr. Warden. The books are on sale at Paris, but the catalogue is in possession of the editor, and may be had of the French booksellers in London.

The Assassins.—A history of the Assassins, drawn from oriental sources, has appeared lately at Stuttgard. From this work we learn that the Assassins, a confederate people, or society, which, in the time of the Crusades, for two centuries, acted an important part in Asiatic history, were, originally, a branch of the Ishmaelites. The author, M. de Hammer, illustrates many of the events of the middle ages, and shows, at the same time the advantageous use that might be made of oriental literature, if its cultivation were more generally attended to.

On the Increase of Sound during the Night.—It has been remarked, even by the ancients, that the intensity of sound is greatly increased during the night. Humboldt was particularly struck with this fact when he heard the noise of the great cataracts of the Orinoco in the plain which surrounds the Mission of the Apures. This noise is three times greater in the night than in the day. Some writers have ascribed this to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind upon the leaves of tress; but this cannot be the cause of it at the Orinoco, where the humming of insects is much greater in the night than in the day, and where the breeze is never felt till after sunset. Humboldt, therefore, ascribes it to the presence of the sun, which acts on the propagation and intensity of sound, by opposing them with currents of air of different density, and partial undulations of the atmosphere, caused by the unequal heating of different parts of the ground. In these cases, the waves of sound are divided into two waves, where the density of the medium suddenly changes, and a sort of *acoustic mirage* is produced, arising from the want of homogeneity of the air, in the same manner as the *luminous mirage* is produced from an analogous cause.—*Ann. de Chim.*

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The business of the Queen, as it is called, continues to be every body's business, and to impede much that would be more useful. Lord Castlereagh observed, the other day, in the House of Commons, that the public Press had generally disgraced itself by its conduct in regard to this affair; and we certainly do not think that it has acted a very dignified part. But if the Press have disgraced itself, what has the Ministry done? Simply this: put itself into a dilemma, from which it cannot come out with honour, whether the Queen gain or lose her cause. If her conduct has been such as to warrant the King's counsellors in sanctioning the severity and mortification inflicted upon her, then will the nation have just cause of complaint against them for the offer of fifty thousand a-year, and of derision for committing themselves to the vote of the House of Commons, when Mr. Wilberforce's famous resolution was carried—(see our last Number).

The Queen having declined acting upon the recommendation of the House to concede the point of the Liturgy, and having made up her mind to challenge her opponents to proceed with their Inquiry, unless her name and title were placed in the national prayers, as is customary in the case of the consorts of British Sovereigns, Ministers found themselves obliged to advance, or to give up, and abandon, the whole system that had been acted upon towards her Majesty. The latter alternative was probably more than their places were worth: the adoption of the former, therefore, followed.

The House of Commons, not having proceeded so readily on the King's original Message as the House of Lords, to choose a Secret Committee for the purpose of investigating the secret papers contained in the Green Bag, has had the prosecution of the affair, in its present stage, taken away from it altogether. The Members of the

Committee of Peers having been chosen previous to the attempt at accommodation, the Upper House had got a stage farther on than the Lower, and it was therefore proposed by Ministers that the latter should permit the form of the measures to be pursued, to be decided upon, in the first instance, by the Lords, and lie-by till called upon to act on these. This proposition was acceded to by the House of Commons.

The Committee of the Lords proceeded forthwith to examine the papers of the Green Bag, supposed to contain evidence criminatory of the Queen. Their decision was, that it contained documents deeply affecting the honour of Her Majesty, charging her with an adulterous connexion with a foreigner, originally in her service in a menial capacity, and attributing to her Majesty a continued series of conduct highly unbecoming her rank and station, and of the most licentious character. They stated farther, that these charges appeared to them so deeply to affect, not only the honour of the Queen, *but the dignity of the Crown, and the moral feelings of the country;* that in their opinion it was indispensable that they should become the subject of a solemn inquiry.

If inquiry into the truths of the reports of foreigners criminatory of the Queen, be indispensable, from a regard to the dignity of the Crown and the moral feelings of the country, how can Ministers, to whom all these reports were well known, justify the propositions of accommodation made by them to the Queen, and their concurrence in Mr. Wilberforce's Resolution, which stated, that inquiry would be *derogatory to the dignity of the Crown, and painful to the moral feelings of the country?* Probably there never was such an instance afforded of glaring ministerial inconsistency.

By whom, asked Earl Grey, were their Lordships told that the evidence could be supported? By those Ministers who were willing to continue her Majesty in the character of Queen —to make arrangements for her introduction at foreign Courts—and to recommend their Ambassadors to pay respect to her. If his Majesty's Ministers had before them evidence of the Queen having been guilty of an adulterous intercourse with a foreigner, they ought not to have offered to compromise it by an allowance of fifty thousand a year taken from the pockets of the people.

On the day following that when the Secret Committee made their Report, Lord Dacre presented a petition from her Majesty, in which she characterized the conduct of the Committee as most extraordinary; stated that she was perfectly ready to enter upon her defence; but, as it would be absolutely necessary to have certain witnesses in her exculpation, she begged to have the charges against her distinctly stated in the then stage of the proceedings; and further prayed to be heard, by counsel, at the Bar that same evening.

After a debate, the House decided against calling in counsel. Lord Liverpool maintained that there was no proceeding before the House to which the petition could apply; as, on a parliamentary score, her Majesty could not be supposed to know any thing of the Report of the Secret Committee while the Bill of Pains and Penalties, of which he had given notice, and which he was just about to introduce, remained unpresented. When that Bill should be on their Lordships' table, a copy would be furnished to her Majesty, and her Majesty's convenience would of course be consulted as to the time for procuring the evidence which she might deem necessary to rebut the charges.

The Bill above alluded to was instantly, on the decision of the Lords not to hear that evening the counsel of the Queen, introduced by Lord Liverpool. It will be found, with the Report of the Secret Committee, among the Public Documents in this Number of our Magazine. It names Bartolomo Pergami, or Bergami, as the foreigner, who was the object of the unbecoming and disgusting intimacy noticed in the Report; and as the person promoted from a menial condition to high and confidential situations about her Majesty's person. The proposed enactment of this Bill is, that her Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, should be deprived of the title of Queen, and of all the rights and privileges appertaining to her as Queen Consort of this realm, and that the marriage between his Majesty and the said Queen should be dissolved,

The Earl of Liverpool then moved, that copies of the Bill be presented to his Majesty, to her Majesty, to the King's Attorney General, and to the Queen's Attorney General, which was ordered accordingly.

It was pressed in the House of Lords that the Queen should be immediately furnished with a list of the witnesses intended to be brought forward in support of the charges; and it was contended that the time and place, when and where the acts of criminality were supposed to have been committed, should have been distinctly stated to enable her Majesty to meet the accusation fully. The Earl of Liverpool replied, that the delivery of the names of witnesses was unprecedented in parliamentary proceeding, and that, when the case for the prosecution had closed, the Queen would be permitted to have the time she might think proper in preparing her defence.

Her Majesty, at the next sitting of the House, presented another petition, by the hands of Lord Dacre, in which she professed to have heard with inexpressible astonishment of the proceedings of the House of Lords: proceedings, observed her Majesty, which have in view the dissolving of her privileges, founded upon the Report of a Secret Committee, before whom she had no counsel to assert her rights. She stated herself to have further learnt with surprise and regret, that her counsel had been refused a hearing at the bar of the House of Lords, and farther, that a list of the witnesses on a future occasion to be produced against her, had been refused her. Under such circumstances her Majesty doubted whether she could do more than make her most solemn protest against the whole of such proceedings. Still, however, she relied on the justice of their lordships, and prayed that her counsel might be heard at the bar to state her claims.

It was agreed that her Majesty's counsel should be called in. Mr. Brougham stated, that her Majesty had the night before, to her great surprise, been served with an official copy of a bill presented to, and read the first time, in their Lordships' House. The preamble to that bill contained charges of a most grave and serious nature against her Majesty—against the illustrious personage for whom he appeared. Her Majesty's objection was to the situation in which such a proceeding of the house unexpectedly placed her. She also wished to be heard with respect to the mode of proceeding as well as to the time. Her Majesty was also desirous of being heard with respect to certain matters which she thought well calculated to produce an important effect. On these she conceived the present was the time on which, with ordinary fairness to herself, their lordships could be addressed; and she wished that the attention of the house should be called generally to them. Their lordships' rejection of the prayer of the petition to be heard, before the bill was read the first time, was a serious disadvantage to her. They were also told of things happening in a certain quarter, of which they were held to know no more than if they never existed; and of course they knew regularly no more of the Report of the Secret Committee, except from its being printed in every newspaper, though for aught they knew it might be a fabrication, and a gross libel upon the committee itself. In fact, the report went farther than the bill. In the former there was much matter which would not be confirmed by the passing of the bill, or negatived by its rejection. These were the only points upon which he had received instructions. Mr. Denman followed, and supported the arguments advanced by Mr. Brougham.

Lord Liverpool, when the Queen's counsel were withdrawn, stated that on Monday the 10th, he would propose a day for the second reading of the bill, and intimate the course which he would wish to be pursued.

On that day his lordship stated, that on the 17th of August, he would move that the Bill of Pains and Penalties should be read a second time. He moved that this time be fixed, that a copy of the order be sent to her Majesty, and that the Judges be ordered to attend on the day named. It was further carried as a resolution by the House, that no Lord absent himself on the day named, or during the subsequent proceedings on the Bill, without the leave of the House. A Committee was afterwards appointed to search into precedents as to the means of enforcing attendance, and it has been proposed to fine each ab-

sentee one hundred pounds for each of the four first days of his absence, and fifty pounds for each future one. Peers not in the country on the 10th July are exempted; also those who may be able to offer certificates of illness, or in whose families the death of near relations may have taken place.

Mr. Brougham, the Queen's Attorney General, Mr. Denman her Solicitor General, and Doctor Lushington, a counsel retained by her, have received from the Commons permission to plead for her Majesty at the bar of the House of Lords, without relinquishing their seats in Parliament, as would have been necessary without such special permission.

Her Majesty, on Tuesday, July 11, presented a third petition to the Lords, by the hands of Lord Auckland. It prayed, that, as the Lords had fixed the second reading of the Bill for the degradation and divorce of her Majesty, for the 17th August next, she might be furnished, forthwith, with a list of the witnesses against her.

Lord Erskine, on Friday the 14th, made a direct motion that such a list of witnesses should be presented to her Majesty. It was opposed by ministers, and negatived by the House, on the ground that the practice of Parliament was against it.

In the House of Commons on Thursday, July 6th, Sir Ronald Ferguson made some very severe observations on the conduct of ministers in regard to the Queen. He reflected also very strongly on what is called the Milan Commission, sent out for the purpose of collecting evidence against the Queen, and strongly objected to the conduct of the Vice Chancellor, who had taken such pains in assisting that commission. He entreated his Majesty's ministers not to deceive themselves—not to suppose that the agitation which prevailed outside the doors of Parliament—was a mere idle clamour, confined to a few desperate individuals. It was not idle clamour: it was a fixed, general sentiment pervading all hearts, animating the bosom of women as well as men—it was a sentiment which extended far and wide, from the Land's-end to the Orkney Islands. He concluded by moving an address to his Majesty, praying that any instructions, or commission, issued by his Majesty's commands, since the departure of the Queen from this country in 1814, for the purpose of taking depositions, or making inquiries relating to her Majesty's conduct during her residence abroad, might be laid before the House.

Lord Castlereagh moved the previous question, and a debate ensued, chiefly remarkable for the boldness of the language in which Mr. Creevey expressed himself. He spoke of an irresponsible servant of the King inflaming the vindictive feelings of his master. He knew not what the term vindictive meant, if it were not applicable to such a case. It was evident the proceeding against the Queen was purely a private charge—it was the King wanting to get rid of the Queen. The King was advised to come before them as an individual, and he would be obliged, in justice, to submit to all the conditions of those who applied to Courts of Equity: he must come into Court with clean hands. He maintained that he said nothing disorderly, and he should maintain that it was Mr. Leach who had brought the King into this situation. If he had brought forward a woman taken in adultery, they should remember that it was their duty to act on the precept of the Gospel, "Let him that hath not sinned cast the first stone." It was the Vice-Chancellor who had brought them to this.

The discussion on the Alien Bill gave rise incidentally to farther observations on the conduct of ministers relative to the Queen. Sir James Mackintosh, after eloquently opposing the Bill on general grounds, maintained that it might be made to impede the arrival of her Majesty's witnesses. Mr. Scarlett warmly pressed this consideration, and reflected strongly on the measures pursued, as having engendered, in the breast of the public, an idea that the Queen was not likely to receive fair play.

In the mean time, the country continues in a high state of fermentation, and any thing like fair or dispassionate consideration is out of the question. Addresses have been presented to the Queen from a great variety of towns, &c. in which her innocence is taken for granted, and the utmost warmth of attachment is professed for her person. The most deplorable, yet at the same time, rather a divert-

ing instance of the extremes to which the folly of faction will go, is to be found in the Nottingham Address: the addressers state themselves to be ever sensible of her Majesty's virtues: they say they have "long sympathized in her exile and her woes; and that the nation might anticipate an end to its wrongs; England might hope for better days, could they behold in her Royal consort *disgust turned into streams of love and unity!*" Had she not been cruelly exiled from the bosom of her Royal Consort, they continue, "mourning might have been turned into joy."

The City of London, the City of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, the City of York, &c. &c. have presented addresses to the Queen expressing their confidence in her Majesty's innocence, and expressive of their hopes that she will triumph over her enemies.

The Queen's answers have been, in general, well and prudently worded; she has, in one or two, expressly declined to make herself a party to the political divisions that at present exist. The conclusion of her reply to the London Address, will afford a specimen of the tone she adopts relative to herself.

The indignation, which a long series of persecutions, plots, and conspiracies, carried on against my peace, honour, and life, is so well calculated to excite, it shall be my endeavour to suppress; and while I steadily pursue the means necessary to the full possession of all my rights, privileges, and dignities, I would fain bury past injuries and insults in total oblivion.

Conscious of my innocence, disdaining the threats intended to awe me, knowing that it was to Britain I was coming, it required no extraordinary degree of courage to place me in the face of my accusers. To have acted upon this, or upon any other occasion, a pusillanimous part, would ill-become a daughter of the House of Brunswick and the Queen of a nation famed for its valour in all ages, and whose gallant sailors and soldiers have so recently been crowned with laurels in every part of the globe.

Her Majesty has shown herself a good deal about, and for this she has been blamed by some, and justified by others. The populace have always eagerly seized the occasion of her appearance to manifest their disaffection towards the government; and we cannot but think that the Queen was well advised not to shew herself at the theatres, as seemed originally to have been her intention, until the present question relative to her fame shall be set at rest. Independently of other considerations, motives of female delicacy seem to forbid such a step.

On Monday, July 17, Dr. Lushington introduced before the House of Commons, a question as to some plate, presented, it had been supposed, by the late King to her present Majesty. When the Queen left England in 1814, she appears to have been called upon to resign this plate into the hands of the Lord Chamberlain,—and on calling for it on her return, from the same officer, she received an intimation that the King had not been pleased to order its removal from the jewel office where it was deposited. Lord Castlereagh made it very clearly appear, that the plate had never been given to the Queen, but only lent, and perhaps it would have been as well if the Queen's servants had given more attention to the facts of the case before coming down to Parliament.

The Coronation it seems is postponed: Lord Castlereagh having first scouted the idea that it should be postponed at all, and then denied that it was so with any reference to the pending inquiry into the conduct of the Queen consort. At the same time, there is not a man in England who does not know that the business now in agitation is the sole (and a very sufficient) cause of the delay. This is what ministers call keeping up their dignity, and that of the crown.

Before leaving this subject, we may observe that Mr. Wetherell introduced to the attention of the House of Commons a most disgraceful paragraph, which appeared in a provincial Newspaper, called *The Western Luminary*, in which her Majesty was reflected upon in the grossest and most unmanly language, as *addicted to the pleasures both of Bacchus and of Venus.* Lord Castlereagh and the Attorney General intimated that government had it in view to prosecute several libels that had appeared in Newspapers, some for, and some against, the Queen, and that this would probably be of the number.

Turning from this disagreeable matter for an instant, we may congratulate the country on the Bill,

likely to be carried through the exertions of Sir Jas. Mackintosh, abolishing the punishment of death, as at once inhuman and impolitic, heretofore affixed to the uttering of forged notes. The capital penalty remains in force against the actual manufacturer of these notes; but the great majority of convictions, as our readers know, were constituted of the cases of utterers, against whom proof was comparatively easy. This is one stain rubbed out from the aspect of our country's present history, and honour be to those who have been the means of removing it.

The fine speech of Mr. Brougham, on the general benefit of education, particularly with reference to the lower classes of the people, has attracted universal admiration. It has had the merit of uniting every one in favour of taking some measures to promote this most desirable end, by placing opposition so completely in the wrong, that he would be a hardy man who should dare to venture upon it.

One of the most extraordinary phenomena of the time is the revolution at Naples. An imposition, called *Fundaria*, had excited great discontent, and the formation of the camp at Sessa not only gave the troops an opportunity of concerting their measures, but also brought them into contact with the provinces, and assured them of the community of sentiment in the great mass of the population. The first movement is said to have been made by a corps of cavalry stationed at Nola, who marched in a body for the mountains of Avellino. The alarm of this march spread with the rapidity of lightning. Detachments of infantry marched out to join them, and every peasant who could muster a firelock, or an offensive weapon of any description, followed the example. The news of this insurrection having reached Naples, it caused the greatest alarm; and some generals were sent off by the king to parley with the mutineers, and learn what objects they had in view. A council was immediately called at the Palace, to deliberate on the mode of proceeding: while they were in the act of deliberating, two regiments, one of infantry, the other of dragoons, quartered about a mile from the town, marched off with arms and baggage, but in the most perfect order, to join the insurrectionary troops. An intimation was then brought to the king, from the head-quarters of the insurgents, that they demanded a free constitution, similar to that which had been adopted in Spain. Preparations were made to oppose and to reduce this spirit; but it was discovered, on sounding the disposition of those troops who had not yet declared against the government, that they all at heart were embued with the same sentiments, and that they could not, with safety, be led against their comrades. This state of things was reported to the king, on which he gave way, and declared his assent to the constitution proposed. Couriers were sent off to the troops to announce this change; and papers were exhibited in the city, declaring the king's intention to publish a form of free government in seven days. When the joyful change was known, nothing was to be seen or heard but the most lively testimonies of pleasure. Groups paraded the streets with shouts of *Viva! Viva!* and these were, by no means, of the lowest or lower classes. There was a general cry for the appearance of the king on the balcony of the palace, but he did not show himself. The period of eight days, which the king fixed in his proclamation of the 6th for the publication of the constitution, was too long for the impatience of the army, or rather of those who direct it. The insurgents of Avellino accordingly sent deputations, while their associates at Naples formed committees, and supported their demands. They required the constitution of the Cortes of 1812 to be adopted without delay, and signed by the king in 24 hours. A negociation took place in the morning of the 7th, and about noon a royal rescript appeared, in which his Majesty, alleging that the state of his health did not permit him any longer to execute the duties of royalty, appoints his son, the Duke of Calabria, his vicar-general, with all the rights attached to the rank which is there called *Alter Ego*.

Soon after the prince published a proclamation, promising the constitution; but this did not satisfy the insurgents. They insisted that the promise should be made by the king, and signed by himself. Accordingly a

new proclamation appeared in the evening, signed by the king, in which his Majesty confirmed the promise made by the prince his son, and pledged his faith to swear fidelity to the constitution before the provisional junta about to be formed, preparatory to his taking the oaths before a general parliament lawfully assembled. Annexed to this proclamation was a decree by the prince, promulgating the adoption of the constitution, subject to such modifications as the representatives of the nation might think proper. The same evening some regiments returned in good order to Naples. All the inhabitants concurred in maintaining tranquillity, which was only threatened by the effervescence of a number of young men who called for arms, and whose demand was partially complied with. The lower orders took no part in the different commotions. On the 9th, General Pepe entered Naples with a part of his army, which is called the Constitutional Army. This force, consisting of troops of the line, national militia, and armed peasants, defiled before the prince vicar-general and all his family, who were in a balcony of the palace. Thither the general went to pay his respects to the prince, by whom he was favourably received, and conducted to the king. The king has not left his apartments for three days; it was said that he was afflicted with rheumatism.

The provisional junta has been partially formed. It is to consist of fifteen members, but as yet only five are appointed. No disturbance is apprehended, and, in particular, no possible danger to the royal family is anticipated.

Several proclamations have appeared, and other documents. The first promises a constitution in eight days. The second appoints the new ministry. The third is the act of cession, addressed by the King to the Duke of Calabria, and appointing him lieutenant-general and *alter ego*. In the fourth the king confirms the prince's promise of the Spanish constitution, and declares his willingness to swear to maintain it. The fifth is the prince's proclamation relative to the constitution. The sixth is the decree for constituting the provisional junta, which, until the installation of the parliament, the prince is to consult upon all the affairs of the government, and to publish all acts in concurrence with it. The five members are lieutenant-general Giuseppe Parisi, the chevalier Melchior Delfico, lieutenant-general Florestano Pepe, baron David Winspeare, and the chevalier Giacinti Martucci.

Spain, which has thus instigated Naples, has had her new hopes confirmed to her by the meeting of the Cortes, under the new constitution. The archbishop of Seville addressed the King in a speech full of constitutional and liberal doctrines. The King replied in a tone still more liberal.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

THE QUEEN.

Report of the Secret Committee.

July 4.—The Earl of Harrowby, in the House of Lords, begged leave to lay on the table the Report of the Secret Committee, to whom the papers connected with his Majesty's message had been referred, and moved that the same be now read.

The clerk read the report, which was as follows:

"By the Lords' committee, appointed a secret committee to examine the papers laid before the House of Lords on Tuesday the 6th of June last, in two sealed bags, by his Majesty's command, and to report thereupon, as they shall see fit, and to whom have been since referred several additional papers, in two sealed bags, relative to the subject matter of his Majesty's most gracious message of the 6th of June last.—Ordered to report.

"That the committee have examined with all the attention due to so important a subject the documents which have been laid before them, and they find that those documents contain allegations supported by the concurrent testimony of a great number of persons in various situations of life, and residing in different parts of Europe, which deeply affect the honour of the Queen, charging her Majesty with an adulterous connexion with a foreigner originally in her

service in a menial capacity; and attributing to her Majesty a continued series of conduct highly unbecoming her Majesty's rank and station, and of the most licentious character.

"These charges appear to the committee so deeply to affect not only the honour of the Queen, but also the dignity of the crown and the moral feelings and honour of the country, that in their opinion it is indispensable that they should become the subject of a solemn inquiry; which it appears to the committee may be best effected in the course of a legislative proceeding, the necessity of which they cannot but most deeply deplore."

Bill against Her Majesty, read for the first time in the House of Lords.

"Whereas in the year 1814, her Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, then Princess of Wales, and now Queen Consort of this realm, being at Milan, in Italy, engaged in her service in a menial situation, one Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, a foreigner of low station, who had before served in a similar capacity:

"And whereas, after the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, had so entered the service of her Royal Highness the said Princess of Wales, a most unbecoming and disgusting intimacy commenced between her Royal Highness and the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami;

"And whereas her Royal Highness not only advanced the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, to a high situation in her Royal Highness's household, and received him into her service, and that in high and confidential situations about her Royal Highness's person, but bestowed upon him other great and extraordinary marks of favour and distinction, obtained for him Orders of Knighthood and Titles of Honour, and conferred upon him a pretended Order of Knighthood, which her Royal Highness had taken upon herself to institute without any just or lawful authority:

"And whereas her said Royal Highness, whilst the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, was in her said service, further unmindful of her exalted rank and station, and of her duty to your Majesty, and wholly regardless of her own honour and character, conducted herself towards the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, and in other respects, both in public and private, in the various places and countries which her Royal Highness visited, with indecent and offensive familiarity and freedom, and carried on a licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse with the said Bartolomo Pergami, otherwise Bartolomo Bergami, which continued for a long period of time during her Royal Highness's residence abroad, by which conduct of her said Royal Highness, great scandal and dishonour have been brought upon your Majesty's family and this kingdom. Therefore, to manifest our deep sense of such scandalous, disgraceful, and vicious conduct on the part of her said Majesty, by which she has violated the duty she owed to your Majesty, and has rendered herself unworthy of the exalted rank and station of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to evince our just regard for the dignity of the Crown and the honour of this Nation, we, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled, do hereby intreat your Majesty that it may be enacted, and be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that her said Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, from and after the passing of this Act, shall be and is hereby deprived of the title of Queen, and of all the prerogatives, rights, privileges and exemptions appertaining to her as Queen Consort of this Realm; and that her said Majesty shall, from and after the passing of this Act, for ever be disabled and rendered incapable of using, exercising and enjoying the same, or any of them; and moreover, that the marriage between his Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth be and the same is hereby from henceforth for ever wholly dissolved, annulled and made void to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever."

THE KING AND QUEEN.

The following correspondence passed between the King and Queen a year after their marriage, and within two months of the birth of their daughter:—

Windsor-castle, April 30, 1796.

Madam,—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define, in writing,* the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquillity and comfortable society is, however, in our power: let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the con-

* The substance of this letter had been previously conveyed in a message through Lord Cholmondeley to her Royal Highness. But it was thought by her Royal Highness to be infinitely too important to rest merely upon a verbal communication, and therefore she desired that his Royal Highness's pleasure upon it should be communicated to her in writing.

dition * which you required, through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing, at any period, a connexion of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquillity.

I am, Madam, with great truth, very sincerely yours,

(Signed) "GEORGE P."

ANSWER.

"The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me: it merely confirmed what you have tacitly insinuated for this twelvemonth. But after this, it would be a want of delicacy, or rather an unworthy meanness in me, were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself.

"I should have returned no answer to your letter, if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or from me; and you are aware that the credit of it belongs to you alone.

"The letter which you announce to me as the last obliges me to communicate to the King, as to my Sovereign and my Father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find enclosed the copy of my letter to the King. I apprize you of it, that I may not incur the slightest reproach of duplicity from you. As I have at this moment no protector but his Majesty, I refer myself solely to him upon this subject: and if my conduct meets his approbation, I shall be in some degree at least consoled. I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself, as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—I mean charity.

"It will be my duty, likewise, to act upon another motive—that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial.

"Do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be

"Your much devoted,

"6th of May, 1796." "CAROLINE."

THE ARMY.

The following General Order has been issued by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, relative to the late occurrences in the 1st batallion of the 3d regiment of Guards:—

General Order.

Horse Guards, 24th June, 1820.

It had been the intention of the Commander-in-Chief to await the issue of an investigation into the circumstances attending the recent occurences in the first battalion of the Third Regiment of Guards, before his Royal Highness should circulate to the army any observations which the nature of these occurrences, and his sense of duty to the service, might suggest; but the exaggerated rumours which have agitated the public mind upon this occasion being calculated to weaken the confidence which the army and the nation in general have ever reposed in the British Guards, his Royal Highness feels it incumbent upon him to take this method of declaring, that the King places the most firm reliance upon the loyal attachment, good order, and discipline, which have always distinguished and rendered the different corps of his Majesty's Guards an object of just pride and boast to the country; and that his Majesty could never permit himself to believe, that a casual departure from the principles of discipline in any one batallion, the instigators of which will be reprobated and punished as they may be found to deserve, could afford any just grounds for entertaining a suspicion calculated to sully the reputation, earned in the face of the world, by the gallant services of all the regiments composing this distinguished body of troops.

Highly, therefore, as the Commander-in-Chief must reprobate any dereliction of the strict principles of subordination, which some discontented and evil-disposed individuals may have originated in the 1st battalion of the 3d Guards, it is still a satisfaction to reflect (and it is with pride his Royal Highness indulges the feeling) that the disposition of the other regiments of Guards remains firm in a becoming sense of what is due to discipline and authority; and that they are incapable of bartering their high character for a participation in discontents which were equally frivolous as they were groundless.

This Order to be read at the head of every regiment and corps in the army, and entered in the orderly-books.

By command of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.

HENRY TORRENS,
Adjutant-General.

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* Upon the receipt of the message alluded to in the foregoing note, her Royal Highness, though she had nothing to do but submit to the arrangement which his Royal Highness might determine upon, desired it might be understood, that she should insist that any such arrangement, if once made, should be considered as final; and that his Royal Highness should not retain the right, from time to time, at his pleasure, or under any circumstances to alter it.

AGRICULTURE.

We concluded our last month's article on this head under most happy auspices. June closed, and July began, with the finest and most seasonable weather, and the results were as timely as favourable. On the cold lands, the barley had begun to change colour and go off, and the grasses appeared generally chilled. Ten days, however, of the most sultry weather, commencing about the period of the solstice, had begun to restore every thing. Where there was a full plant of wheat, it eared well, and could not look more healthy. Beans and peas were in the most flourishing condition. Although in the neighbourhood of the capital much of the early crops of hay were spoiled, yet, where the farmer had waited with patience for the favourable moment, much grass was cu during the late warmth, and carried at this propitious juncture. Indeed the heat at times was excessive, often above eighty degrees.

The effect in Scotland of the favourable change was most fortunate; generally speaking, it had rained in that country with very short intervals of fair weather, from the 5th of May to nearly the middle of June. The quantity of rain which fell was in the whole five and a half inches, being more than has fallen during any one month these nine years, while the evaporation was but two inches, half an inch less than in 1819. To the period of the latest accounts from that country, wheats had not sustained much injury. Grass was an average crop —but oats and barley were severally affected by the superabundant moisture, and without a continuance of fine weather both crops must be deficient.

In Ireland they have experienced neither such cold nights, nor wet days, for the last month, as they have in the other portions of the empire. On the contrary, the summer set in most genially, and the latest advices predict an abundant harvest. The hay had in general not been mown, so that the present fine weather will secure the grass crop, which is a plentiful one. Grain looked universally well, and their staple, the potatoe, was never seen more flourishing.

Such was the general aspect of the productions of the earth, so late as the 10th of the present month, since when, very heavy storms of rain have prevailed, and we grieve to say much wheat has been beaten down, and seriously injured. At the moment, however, at which this is written, there is a reasonable prospect of fine weather; and should Providence so order it, it will yet be a plentiful and fortunate year. Speculation is however busy, and the corn-market quotes higher prices; in consequence, bread has risen, although but trifling. Connected with this part of our subject, it may not be amiss to notice, from the most respectable authority, that a manœuvre is now frequently practised between the lessees of warehouses, where grain is stored, and the importing merchant. The latter lets his rent go in arrears, and the former seizes and sells the property: by this evident collusion the foreign grain comes into market, and the parties share the profits!

At this season, the various agricultural societies generally hold their meetings, and it is pleasant to observe that they rarely separate, without eliciting some project at once practical and beneficial to the community. We were particularly pleased with that part of the proceedings of that of Hampshire, where gifts were distributed to the careful and industrious servant. To the shepherd of one gentleman was awarded a suit of clothes, with the society's buttons, for rearing 624 lambs from 500 ewes, with the loss only of six lambs and not one ewe; several other rewards were given for merit of a similar description, thus, not only offering a premium for skill and diligence in the domestic, but actually strongly exciting his humanity.

The Holkham sheep-shearing of this year was splendidly attended. The princely hospitalities of Mr. Coke never shone with more lustre. Not only were they graced by the presence of the royal and noble blood of England, but two Russian princes, with other foreigners of distinction, witnessed a scene without example either here or abroad. It was the wish of the munificent host that politics should be entirely excluded from the festive board, and with a slight exception he succeeded; and thus we are of opinion were much of contradiction and party feeling banished from a society, met for other purposes than political discussion.—Among the improvements noticed on this occasion, and of which the utility is already felt, although an invention of but six years standing, was that of forming permanent pasture from arable land by inoculation. This ingenious and truly original process is due to the genius of Mr. Bloomfield, and, although wondered at in the commencement, is now generally understood and approved. A Mr. Holdich produced to the company a species of rye-grass (*Lollium perenne*) which he calls Russell-grass, in honour of the Duke of Bedford, in whose grass-garden it was to be found; and not being included among the named varieties, its present appellation is a just tribute to his Grace for his meritorious efforts in that particular pursuit. This grass, it appears, has its seeds smooth and heavy, therefore it may be got and threshed like grain, and be readily cleaned or dressed to keep it *true*; it is also tolerably well adapted to all soils:—the two qualities most indispensable to a single grass, and which give it superior advantages to any other of the same class. The deposition of

pond weeds in their fresh state, as manure to furrows, on which Swedish turnips were in be sown, met with general approbation; and deserves the more notice, as the principles whence the practice has resulted, were clearly pointed out long since by Dr. Darwin, and Sir Humphry Davy. The well merited eulogiums bestowed upon Mr. Coke for the neatness and comfort which he enabled his cottagers to enjoy, were eloquently delivered by Dr. Rigby, and were warmly echoed by all around; when it was remarked, that not only each habitation was surrounded by a well-cultivated plot of garden ground, but they were adorned with mingled roses and woodbine. It was remarked by Mr. Curwen, that he always considered flowers in a poor man's garden as marks of his general well-doing; for they were luxuries; and no poor man would think of them, if he had not a due proportion of necessaries—an observation founded at once in truth and nature. Mr. Coke, from dearly-bought experience, decried the Merino flocks, which he said were not as profitable a breed of stock as ours under the most favourable circumstances; and further characterized them by stating that even when wool was dear, what he got by that, he lost by their mutton.

This truly happy meeting was closed by the Duke of Sussex, who ended in a speech replete with dignity and sentiment, by giving as his toast, "Happy do we meet,—sorry do we part,—and happy may we meet again."

We shall here conclude with strongly recommending the experiment to be made of mixing a small quantity of sulphur with turnip seed, before sowing; which has been suggested by many as an effectual remedy against the fly: one pound of sulphur is a sufficient quantity for twenty pounds of seed.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, July 22.)

We do not observe that any thing has occurred in the course of this month deserving of particular notice, as affecting the commercial relations of the country. The Marquis of Lansdown's committee upon Foreign Trade, and Mr. H. Sumner's committee on the Corn Trade, have prosecuted their labours, and some partial reports have been laid before the two Houses, but of course no legislative measures have yet been adopted in consequence. It may be stated that Mr. Western incidentally mentioned in the House that the Committee on the Corn Trade had not discovered any gross instances of fraud in taking the averages; but that they should however propose another mode of performing that operation.

Coffee.—Though there have been very great fluctuations in coffee since our last report, the prices rising one week and declining the next, yet, on the whole, there appears to be a considerable improvement, though yesterday's market was heavy at a reduction of 1*s.* a 2*s.* At the end of June the demand was very brisk and extensive, so that, on the 30th., St. Domingo and foreign coffee were quoted 5*s.* a 6*s.* per cwt. higher than the week before: British plantation 3*s.* a 4*s.* higher; and coffee generally at the advance of 10*s.* within the last fortnight of June. Large public sales took place, without depressing the market, till the 29th, when 557 casks and 1400 bags being brought forward at one sale caused a momentary depression, from which the market however recovered the following day, chiefly on account of the favourable reports brought by the foreign mails, and the prices again improved. There were three sales that day, at which there were extensive buyers of St. Domingo at 128*s.*; but a few parcels having been taken at that rate the holders insisted on 129*s.* and 130*s.* Good ordinary Jamaica was at 123*s.* 6*d.* to 126*s.*; fine ordinary 127*s.* 6*d.* to 128*s.*; fine ordinary Demarara 130*s.*, middling 132*s.* 6*d.* We shall not follow the variation through the month, but merely say that the extensive demand seems to have subsided, and the market to be heavy, at reduced prices. There were two public sales yesterday, at which the good and fine ordinary, and foreign, sold 1*s.* to 2*s.* lower; the fine qualities sold as high as previously; and these have been uncommonly high lately: at a public sale on Tuesday (18th.); good and middling Dominica sold at 136*s.* to 137*s.* 6*d.*; and fine middling Jamaica 144*s.* to 144*s.* 6*d.*: yesterday good ordinary Jamaica was 121*s.* to 122*s.*; fine ordinary 123*s.* to 124*s.* 6*d.* Cuba, good quality, 124*s.* 6*d.*

Sugar.—The market has been, on the whole, steady during the last month, several times manifesting symptoms of improvement, which has not, however, been, at any time, considerable. An expectation appears to be entertained (but on what grounds we do not profess to know) that some change will be made in the Russian tariff favourable to refined goods, and more especially to crushed sugars. We have before had occasion to notice the injurious effects of the tariff, as it now stands, on the exportion of crushed sugars. There has been an increased demand of crushed sugars for the Mediterranean. During the present week but little has been doing, and as the holders evince an increasing disposition to effect sales on account of the large imports, prices 1*s.* lower have, in several instances, been accepted. The purchases of refined goods have been, and continue, considerable, especially for Hamburgh; the large

lumps at market are inadequate to the demand; the grocers too have been making large purchases for the home consumption, which is now very considerable, on account of its being the fruit season. Foreign sugars have met with a ready sale during the last month. On Tuesday 219 chests of Brazil sugars in public sale went off with great briskness, and after the first lots, at very high prices, full 2*s.* to 3*s.* higher than the previous rates by private contract; brown 32*s.*, yellow 34*s.*, good white 55*s.* to 57*s.* 6*d.* On the whole, though alternate improvement and depression must be expected according to the momentary relation of the supply and the demand; yet, as far as we can collect the opinion of the merchants, they anticipate an improvement rather than a reduction of the prices.

Average prices of raw sugars, by Gazette:—

June	24,	37*s.* 6½*d.*
July	1,	38*s.* 1½*d.*
	8,	37*s.* 4½*d.*
	15,	37*s.* 0*d.*
	22,	37*s.* 11*d.*

Cotton.—The cotton market was remarkably inactive for above a fortnight after our last report. There were indeed buyers disposed to make extensive purchases, if they could have been effected at ¼ under the current prices, but there were no sellers at any reduction. In the second week of this month the purchases were 60 Minas 12½*d.*; 30 Carriacous 13½*d.* to 13¾*d.*; 20 St. Domingo 12*d.*; 80 Carthagenas 11*d.*; 40 Boweds 11½*d.* to 12¾*d.*, all duty paid: and in bond, 50 Surats 6¾*d.* to 7½*d.*; and a few at 9½*d.*; 370 Bengals 6½*d.* to 6¾*d.* By public sale on the 14th., 103 bags of Para cotton fetched good prices; fare quality 13⅜*d.* to 13¾*d.* This week there has been a brisk and general demand, and several extensive purchases have been made since Wednesday. The market, yesterday morning, was rather damped by intelligence from Liverpool, stating that extensive arrivals had taken place, in consequence of which the prices, which had previously risen, had again experienced a small decline. The purchases in London in this last week have been 50 Pernams 16¾*d.*; 40 Minas 12¼*d.*; 100 Boweds 12*d.* to 12¼*d.*; 100 Smyrnas 11½*d.*, prime; 200 Carraccas 11*d.*; 1800 Surats 6¼*d.* to 9½*d.*, in bond; 300 Bengals 6⅜*d.* to 7⅞*d.*, in bond.

From a comparative statement of the cotton-wool imported in the first six months of 1819, and in the same period of 1820, it appears that there has been in the first six months of 1820,

An increase of	118,091 bags.
A decrease of	92,670
Total increase	25,421 bags.

And it further appears that almost the whole decrease, viz. 91,774 bags, is in the importations from the East Indies; and the increase chiefly in the importations from the Brazils and North America, viz. 25,859 bags from the former, and 86,823 bags from the latter.

Among the sales announced by the East India Company are a—great sale of spices on the 14th of August; of indigo, 29th of August; and of 6½ million lbs of tea on the 5th of September.

Tobacco.—The demand for tobacco is very languid; several cargoes are offering in the market, but there appear to be no purchasers: prices are about 4*s.* to 5*s.* per 100 lbs., manifest weight, lower than at this time last year; and from ½*d.* to 1*d.* per lb. less than the market prices of July, 1819, yet, on the 1st of July, 1819, the stock was 13,285 hogsheads, whereas, on the 1st of July, 1820, it was only 9794 hogsheads.

Oils.—The demand for fish oils subsided at the beginning of this month; but a vessel arriving from the Greenland seas with unfavourable accounts of the success of the fishery, a momentary rise took place, and further accounts were anxiously looked for. These have been received, in a letter from Captain Scoresby to his owners, sent by a Bremen vessel, stating the names of 50 vessels, and the number of fish taken by each, amounting to 209 in all, or four on an avergage for each vessel.

Baltic Produce.—There have been no considerable variations in the prices this month, nor has much business been done; hemp alone has rather improved, and the demand appears to increase. Yellow candle tallow is at 58*s.* for parcels here, or for arrival. Town tallow is now at 63*s.* 6*d.*

Corn.—The supplies of grain having been rather small, especially for the last fortnight; this and the variable wet weather caused a considerable rise in the prices of the finer qualities of wheat in particular, as well as of barley and oats: yet, considering the near appoach of harvest, and the present state of the trade, we still retain an opinion that the averages will not rise so as to open the ports for foreign grain (particularly wheat) before winter, and most probably not even then.

Aggregate average of the twelve maritime districts of England and Wales for six weeks succeeding the 15th of May, by which importation is to be regulated into Great Britain.

Wheat	70*s.* 10*d.*	Oats	25*s.* 4*d.*
Rye	44*s.* 0*d.*	Beans	43*s.* 2*d.*
Barley	34*s.* 11*d.*	Peas	46*s.* 1*d.*

FROM OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

East India and China Trade.

The following is the substance of two detailed documents which have just been laid before Parliament, relative to our com-

merce with India :—the first is, "An account of all goods, the produce of the East Indies and China, imported into Great Britain during each of the last six years; specifying the quantity and value of the principal articles imported, and stating the imports by the East India Company distinct and separate from the free trade." The second, "An account of all goods exported from Great Britain to the East Indies and China during each of the last six years; specifying the quantity and declared value of the principal articles exported, and stating the exports by the East India Company distinct and separate from the free trade."

Total value of East India and China produce imported into Great Britain in the year ending January 5, 1815.

	£.	s.	d.
By the East India Company	7,227,663	0	0
Free trade, including the privilege trade	4,061,892	0	0
Total	11,289,555	0	0

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1816.

By the East India Company	7,154,130	0	0
Free trade, including the privilege trade	5,769,459	0	0
Total	12,923,589	0	0

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1817.

By the East India Company	7,855,312	0	0
Free trade, including the privilege trade	5,703,912	0	0
Total	13,559,224	0	0

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1818.

By the East India Company	7,361,802	0	0
Free trade, including the privilege trade	5,097,748	0	0
Total	12,459,550	0	0

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1819.

By the East India Company	5,192,804	0	5
Free trade, including the privilege trade	7,098,650	12	5
Total	12,291,454	12	10

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1820.

By the East India Company	5,792,405	16	6
Free trade, including the privilege trade	6,297,510	6	3
Total	12,089,916	2	9

Total value of Exports to the East Indies and China, in the Year ending 5th January, 1815.

By the East India Company	1,732,719	11	7
Free trade, including the privilege trade	870,177	8	9
Total	2,602,897	0	4

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1816.

By the East India Company	1,753,302	2	0
Free trade, including the privilege trade	1,454,728	7	9
Total	3,208,030	9	9

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1817.

By the East India Company	1,539,130	2	11
Free trade, including the privilege trade	1,868,396	14	3
Total	3,407,526	17	2

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1818.

By the East India Company	1,313,493	16	5
Free trade, including the privilege trade	2,708,024	10	4
Total	4,021,518	6	9

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1819.

By the East India Company	1,250,064	13	5
Free trade, including the privilege trade	3,052,741	3	1
Total	4,302,805	16	6

In the Year ending 5th Jan. 1820.

By the East India Company	1,358,326	13	8
Free trade, including the privilege trade	1,650,338	5	5
Total	3,008,664	19	1

Foreign Commerce.

St. Petersburgh, 25th June.—At the beginning of the month very few supplies had arrived from the interior, so that very little was doing in our export trade, which is usually brisk at that season. Most of our export articles were, therefore, rather high. The trade in foreign goods began to be more brisk, but without producing any favourable effect on the prices which seemed rather likely to decline, though the unloading of the vessels already arrived proceeded so slowly that a very small part of their cargoes was in the market. At present *Bristles* of the best quality being scarce are not to be had under 78 r. *Flax* 12 heads is extremely scarce. 120 poods were lately got together with much difficulty,

and paid for at the rate of 165 r. We daily expect the new supplies, and hope to purchase them at 160. *Tow* scarce, and 42 r. paid for it. *Corn* without demand, and cheap. A small purchase has been made today of Rye at 14 r. and wheat at 23 r. both of good quality. *Hemp*—though the prices have gradually declined for some time past, little is doing, and as our stock is increasing by new arrivals, a farther decline may be expected. Clean is offered at 95 r. the best at 98 r. but meets with few purchasers. Outshot remains steady at 75 r. and 78 r. half clean finds few purchasers at 62 r. and 65 r. Tow scarce, and sells at 40 to 42 r. according to quality. *Tallow*. In consequence of news from England, and a greater demand here, yellow candle rose to 175 r. white ditto and soap to 160 r. at which prices there was a considerable sale for a number of days; but the demand has now slackened, and there are only sellers at those prices. A good deal of business is doing in import articles, in consequence of purchases for the fair.

The importation of foreign salt into Odessa, and all the ports of the Euxine, and sea of Asoph, is prohibited after the 1st of September this year.

Riga, 1st July.—Flax. Marienburg crown 48 to 49 r.; Thiesenhausen and Drusiana Rakitzer, white 46 to 47 r; grey 43 r.; cut Badstub, white 41½ to 42 r.; grey 37 to 38 r.; Ristenthreeband 34½ to 35 r.; Tow 19 r.—*Corn.* The prices of rye and barley are rather higher. Courland wheat of 115 to 118 lb. 62 to 65 r. Rye of 100 to 104 lb. 48 to 52 r. Wheat and Oats without variation. *Hemp* maintains it price. Clean Russian 103 r.; Polish 106 r.; Russian outshot 81 r.; Polish ditto 94 r.; Russ. Pass. 71 r.; Polish ditto 83 r. Hemp oil has been sold for 112 r. and there are many purchasers at that price; but the holders insist on 115 r. *Tallow.* 185 r. have been paid for yellow crown. Other export articles unchanged.

Hamburgh, 8th July.—Cotton. There has been some business doing in Surats and Bengals; but little demand for Brazils and American. Several late arrivals of Carthagena and Caraccas are in the market. *Coffee* was brisk at the beginning of the week, and prices rather higher. Fresh arrivals within these few days have caused the demand to relax, and prices to decline a little. *Corn.* As we have at last a return of fine weather, and if it continues, the harvest will probably be abundant, the spirit of speculation on the old stock in hand, induced by an expected failure of the crops, has received a check, and the demand for all kinds is slack, but hitherto without change of price; except a few parcels purchased for Portugal, the sales of all descriptions have been limited to our own consumption. *Spices.* Pepper and Pimento are higher. We have several parcels of newly arrived East India ginger. *Tea.* No demand but for small quantities. *Sugar.* The demand for Hambro' refined sugars continues to be so extensive that our refiners with all their exertions are unable to meet it, and are obliged to defer the execution of many orders. Whatever comes to market is quickly bought up at increased prices. As raw sugars are extremely scarce, lumps in loaves are in much request, and strong middling and fine middling are readily purchased at 11¾ and 12¼. Fine crushed lumps are held at 12. The sale of raw sugars has been brisk, as far as our scanty stock allowed, and some hundred chests of white Havanah of fine white middling were sold at 14⅝, brown and yellow ditto 9¼ to 10⅛. If we do not have speedy and large supplies a further rise in refined goods may be expected.—15th July. Sugars have again risen.

Germany.—The intelligence of a treaty between some of the German States, which we mentioned in our last, has been officially confirmed, and the leading features of it published. Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, the Grand Duchy of Hesse (not the Electorate), Nassau, and the Saxon duchies, are to send commissioners to Darmstadt within three months after the date of the convention (13 May), to arrange the following points: 1. The abolition of all tolls and duties on the frontiers of these states towards each other. 2. A uniform regulation of tolls for repairs of the roads: &c. 3. That each state may impose duties on consumption in its own dominions, but with the restriction that the produce and manufactures of the other states, acceeding to the convention, shall not be taxed higher than those of it own subjects. The importation of salt shall be regulated by special conventions, and custom-houses shall be established on the extreme frontiers of the confederated states, for the receipt of duties upon goods passing to or from other States, not included in the treaty, &c. We think it highly probable, that other German States will join in this convention, the object being defined, reasonable, and conformable to the general wish of Germany; but the adoption of a general system of prohibition against foreign countries is not, we think, so likely to take place. The subject continues to be very warmly and ably discussed; but as far as we can judge, and considering the interest of Germany alone, most of the arguments in its favour seem to be partial and specious, and those on the contrary side convincing, and on many points unanswerable.

France.—The act of the American Congress imposing a duty of 18 dollars per ton on all French vessels entering the ports of the United States, after the 1st of July 1820, has excited much surprise; but it is hoped that arrangements may be made to modify this measure.

Naples, 20th June and 1st July.—The produce of silk, in the environs of Naples has been extremely abundant; but we have no orders from abroad. Some sales have, however, been effected, 260 lbs. of silk of Nocera have been sold for ready money at 2 ducats 3 grains, per Neopolitan cantaro. The produce of wool in Puglia has been most abundant. Price 53 to 63 ducats per cantaro. We have very satisfactory accounts of the harvest, it has been very good in Puglia, Romagna, and the marches.—The accounts from Sicily are less favourable. A long drought has destroyed the crop in some districts, but this misfortune is not general.

Genoa, 4th July.—We have gathered one-third more silk this year than last season. The corn harvest appears to have been excellent in all Upper Italy. Little is doing in corn at present, the holders asking higher prices than the buyers will give. We expected large supplies last month, but received only 36,000 emines. There is rather more doing in colonial produce, and some considerable sales of coffee and sugar have been effected on favourable terms. A cargo of English salt fish from Newfoundland has arrived at a most unfavourable moment for sale, which has, however, been effected at a low price, 4500 cantaros sold at 23½ livres. We continue to send corn to Tunis; that unhappy city is still a prey to pestilence and famine.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

James Lock, Esq. is about to publish, with engravings, an Account of the Improvement on the Estates of the Marquis of Stafford, in the Counties of Stafford and Salop: and on the Estates of Sutherland.

Narratives of all the Voyages round the World, from Magellan to Kotzebue, is printed by Captain Pryor; to be embellished with 100 Engravings.

The Rev. Wm. Snowden, of Horbury, near Wakefield, has in the press a Volume of Sermons, Doctrinal, Practical, and Occasional.

The Author of Redmond the Rebel announces a new Work, entitled St. Kathleen, or the Rock of Dunorismayle.

Two Volumes of Sermons, by Ministers of the General Associate Synod, are in the press.

The Miscellaneous Poems of William Wordsworth, in 4 small Volumes, may be soon expected.

Mr. William Daniell has announced Sketches, on 48 quarto Plates, representing the Native Tribes, Animals, and Scenery, of Southern Africa, from Drawings made by the late Mr. S. Daniell.

The Rev. Henry Gauntlett will shortly publish Lectures on the Book of Revelations; being the Substance of Forty-four Discourses, preached in the Parish Church of Olney, Bucks, on Evening Services of the Lord's Day, in the Years 1819 and 1820.

The Marquis of Luchesini announces a History of the Causes and Effects of the Rhenish Confederacy.

Mr. Horne is preparing a New Edition, very much enlarged, of his Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Scriptures.

Mr. Swainson is about to publish, in Monthly Numbers, Zoological Illustrations, or Original Figures and Descriptions of new, rare, or otherwise interesting Animals from Lithographic, and Copper-plates.

Mr. Joseph Swan, Surgeon to the Lincoln County Hospital, has in the Press Dissertations on the Treatment of Morbid Local Affection of Nerves, to which the Jacksonian Prize of the College of Surgeons was adjudged.

Mr. Belzoni announces his intention to publish an Account of his late Discoveries in Egypt, Nubia, &c. His Work will contain three Journies in Upper Egypt and Nubia, one on the Coast of the Red Sea, and one to the Oasis of Ammon. It will be accompanied by a Volume of Plates in folio, containing Drawings of the various newly discovered Places, Figures, and Hieroglyphics, taken from the Originals found in the Tombs of the Kings, lately discovered in Thebes, with an exact imitation of the Egyptian Costume, Colours, &c. with other Views in Nubia: the Interior and Exterior of the Grand Temple of Ibsambul, near the second Cataract of the Nile, and other Views of that Country, and in Upper and Lower Egypt: the Interior and Exterior of the newly opened Pyramid: Plans and Topographic Maps, &c.

Dr. Elliotson is about to publish Numerous Cases illustrative of the Efficacy of the Hydrocyanic, or Prussic Acid, in Affections of the Stomach, with a Report upon its Power in Pectoral and other Diseases in which it has been already recommended; and some Facts respecting the Necessity of varying the Doses of Medicines according to Circumstances, and the Use of Opium in Diabetes.

The Rev. J. Lewis, of Margate, will soon publish, in octavo, the History of the Life and Sufferings of the Rev. Dr. John Wiclif.

J. Bisset, Esq. Author of the Guide to Leamington Priors, is preparing for the Press, Royal Coronation Claims, a Comic Poem.

Mr. J. Sweed, of Bocking, will shortly publish, Popular Observations on Regimen and Diet; with Rules and Regulations in regard to Health.

Mr. J. W. W. English, of Wellingborough, has in the Press, Medical and Surgical Remarks; including an Effectual Method of removing Enlargements from the Throat, commonly called Wens.

Mr. E. Howitt is printing, Selections from Letters written during a Tour through the United States, in 1811, illustrative of the Native Indians, and of the Emigrants.

George Coleman the Younger is preparing a Quarto Volume, being Posthumous Letters, addressed to Francis Coleman, and George Coleman the Elder; with Annotations and Remarks.

Mr. Henry Brooke is about to publish in Quarto, with 12 Plates, a Guide to the Stars, being an easy Method of knowing the relative position of the principal fixed Stars from the first to the third Magnitude in either Hemisphere, particularly those which are useful in finding the Longitude at Sea.

The second Volume of Morell's History of England, to the close of the Reign of George the Third, is nearly ready.

W. T. Hodgson, of Newcastle, has in a great state of forwardness, an Essay on the Origin and Progress of Stereotype Printing, including an Account of the Processes pursued by the several Artists. It will be published uniform with the other Typographical Tracts, lately edited by him.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, Sciences, and Fine Arts.

A Survey of Staffordshire, containing the Antiquities of that Country. By Sampson Erdeswick, Esq. collated with MS. copies, and with additions, &c. by Wyrley and others; illustrative of the History and Antiquities of that Country. By the Rev. Thomas Harwood, B.D. F.S.A. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy; with additional Observations and Notes. By Henry Fuseli, P.P. 4to. 1*l.* 16*s.*

An Essay on the Construction of Wheel Carriages, as they affect both the Roads and the Horses; with suggestions on Tolls, and Remarks on the Formation of Roads. By Joseph Storrs Fry. 8vo. 6*s.*

Pyne's History of the Royal Residences in England: illustrated by 100 graphic representations of the State Apartments, carefully coloured from original drawings by the most eminent artists. 3 vols. elephant 4to. 25*l.* 4*s.*; large paper 37*l.* 16*s.*

Sketches Illustrative of the Manners and Costumes of Italy, Switzerland, and France. By R. Bridgens. 4to. with five coloured plates. No 1, 10s. 6d.

Observations on a General Iron Railway, showing its great Superiority over all the present Methods of Conveyance. 8vo.

Biography.

A Memorial of his Daughter, Mrs. Mary Westbrook, who died in the 26th year of her age. By the Rev. John Cooke. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

A Sketch of the Military Life of Richard Augustus Wyvill, with descriptions of various parts of the World in which he has been stationed. 8vo. 14*s.*

Education, &c.

A System of Education for the Infant King of Rome, and other French Princes of the Blood; drawn up by the Imperial Council of State, with the Approbation and under the personal Superintendance of the Emperor Napoleon. 8vo. 8*s.*

Early Education; or the Management of Children, considered with a view to their future character. By Miss Appleton. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Compendium of French Grammar. By Thomas Richmond. 12mo. 2*s.*

The Greek Primer, or a Praxis on the various Terminations and Formation of Nouns and Verbs, with copious Lists of Examples in Greek and English. By D. B. Hickie. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Les Protégés du Dix-huitième Siècle: Histoire Religieuse et Morale: par Madame D———. 12mo. 6*s.*

Les Ogres du Seizieme Siècle: Conte de Fées Historique: par Madame D———. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Selection of Greek Sentences, with an Index and Lexicon in Greek and English. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, A. M. 12mo. 4*s.*

Extracts from Greek Writers with a Lexicon and Notes for the Use of learners. By John Ormston, A. B. 12mo. 8*s.*

History.

History of Ancient Greece, part the second, embracing the History of the Ancient World, from the Dominion of Alexander to that of Augustus, with a survey of preceding Periods, and a Continuation of the History of Arts and Letters. By John Gillies, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*

History of British India. By James Mill, Esq. Second Edition. 6 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 12*s.*

Law.

The Trials of Thistlewood and others for High Treason, taken in short-hand by Mr. Gurney. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*

The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, in two books. By John Milton. With a preface, &c. by a Civilian. 8vo. 12*s.*

Medicine, Surgery, and Physiology.

Cases of Serous Morbid Affection; principally incident to Females after Delivery, Abortion, &c. and arising from Uterine Hæmorrhagy, &c. &c. By Marshall Hall, M.D. F.R.S.E. 8vo. 4*s.*

A Refutation of a Letter from Dr. Adam Neale to a Professor of Medicine; with a Statement of ulterior Proceedings to quiet the Minds of the Public, respecting Cheltenham Waters. By Thomas Jameson, M. D. 2*s*.

Cases in Surgery at the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary. By H. Jeffreys, Esq. 8vo. 8*s*.

A Letter to the Editor of the Literary Gazette, upon the Misrepresentations contained in a Pamphlet recently published by Dr. Neale, upon the Subject of the Cheltenham Waters. By Thomas Newell, M. D. 8vo. 1*s*.

Miscellaneous.

A Circumstantial Account of the Preparations for the Coronation of his Majesty, King Charles the Second, including the Installation of Knights, Creation of Peers, &c. to which is prefixed, an Account of the Landing, Reception, and Journey of his Majesty from Dover to London. From an Original Manuscript. By Sir Edward Walker, Knight, Garter Principal King at Arms at that period. Royal 8vo. 14*s*. large paper 1*l*. 8*s*.

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Samuel Parker, of Argyle-street, Bronzist, for an improved lamp. June 15th.

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Joseph Woollams, of Wells, Somersetshire, Land Agent, for improvements in the teeth or cogs formed on, or applied to, wheels, pinions, and other mechanical agents, for communicating or restraining motion. June 20th.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. Kaye, D.D., Master of Christ's College, and Regius Professor of Divinity, is nominated to the bishopric of Bristol, vacant by the death of Dr. Mansel.—The Rev. C. Wordsworth, D.D., rector of Lambeth, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, is appointed master of that society.—The Rev. C. J. Bloomfield, of Trinity College, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopgate, and of Chesterford, Essex, is created Doctor in Divinity by Royal mandate.—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln is translated to the see of Winchester, in the room of the late Hon. H. Brownlow North.—The Rev. Thomas Davies, M.A., vicar of Mamble, to the vicarage of Bayton, Worcestershire.—The Rev. Thos. Lea, M. A., of Trinity College, Oxford, to the vicarage of Bishop's Itchington, Warwickshire.—The Rev. Charles Walcot, of Trinity College, Oxford, to the living of Hopton Wafers, county Salop.—The Rev. Evan Griffith, late senior assistant at the Royal Free Grammar School, Shrewsbury, to be master of the Free Grammar School, Swansea.—The Rev. J. W. Jones, A. B., perpetual curate of Scropton, county Derby, to the vicarage of Church Broughton, in the same county.—The Rev. George Lucas to the rectory of Billockby, in Norfolk.—The Rev. G. Hunt to the rectory of Boughton, Norfolk.—The Rev. William Kellett, A.B., to the vicarage of Kenninghill, in the same county.—The Rev. F. Wrangham, M. A., F.R.S., to the archdeaconry of Cleveland, vacant by the death of the Rev. Archdeacon Bailie Hamilton. —The Rev. John Overton, B. A., to the vicarage of Elloughton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire.—The Rev. Ralph Spofforth, M. A., to the vicarage of Eashington, near Howden, Yorkshire.—The Rev. Henry Luxmore, M. A., to the vicarage of Barnstaple, Devon.—The Rev. Thomas Wright, to the vicarage of East Claydon, and the rectory of Middle Claydon, Bucks.—The Rev. Jas. Hooper, to the rectory of Stowel, Somersetshire.—The Rev. Joseph Mitchinson, to the perpetual curacy of Thorganby, Yorkshire.—The Rev. E. James, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, to the perpetual curacy of Mortlake, Surry.—The Rev. James Davies, M. A. to the vicarage of Barrington Parva, Gloucestershire.—The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Rice, to the rectory of Oddington, Gloucestershire, on his own presentation as precentor of York Cathedral.—The Rev. Jas. Evans, B. D, late Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, to the vicarage of Penrith, with Lavernock annexed, near Cardigan.

*** *The press of matter has unavoidably caused the List of Bankrupts to be postponed till next month.*

BIRTHS.

June 11. At Twickenham, lady Elizabeth Cole, a son.
— In Upper Grosvenor-street, her grace the duchess of Richmond, a son.
21. At Halden-house, Devonshire, the lady of Sir Lawrence V. Palk, Bart. a daughter.
— In Park street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of the hon. W. Cust, M. P. a daughter.
— In Arlington-street, her Grace the Dutchess of of Rutland, a son.
July 2. At Lyme, Dorsetshire, the lady of Sir Edw. Synge, of Lister Court, county of Cork, Bart. a son.
3. At the Countess Dowager of Mountnorriss's, in Piccadilly, lady Frances Webster Wedderburn, a son.
10. In Hamilton Place, the countess of Shannon, a daughter.
11. In South Audley-street, the lady of W. L. Hughes, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
12. The lady of the hon. Col. Lowther, a son.
14. At the Rectory Rodmarton, Gloucestershire, the lady of the Rev. Daniel Lysons, a son.
— At Dogmersfield Park, Hants, the lady of Paulett St. John Mildmay, Esq. a son.
19. In Devonshire-place, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Anson, K. C. B. a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir James Montgomery, Bart. M. P. a daughter.
At Shandwick-place, Edinburgh, the lady of General Dundas, a son.
At Cockairny-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Mowbray, a son.

IN IRELAND.

In Dublin, the lady of the hon. A. A. Hely Hutchinson of a son.—The lady of W. H. Spear, Esq. a son.

ABROAD.

At Paris, the lady of the right hon. Edward Thornton, his Majesty's Envoy extraordinary, a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 8. At the house of Lady Floyd, in Upper Seymour-street, the Right Hon. Robert Peel, M. P. to Miss Julia Floyd, youngest daughter of the late Gen. Sir John Floyd, Bart.
13. By special licence, at the house of Samuel Farmer, Esq., in Mortimer-street, George Ch. Porter, Esq., to Madame de Segond de Sederon, only daughter of his Excellency, the Count de Vaublanc.
— At St. George's Hanover-square, Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Halkett, K.C.B. to Letitia Sarah, widow of the late Major Taylor, R. A. and only daughter of John Crickitt, Esq. Townsend-house, Hemel Hempsted.
— At Clyro, Radnorshire, Thomas Kennedy, of Dunura, Ayrshire, M. P. to Sophia, only daughter of the late Sir Samuel Romilly.
18. At St. George's Hanover-square, Charles John Kermoys Tynte, Esq. only son of C. K. K. Tynte, Esq. M. P. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Swinnerton, Esq. of Butterton-hall, Staffordshire.
19. At St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Rev. Heaton C. De Crespigny, second son of Sir W. De Crespigny, Bart. M. P. to Miss Caroline Bathurst, third daughter of his Lordship.
20. At Tooting, Surrey, the Rev. C. F. Parker, rector of Ringshall, Suffolk, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Eyre, Rector of St. Giles, Reading.
21. At Bath, Capt. Grant, of the E. I. service, nephew to the celebrated Mrs. Grant, the Highland authoress, to Miss Griffies Williams, daughter of Sir George G. Williams, of the Circus.
22. At Mary-le-bone Church, Charles Hudson, Esq. to Lucy Anne, only daughter of the late General Bouchier, of the Royal Artillery.
— The Hon. and Rev. George, second son of Vis. Exmouth, to the Hon. Frances Addington, second daughter of Lord Viscount Sidmouth.
27. At Derby, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, G. C. B. of Durrent-house, Devon, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Francis Hurt, Esq. of Alderwasley, Derbyshire.
29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. Charles Noel Noel, eldest son of Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. and Baroness Barham, to Arabella, second daughter of Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly-court, Devon, Bart.
— At Exeter, Capt. Barton, R. N. eldest son of Admiral Barton, to Miss Rebecca Lopes Franco, niece to Sir M. M. Lopes, Bart.
30. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. John Bowes, Earl of Strathmore, to Miss Mary Millner.
July 10. At Stroud, Gloucestershire, the Rev. H. B. Tristram, Vicar of Bramham, Yorkshire, and nephew of the Bishop of Durham, to Charlotte Jocelyn, daughter of the late John Smith, Esq. of the Inner Temple, and niece to Lords Donoughmore and Hutchinson.
11. At St. Mary-le-bone Church, Major-Gen. Sir James Lyon, K. C. B. to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Edward Coxe, Esq. Hampstead-heath.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Kinfaun's Castle, the seat of Lord Gray, John Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston, to the Hon. Margaret Gray, his Lordship's second daughter.
In Glasgow, Thomas Paterson, Esq. Paymaster of the 22d regiment, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Miller, Esq. merchant.
At Edinburgh, Dr. Wm. John King, of the Island of Barbadoes, to Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Aitken, merchant, Dalkeith.
——— Dr. Thomas Short, Physician to his Majesty's Forces, to Henrietta, daughter of Alex. Young, Esq. of Harburn.

IN IRELAND.

In Dublin, Sir Wm. Cox, of Coolcliffe, County of Wexford, to Miss Anna Hickson, of Dingle, County of Kerry.

At Lurva, County of Tipperary, Col. Arthur Disney, of Ballysax, to Ellen, daughter of Gyles Eyre, of Eyre-court, County of Galway.

In Waterford, Anthony Lanphier, Esq. of Parkstown, to Miss Thomasina Russell, of New Ross.

At Tipperary, the Rev. Wm. S. Birch, to Anna Maria, second daughter of John P. Paul, Esq. of High Grove, Gloucestershire.

ABROAD.

At Spanish Town, Jamaica, R Deans, Esq., son of the late Admiral Deans, to Miss Rachael Jackson, daughter of the hon. Samuel Jackson, of Catherine Hall, in the same island.

At Plantation House, St. Helena, Count Balmain, Commissioner of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to Miss Charlotte Johnson, eldest daughter of Lady Lowe, and grand daughter of Sir John Johnson, Bart.

At Paris, P. J. Green, Esq. his Majesty's, Consul General for the Morea, to Frances Dorothea, second daughter of J. Larking, Esq. of Clare-house, Kent, and niece of the late Sir C. Style, Bart.

——— Sir Wm. M'Doughall, K. B. to Miss Eliza Hodge, of Exeter.

At Antwerp, Major Stepney Covell, of the Coldstream Guards, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the Hon. Robert Annesley: and on the same day, the Rev. Thomas Mahon, Rector of Newport Pratt, County of Mayo, to Catherine, Mr. Annesley's second daughter, and grand-daughter to the Earl of Annesley.

DIED.

June 23. In Hertford-street, May-fair, Mrs. Bonham, relict of F. W. Bonham, Esq., and eldest daughter of the late hon. Mrs. Hubert of Rutland-square, Dublin.

27. At Trinity College Lodge, Cambridge, after a short illness, in the 69th year of his age, the Right Rev. William Lort Mansel, D.D., Lord Bishop of Bristol, and Master of Trinity College. His lordship proceeded to the degree of B. A. in 1774, M. A. 1777, D. D. 1798; was elected Public Orator of this University in 1788; in 1798, he was appointed Master of Trinity College; and in 1808 he succeeded Dr. Luxmore as Lord Bishop of Bristol.

29. At Brighton, suddenly, the Rt. Hon. Lord Gwydir, who held the situation of officiating Grand Chamberlain of England in right of his wife Lady Willoughby d'Eresby. His lordship had long been afflicted with the gout, which flying to the stomach, caused his death. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Peter Robert Drummond.

— At his seat, Hyde Hall, Hertfordshire, aged 64, the Rt. Hon. Robert Jocelyn, Earl of Roden, Viscount Jocelyn, Baron of Newport, K. P., and an English baronet. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Robert, Viscount Jocelyn.

— At his rooms, Magdalen Hall, Oxford, aged 60, the Rev. Wm. West Green, D.D. rector of Husband, Bosworth, Leicestershire: one of the lecturers of Carfax, and for 29 years Vice Principal of that hall.

July 2. At Clifton Hotwells, Mrs. Mytton, wife of J. Mytton, Esq., of Halston, Shropshire, only surviving daughter of Lady Jones, and sister of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart.

— In St. Paul's Church-yard, in his 90th year, Mr. Dollond the celebrated optician.

3. At his house, in Conduit-street, in the 52d year of his age, the Rt. Hon. John Bowes, Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn, in Scotland, and Baron Bowes of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. His lordship was married on the 30th ult., to Miss Mary Milner.

— At Horndean, Hampshire, Vice Admiral Edwd. Oliver Osborn, the last of three brothers, flag officers of the Royal Navy, who have died within a few months.

4. At his seat, at Fulham, in his 58th year, the Rt. Hon. Thos. Jones, Lord Viscount Ranelagh.

5. At Wick, in his 80th year, Wm. Mackay, Esq., late Provost, and during 40 years, chief residing magistrate of that borough, and also one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Caithness.

12. At his palace, in Chelsea, after a long illness and a general decay of nature, the Hon. Brownlow North, D. L. C., Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Order of the Garter, provincial Sub-dean of Canterbury, and Visitor of Magdalen, New, Trinity, St. John's, and Corpus Christi colleges, Oxford, F. A. and L. S. His lordship was aged 79, having been nearly 40 years Bishop of that diocese.

— At Chelsea, the Rev. Thos. Peirson, D.D., aged 74, formerly senior minister of the established English Church, at Amsterdam.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Abbeyhill, the Hon. Fletcher Norton, senior Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, one of the oldest Judges of the kingdom, having sat in that court 44 years. He was the second son of Fletcher, first Lord Grantley, and was born in 1744.

On the 22d ult., at Edinburgh, Dr. John Murray, whose zeal for chemical science and abilities as a teacher, have for many years largely contributed to the celebrity of the school of medicine in his native city.

At Caroline Park, Archibald Cockburn, Esq., late of Cockpen. He entered into the Faculty of Advocates in 1762, and was long sheriff depute of the county of Edinburgh. He was afterwards made Judge Admiral, and in 1790, was appointed a Baron of the Court of Exchequer, which he resigned in 1809.

IN IRELAND.

At Clonfecle Glebe House, aged 80, the Rev. Wm. Richardson, D.D., well known to the literary world by his refutation of the Huttonian theory of the alternate decay and reproduction of the earth—by his discovery of marine exuviæ in unformed basalt; and his curious researches into the whyn dykes of the north of Ireland: and to the agriculturists by the zeal with which he brought into notice the valuable properties of the fiorin grass.

At Caher, at the extraordinary age of 103, the Rev. Jas. Keating. He was parish priest of Kilgobinch, in the county of Waterford, 72 years ago, and afterwards at Clogheen for more than 40 years.

At Fermoy, county Cork, John Anderson, Esq. As an individual, he was a man of great activity of mind, benevolence of disposition and pleasing manners. In his public capacity he was a great benefactor to his adopted country, and the father of the mail coach system in that kingdom.

On the 16th ult., in the 75th year of his age, the Right Rev. Wm. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne; a prelate most respectable for his learning, and most exemplary for his uprightness, benevolence and piety.

ABROAD.

On his way from Cuttack to Calcutta, Robert Ker, Esq. late one of the Judges of the supreme Native Court at Calcutta.

At Pisa, Millicent Anne Chandos Pole, daughter of the late P. Chandos Pole, Esq. of Redborne, county of Derby.

At St. George Delmina, on the gold coast of Africa, F. C. E. Oldenburg, President, Governor of the fortress, and Commander-in-chief of the Dutch Settlements in Guinea.

At Jamaica, of a fever, Miss Popham, daughter of Sir Home Popham.

At Canton, on board the Vansittart, which he commanded, Capt. Robert Stair Dalrymple, youngest son of the late Sir H. Hamilton Dalrymple, Bart.

On board the packet from Madeira, Frances Theodosia, Viscountess Powerscourt, and eldest daughter of Robert, Earl of Roden.

Suddenly, while walking in his garden, near Tangier, in the 73d year of his age, James Simpson, Esq. American Consul to the Emperor of Morocco.

Of a fever, on his return from the Expedition in the Persian Gulf, Edmund, youngest brother of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart.

At Ratisbon, the Rev. James Robertson, through whose exertions the gallant Romana with his 10,000 Spaniards, effected their escape from the north of Germany.

At Mobile, West Florida, aged 73, Roderick Gray, Esq., late of Liverpool.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F. R. S.

June		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
1	M.	51	29·069	59	W by S	Fine
	A.	57	29·068	55	WSW	Stormy
2	M.	52	29·089	64	W by S	Rain
	A.	55	29·109	63	SW byW	Showery
3	M.	49	29·275	76	W by N	Rain
	A.	56	29·292	61	WNW	Fine
4	M.	50	29·409	69	NW	Showery
	A.	52	29·425	65	WNW	Showery
5	M.	52	29·500	65	W by N	Fine
	A.	60	29·513	59	WSW	Fine
6	M.	50	29·370	85	N by W	Rain
	A.	55	29·488	73	SE by E	Cloudy
7	M.	53	29·602	66	W	Cloudy
	A.	60	29·549	60	W by N	Cloudy
8	M.	52	29·500	70	NW	Sm. rain
	A.	58	29·483	63	NW	Cloudy
9	M.	54	29·346	76	NW	Cloudy
	A.	58	29·315	68	NW	Showery
10	M.	50	29·269	67	WNW	Fine
	A.	54	29·273	63	N	Rain
11	M.	50	29·124	63	W by N	Cloudy
	A.	50	29·088	72	WSW	Rain
12	M.	51	29·249	79	NE	Cloudy
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
13	M.	54	29·422	69	NNE	Cloudy
	A.	59	29·406	62	NNE	Thun. rain
14	M.	52	29·600	73	NNE	Rain
	A.	55	29·619	65	NW	Cloudy
15	M.	53	29·362	79	NWbyW	Rain
	A.	56	29·407	75	NNW	Cloudy
16	M.	54	29·500	69	NW	Fine
	A.	60	29·500	61	NW	Showery
17	M.	55	29·502	69	NW	Fine
	A.	63	29·517	55	WNW	Fine
18	M.	56	29·603	64	WNW	Fine
	A.	62	29·585	55	W	Cloudy
19	M.	56	29·277	77	WNW	Fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
20	M.	52	29·178	74	W	Rain
	A.	56	29·268	66	WNW	Showery
21	M.	56	29·410	67	NW	Fine
	A.	61	29·469	62	WNW	Cloudy
22	M.	59	29·602	68	SW by S	Fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
23	M.	58	29·679	74	W	Very fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
24	M.	68	29·768	63	SSE	Clear
	A.	76	29·804	52	Var.	Clear
25	M.	72	29·915	64	NNW	Clear
	A.	81	29·940	50	Var.	Clear
26	M.	76	29·973	61	NNE	Clear
	A.	84	29·987	49	Var.	Clear
27	M.	76	29·963	62	NE	Clear
	A.	84	29·975	52	ENE	Very fine
28	M.	76	29·900	63	W	Clear
	A.	84	29·868	45	WNW	Clear
29	M.	63	29·725	83	ESE	Showery
	A.	79	29·688	66	ESE	Hazy
30	M.	63	29·514	76	NE	Thun. rain
	A.	68	29·514	67	E	Cloudy

Rain, by the pluviameter, between noon the 1st of June, and noon the 1st of July, 1·724 inch. Evaporation, during the same period, 4·391 inches.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 22 July.	Hamburg. 14 July.	Amsterdam 18 July.	Vienna. 5 July.	Genoa. 8 July.	Berlin. 11 July.	Trieste. 30 June.	Leipsig, 10 July.	Bremen. 13 July.
London.....	25·60	36·6	40·4	10.2	30·10	6·20¾	9·53	6·17¼	616-17
Paris.....	—	25¾	56¾	116¾	95½	80⅝	23 3/16	78¾	17 5/16
Hamburg...	184¾	—	35⅛	145¾	44	150¼	43¼	147⅛	134½
Amsterdam.	56⅞	105⅝	—	138½	90¼	141⅞	43½	140	127¾
Vienna	253½	146⅜	14¾	—	61⅓	41½	99¼	100½	—
Franckfort..	3	148¼	35½	—	—	6·5⅓	—	99½	116½
Augsburg...	252	147⅞	—	98¾	60¾	102⅛	97¼	99¾	—
Genoa.....	475	87¾	89¼	61⅞	—	—	19¼	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	—	—	—	—	103⅛	—	—	109½
Leghorn	509	88	95¾	57½	122⅞	—	1·59	—	—
Lisbon	556	37	40⅜	—	894	—	—	—	—
Cadiz.....	14·95	88¼	96¼	—	648	—	—	—	—
Naples.....	421	—	78¾	—	101½	—	1·33¾	—	—
Bilbao	14·95	—	96¼	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15	88½	96¾	—	648	—	—	—	—
Porto.....	556	37	40⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 13 July.	Nuremberg 13 July.	Christiania 3 July	Petersburg. 27 June.	Riga. 1 July.	Copenhagen 11 July.	Madrid. 6 July.	Lisbon. 3 July.
London.....	152	fl. 10·5	7 Sp. 12.	9 31/32	10⅛	11·⅓	36	51¼
Paris.....	78¾	fr. 118½	—	106	—	—	15	547
Hamburg....	147⅜	147¼	150	9	9 5/32	243	90½	37⅛
Amsterdam .	140¼	141	148	10	10 5/32	232	98½	41¼
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	880

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From June 24 to July 24.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-5	12-6
Ditto at sight	12-2	12-3
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-6	12-7
Antwerp		12-8
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-2	37-4	37-6
Altona, 2½ U	37-3	37-5	37-7
Paris, 3 days' sight		25-80
Ditto 2 U		26-10
Bourdeaux		26-10
Frankfort on the Main Ex. M.	155½	155¾
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-9	10-12
Trieste ditto	10-10	10-13
Madrid, effective	34¼	34½
Cadiz, effective		34¼
Bilboa	34¼	34½
Barcelona		33½
Seville		33¾
Gibraltar		30
Leghorn	46¾	47
Genoa	43¾	44	44¾
Venice, Ital. Liv.		27-60
Malta		45
Naples	38½	38¾
Palermo, per. oz.		116
Lisbon	50	49¾
Oporto		49¾
Rio Janeiro		55
Bahia		58
Dublin.	8	7½
Cork	9	8½

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	5	0	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 37s. 1½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 11½*d.* the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton. in Spitalfields.

Ware	£0	3	0	to	0	4	0
Middlings	0	1	6	to	0	2	0
Chats	0	1	6	to	0	0	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	June 17.		June 24.		July 1.		July 8.		July 15.	
Wheat	71	0	71	9	70	8	70	6	70	5
Rye	44	7	43	9	43	2	44	7	44	0
Barley	34	5	34	7	34	10	36	0	35	6
Oats	25	5	25	2	25	5	26	2	25	11
Beans	44	1	43	10	43	5	43	9	43	2
Peas	46	5	45	11	47	3	46	9	45	9

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from June 22 to July 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	24,685	270	29,095	54,050
Barley	3,829	1,000	2,310	7,139
Oats	32,300	6,080	18,895	57,275
Rye	49			49
Beans	3,778		1,535	5,313
Pease	732			732
Malt	10,363	Qrs.; Flour 35,822 Sacks.		

Foreign Flour 1256 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	66*s.*	to 84*s.*
Sussex, ditto	60*s.*	to 74*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to 00*s.*
Yearling Bags	56*s.*	to 65*s.*
Kent, New Pockets	74*s.*	to 88*s.*
Sussex, ditto	65*s.*	to 80*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to 00*s.*
Farnham, ditto	00*s.*	to 00*s.*
Yearling Pockets	60*s.*	to 70*s.*

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.		*Clover.*		*Straw.*
	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.					
	3 0	to 4 10	5 0	to 6 10	1 8 to 1 14
Whitechapel.					
	3 10	to 4 15	5 0	to 7 15	1 8 to 1 14
St. James's.					
	3 3	to 4 12	0 0	to 0 0	1 1 to 1 16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—	Beef	3*s.* 6*d.*	to	4*s.* 6*d.*
	Mutton	4*s.* 2*d.*	to	5*s.* 2*d.*
	Veal	4*s.* 8*d.*	to	6*s.* 8*d.*
	Pork	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Lamb	4*s.* 4*d.*	to	6*s.* 4*d.*
Leadenhall.—	Beef	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	4*s.* 10*d.*
	Mutton	4*s.* 6*d.*	to	5*s.* 2*d.*
	Veal	5*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 4*d.*
	Pork	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Lamb	5*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 4*d.*

Cattle sold at Smithfield from June 23, *to* July 24, *both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
10860	3110	121070	2120

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from July 7 to July 24.

	July 7.			July 12.			July 19.			July 24.		
	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*	
Newcastle	32	6	to	39	0	32	6	to	40	3	31	6	to	39	9	31	6	to	40	6
Sunderland	23	6	to	40	6	34	6	to	41	3	40	3				33	9	to	42	0

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(July 20th, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Canals.	
—	100	—	Andover	5
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6
54,000*l.*	—	3	Do. Bonds	40
2,000*l.*	25	21	Birmingham (divided)	535
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	100
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90
—	100	8	Chesterfield	120
500	100	44	Coventry	999
4546	100	—	Croydon	3 7 6
600	100	6	Derby	112
2060¾	100	3	Dudley	62
3575¾	133	4	Ellesmere and Chester	75
—	100	58	Erewash	1000
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	53
11,815¾	100	9	Grand Junction	212
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	55
48,800*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan Notes	90
2849½	100	—	Grand Union	33
20,640*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	94
3096	100	—	Grand Western, 79*l.* paid	4
749	150	7	Grantham	126
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13
25,328	—	1	Kennet and Avon	19
11,699½	—	1	Lancaster	27
2879¾	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool	275
545	—	10	Leicester	260
1895	100	2 10	Leicester & Northampton Union	85
—	—	119	Loughborough	2400
250	—	8 10	Melton Mowbray	170
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	144
43,526*l.*	100	5	Do. Debentures	92
247	—	25	Neath	350
1720	100	32	Oxford	640
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	66
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel, 33*l.* paid	
12,243*l.*	—	—	Regent's	33 10
5631	100	2	Rochdale	42
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160
—	100	7 10	Shropshire	140
771	50	3	Somerset Coal	70
—	100	40	Staffordshire & Worcestershire	640
300	145	14 10	Stourbridge	205
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	18
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495
533	100	10	Swansea	160
350	100	—	Tavistock	90
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway	25
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1900
1000½	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham	210
980	100	10 10	Warwick and Napton	205
6000	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham	25
			Docks.	
2209	146	—	Bristol	98
—	—	5	Do. Notes	
3132½	100	3	Commercial	58 10
450,000*l.*	—	10	East-India,	163
1038	100	—	East Country	15
3,114,000*l.*	—	4	London,	85
1,200,000*l.*	—	10	West-India,	169
			Bridges.	
2912	100	—	Southwark	24
4443	40	—	Do. new	21 10
3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18
54,000*l.*	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	90
5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 10
5000	60	—	——— Annuities of 8*l.*	28 10
5000	40	—	——— Annuities of 7*l.*	23 10
			Roads.	
300	100	—	Barking	35
1000	100	5	Commercial	105
—	100	5	——— East-India Branch	100
492	100	1 15	Great Dover Street, (70*l.* paid)	31
2393	50	—	Highgate Archway	6
1000	—	1	Croydon Railway	12
3762	50	1	Severn and Wye	30
			Water Works.	
3800	100	—	East London	58 10
4500	50	1 5	Grand Junction	40
2000	100	—	Kent	24 10
1500	—	2 10	London Bridge	50
800	100	—	South London	20
7540	—	2	West Middlesex	42 10
1360	100	—	York Buildings	22 10
			Fire and Life Insurance.	
2000	500	2 10	Albion	40
25,000	50	6	Atlas	4 12 6
—	—	40	Bath	575
300	1000	25	Birmingham	350
—	250	3	British	50
4000	100	2 10	County	37
20,000	50	5	Eagle	2 12 6
50,000	20	1	European	20
1,000,000*l.*	100	6	Globe	116 10
40,000	50	6	Hope	3 10
2400	500	4 10	Imperial	74
3900	25	1 4	London Fire	23
31,000	25	1	London Ship	19
100,000	20	2	Rock	2
745,100*l.*	—	10	Royal Exchange	229
1500	200	1 4	Union	32 10
			Gas Lights.	
8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	60
4000	50	—	Do. New Shares, 20*l.* paid	28 10
1000	100	7	City Gas Light Company 70*l.* paid	90
1000	100	3	Do. New, 30*l.* paid	40
2500	20	—	Bath Gas, 16*l.* paid	17
1500	20	—	Brighton Gas, 18*l.* paid	14
1000	20	2	Bristol	28
			Literary Institutions.	
1000	75gs	—	London	40
700	25gs	—	Russel	11 11
700	30gs	—	Surrey	8 10
			Miscellaneous.	
1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart	21
1397	100	2 10	British Copper Company	50
2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery, 80*l.* Shares	8 10
3447	50	—	Do. 50*l.* do.	5 10
2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	18
		4	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	71 10
		3	Do. 2d. Class	61 10
		5	City Bonds, 5 per Cent	98

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th June to 26th July.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	5 p. Scrip.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Exchequ. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
June															
26	—	68½ ⅝	Shut	76⅞	86⅛	104⅝	1⅛	17⅞	—	—	—	16	—	p	70
27	—	68⅝ ¾	—	77	86⅛	104⅝	1⅛	—	—	⅛p	—	18	—	p	70⅛
28	—	68⅝ ⅞	—	77	86	104⅝	1⅛	17⅞	67¼	¼p	—	19	—	2p	70⅛
29	*Hol.*														
30	219½	68⅝ ⅞	—	77⅛	86⅛	104⅝	1⅛	17 13/16	—	¼p	—	23	—	3p	70¼
July															
1	—	68¾ ⅞	—	77⅛	86⅛	104⅝	1⅜	17⅞	—	¼p	—	26	—	5p	70¼
3	—	69⅛ 8⅞	—	77⅛	86¼	104¾	1¼	17 15/16	67¾	¼p	—	26	—	6p	70⅜
4	—	68⅞ 9⅛	—	77⅛	86¼	104¾	1¼	17 15/16	—	¼p	—	22	—	6p	70⅜
5	220	69⅛ 9	—	77⅛	86⅜	104¼	1⅜	17 15/16	67½	¼p	—	24	—	5p	70¼
6	221	69⅛ 69	68⅝ ⅜	77¼	86⅜	102⅛	1⅜	17 15/16	—	¼p	214¾	25	—	7p	70¼
7	—	69⅛ ¼	68¾ ⅝	77⅜	86⅜	102⅛	1½	17 15/16	68	¼p	—	24	—	6p	70¼
8	222½	69⅜ ⅛	68⅝ ¾	—	86¾	102⅜	1⅝	18	—	—	—	27	—	9p	70⅜
10	222	69⅛ ⅜	68⅝ ¾	77⅝	87	102½	2	18	—	¼p	—	27	—	8p	70½
11	222	69¼ ½	68⅞ ⅝	77¾	87	102⅞	2⅛	18 1/16	—	½p	—	25	—	5p	70⅜
12	223	69¼ ⅜	68¾ ⅝	77⅝	87	102⅝	2	18 1/16	68¼	⅜p	216¾	23	—	5p	70¼
13	223	69¼ 9	68⅝ ⅜	77½	86¾	102⅝	1⅞	18	—	⅛p	216¼	22	75½	5p	70⅛
14	222½	69¼ ⅛	68⅝ ½	77½	87	102⅝	2	18	68⅛	—	—	20	—	5p	70⅛
15	223	69⅛ ¼	68½ ⅝	77½	87⅛	102⅝	2	18	—	⅛p	—	—	—	6p	70⅛
17	—	69⅛ ¼	68½ ⅝	—	87¼	102⅝	2	18 1/16	68	—	216¾	20	—	5p	70⅛
18	—	69⅛ ⅜	68½ ⅞	77½	87⅜	102¾	2	18 1/16	68¼	¼p	—	20	—	5p	69¼
19	224	68⅜ ½	68¾ 9	77¾	87⅝	103	2½	18⅛	68¼	½p	—	21	75¾	5p	69⅜
20	224¾	69⅜ ⅜	69 8⅞	78	87⅞	103½	2⅝	18⅛	—	½p	217½	21	—	6p	69⅜
21	224½	69⅜ ½	68¾ 9	77¾	87⅞	103½	2⅝	18⅛	—	⅜p	217¾	22	—	6p	69¼
22	—	69½ ¾	68⅞ 9	77⅞	87¼	103⅝	—	18⅛	—	⅝p	—	22	—	6p	69⅜
24	—	69⅜ ½	69 8⅞	—	88	103⅝	2⅞	18 3/16	68½	½p	—	22	—	6p	69¾
25	*Hol.*														
26	225	69¾ ½	68⅞ 9⅛	78	88¼	104	2⅞	18 3/16	68½	½p	—	22	76⅝	5p	69⅜

IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Shares	Government Debenture 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Debenture 4 per ct.	Government Debenture 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock, 4 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Royal Canal Stock, 6 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water Debentures.
June											
24	—	76⅝	74⅝	—	102	101⅞	—	—	—	87	—
29	—	76¾	74⅜	—	102⅛	101¾	—	—	—	—	—
30	208	—	74¾	—	101⅞	101⅝	—	—	—	—	—
July											
3	—	76¾	74⅞	—	101⅞	101⅜	—	—	—	—	—
6	209	77	75⅛	—	102¼	102	—	—	—	86¾	—
7	209½	76⅝	75⅜	—	102	101⅞	—	—	—	—	—
8	209½	76⅝	75⅜	—	102¼	102	—	—	—	86½	—
13	—	76¼	80½	—	102⅜	102¼	—	39½	—	—	—
14	—	76⅝	80½	—	102⅜	102¼	—	—	—	—	—
15	—	76½	75⅛	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	—	—

Prices of the **FRENCH FUNDS,** *From June 24, to July 22.*

1820	5 per Cent. consols		Bank Shares.	
June	fr.	cr.	fr.	c.
24	76	60	1575	—
27	76	70	1545	—
30	77	10	1545	—
July				
3	78	15	1557	50
8	79	25	1580	—
11	79	20	1395	—
15	79	78	1367	50
18	78	80	1372	50
22	78	90	1382	50

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON. June 27	30	July 7	11	14	18	21	25	NEW YORK. June 11	21
7 per cent	105½	105½	—	—	—	—	—	106	109	109
Bank Shares	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22·10	99½	par.
Louisiana	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.
Old 6 per cent	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.
New 6 per cent	105	105	103½	104	104	104	104	104	107	107
3 per cent	67	67	67	68	68	68	68	68	70	70

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.———SHAKSPEARE.

LION'S HEAD presents compliments to Fighting Dog's Biographer: flatters itself that it knows what is due to both parties in the dispute (see pp. 268, present Number)—a good Contributor on one side, and an Oracular Letter-Box on the other. Indeed L. H. feels, very sensibly, the handsome manner in which F. D. B. has contrived to acknowledge his error, in appearing to maintain himself to be in the right. His objecting to Mr. Edgeworth, that, in writing his *own* Memoirs, he sometimes alludes to *himself*, is perhaps as elegant an artifice of this nature as has ever been practised: the contempt expressed for Shakspeare's cutting and convincing proverb, too, is of the same obliging nature; and his justification of the author, who is in the habit of courting subjects that have been already wooed and won by others, on the ground that different men marry different women, and are rather anxious than otherwise, to select untouched beauties, is an ingenious and neat manner of expressing self-condemnation, which leaves Lion's Head suffused with a blush of grateful acknowledgement.

A suspicion is intimated by a correspondent, that the Lion's Head sometimes *fabricates*; and the paragraph (see last Number) on the advocate of Debating Clubs, is given as an instance. This is a great mistake, however: the Lion's Head does not belong to the *manufacturing* classes—nor would it put its penny into Cobbett's empty subscription box if it did. If our correspondent has any desire to peruse the Essay itself, from which we extracted one or two excellent morsels, it is very much at his service—not having been reclaimed by its ingenious author. Talking of rejected communications to our Correspondent, puts us in mind to acknowledge the receipt of his own.

E. W. has really contrived to puzzle the Lion's Head.

The Judgment Day has fancy—but is not correct enough for publication.

Tim Alias shall be read with attention, after the bustle of publication day is over.

We recognize in the verses on *the Temple of Diana* a good deal of the power of a young poet: but there are too many merely expletive lines, and

fillings-up of the measure at the expense of the meaning. We shall quote an example.

At that dark *moment*, and portentous *time:*

The sense rests in the middle of the line: the five last syllables are entirely expletive.

A correspondent wishes us to notice kindly a fresh thing by Mr. Charles Phillips—we beg his pardon,—*Charles Phillips, Esq.* Barrister at Law; who, we are happy to see, has got into Mr. Hone's hands, with the House that Jack Built, and the Queen's Ladder. *The Queen's Case stated,* is a companion to his late speech in favour of the *Bible,* delivered at a meeting of the London Bible Society. The speech before that, we believe, was in praise of *Buonaparte;* and, just about the same time, we saw a paragraph in praise of himself, written by himself, stating that a young lady had fallen in love with him at sight, and that he had fought a duel and married her. We have little more to say of Mr. Phillips's pamphlet than that it is dated from Sligo, and dedicated to Anna Boleyn! He affirms of the Queen's eye, that it never opened but on scenes "of Careless, Crimeless, Cloudless infancy;" and that "she knew that Chivalry and Courage Co-existed." At the same time, he confesses, "her footsteps were Obliterated by an Obsequeous nobility." His late Majesty, Mr. Phillips assures us, would have "warned Milan Pandars that a Prying, Pettifogging, Purchased inquisition on the Privacy of a royal Princess, was not in the spirit of the English character:" but, alas! "thirty-three thousand Pounds of the People's money Paid the Pedlar who Provided the articles, which should have Performed quarantine before vomiting Pestilence amongst us;"—"the People, the Peerage, the Prelacy should have sprung into unanimous Procession, should have borne her to the Palace gate, and demanded why their Queen Presented to their eye so gross an anomaly?" "Who could have thought that in those Distant climes, where her Distracted brain had sought oblivion, the Demoniac malice of her enemies would have followed?" Mr. Phillips concludes by assuring his King and his Kindred, that he "has been accustomed all his life to speak the *simple truth!*" and every one will allow that the truth of Mr. Phillips's disposition is just as apparent as the simplicity of his manner. We Profess our Pride that there is a Phillips to Promulgate,—as a Perspicuous Political Peripatetic,—Principles to Princes, and Purity to Parliament; lauding Queens Querimoniously; and Brightening with Blarney, as a Barrister, the Brilliancy of a Blasphemed Bible, and a Banished, Broken-hearted, and Betrayed Buonaparte! Bravo!

The Lion's Head acknowledges the receipt of the friendly letter of R. H. Will our correspondent excuse the non-appearance of the extracts from Maturin's Sermons? They have been put into another magazine very lately; and, to say the truth, we like them less the oftener we look at them. The style is really about as bad a one as can be conceived:—that of Mr. Phillips, noticed above, is, to be sure, *worse*—but then his style is *inconceiveable* altogether. Mr. Maturin has fancy and sensibility; but why exercise them in

the *neck-or-nothing* way he does? We mean soon to give an article on Mr. Maturin's novels. R. H. may be assured that *Virginius* is a much better play than *Bertram:* We stake our *Head* on this.—For our correspondent's hints as to the superabundance of our Chronicle, we thank him; but we must really caution our readers, generally, against the too common total oversight of their neighbours' tastes and convenience, in considering their own. We *know* (and we have the best means of knowing) that pretty full lists of the nature of those given at the conclusion of magazines, are much sought after, and highly useful, to a large proportion of the usual readers of such works:—we know also that there are many to whom such lists offer nothing attractive; but ought not the latter class to be contented with *six sheets* for their half-crowns? It is not often that there is a less proportion of each number than this devoted to them. Looking to our last, we find *eighteen* pages given to the Chronicle—two of which are occupied by Public Documents. In the latest number of our contemporary, referred to by R. H., there are *fourteen* pages similarly employed—exclusively of Public Papers. Our plan in regard to this department, however, certainly includes fuller insertions than that of the publication just alluded to: and we have decided upon that plan after a mature consideration of all the circumstances originating in the place of our publication, and the particular objects we have in view.

We are offered "Extracts from a Londoner's Day-Book,"—to be continued *ad infinitum*—that is to say, till the London Magazine is no more. The Londoner we hear is accustomed to keep a debit and credit account for most of the publications of the day, the newspapers, reviews, &c.; so that in the extracts promised, we are likely to find many of those smaller productions noticed which have hitherto almost escaped our attention altogether. The Londoner, also, (as we are informed) goes sometimes to the exhibitions; is to be seen about the booksellers' shops; occasionally comes up from Blackheath on the box of the newly-regulated stages—which now keep time as if their wheels were like those of chronometers. We have been warned that there is not much pleasantry about him; but some shrewdness, and a good deal of power of observation:—We have therefore accepted the offered communications—and hope they will turn out well, for the sake of all parties.

THE

London Magazine.

N° IX. SEPTEMBER, 1820. Vol. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

OLD STORIES.

No. I.

THE LYING SERVANT.

There lived in Suabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise; to whose lot it fell to have a serving man, a great rogue, and above all much addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are no where to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eyes never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock,—for he dreamt falsehoods in his sleep to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the varlet's mouth, so that he was often caught,—hung as it were in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless he persisted still the more in his lies; and when any one said, "how can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the devil have his soul, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household; quick and handy: therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily he was a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox: —look! exclaimed the master of the knave,—look, what a huge beast! never before have I seen a reynard so large!—Doth this beast surprize thee by its hugeness? replyeth straight the serving-groom, casting his eye slightingly on the animal as he fled for fear away into the cover of the brakes: by *stone and bone* I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are big as are the *bulls* in this! Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart,—in that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!

And so they rode on; the lord in silence; but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax

more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction, or cause of sorrow had happened. Alas! replied the wily master, I trust in heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not: for assuredly he that hath so done must this day perish. The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word, or syllable, of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

Hear, then, dear knave, answered the lord to the earnestness of his servant—since thou must needs know, hearken! and God grant that no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy-rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep. To it hath heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river:—Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long.

Then the knave thought,—long indeed must the journey be for some who are now here: and, as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him--who now went gaily on: nor ceased he to cry, Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble, and faulteringly he asked, is this now the river where harmless liars must perish? This! ah no, replied the lord: this is but a brook—no liar need tremble here. Yet was the knave not wholly assured; and, stammering, he said—my gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge: that of which he spake was verily not so large as is an ox; but, *stone and bone*, as big as is a good-sized *roe!*

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, what of this fox concerneth me? If large or small I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!

Long indeed, still thought the serving-groom; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud—another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore? No, replied the lord, not of this: and more he said not: yet marked he, with inward gladness, his servant's fear.–Because, in good truth, rejoined the knave,—it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not larger than a *calf!* Large or small, let me not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth not me at all!

As they quitted the woody country, they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains; and on it was a boat. This, then, is the doom of liars, said the knave; and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. Be informed, my good lord, that reynard was not larger than a fat *wedder sheep!* The lord seemed angry, and answered, this is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this cursed fox! Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go. *Stone and bone*, said the knave to himself, the end of my journey approacheth!

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And, as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master, if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water? Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern, so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord:—but the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep,

and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. Alas, alas, cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. Ah miserable me! this then is the river in which liars must perish! Even so, said the lord: this is the stream of which I spake: but the ford is sound and good for true men: Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go.

My life is dear to me, said the trembling serving-man; and thou knowest that were it lost my *wife* would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare, that the fox, which I saw in the distant country, was not larger *than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!*

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, Ho, knave! wast thou afraid of thy life, and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other; nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed. But who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulph of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven's grace. And, as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave, by *stone and bone*, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words—and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant, and the merry lord, by which let the reader profit.

THE CASTLE-GOBLIN, OR THE TOWER OF NEUFTCHABERG.

Two lovers, a youth and a maiden, once lived on the banks of the Rhine, where it winds between lofty rocks, and is overhung with gloomy forests. The passage-barks go furiously with the stream of the river in this part; and the helmsman used to return thanks to the Virgin when he saw behind him the old Single Tower of Neuftchaberg. From this ruin, standing upright and alone, like a pine-tree, the owl still sent a long and loud cry, when the shadow of night fell heavily from the lofty bank over the boiling current of the profound water.

Once, only once, dear life of my soul, do I desire to have thee to myself, without fear of spies; that fancy may be left free to the delight which thy presence would ever bring, did not the evil eye of jealous suspicion watch me, as for the secret robber of the fold.

She listened to his pleading breath, and tears filled her blue eyes. But the maiden spake not in reply, for her heart beat, and caused the words to die on her powerless tongue.

Look up, my love, look up! Behold the old Single Tower of Neuftchaberg: to it the helmsman looks as he guides the passage-bark. Hearken! the owl sends forth his long and loud cry, for the shadow of night falls heavily on the deep water. Am I dear to thee, thou beloved one? If so, meet me there, above, even where the owl cries, at the safe midnight hour: then the world shall be only to us.

The maiden shuddered; but, as she trembled, she came more close to the bosom of the youth. Thou art dear to me; and well thou knowest dear! but, alas, how shall I meet thee at midnight at the old Single Tower of Neuftchaberg! Doth not the cry of the foul bird already chill my blood? And shall I dare to meet the dull eyes of the Castle-Goblin, as they gleam with a grey light from the narrow window-holes of the silent ruin!

As she spake, the owl again shrieked loud and long: it seemed the hollo of the Castle-Goblin: the lovers started; and the helmsman, as the sound leaped through the water-caves, made the sign of the cross, and prayed earnestly to the Virgin. In a moment all was again still: nothing was heard but the motion of the boiling current.

Slowly rose the moon, with creeping edge, above the dim boundary of the night-sky. And, as she rose, a trembling light fell on the old Single Tower. Then its narrow window-holes appeared, and the clearing air shone beyond them. No Goblin-eyes gleamed as in horrid sockets: the bramble and the ivy hung over the rifted fragments, and the parted leaves of each were distinctly seen.

The maiden stood close to the youth, who soothingly inclined her cheek to his. The night-wind mingled with their breathings, and the rushing of the impetuous Rhine seemed less fierce in its noise. The cry of the owl had ceased.

And doth the beloved-one fear the Castle-Goblin, said the enamoured youth? Love hath no idle fears: it only dreadeth the jealous suspicion that causeth separation, and sad disappointment, and wan anxiety.

The maiden wept, but still her cheek rested on the youth's. Ah, more than the Castle-Goblin, I dread the demons that dwell in the heart. Let me not name them: thou wilt spare me the shame. Guard then thy fidelity, whilst thou preservest thy patience; and save thyself from remorse, and me, thy love, from guilt and dark disgrace!

And now the moon shone clear and full in the height of the heavenly arch. All the air was of a silvery blue: even the old Single Tower of Neuftchaberg was arrayed in a mild brightness. Its narrow window-holes seemed stripes of light, enlivening the gloom of its ruined walls. As the passage-bark glided swiftly below the rock, the sound of the anthem, sung by the helmsman to the divine Mother and Virgin, with hair of gold, rose above the rushing of the water. The lovers stood, silent and close together, in the beauty of the fair night. Scarcely were seen to move the heads of the wild field-flowers, as the gentle wind fleeted onward to the smiling distance.

But soon the lover prayed more fervently than before: Meet me at the safe hour of midnight, in the moss-grown court of the ruined tower! There the world shall be only to us; and the evil eye of suspicion shall be away!

Faltering accents moved on the tongue of the maiden, and she found her lips joined, with soft and lingering pressure, to the youth's. Passion was in their hearts.

The moon descended redly to the opposite verge of the fading heaven. Moaning, deep, and broken, commenced again the hooting of the bird of night. The breeze came chill, and with a swelling noise, from the forest on the hills behind: the voice of the river rose; and a melancholy shade fell over the old Single Tower of Neuftchaberg.

Where the lovers stood was now an empty space. They had disappeared. The wild field-flowers bent their heads to the ground, as the cutting wind glided swiftly by.

See! the moon now scarcely preserves her swarthy discoloured rim, above the far-distant limit of the night-sky. A vapour is gone forth, and the shadows are dense.

Whose is that form that ascends the rocky path-way towards the grey ruin? It is the maiden that climbs amongst the waving bushes, in the steep and narrow track. Her white dress flutters in the air; her steps slide; she pauses as if she would return. Midnight is near. She advances again: and now she is lost in the shade of the old tower.

Hark! in one loud, continuous, shrill cry, the owl is heard: the sound lengthens as it speeds; the boatmen listen aghast. The figure of the maiden passes by a chasm in the grey wall. The moon drops into the abyss, and all is dark.

But the youth hath met his beloved one, and tears of joy and gratitude run down his flushed cheeks. His arms entwine her waist: they are in the court-yard of the tower. Their eyes are full of love: their souls are as their eyes. Broken battlements rise over them; riven arches, fragments of fallen strength are about. Drearily gleam the narrow window-holes in the darkness; and the waving thistle rustles, as if to alarm.

They are seated on the soft moss that springs from the ancient stones. High beats the heart of the youth, for here suspicion does not watch: but the maiden trembles: her hands are cold: she is weak, and timid, and mutters as a sick child.

A clammy horror creeps over her

senses as she regards the blackness of a low door-way full before her face. It once led to the pit of tears, the deep dungeon of the ancient tower. But the youth's quick kisses have not fallen in vain on her lips: his heart beats against hers: time and place vanish from her perception: in her inward soul move the yearnings of delirious love.

In vain rushes through the ruin the power of the storm: in vain howl the gusts of the up-risen tempest through the desolate place. The owl shrieks against the wind, in vain. The angel of female shame is about to fly--when, lo, a burst of rain and thunder! The heavy bird gives a last cry, and strikes, with flapping wing, affrighted from his dark roost! A dead silence then prevails, and, from the church-steeple in the valley, is heard the iron-blow of the midnight hammer.

What rises from the black mouth of the tearful dungeon? The eyes of the lovers are fixed, as by a spiritual power. Is it fog? Is it cloud? Is it a human shape? Is it light contending with the darkness? A Spectral-woman comes forth; she advances towards the maiden and the youth; an infant lies at her breast, half covered by a stained shroud.

They are saved by the doleful vision! Eternal Father, now is the doom accomplished: now is the long-past crime atoned for, uttered the pale lips of the Spectral-woman.—The decree is fulfilled; for two souls are this night rescued from the guilt into which my earthly life had fallen!

The maiden sunk her head: the lover regarded her with a look of holy but troubled affection. Slowly the Spectral woman raised in her arms the shroud-wrapped child. Mercy, mercy! was chaunted in the air above: sweet sounds of harps were heard: the ghostly figures vanished in a flood of morning splendour. Soon all had disappeared; and in a calm, but dark night, the guiltless lovers descended to the Rhine from the old Single Tower of Neuftchaberg.

THE CHARACTER OF POPE.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Mr. Bowles has to apologize to the Editors of the London Magazine, for troubling them on the subject of the letter, relative to himself, which appeared in their last number; and he would request them to publish this note, in their next.

Passing by any expressions in that letter, which Mr. Bowles thinks he does *not deserve*, he begs solemnly to say, that, when he justified Pope, he did it *gladly*, and in the sincerity of his heart. He begs to say, moreover, that if Mr. Gilchrist, or any other writer, shall prove that Pope's artifice and disingenuousness, were not such as they appeared to be to Mr. Bowles when he wrote, with regard to the publication of his letters, or the quarrel with Addison, no one will MORE sincerely REJOICE than himself. And he will not only think it a justice due to the memory of a great poet, PUBLICLY TO DECLARE this, but to acknowledge that the thanks of every friend to literature will be due to Mr. Gilchrist.

Bremhill, August 9, 1820.

TABLE-TALK.

No. III.

ON THE CONVERSATION OF AUTHORS.

An author is bound to write—well or ill, wisely or foolishly: it is his trade. But I do not see that he is bound to talk, any more than he is bound to dance, or ride, or fence better than other people. Reading, study, silence, thought, are a bad introduction to loquacity. It would be sooner learnt of chambermaids and tapsters. He understands the art and mystery of his own profession, which is book-making: what right has any one to expect or require more from him—to make a bow gracefully on entering or leaving a room, to make love charmingly, or to make a fortune at all? In all things there is a division of labour. A lord is no less amorous for writing ridiculous love-letters, nor a general less successful for wanting wit and honesty. Why then may not a poor author say nothing, and yet pass muster? Set him on the top of a stage-coach, he will make no figure; he is *mum-chance*, while the slang wit flies about as fast as the dust, with the crack of the whip and the clatter of the horses' heels: put him in a ring of boxers, he is a poor creature—

And of his port as meek as is a maid—

introduce him to a tea-party of milliner's girls, and they are ready to split their sides with laughing at him: over his bottle, he is dry: in the drawing-room rude or shy: he is too refined for the vulgar, too clownish for the fashionable:—"he is one that cannot make a good leg, one that cannot eat a mess of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling, one that cannot salute a woman, and look on her directly;"—in courts, in camps, in town and country, he is a cypher or a butt: he is good for nothing but a laughing-stock or a scare-crow. You can scarcely get a word out of him for love or money. He knows nothing. He has no notion of pleasure or business, or of what is going on in the world; he does not understand cookery (unless he is a doctor in divinity) nor surgery, nor chemistry (unless he is a *quidnunc*) nor mechanics, nor husbandry and tillage (unless he is as great an admirer of Tull's Husbandry, and has profited as much by it as the philosopher of Botley)—no, nor music, painting, the Drama, nor the Fine Arts in general.

"What the deuce is it then, my good sir, that he does understand, or know any thing about?"

"Books, Venus, books!"

"What books?"—"Not receipt-books, Madonna, nor account-books, nor books of pharmacy, or the veterinary art (they belong to their respective callings and handicrafts) but books of liberal taste and general knowledge."—"What do you mean by that general knowledge which implies not a knowledge of things in general, but an ignorance (by your own account) of every one in particular; or by that liberal taste which scorns the pursuits and acquirements of the rest of the world in succession, and is confined exclusively, and by way of excellence, to what nobody takes an interest in but yourself, and a few idlers like yourself? Is this what the critics mean by the *belles-lettres*, and the study of humanity?"

Book-knowledge, in a word, then, is knowledge *communicable* by books; and it is general and liberal for this reason, that it is intelligible and interesting on the bare suggestion. That to which any one feels a romantic attachment, merely from finding it in a book, must be interesting in itself: that which he instantly forms a lively and entire conception of, from seeing a few marks and scratches upon paper, must be taken from common nature: that which, the first time you meet with it, seizes upon the attention as a curious speculation, must exercise the general faculties of the human mind. There are certain broader aspects of society and views of things common to every subject, and more or less cognisable to every mind; and these the scholar treats and founds his claim to general attention upon, without being charge-

able with pedantry. The minute descriptions of fishing-tackle, of baits and flies in Walton's Complete Angler, make it a great favourite with sportsmen: the alloy of an amiable humanity, and the modest but touching descriptions of familiar incidents and rural objects, scattered through it, have made it an equal favourite with every reader of taste and feeling. Montaigne's Essays, Dilworth's Spelling-Book, and Fearn's Treatise on Contingent Remainders, are all equally books, but not equally adapted for all classes of readers. The two last are of no use but to school-masters and lawyers: but the first is a work we may recommend to any one to read who has ever thought at all, or who would learn to think justly on any subject. Persons of different trades and professions—the mechanic, the shop-keeper, the medical practitioner, the artist, &c. may all have great knowledge and ingenuity in their several vocations, the details of which will be very edifying to themselves, and just as incomprehensible to their neighbours: but over and above this professional and technical knowledge, they must be supposed to have a stock of common sense and common feeling to furnish subjects for common conversation, or to give them any pleasure in each other's company. It is to this common stock of ideas, spread over the surface, or striking its roots into the very centre of society, that the writer appeals, and not in vain; for he finds readers. It is of this finer essence of wisdom and humanity, "etherial mould, sky-tinctured," that books of the better sort are made. They contain the language of thought. It must happen that, in the course of time and the variety of human capacity, some persons must have struck out finer observations, reflections, and sentiments than others. These they have committed to books of memory, have bequeathed as a lasting legacy to posterity; and such persons have become standard authors. We visit at the shrine, drink in some measure of the inspiration, and cannot easily "breathe in other air less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits." Are we to be blamed for this, because the vulgar and illiterate do not always understand us? The fault is rather in them, who are "confined and cabin'd in," each in their own particular sphere and compartment of ideas, and have not the same refined medium of communication or abstracted topics of discourse. Bring a number of literary, or of illiterate persons together, perfect strangers to each other, and see which party will make the best company. "Verily, we have our reward." We have made our election, and have no reason to repent it, if we were wise. But the misfortune is, we wish to have all the advantages on one side. We grudge, and cannot reconcile it to ourselves, that any one "should go about to cozen fortune, without the stamp of learning!" We think, "because we are *scholars*, there shall be no more cakes and ale!" We don't know how to account for it, that barmaids should gossip, or ladies whisper, or bullies roar, or fools laugh, or knaves thrive, without having gone through the same course of select study that we have! This vanity is preposterous, and carries its own punishment with it. Books are a world in themselves, it is true; but they are not the only world. The world itself is a volume larger than all the libraries in it. Learning is a sacred deposit from the experience of ages; but it has not put all future experience on the shelf, or debarred the common herd of mankind of the use of their hands, tongues, eyes, ears, or understandings. Taste is a luxury for the privileged few: but it would be hard upon those who have not the same standard of refinement in their own minds that we suppose ourselves to have, if this should prevent them from having recourse, as usual, to their old frolics, coarse jokes, and horse-play, and getting through the wear and tear of the world, with such homely sayings and shrewd helps as they may. Happy is it, that the mass of mankind eat and drink, and sleep, and perform their several tasks, and do as they like without us—caring nothing for our scribblings, our carpings, and our quibbles; and moving on, in spite of our fine-spun distinctions, fantastic theories, and lines of demarcation, which are like the chalk-figures drawn on ball-room floors to be danced out before morning! In the field opposite the window where I write this, there is a country-girl

picking stones: in the one next it, there are several poor women weeding the blue and red flowers from the corn: farther on, are two boys, tending a flock of sheep. What do they know or care about what I am writing about them, or ever will—or what would they be the better for it, if they did? Or why need we despise—

——— the wretched slave,
Who like a lackey, from the rise to the set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave?

Is not this life as sweet as writing Ephemerides? But we put that which flutters the brain idly for a moment, and then is heard no more, in competition with nature, which exists every where, and lasts always. We not only under-rate the force of nature, and make too much of art,—but we also over-rate our own accomplishments and advantages derived from art. In the presence of clownish ignorance, or of persons without any great pretensions, real or affected, we are very much inclined to take upon ourselves, as the virtual representatives of science, art, and literature. We have a strong itch to shew off and do the honours of civilization for all the great men whose works we have ever read, and whose names our auditors have never heard of, as noblemen's lacqueys, in the absence of their masters, give themselves airs of superiority over every one else. But though we have read Congreve, a stage-coachman may be an over-match for us in wit: though we are deep-versed in the excellence of Shakspeare's colloquial style, a village beldam may outscold us: though we have read Machiavel in the original Italian, we may be easily outwitted by a clown: and though we have cried our eyes out over the New Eloise, a poor shepherd-lad, who hardly knows how to spell his own name, may "tell his tale, under the hawthorn in the dale," and prove a more thriving wooer. What then is the advantage we have over the meanest of the mean? Why this, that we have read Congreve, Shakspeare, Machiavel, the New Eloise;—not that we are to have their wit, genius, shrewdness, or melting tenderness. From speculative pursuits we must be satisfied with speculative benefits. From reading, too, we learn to write. If we have had the pleasure of studying the highest models of perfection in their kind, and can hope to leave any thing ourselves, however slight, to be looked upon as a model, or even a good copy in its way, we may think ourselves pretty well off, without engrossing all the privileges of learning, and all the blessings of ignorance into the bargain.

It has been made a question whether there have not been individuals in common life of greater talents and powers of mind than the most celebrated writers—whether for instance such or such a Liverpool merchant, or Manchester manufacturer, was not a more sensible man than Montaigne, of a longer reach of understanding than the Viscount of St. Alban's. There is no saying, unless some of these Illustrious Obscure had communicated their important discoveries to the world. But then they would have been authors!—On the other hand, there is a set of critics who fall into the contrary error; and suppose that unless the proof of capacity is laid before all the world, the capacity itself cannot exist; looking upon all those who have not commenced authors, as literally "stocks and stones, and worse than senseless things." I remember trying to convince a person of this class, that a young lady, whom he knew something of, the niece of a celebrated authoress, had just the same sort of fine *tact* and ironical turn in conversation, that her aunt had shewn in her writings when young. The only answer I could get was an incredulous smile, and the observation that when she wrote any thing as good as ———, or ———, he might think her as clever. I said all I meant was, that she had the same family-talents, and asked whether he thought that if Miss ——— had not been very clever, as a mere girl, before she wrote her novels, she would ever have written them? It was all in vain. He still stuck to his text, and was convinced that the niece was a little fool compared to her aunt at the same age; and if he had known the aunt formerly, he would have had just the same opinion of *her*. My friend was one of those who have

a settled persuasion that it is the book that makes the author, and not the author the book. That's a strange opinion for so great a philosopher to hold. But he wilfully shuts his eyes to the germs and indistinct workings of genius, and treats them with supercilious indifference, till they stare him in the face through the press; and then takes cognisance only of the overt acts and published evidence. This is neither a proof of wisdom, nor the way to be wise. It is partly pedantry and prejudice, and partly feebleness of judgment and want of magnanimity. He dare as little commit himself on the character of books, as of individuals, till they are stamped by the public. If you shew him any work for his approbation, he asks, "Whose is the superscription?"—He judges of genius by its shadow, reputation—of the metal by the coin. He is just the reverse of another person whom I know—for, as G—— never allows a particle of merit to any one till it is acknowledged by the whole world, C—— withholds his tribute of applause from every person, in whom any mortal but himself can descry the least glimpse of understanding. He would be thought to look farther into a millstone than any body else. He would have others see with his eyes, and take their opinions from him on trust, in spite of their senses. The more obscure and defective the indications of merit, the greater his sagacity and candour in being the first to point them out. He looks upon what he nick-names *a man of genius*, but as the breath of his nostrils, and the clay in the potter's hands. If any such inert, unconscious mass, under the fostering care of the modern Prometheus, is kindled into life,—begins to see, speak, and move, so as to attract the notice of other people,—our jealous patroniser of latent worth in that case throws aside, scorns, and hates his own handy-work; and deserts his intellectual offspring from the moment they can go alone and shift for themselves. —But to pass on to our more immediate subject.

The conversation of authors is not so good as might be imagined: but, such as it is (and with rare exceptions) it is better than any other. The proof of which is, that, when you are used to it, you cannot put up with any other. That of mixed company becomes utterly intolerable—you cannot sit out a common tea and card party, at least if they pretend to talk at all. You are obliged in despair to cut all your old acquaintance who are not *au fait* on the prevailing and most smartly contested topics, who are not up to the high gusto of criticism and *virtù*. You cannot bear to hear a friend whom you have not seen for many years, tell at how much a yard he sells his laces and tapes, when he means to move into his next house, when he heard last from his relations in the country, whether trade is alive or dead, or whether Mr. Such-a-one gets to look old. This sort of neighbourly gossip will not go down after the high-raised tone of literary conversation. The last may be very absurd, very unsatisfactory, and full of turbulence and heart-burnings; but it has a zest in it which more ordinary topics of news or family-affairs do not supply. Neither will the conversation of what we understand by *gentlemen* and men of fashion, do after that of men of letters. It is flat, insipid, stale and unprofitable, in the comparison. They talk much about the same things, pictures, poetry, politics, plays; but they do it worse, and at a sort of vapid second-hand. They in fact, talk out of newspapers and magazines, what *we* write there. They do not feel the same interest in the subjects they affect to handle with an air of fashionable condescension, nor have they the same knowledge of them, if they were ever so much in earnest in displaying it. If it were not for the wine and the desert, no author in his senses would accept an invitation to a well-dressed dinner-party, except out of pure good-nature and unwillingness to disoblige by his refusal. Persons in high life talk almost entirely by rote. There are certain established modes of address, and certain answers to them expected as a matter of course, as a point of etiquette. The studied forms of politeness do not give the greatest possible scope to an exuberance of wit or reason. The fear of giving offence destroys sincerity, and without sincerity there can be no true enjoyment of society, nor unfettered exertion of intellectual activity. Those who have been accustomed to live with the great are hardly considered as conversible

persons in literary society. They are not to be talked with, any more than puppets or echos. They have no opinions but what will please; and you naturally turn away, as a waste of time and words, from attending to a person who just before assented to what you said, and whom you find, the moment after, from something that unexpectedly or perhaps by design drops from him, to be of a totally different way of thinking. This *bush-fighting* is not regarded as fair play among scientific men. As fashionable conversation is a sacrifice to politeness, so the conversation of low life is nothing but rudeness. They contradict you without giving a reason, or if they do, it is a very bad one—swear, talk loud, repeat the same thing fifty times over, get to calling names, and from words, proceed to blows. You cannot make companions of servants or persons in an inferior station in life. You may talk to them on matters of business, and what they have to do for you (as lords talk to bruisers on subjects of *fancy*, or country-squires to their grooms on horse-racing) but out of that narrow sphere, to any general topic, you cannot get them; the conversation soon flags, and you go back to the old question, or are obliged to break up the sitting for want of ideas in common. The conversation of authors is better than that of most professions. It is better than that of lawyers, who talk nothing but *double entendre*—than that of physicians, who talk of the approaching deaths of the college, or the marriage of some new practitioner to some rich widow—than that of divines, who talk of the last place they dined at—than that of University-men, who make stale puns, repeat the refuse of the London newspapers, and affect an ignorance of Greek and mathematics—it is better than that of players, who talk of nothing but the Green-room, and rehearse the scholar, the wit, or the fine gentleman, like a part on the stage—or than that of ladies, who, whatever you talk of, think of nothing, and expect you to think of nothing, but themselves. It is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them: it is not quite fair to ask them a reason for what they say. You are afraid of pressing too hard upon them: but where you cannot differ openly and unreservedly, you cannot heartily agree. It is not so in France. There the women talk of things in general, and reason better than the men in this country. They are mistresses of the intellectual foils. They are adepts in all the topics. They know what is to be said for and against all sorts of questions, and are lively and full of mischief into the bargain. They are very subtle. They put you to your trumps immediately. Your logic is more in requisition even than your gallantry. You must argue as well as bow yourself into the good graces of these modern Amazons. What a situation for an Englishman to be placed in!*

The fault of literary conversation in general is its too great tenaciousness. It fastens upon a subject, and will not let it go. It resembles a battle rather than a skirmish, and makes a toil of a pleasure. Perhaps it does this from necessity, from a consciousness of wanting the more familiar graces, the power to sport and trifle with, to touch lightly and adorn agreeably, every view or turn of a question *en passant*, as it arises. Those who have a reputation to lose are too ambitious of shining, to please. "To excel in conversation," said an ingenious man, "one must not be always striving to say good things: to say one good thing, one must say many bad, and more indifferent ones." This desire to shine without the means at hand, often makes men silent:—The fear of being silent strikes us dumb. A writer who has been accustomed to take a connected view of a difficult question, and to work it out gradually in all its bearings, may be very deficient in that quickness and ease, which men of the world, who are in the habit of hearing a variety of opinions, who pick up an observation on one

* The topics of metaphysical argument having got into female society in France, is a proof how much they must have been discussed there generally, and how unfounded the charge is which we bring against them of excessive thoughtlessness and frivolity. The French (taken all together) are a more sensible, reflecting, and better informed people than the English.

subject, and another on another, and who care about none any farther than the passing away of an idle hour, usually acquire. An author has studied a particular point—he has read, he has inquired, he has thought a great deal upon it: he is not contented to take it up casually in common with others, to throw out a hint, to propose an objection: he will either remain silent, uneasy, and dissatisfied, or he will begin at the beginning and go through with it to the end. He is for taking the whole responsibility upon himself. He would be thought to understand the subject better than others, or indeed would shew that nobody else knows any thing about it. There are always three or four points on which the literary novice at his first outset in life fancies he can enlighten every company, and bear down all opposition: but he is cured of this Quixotic and pugnacious spirit, as he goes more into the world, where he finds that there are other opinions and other pretensions to be adjusted besides his own. When this asperity wears off, and a certain scholastic precocity is mellowed down, the conversation of men of letters becomes both interesting and instructive. Men of the world have no fixed principles, no groundwork of thought; mere scholars have too much an object, a theory always in view, to which they wrest every thing, and not unfrequently common sense itself. By mixing with society, they rub off their hardness of manner, and impracticable, offensive singularity, and retain a greater depth and coherence of understanding. There is more to be learnt from them than from their books. This was a remark of Rousseau's, and it is a very true one. In the confidence and unreserve of private intercourse, they are more at liberty to say what they think, to put the subject in different and opposite points of view, to illustrate it more briefly and pithily by familiar expressions, by an appeal to individual character and personal knowledge—to bring in the limitation, to obviate misconception, to state difficulties on their own side of the argument, and answer them as well as they can. This would hardly agree with the prudery, and somewhat ostentatious claims of authorship. Dr. Johnson's conversation in Boswell's Life is much better than his published works: and the fragments of the opinions of celebrated men, preserved in their letters or in anecdotes of them, are justly sought after as invaluable for the same reason. What a fund of sense there is in Grimm's Correspondence! We thus get at the essence of what is contained in their more laboured productions, without the affectation and formality.—Argument, again, is the death of conversation, if carried on in a spirit of hostility: but discussion is a pleasant and profitable thing, where you advance and defend your opinions as far as you can, and admit the truth of what is objected against them with equal impartiality; in short, where you do not pretend to set up for an oracle, but freely declare what you really know about any question, or suggest what has struck you as throwing a new light upon it, and let it pass for what it is worth. This tone of conversation was well described by Dr. Johnson, when he said of some party at which he was present the night before—"We had good talk, Sir!" As a general rule, there is no conversation worth any thing but between friends, or those who agree in the same leading views of a subject. Nothing was ever learnt by either side in a dispute. You contradict one another, will not allow a grain of sense in what your adversary advances, are blind to whatever makes against yourself, dare not look the question fairly in the face, so that you cannot avail yourself even of your real advantages, insist most on what you feel to be the weakest points of your argument, and get more and more absurd, dogmatical, and violent every moment. Disputes for victory generally end to the dissatisfaction of all parties; and the one recorded in Gil Blas breaks up just as it ought. I once knew a very ingenious man, who take him in the way of common chit-chat or fireside gossip, and no one could be more entertaining or rational. He would make an apt classical quotation, propose an explanation of a curious passage in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, detect a metaphysical error in Locke, would infer the volatility of the French character from the chapter in Sterne where the Count mistakes the feigned name of Yorick for a proof of his being the identical imaginary charac-

ter in Hamlet (*Et vous êtes Yorick!*) —thus confounding words with things twice over—but let a difference of opinion be once hitched in, and it was all over with him. His only object from that time was to shut out common sense, and to be proof against conviction. He would argue the most ridiculous point (such as that there were two original languages), for hours together, nay by the horologe. You would not suppose it was the same person. He was like an obstinate run-away horse, that takes the bit in his mouth, and becomes mischievous and unmanageable. He had made up his mind to one thing, not to admit a single particle of what any one else said for or against him. It was all the difference between a man drunk or sober, sane or mad. It is the same when he once gets the pen in his hand. He has been trying to prove a contradiction in terms for the ten last years of his life, *viz.* that the Bourbons have the same right to the throne of France that the Brunswick family have to the throne of England. Many people think there is a want of honesty or a want of understanding in this. There is neither. But he will persist in an argument to the last pinch; he will yield, in absurdity to no man!

This litigious humour is bad enough: but there is one character still worse, that of a person who goes into company, not to contradict, but to *talk at* you. This is the greatest nuisance in civilised society. Such a person does not come armed to defend himself at all points, but to unsettle, if he can, and throw a slur on all your favourite opinions. If he has a notion that any one in the room is fond of poetry, he immediately volunteers a contemptuous tirade against the idle jingle of verse. If he suspects you have a delight in pictures, he endeavours, not by fair argument, but by a side-wind, to put you out of conceit with so frivolous an art. If you have a taste for music, he does not think much good is to be done by this tickling of the ears. If you speak in praise of a comedy, he does not see the use of wit: if you say you have been to a tragedy, he shakes his head at this mockery of human misery, and thinks it ought to be prohibited. He tries to find out beforehand whatever it is that you take a particular pride or pleasure in, that he may annoy your self-love in the tenderest point, as if he were probing a wound, and make you dissatisfied with yourself and your pursuits for several days afterwards. A person might as well make a practice of throwing out scandalous aspersions against your dearest friends or nearest relations, by way of ingratiating himself into your favour. Such ill-timed impertinence is "villainous, and shews a pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

The soul of conversation is sympathy. Authors should converse chiefly with authors, and their talk should be of books. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." There is nothing so pedantic as pretending not to be pedantic. No man can get above his pursuit in life: it is getting above himself, which is impossible. There is a Free-masonry in all things. You can only speak to be understood, but this you cannot be, except by those who are in the secret. Hence an argument has been drawn to supersede the necessity of conversation altogether; for it has been said, that there is no use in talking to people of sense, who know all that you can tell them, nor to fools, who will not be instructed. There is, however, the least encouragement to proceed, when you are conscious that the more you really enter into a subject, the farther you will be from the comprehension of your hearers—and that the more proofs you give of any position, the more odd and out-of-the-way they will think your notions. C—— is the only person who can talk to all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, without caring a farthing for their understanding one word he says—and *he* talks only for admiration and to be listened to, and accordingly the least interruption puts him out. I firmly believe he would make just the same impression on half his audiences, if he purposely repeated absolute nonsense with the same voice and manner, and inexhaustible flow of undulating speech! In general, wit shines only by reflection. You must take your cue from your company—must rise as they rise, and sink as they fall. You must see that your good things, your knowing allusions, are not flung away, like the pearls in the adage. What a check it is to be asked a foolish question; to

find that the first principles are not understood! You are thrown on your back immediately, the conversation is stopped like a country-dance by those who do not know the figure. But when a set of adepts, of *illuminati*, get about a question, it is worth while to hear them talk. They may snarl and quarrel over it, like dogs; but they pick it bare to the bone, they masticate it thoroughly.

This was the case at L—'s formerly—where we used to have many lively skirmishes at their Thursday evening parties. I doubt whether the small-coal man's musical parties could exceed them. Oh! for the pen of John Buncle to consecrate a *petit souvenir* to their memory! There was L—— himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. He always made the best pun, and the best remark, in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half sentences, as he does. His jests scald like tears: and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hair-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters, while we discussed the haunch of mutton on the table! How we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we got into the heart of controversy! How we picked out the marrow of authors! "And, in our flowing cups, many a good name and true was freshly remembered." Recollect (most sage and critical reader) that in all this I was but a guest! Need I go over the names? They were but the old everlasting set—Milton and Shakspeare, Pope and Dryden, Steele and Addison, Swift and Gay, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, Richardson, Hogarth's prints, Claude's landscapes, the Cartoons at Hampton-court, and all those things, that, having once been, must ever be. The Scotch Novels had not then been heard of: so we said nothing about them. In general, we were hard upon the moderns. The author of the Rambler was only tolerated in Boswell's Life of him; and it was as much as any one could do to edge in a word for Junius. L—— could not bear Gil Blas. This was a fault. I remember the greatest triumph I ever had was persuading him after some years' difficulty, that Fielding was better than Smollet. On one occasion, he was for making out a list of persons famous in history that one would wish to see again—at the head of whom were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Brown, and Dr. Faustus—but we black-balled most of his list! But with what a gusto would he describe his favourite authors, Donne, or Sir Philip Sidney, and call their most crabbed passages *delicious!* He tried them on his palate as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them, like a roughness on the tongue. With what discrimination he hinted a defect in what he admired most—as in saying that the display of the sumptuous banquet in Paradise Regained was not in true keeping, as the simplest fare was all that was necessary to tempt the extremity of hunger—and stating that Adam and Eve in Paradise Lost were too much like married people. He has furnished many a text for C—— to preach upon. There was no fuss or cant about him: nor were his sweets or his sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation. I cannot say that the party at L——'s were all of one description. There were honorary members, lay-brothers. Wit and good fellowship was the motto inscribed over the door. When a stranger came in, it was not asked, "Has he written any thing?"—we were above that pedantry; but we waited to see what he could do. If he could take a hand at piquet, he was welcome to sit down. If a person liked any thing, if he took snuff heartily, it was sufficient. He would understand, by analogy, the pungency of other things, besides Irish blackguard, or Scotch rappee. A character was good anywhere, in a room or on paper. But we abhorred insipidity, affectation, and fine gentlemen. There was one of our party who never failed to mark "two for his Nob" at cribbage, and he was thought no mean person. This was Ned P——, and a better fellow in his way breathes not. There was ——, who asserted some incredible matter of fact as a likely paradox, and settled all controversies by an *ipse dixit*, a *fiat* of his will, hammering out many a hard theory on the anvil of his brain—the Baron Munchausen of politics and

practical philosophy:—there was Capt. ——, who had you at an advantage by never understanding you;—there was Jem White, the author of Falstaff's Letters, who the other day left this dull world to go in search of more kindred spirits, "turning like the latter end of a lover's lute:"—there was A——, who sometimes dropped in, the Will Honeycomb of our set—and Mrs. R——, who being of a quiet turn, loved to hear a noisy debate. An utterly uninformed person might have supposed this a scene of vulgar confusion and uproar. While the most critical question was pending, while the most difficult problem in philosophy was solving, P—— cried out two for his Nob, and M. B. muttered a quotation over the last remains of a veal-pye at a side-table. Once, and once only, the literary interest overcame the general. For C—— was riding the high German horse, and demonstrating the Categories of the Transcendental philosophy to the author of the Road to Ruin; who insisted on his knowledge of German, and German metaphysics, having read the *Critique of Pure Reason* in the original. "My dear Mr. Holcroft," said C——, in a tone of infinitely provoking conciliation, "you really put me in mind of a sweet pretty German girl, about fifteen, that I met with in the Hartz forest in Germany—and who one day, as I was reading the Limits of the Knowable and the Unknowable, the profoundest of all his works, with great attention, came behind my chair, and, leaning over said, What, *you* read Kant? Why, *I* that am a German born, don't understand him!" This was too much to bear, and Holcroft starting up, called out in no measured tone, "Mr. C——, you are the most eloquent man I ever met with, and the most troublesome with your eloquence!" P—— held the cribbage-peg that was to mark him game, suspended in his hand; and the whist table was silent for a moment. I saw Holcroft down stairs, and, on coming to the landing-place in Mitre-court, he stopped me to observe, that "he thought Mr. C—— a very clever man with a great command of language, but that he feared he did not always affix very precise ideas to the words he used." After he was gone, we had our laugh out, and went on with the argument on the nature of Reason, the Imagination, and the Will. I wish I could find a publisher for it: it would make a supplement to the *Biographia Literaria* in a volume and a half octavo.

Those days are over! An event, the name of which I wish never to mention, broke up our party, like a bomb-shell thrown into the room: and now we seldom meet—

Like angels' visits, short and far between.

There is no longer the same set of persons, nor of associations. L—— does not live where he did. By shifting his abode, his notions seem less fixed. He does not wear his old snuff-coloured coat and breeches. It looks like an alteration in his style. An author and a wit should have a separate costume, a particular cloth: he should present something positive and singular to the mind, like Mr. Douce of the Museum. Our faith in the religion of letters will not bear to be taken to pieces, and put together again by caprice or accident. H—— goes there sometimes. He has a fine vinous spirit about him, and tropical blood in his veins: but he is better at his own table. He has a great flow of pleasantry and delightful animal spirits: but his hits do not tell like L——'s; you cannot repeat them the next day. He requires, not only to be appreciated, but a select circle of admirers and devotees, to feel himself quite at home. He sits at the head of a party with great gaiety and grace; has an elegant manner and turn of features; is never at a loss—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—has continual sportive sallies of wit or fancy; tells a story capitally; mimics an actor, or an acquaintance to admiration; laughs with great glee and good humour at his own or other people's jokes; understands the point of an equivoque, or an observation immediately; has a taste and knowledge of books, of music, of medals; manages an argument adroitly; is genteel and gallant, and has a set of bye-phrases and quaint allusions always at hand to produce a laugh:—if he has a fault, it is that he does not listen so well as he speaks, is impatient of interruption, and is fond of being looked up to, without considering by whom. I believe, however, he has pretty well seen the folly of this. Neither is this ready display of per-

sonal accomplishment and variety of resources an advantage to his writings. They sometimes present a desultory and slip-shod appearance, owing to this very circumstance. The same things that tell, perhaps, best, to a private circle round the fireside, are not always intelligible to the public, nor does he take pains to make them so. He is too confident and secure of his audience. That which, with the assistance of a certain liveliness of manner, may be entertaining enough, may read very flat on paper, because it is abstracted from all the circumstances that set it off to advantage. A writer should recollect that he has only to trust to the immediate impression of words, like a musician who sings without the accompaniment of an instrument. There is nothing to help out, or slubber over, the defects of the voice in the one case, nor of the style in the other. The reader may, if he pleases, get a very good idea of Mr. H——'s conversation from a very agreeable paper he has lately published, called the *Indicator*, than which nothing can be more happily conceived or executed.

The art of conversation is the art of hearing as well as of being heard. Authors in general are not good listeners. Some of the best talkers are, on this account, the worst company; and some who are very indifferent, but very great talkers, are as bad. It is sometimes wonderful to see how a person, who has been entertaining or tiring a company by the hour together, drops his countenance as if he had been shot, or had got a sudden lock-jaw, the moment any one interposes a single observation.* The best converser I know, is, however, the best listener. I mean Mr. N——, the painter. Painters by their profession are not bound to shine in conversation, and they shine the more. He pricks up his ears to an observation, as if you had brought him a piece of news, and enters into it with the same avidity and earnestness, as if it interested himself personally. If he repeats an old remark or story, it is with the same freshness and point as for the first time. It always arises out of the occasion, and has the stamp of originality. There is no parrotting of himself. His look is a continual, ever-varying history-piece of what passes in his mind. His face is as a book. There need no marks of interjection or interrogation to what he says. His conversation is quite picturesque. There is an excess of character and *naiveté* that never tires. His thoughts bubble up and sparkle like beads on old wine. The fund of anecdote, the collection of curious particulars, is enough to set up any common retailer of jests that dines out every day; but these are not strung together like a row of galley-slaves, but are always introduced to illustrate some argument or bring out some fine distinction of character. The mixture of spleen adds to the sharpness of the point, like poisoned arrows. Mr. N—— enlarges with enthusiasm on the old painters, and tells good things of the new. The only thing he ever vexed me in was his liking the *Catalogue Raisonnée*. I had almost as soon hear him talk of Titian's pictures (which he does with tears in his eyes, and looking just like them) as see the originals, and I had rather hear him talk of Sir Joshua's than see them. He is the last of that school who knew Goldsmith and Johnson. How finely he describes Pope! His elegance of mind, his figure, his character were not much unlike his own. He does not resemble a modern Englishman, but puts one in mind of a Roman Cardinal or Spanish Inquisitor. I never ate or

* Of all persons spouters at Debating Societies are the most intolerable and troublesome as acquaintance. They have a constant desire to hear themselves talk, and never know what any one else wishes to hear. They talk incessantly, and say nothing. They are loud, offensive, and common-place. They try to get the ear of the company, as they get the ear of the Chair, which, having got, they will not let go. They bait some unpretending individual (as if it was a case-hardened antagonist) with gross and vapid assurance, and turn a drawing-room into a bear-garden. They have all the prolixity and unwieldiness of authorship, without any of the solidity, and have all the ambition of orators to shine, without the ability, the excuse, or the inclination on the part of others to attend to them. I know one of this class in particular who has no more business in any party of ladies and gentlemen, with his splay-foot manners and long train of awkward speeches, than the Dragon of Wantley.

drank with Mr. N———; but I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember,—and when I leave it, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more etherial than I have at any other time.—One of his *tete-a-tetes* would at any time make an Essay; but he cannot write himself, because he loses himself in the connecting passages, is fearful of the effect, and wants the habit of bringing his ideas into one focus or point of view. A *lens* is necessary to collect the diverging rays, the refracted and broken angular lights of conversation on paper. Contradiction is half the battle in talking—the being startled by what others say, and having to answer on the spot. You have to defend yourself, paragraph by paragraph, parenthesis within parenthesis. Perhaps it might be supposed that a person who excels in conversation and cannot write, would succeed better in dialogue. But the stimulus, the immediate irritation, would be wanting; and the work would read flatter than ever, from not having the very thing it pretended to have.

Lively sallies and connected discourse are very different things. There are many persons of that impatient and restless turn of mind, that they cannot wait a moment for a conclusion, or follow up the thread of any argument. In the hurry of conversation their ideas are somehow huddled into sense, but in the intervals of thought, leave a great gap between. Montesquieu said, he often lost an idea before he could find words for it: yet he dictated, by way of saving time, to an amanuensis. This is in my opinion a vile method, and a solecism in authorship. Horne Tooke, among other paradoxes, used to maintain, that no one could write a good style who was not in the habit of talking and hearing the sound of his own voice. He might as well have said that no one could relish a good style without reading it out, as we find common people do to assist their apprehension. But there is a method of trying periods on the ear, or weighing them with the scales of the breath, without any articulate sound. Authors, as they write, may be said to "hear a sound so fine, there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." Even musicians generally compose in their heads. I agree that no style is good that is not fit to be spoken or read aloud with effect. This holds true not only of emphasis and cadence, but also with regard to natural idiom and colloquial freedom. Sterne's was in this respect the best style that ever was written. You fancy that you hear the people talking. For a contrary reason, no college-man writes a good style, or understands it when written. Fine writing is with him all verbiage and monotony—a translation into classical centos or hexameter lines.

That which I have just mentioned is among many instances I could give of ingenious absurdities advanced by Mr. Tooke in the heat and pride of controversy. A person who knew him well, and greatly admired his talents, said of him that he never (to his recollection) heard him defend an opinion which he thought right, or in which he believed him to be himself sincere. He indeed provoked his antagonists into defeat by the very extravagance of his assertions, and the teazing sophistry by which he rendered them plausible. His temper was prompter to his skill. He had the manners of a man of the world, with great scholastic resources. He flung every one else off his guard, and was himself immoveable. I never knew any one who did not admit his superiority in this kind of warfare. He put a full stop to one of C———'s long-winded prefatory apologies for his youth and inexperience, by saying abruptly,—"Speak up, young man!" and, at another time, silenced a learned professor, by desiring an explanation of a word which the other frequently used, and which, he said, he had been many years trying to get at the meaning of,—the copulative Is! He was the best fencer of his day. He made strange havoc of Fuseli's fantastic hieroglyphics, violent humours, and oddity of dialect.—Curran, who was sometimes of the same party, was lively and animated in convivial conversation, but dull in argument; nay, averse to any thing like reasoning or serious observation, and had the worst taste I ever knew. His favourite critical topics were to abuse Milton's Paradise Lost, and Romeo and Juliet. Indeed, he confessed a want of sufficient acquaintance with books when he found himself in literary society in London. He and

Sheridan once dined at John Kemble's, with Mrs. Inchbald and Mary Woolstonecroft, when the discourse almost wholly turned on Love, "from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day!" What a subject! What speakers, and what hearers! What would I not give to have been there, had I not learned it all from the bright eyes of Amaryllis, and may one day make a *Table-talk* of it!—Peter Pindar was rich in anecdote and grotesque humour, and profound in technical knowledge both of music, poetry, and painting, but he was gross and overbearing. Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question)—Coleridge well on every subject, and G—dwin on none. To finish this subject—Mrs.———'s conversation is as fine-cut as her features, and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavour, like fine green tea. H—t's is like champaigne, and N——'s like anchovy sandwiches. H—yd—n's is like a game at trap-ball: L——'s like snap-dragon: and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not very much unlike a game at nine-pins! . . . . . One source of the conversation of authors, is the character of other authors, and on that they are rich indeed. What things they say! What stories they tell of one another, more particularly of their friends! If I durst only give some of these confidential communications! The reader may perhaps think the foregoing a specimen of them:—but indeed he is mistaken.

I do not know of any greater impertinence, than for an obscure individual to set about pumping a character of celebrity. "Bring him to me," said a Doctor Tronchin, speaking of Rousseau, "that I may see whether he has any thing in him." Before you can take measure of the capacity of others, you ought to be sure that they have not taken measure of yours. They may think you a spy on them, and may not like their company. If you really want to know whether another person can talk well, begin by saying a good thing youself, and you will have a right to look for a rejoinder. "The best tennis-players," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "make the best matches."

———— For wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best players.

We hear it often said of a great author, or a great actress, that they are very stupid people in private. But it was a fool that said so. *Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners.* In conversation, as in other things, the action and reaction should bear a certain proportion to each other. —Authors may, in some sense, be looked upon as foreigners, who are not naturalized even in their native soil. L——— once came down into the country to see us. He was "like the most capricious poet Ovid among the Goths." The country people thought him an oddity, and did not understand his jokes. It would be strange if they had; for he did not make any while he staid. But when we crossed the country to Oxford, then he spoke a little. He and the old colleges were hail-fellow well-met; and in the quadrangles, he "walked gowned."

There is a character of a gentleman; so there is a character of a scholar, which is no less easily recognised. The one has an air of books about him, as the other has of good-breeding. The one wears his thoughts as the other does his clothes, easily; and even if they are a little old-fashioned, they are not ridiculous: they have had their day. The gentleman shews, by his manner, that he has been used to respect from others: the scholar that he lays claim to self-respect and to a certain independence of opinion. The one has been accustomed to the best company; the other has passed his time in cultivating an intimacy with the best authors. There is nothing forward, or vulgar in the behaviour of the one; nothing shrewd or petulant in the observations of the other, as if he should astonish the bye-standers, or was astonished himself at his own discoveries. Good taste and good sense, like common politeness, are, or are supposed to be, matters of course. One is distinguished by an appearance of marked attention to every one present; the other rather by an habitual air of abstraction and absence of mind. The one is not an upstart with all the self-important airs of the founder of his own fortune; nor the other a self-taught man, with all the repulsive self-suffi-

ciency which arises from an ignorance of what others have known before him. We must excuse perhaps a little conscious family-pride in the one, and a little harmless pedantry in the other.—As there is a class of the first character which sinks into the mere gentleman, that is, which has nothing but this sense of respectability and propriety to support it—so the character of a scholar not unfrequently dwindles down into the shadow of a shade, till nothing is left of it but the mere book-worm. There is often something amiable as well as enviable in this last character. I know one instance, at least. The person I mean has an admiration for learning, if he is only dazzled by its light. He lives among old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the page, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not be rudely brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow; but as such, he is respectable. He brouzes on the husk and leaves of books, as the young fawn browzes on the bark and leaves of trees. Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things. He believes implicitly in genius, truth, virtue, liberty, because he finds the names of such things in books. He thinks that love and friendship are the finest things imaginable, both in practice and theory. The legend of good women is to him no fiction. When he steals from the twilight of his cell, the scene breaks upon him like an illuminated missal, and all the people he sees are but so many figures in a *camera obscura.* He reads the world, like a favourite volume, only to find beauties in it, or like an edition of some old work which he is preparing for the press, only to make emendations in it, and correct the errors that have inadvertently slipt in. He and his dog Tray are much the same honest, simple-hearted, faithful, affectionate creatures—if Tray could but read! His mind cannot take the impression of vice: but the gentleness of his nature turns gall to milk. He would not hurt a fly. He draws the picture of mankind from the guileless simplicity of his own heart: and when he dies, his spirit will take its smiling leave, without having ever had an ill thought of others, or the consciousness of one in itself!—

Winterslow Hut. T.

SBOGAR,

THE DALMATIAN BRIGAND.

A French romance, with the title of Jean Sbogar, was published at Paris, in the year 1818. It attracted our attention then—principally, perhaps, by the strong contrast which it presents to the usual French manner; but also by the power of genius which it displays. The latter, it is true, is chiefly shewn in the perfect preservation of an harmonious, yet somewhat sickly tone of melancholy,—the repetition of which, in sentiment and style, falls on the ear and on the heart like the plash of the small waves of a calm sea on a summer evening,—the very monotony of which sound gives depth and pathos to its effect. We have seldom or never met with a work of fictitious narrative so sweetly attuned to the spirit and external features of the place where its story is fixed. The dying breath of an Adriatic breeze seems to pass gently over the current of the tale; ruffling it into sorrowful agitation, yet never dispelling, by stormy passion, that languid heaving movement which infers the sickening of the heart, and the absence of brisk worldly excitements. The decrepitude of society, the decay of empires, the mutability of human destiny, are constantly visible to the imagination through the wan aspect of daily life, as it is represented in this novel. The mournful inconsistency of personal character, the dreary desolation of private fortunes, the pale moral complexion which the individuals of the story wear, indicate a stagnant public condition. The hazy vapour of national death is the poetical medium in which the personages move, and

through which they are seen,—so that their very indistinctness, and the faint touch with which, in some respects, they are pourtrayed, become causes of sublime and tender emotion. A deep diapason undersound of historical misfortune is always perceptible amidst the varieties of the particular narrative:—the sufferings and crimes of the principal characters seem but fragments of the general wreck of society—floating portions of its ruined and broken frame, drifting at random.

But on this scene of moral decay and degradation, the smile of nature falls with its most bewitching power.

> The beauteous country where huge lemons grow
> And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,

presents, along the extent of its silent eastern shore, the most touching union of inactivity and desertion with fairness of aspect, and rich luxurious apparel. It suggests the idea of an enchanted trance; the lethargy of a beauty, under a blue sky, and a brilliant sun; for no where are the usual disgusting concomitants of death visible. Creation seems a vision,—it is so fair, so quiet, and so magnificent. The objects that rise to the eye may be taken for reflections from the realities of life, seen in some pure embellishing medium, which gives them a graceful and grand effect unknown before, or thought only to belong to the fairy region of poetry. The traveller feels as if he trod a land of contemplation, and imaginative voluptuousness. The hum of busy existence at a distance is scarcely audible in his ears: it cannot recall him from his new dream, except to suggest contrasts which heighten the intensity of his present sensations. The native of northern climes who has wandered round the empty port, and over the hills, and amongst the hollows of Ancona and its neighbourhood, must have felt the charm which we are attempting to describe. The ocean comes up quiet and blue against the land: a few small barks, with fantastic Illyrian sails, glide over its surface: white marble churches raise their fronts in the stately pomp of architecture: a poor pilgrim, or a peasant girl, is seen kneeling on the steps that ascend to the external porch:—a "pale Franciscan" passes in his coarse brown garment. Of all the common eagerness, and bustle, and interests of the world, there are few indications: but the sky is fair, the soil rich, the people bandits, or pilgrims, or priests. The women nuns, or frail, or both:—shut up, or on the *pavée!* Intensity of feeling, and indolence in action; grandeur and decay; enjoyment and privation; magnificence and slovenliness—such are the extremes between which life is there divided—which give it the air of a poetical pageant, a world in the clouds, a creation formed out of old books and a summer-day's fancies!

And the clear, balmy, soft, enervating atmosphere of this clime, is shed over the story of the French romance. Its personages are encircled by this atmosphere,—its objects are seen through it, as in a gauzy half transparent envelope. A basking, panting, overpowered, yet ardent pulsation seems to beat through it. A hectical warmth, a nervous sensibility, the longings of faintness, the paroxysms of sickly imaginations, operated upon by a sultry temperature, constitute its animation, and living interest; while the beauty and brilliancy of the external scene everywhere mingle with the ideas excited of the characters and their actions. The fig trees and the vines; the laurel, the aloe, the olive; the celestial rosy twilight; the transparent night; the silence of myrtle groves; the swell of the Adriatic; the whisper of the gondola to the calm water; the echoes of music; the silvery voice of the guitar—are all blended, so as to form one magical influence of place, ever either present in description, or suggested to the imagination. The style too is in harmony with the imagery, and the sentiments. It is distinguished by a soft eolian melody of which we know no other example in the French language. There is more of energy mingled with the beauty of Rousseau's passages of sentimental description: in Saint Pierre's, on the other hand, there is more of a cloying quality. Mr. Nodier's is precisely what we understand by a modern romantic style: harmonious, heightened, ambitious, and successful. He seems to covet display, and to study it; but not, as in many cases, in the absence or sluggishness of feeling; rather in the consciousness of it,

coupled with that present turn for rhetorical illustration of the heart, which argues the existence of boarding-schools and circulating libraries.

Jean Sbogar is indeed a romance in a very different style from those which put Huet, the bishop of Avranches, in ecstasies, and emboldened him to defy past or future times to produce gallant compositions equal to those of his own country and age. "The French," he said, "are the politest people on earth, therefore they are unequalled and inimitable in polite and chivalresque fictions."—These fictions were written by the imitators of D'Urfé's Astrée, when, fired by the inspiration of that work, a "*debordement sur le Parnasse,*" as Boileau calls it, took place—and Scipio, Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and Pompey, were converted into pastoral lovers, each having a *bergere* for a mistress. Thus they lived, in the "*pays de tendre,*"

——Où, dans un doux repos,
L'amour occupe seul les plus charmans heros.

There is a great difference too, between the manner of Jean Sbogar, and that of Gil Blas. The latter is a work which we never liked equally to its reputation; and never knew why we did not, till Mr. Hazlitt told us, in an essay of his on the Novellists, which appeared some years ago in a popular periodical work. If we mistake not, he there pointed out, that the characters in Gil Blas are all rather classes and professions than individuals. Their qualities are those of the college of surgeons, of the law list,—or, worse still, of government offices, and royal antichambers,—not of Harry, and George, and William,—or of their wives, and daughters. We take great delight in observing professional peculiarities operating upon, modifying, heightening, or illustrating personal character—or opposed to it in pleasant contrast. But to keep up warm human interest, the features of the human being should be more prominent in the picture than the insignia of his profession; whereas, in Gil Blas, the former are formed out of the latter.

In Jean Sbogar, ranks, classes, and professions are out of the question: the hero, a Brigand, is the least professional that can be imagined; for he is charitable, tender, and superstitious. He is as full of sensibility as a German baron; and talks very much in the manner of Madame de Staël. He appears and disappears, in the magic-lanthorn style of Lord Byron's entrances and exits; and, excepting that he is inclined to be chaste, might be taken for a twin-brother to the Corsair, or to Lara. Genuine individual traits are as little attended to in this romance as in Le Sage's novel. As the characters in the one are formed of worldly habits, those in the other are not so much persons as sentiments and feelings, or rather moody fits of the heart. Speculation on the principles of human nature, and on social order, gives birth to the latter,—as the practice and experience of society suggest the former.

Jean Sbogar is a lofty-minded robber, and philanthropic assassin, formed out of the virtuous enthusiasm of Schiller's Moor, and the sombre disdain, bilious pride, and desperate bravery of Byron's Lara, Conrad, Alp, and Co.; the cement of the composition being supplied by the philosophy of Rousseau's Social Contract. The style of the portrait sketched of him, however, is evidently *Byronic* more than any thing else; and that his lordship's works have made a strong impression in France might be inferred from the appearance of this romance. We shall give the portrait of Jean Sbogar, as he appeared under the assumed name of Lothario, a visitor to the gay world of Venice; and follow it by that of Conrad the Corsair,—to prove the justice of what we have now said.

Lothario n'étoit pas régulièrement beau, mais sa figure avoit un charme extraordinaire. Sa bouche grande, ses lèvres étroites et pâles, qui laissoient voir des dents d'une blancheur éblouissante, l'habitude dédaigneuse et quelquefois farouche de sa physionomie, repoussoient au premier regard; mais son œil plein de tendresse et de puissance, de force et de bonté, imposoit du respect et de l'amour, surtout quand on voyoit s'en échapper une certaine lumière douce, qui embellissoit tout le reste. Son front très-élevé et très-pur avoit aussi quelque chose d'étrange, un pli fortement ondé, que l'âge n'avoit pas produit, et qui marquoit la trace d'une pensée soucieuse et fréquente. Sa physionomie étoit en général sérieuse et sombre; mais personne n'avoit

plus de facilité à effacer une prévention désagréable. Il lui suffisoit pour cela de soulever sa paupière, et de laisser échapper ce feu céleste, dont ses yeux étoient animés. Pour les observateurs, ce regard avoit quelque chose d'indicible, qui tenait du démon et de l'ange. Pour le vulgaire, il étoit selon l'occasion ou caressant ou impérieux: on sentoit qu'il pouvoit être terrible.

Now for the marauder of the Egean Isles:

Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men:
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his check, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen:
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
To close enquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye;
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sighed farewell.

It is not, however, the sombre and mysterious Sbogar, or Lothario, who mostly interests us in this Romance. His mistress, Antonia,—a most original conception,—takes a far stronger hold of the imagination. Antonia has her sex's weakness of body, with constitutional lassitude and infirmity, doubled upon her, but carefully hindered from trespassing on her sex's grace, or the power of female fascination. Her frame is made more fragile than usual, to heighten the effect of her enthusiastic disposition, and of the strange waywardness of her destiny. She seems a creature only half developed for this mortal spot,—but rich in all that indicates fitness for a fairer and milder clime. There is an ever-present contrast between the insufficiency of her powers, and the excess of her sensibility—between her weakness and her trials—that captivates the fancy while it intimately touches the feelings. One would fear for so much delicacy, coupled with so much susceptibility, were Antonia even placed in the happiest circumstances of this world: but fate has put the shorn lamb in the very pelting of the blast! Who would imagine the daughter of a wealthy French merchant at Trieste, left with her sister, after the death of the father and mother, in the possession of a splendid fortune, falling under the spell of a chief of Istrian robbers and assassins! But so it is:—Sbogar becomes the lord of her soul, the controller of her actions, even before she is conscious of regarding him in any other light than that of an object of terror. It is from her fears that he creeps into her affections. It is peculiar to Antonia's character to form no distinct wishes, to foster no strong desires, the disappointment of which causes her unhappiness. Her sorrows come upon her, in deepening shadows, insensibly and unknown to her;—she finds herself betrayed into feelings and situations of embarrassment and distress, without being able to trace her own agency in producing them. Her destiny encloses her like a chain, the weight of which is terribly disproportionate to her frail being. All nature turns a sinister aspect towards this innocent, weak, beautiful creature,—who pines in a sphere for which she is not fit, like an exotic plant from a warmer land, which droops inferior to its companions, because its qualities adapt it to surpass them amidst finer and purer elements of existence. Her life is surrounded by emblems of mourning, and sad presages: her thoughts have a natural bias to painful and melancholy subjects: out of every object her imagination instantly decomposes its qualities and tendencies of a gloomy afflicting kind;

and on these her contemplation seizes as on its natural food. The monotonous chorus of a presaging song accompanies her steps, wherever she goes: the cannon of the fortress of Duino, the den of the brigands, sounds from afar on her ears, to startle her in the most significant moments of her history. But above the darkness of her fortunes, and the debility of her constitution, the charm of external beauty and elegance is predominant. She is a vision of graceful weakness: an Elysian spirit, pensive, pale, and holy,—shedding a mild radiance on all that is near to her gentle steps.

We have already said, that Antonia was the daughter of a French merchant, who had made a large fortune at Trieste. He died, leaving his wealth to her and to Madame Alberti, his eldest daughter, in whose affectionate care Antonia might well confide, but whose natural tendency to enthusiasm did not constitute her the safest of guides to so susceptible and delicate a creature as her younger sister. Her sole idea, however, was to watch over the happiness of Antonia, and the benevolence of her disposition was sufficient to hinder her from becoming dissatisfied with the world, while it was possible for her to be useful to another.

Antonia's mother had died of that sad malady which wastes life away by slow degrees, and which seems to delight to choose its victims amongst the fairest and the best. Without having received an hereditary taint of this affection, she seemed nevertheless to have drawn from her mother's breast, already the habitation of mortal disease, a fragile and imperfect existence. The expression of her countenance was beseeching and pensive; her complexion of a dazzling clearness, softly flushed with the most delicate carnation; her hair of a golden brown; her form yielding and slender—betraying weakness, but at the same time constituting it a charm. "She did not seem actually to suffer; but she seemed to live only by a sort of effort." Her heart appeared to have but one manner of feeling: her imagination was wholly occupied with the distressing loss of her father and mother, and the least circumstance that happened awoke her to a general sense of sorrow. She was persuaded too, that there was something particular in her organisation, and this persuasion augmented her timidity and her love of solitude.

The favourite walk of the sisters was from their chateau along the shore of the gulph, up almost to the entrance into Trieste. The view from hence is animatedly described, in all the riches of its natural beauty, and the pomp of its historical recollections. The powerful Aquileia, one of the antient queens of the world; the Timavus, sung by Virgil, belonged to this region. Diomede and Antenor gave it laws; the Argonauts visited it. The view was bounded to the south-west by a mountain darker and higher than the others, called Cape Duino. A castle was seen to occupy the promontory. During the civil wars of Italy, Dante took refuge in this fortress, called by the populace the palace of Attila; and its horrible construction, and dreary gloom, are supposed to have furnished the local inspiration to the composition of his grand poem, and to have suggested some of the features in his description of hell.

At the time of our story it is otherwise occupied than by poets. *The Brethren of the Common Good* have constituted it their strong hold; and these philanthropists are a set of hardy and desperate brigands, whose name is a terror, and whose neighbourhood is a scourge. The origin of the association was in the troubles with which Istria was agitated during the wars that followed the French revolution. Independent bands of troops, useful at first, became at length lawless and terrible; and, after peace was restored, these pretended soldiers of their country degenerated into the plunderers of the traveller, the merchant, and the peasant.

Sbogar was understood to be at the head of the most formidable of these bands; and extravagant notions were entertained of his prowess, his audacity, his skill, and good fortune: at the same time, while his very name made people tremble, vague reports went of his generosity, his patriotic zeal, his disposition to take the part of the oppressed, and to visit the oppressor with fearful retribution. A mystery hung about his person, and even his age: none of his followers, who, from time to time, fell

into the hands of justice, could, or would, furnish descriptive particulars that might be depended upon of this extraordinary man; and the common people of a country, prone to connect all its notions of the wonderful and the grand, with the idea of old age, were accustomed to call him *the Old Sbogar*, though no one could give any good reason for so doing.

It was at this time understood, that the Castle of Duino had become the den of this band; and the ravages committed by it caused the country people to fly for protection to Trieste. The Casa Monteleone (the residence of the two sisters) was placed within the sphere of the alarm; and whispers even went, that the Old Sbogar himself had been seen prowling at night under the walls of the chateau inhabited by these ladies.

The romantic disposition of Madame Alberti caused her to lend a willing ear to the marvellous accounts with which the country now rung; while her solicitude for Antonia made her anxious to remove to Trieste, concealing, however, her real motives from her sister, who, occupied with sorrowful reverie, knew but little of what was passing about her.

Some beautiful descriptive passages convey a picture of Trieste, and of its surrounding country. The two sisters were accustomed to seek the shade of a small grove of oaks, close to the town, which might be deemed the most beautiful spot that even the happy shores of the Adriatic can boast. It was called the *Farnedo*, and here an annual holiday was celebrated by the youth of both sexes, in honour of the place. At this *fête*, Madame Alberti and her sister were present, when the general attention was attracted to an old blind minstrel, who chaunted the woes of expatriated Dalmatians, forced by oppression to quit "the plains of happy Macarsca, and of ancient Tras; of Curzole, dark with shadowy woods; of Cherso and of Ossero, where Medea scattered the torn limbs of Absyrthis;—of the beautiful Epidauris covered with the laurel-rose; and of Salone, which Dioclesian preferred to the empire of the world!" The populace were roused to enthusiasm by his song. Antonia approached him. The bard changed his theme: he sung of love and youth: the enthusiasm which he before inspired, he now seemed to feel: he pulled the shrinking girl towards him in his frenzy, and striking the earth with his feet, exclaimed in a tone of wild zeal, "Bloom, bloom, in the perfumed groves of Pirano, and amongst the rose-smelling vineyards of Trieste! —but alas, thou must wither and fade, if ever thou art transplanted to the forests where dominates Sbogar!"

Antonia's mind was struck by this marked and singular apostrophe. She returned to town late in the evening accompanied by her sister: an interesting conversation took place between them relative to *The Brethren of the Common Good*, in the midst of which a step is heard near them: they listen; a youthful and melodious voice,—one of those privileged to charm grief and wile away care, was heard. A young man, dressed in the Venetian style, his hat turned up, and adorned with a floating plume, was seen springing from rock to rock, on the side of the mountain above their path, like a phantom of the night--and the burthen of the song of the blind minstrel, again broke on the astonished ears of Antonia:—"Alas, thou must wither and fade, if ever thou art transplanted to the forests where dominates Sbogar!" A shrill fearful shriek was heard near him, like that of a wild beast; and suddenly it was repeated in twenty different parts of the forest. The singer instantly disappeared, repeating the verse that had so powerfully impressed Antonia.

The effect of these mysterious circumstances on the minds of the two sisters is well described by the novelist, and consistently with Antonia's character, such as we have sketched it. It was not our original intention to follow the course of the story, or to give any idea of it, indeed: some general remarks on the style and character of a work, distinguished by imagination and feeling to a degree very unusual in French literature, were all we had any design to offer; and this we have now done. Suffice it then now to say, that Antonia has soon unequivocal cause to know that her steps are watched by the famous brigand; and she and her sister soon after leave Trieste for Venice.

Romantic adventures follow, in which Sbogar finds means to be with his mistress, though of course unknown to her. His name is still her

terror. At Venice she finds every tongue employed in speaking of the extraordinary stranger, Lothario.—According to the popular account, he was a young man who appeared, at uncertain intervals, at Venice, the periods of his absence being sometimes long and sometimes short. He lived in the style of a prince, but his attention was chiefly given to the poor classes. He could scarcely be said to live intimately with any one, —and the favourable opportunities for gallantry which the Mistress of the Adriatic offers, were generally supposed to be neglected by him. His place of birth, and proper residence were unknown. Amidst the revolutions of governments he appeared to live undisturbed. He was the object of unbounded popularity at Venice amongst the common people, yet a sort of morosity and disdain hindered him from seeking their good-will. Infirmity or suffering constituted the only claim to notice which he readily acknowledged. Yet he went generally into the fashionable circles, and his taste, when the conversation turned on matters of art, was discovered to be elegant and instructed. Antonia is struck by these accounts of the strange mysterious visitor, and at the first party to which she and her sister go, she sees Lothario enter.

The reader already anticipates that Lothario is Sbogar; that Antonia is led to cherish an affection for him,—that this affection is her misery, and ultimately her death. It is not till the last fatal scene, when her lover, who has fallen into the hands of the French troops, is about to be led forth to execution, that the hapless Antonia perceives the identity of Lothario and Sbogar.

"Elle s'avança d'elle-même pour convaincre ou pour détromper ses yeux; sa physionomie avoit le même caractère. Il étoit envelopé d'une robe ou d'un manteau de la même couleur. C'étoit lui—Lothario! s'écria-t-elle d'une voix déchirante en se précipitant vers lui. Lothario se détourna et la reconnut. Lothario, dit-elle, en s'ouvrant un passage au travers des sabres et des baïonnettes, car elle conçevoit qu'il alloit mourir! Non, non, répondit-il, je suis Jean Sbogar!—Lothario! Lothario! . . . —Jean Sbogar, répéta-t-il avec force!—Jean Sbogar, cria Antonia! O mon dieu! . . . . et son cœur se brisa. Elle étoit par terre, immobile; elle avoit cessé de respirer. Un des sbires souleva sa tête avec la pointe de son sabre, et lui laissa frapper le pavé en l'abandonnant à son poids. Cette jeune fille est morte, dit-il. . . . Morte, reprit Lothario, en la considérant fixément—Marchons!"*

THE JEWELS OF THE BOOK.

No. II.

Before we dispute the reasonableness of any objection to the insertion of *Pugilistic Articles*, on the score of a previous use of them by others, we must protest against the present subject being so denominated. The mere mention of Mr. Jackson's name does not rank it as such;—for it is settled that one swallow does not make a summer. We have written quite at random, and it may be that we have succeeded as well as gentlemen who build a stately article according to a previous estimate or survey. But what means the affectation of beseeching banishment for *Pugilistic Articles*, because another magazine hath made a home for them?—and where would be the benefit to the world, if authors were impressed with the proverb, that "when two men ride on one horse, one man must ride behind!"—Who would then marry!—who would write poetry?—who would commence a magazine *now* (for in this particular, there are about fourteen gentlemen already on a pony)—or who would *ever* have commenced one, after the *Gentleman's*,—"the *pensive Gentleman's*," as poor deceased Mr. Corcoran calls it.—No—the world is open to improvement—to excite-

* An English translation of this work has just appeared, under the title of Giovanni Sbogarro. It is rendered in some passages with elegance, but it is generally disfigured by alterations.

ment—to competition. If no second man were to enter the prize ring (we trust this rough allusion will be pardoned by all silken correspondents) there would be little hopes of a fight. What in boyhood was a finer game than "follow my leader," and yet how desolate would this game be laid by the adoption of the wretched proverb. The Vaulters at Astley's Theatre, if the principle be allowed, must give up their salaries, and cease to leap after each other, like frogs in silk hose. It is the very risk "of riding behind" that inspires man to excel.

Next, as to Mr. Edgeworth's life of himself:—It will be expected at our hands that we make a blow at the *Lion's Head*, in return for the heavy *punishment* it has inflicted upon ours. When a *Lion's Head* throws up its hat, we are bound to do the same, and to make a fight of it. There may be some danger in getting so formidable a *nob* under the arm;—but really the rash way in which it "has given its head," leaves us no alternative. We shall therefore *fib* it to the utmost. We persist in thinking Mr. Edgeworth's life, a tiresome, vain, inglorious book. Where is the amusement of his carriages with wheels, and his carriages without wheels, and his astounding passage over a narrow bridge, and the people's wonder at the intrepid Mr. Edgeworth—and his own account of his dancing, and his own account of his legs, and his own account of "a machine with eight legs," and his own account of Sir Francis Delaval, and his own account of his own jokes, and his own account of himself. Who can bear it?—His daughter may be pardoned her affectionate praise of him:—but the public is not his daughter. He eulogises himself deplorably; and really, if we may judge from his own account, upon very slender grounds. That he had a good heart, we do not doubt; but his heart, like most Irish hearts, was a good deal too much in his head. He had whims of feeling, and mistook them for spirited thoughts. There is a long story about marking the difference of "*a pair*," "*to pair*," and "*a pear*,"—and the intricacies of the joke are woven with the nicest care by the writer;—but he tells us nothing of the "sound criticism" which he says was "mixed with this trifling." In answer then to the *Lion's Head*, we would back "Buckle and the Racer," and "Jumping Jim," and "any man of his calves," or even less ones, and Garnerin in a balloon, and Lord Byron in the Hellespont, and afterwards in a *mill* for the lady:—we would back any or all of these against Mr. Edgeworth,—for the world has settled *their* merits, and allowed their powers,—while Mr. Edgeworth only guarantees for himself. Therefore, right valiant Head! having given the return blow, and met thy defiance in the periodical ring, as becomes us,—we leave the public to decide whether we have *darkened thy daylights* or not, and to settle which is most punished in the *turn up*.

But to turn from the Lion's Head to the Lion's Heart:—we concluded our last paper with the promise of some account of *Street-walker*, the celebrated Fighting Dog,—whose name is never pronounced in the *Holy Land*,* or in Westminster, without the eyes looking a note of admiration, and the hands closing ardently together, in token of wonder and immeasurable delight. He is fifteen years of age to a certainty. It is conjectured that he is considerably older, but no one can venture to answer for it. The last time we saw him, we shall not easily forget. He was coaxed out of his straw, by candle light, from a kennel made under the counter of a tap in St. Giles's. He sauntered into the light heavily, yet nobly, and the gleam of an indifferent *dip* (sixteen to the pound as we should surmise) fell upon a huge, scarred, and brindled head, and a pair of dim unconscious eyes, as upon a creature of stone! He did not appear to have life in him, beyond what glory gave him. He seemed to disdain breath and motion, because he was not fighting. The whistle,—the chirrup of his master,—the pat of the applauding hand,—had no effect upon him;—it did not cause a twinkle of his ear or eye. He had heard the shouts of a pit full

* St. Giles's.

of Stentorian voices, with a shattered dog at his feet, and he then exulted: how then could he, in age and solitude, afford attention or delight to the "still small voice of gratitude." The light being removed, he dragged himself and his rattling chain back into the den, over the ledge of which he suspended his terrific muzzle in solemn quiet. "Poor Tip (chance had christened him Tippoo with some)—poor Tip," said his master, "thou'lt soon be blind and lame, but I'll see thee out!" Uncle Toby could not have expressed himself better. The other day, previous to our inditing this imperfect piece of biography, we went to the same place to have another look at his noble visage,—and lo! he was stronger and better again, and was taking his walk of recreation! He is a miracle on four legs!—When he was first discovered, he was a stray dog, fighting, and eating his way, in and out of all the corners of Carnaby-market. A worthy creature of the name of Barton, a dealer in this sagacious and faithful race, saw his person, and became enamoured of his talents. He gave half a crown to a boy, who claimed an ownership in Street-walker, and who had perhaps as much right,—(certainly no more,) to sell him, as barterers in this species of merchandise generally possess. Thus was the matchless dog purchased. The qualities of Street-walker (which name was then given to him) could not remain in darkness, and he soon became the property of honest Tom Pritchard—as worthy a *fancier* as ever spunged a dog's mouth out, or fought one under three candles and a tin of lighted oil. From this time, having got into high hands, the fame of Street-walker began to grow: it grew fifty times better than Isabella's potted basil, of which so much has been lately said. A gentleman, who is less often out in his opinions on such matters than in the elbows of his coat—(that is, at the intervals of his inhabiting one),—assures us, that, idle and heavy as he looks now, he is as light as a feather, and as agile as an Italian greyhound in the *pit*.—"And then," as this eager historian exclaims,—"how coolly he takes it!—and how he will suffer himself to be dragged, and shaken, and rattled, till his opponent is tired!—and then how he *goes to work!* and eats his way from leg to leg, and finishes at the *brisket!*" He has fought thirty matches, to speak within compass, and he has conquered in all. The following passage is written by Mr. Egan, and it will well illustrate our remarks upon this noble, formidable, and heroic animal!

From Bell's Weekly Dispatch, 12th May, 1816.

This celebrated dog, who conquered Col. Barclay's fine brindled dog, near Bristol, for one hundred guineas, is matched to fight in the course of a fortnight, in the neighbourhood of Westminster. The Colonel's dog had beat every thing before him; and was considered so *prime* an article, that two to one was strongly betted on him previous to his *set-to* with Street-walker: but, to the great astonishment of the sporting world, the latter won the stakes in twenty-two minutes. The Spanish wolf dog, whose great ferocity and strength were thought to be unequalled, was also beaten by Street-walker, at Paddington, for twenty-five guineas a side, in fifteen minutes; though ten to one had been betted on the Spaniard. Four other dogs of nearly equal qualities with those above mentioned, Street-walker also very soon conquered:—and in the whole of his career (thirty battles) he has always proved the victor. Street-walker is now matched against Oliver's (the pugilist) black tan dog—as *game* an article in combat, it appears, as his manly owner. This black dog has fought numerous battles, in all of which he has triumphed so severely, that most of his opponents were never able to leave the field afterwards. The above match is for twenty guineas a side—but Street-walker is the favourite, five to four. The latter is eleven years of age, and weight forty-one pounds and a half: the black tan dog is only two years old, and is about thirty-nine pounds in weight. Street-walker is of the brindled species, with a face resembling a calf's: he is training at Pinner, and has a peculiarity about him rather singular, and not altogether unworthy of observation. It generally happens with Street-walker, for three or four days previous to his combats, that, after his training exercise is over in the morning, it seems as if he possessed an innate sort of feeling of the advantages to be gained by taking care of himself for the fray, by going to sleep so soundly, that his trainer can scarcely awake him from his drowsiness to take refreshment, till the time has arrived to commence offensive operations, when he enters the field with the greatest alacrity and vigour. The owner of Street-walker has determined this shall be his last com-

bat, whether he prove successful or not;—and, on account of his past services, that he shall in future be laid up in ordinary.

This is surely a racy account. The grand indolence of the creature before battle is sublimely heroic;—and he still bears about him the same inveterate composure. His turn for meditation is prodigious. His lion looks are incessant. Sturm's Reflections are nothing to him!—Lord Wellington and John Randall, the two finest fighters of the age, never performed such decisive victories as Street-walker. And then, how impressive and beautiful are the names of those over whom he has triumphed so terrifically!—The Spanish Wolf Dog! The spirit of ferocity compressed into a few English syllables!—Then there is that rich piece of colour, the *Black Tan Dog!* How deep, how dark, how intense a picture! The Paddington Pointer reminds one of the gang in the Beggar's Opera, and betokens a canine Filch, as plainly as words can speak!—It relishes of *Curl Pated Hugh*,—and touches the pensive chord of *Bob Booty!*—Perhaps all these names are surpassed by that simple, slang, English denomination, STREET-WALKER! The *Bristol Brindle* fades before its *high-way* simplicity. We cannot resist, though it is long, giving Mr. Egan's sporting account of the battle; and indeed, many a young lady would be incensed, if we were to leave her in ignorance of the issue of the combat. The female sex adores heroism in man or dog. Henceforth, thou brindled wanderer of the shambles, shall thy name and nature be dear to many a gentle memory!—Thy deeds shall be enshrined in many a tender breast!—Thy pyebald face shall gloom on fan, and ridicule, and screen!—Thy valour be eulogized between the pauses of the quadrille, and the acts of the Opera!—Thou shalt be pointed out to aspiring puppies, as the pattern of perfection; and thy awful jaw shall, perhaps, yet droop as the frontispiece of the Lady's Magazine!—In the following account, the pen of Mr. Egan seems plucked from the wing of a bird of Paradise!—It is a bright plume indeed!—a feather for the cap of Fame!—To proceed.—

Account of the Fight between Street-walker and Boxer.

The match between these two celebrated dogs, for fifty guineas a side, took place on Wednesday evening last, May 23, at the *Amphitheatre, Duck-lane, Westminster.*—Admittance, 2s. each person. The fame of these *game* animals had excited such an uncommon degree of curiosity among the *Canine Fancy*, that the doors of the Amphitheatre were closely besieged at an early hour, in order to obtain a good seat, to witness all the movements of attack and defence, exhibited by these sagacious *milling* quadrupeds. The audience were anxiety itself, and conglomerated together in one rude squeeze, from the high sporting *bit of blood*, trimmed out in all the paraphernalia of tremendous cossacks and tight body-fit *upper tog*, jostling against *knights of the rainbow*, natty coachmen, milling coves, &c. down to the *flash* costermonger. It was one of NATURE'S *primest* moments:—*Pride* forgot her place,—and *Equality* reigned paramount. If no jury were considered necessary to the decision of this sporting cause, a greater collection of *good judges* never mustered on any bench; and however the technicality of phraze might have bothered the gigs of the uninformed in the higher shops of learning, the *lingo* promulgated here upon this occasion, would have left the late *Horne Tooke*, with all his vast researches to acquire the English language, completely in the dark.—The time was at length arrived:—

"And you ye judges bear a wary eye."

The Hero of Shepperton * first appeared in the square, with *Boxer* under his arm; and requested that every thing fair might take place between the parties. *Street-walker*, in about a minute afterwards, was produced under the special care of a *knight of the cleaver*. Umpires were appointed, and took their places,—and the *set-to* commenced. *Street-walker* was not long in bringing down *Boxer*, and began to shew off his experience in the art of fighting; but *Boxer* soon recovered himself, and *floored* the old dog in return; and continued the advantage for some time, when the bets materially altered. It is impossible to describe the exact minutiæ of this *mill*; but suffice it to say, that after fighting for twenty-five minutes, during which time alternate advantages were obtained, but *Street-walker* generally kept the lead, when, he at length, from his great exertions, was brought down by *Boxer*, in so distressed a state, that it almost appeared he would not be able to rise again; and *Boxer* stood panting over him, incapable, as it were, of administering any more *punishment*. The dogs however parted,

* *Oliver* beat Painter at Shepperton.

and, after a little handling by their seconds, immediately returned to the charge. *Street-walker* again took the lead, got *Boxer* down, and tried with much sagacity to disable his legs. *Game* animals could not have been brought to face each other; and *Boxer* must be considered a *prime* article. Changes took place frequently, and the bets varied; but upon the whole, *Street-walker* seemed the most likely dog to win the match. Three more rounds were contested, and the old dog went away much exhausted; and *Boxer* was equally languid and distressed. Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and the dogs were under the care of their seconds, when several persons cried out "*time, time!*"—but the attendant upon *Street-walker*, not having the proper notice given him by the time keeper appointed, held his dog, waiting for the signal;—when the second of *Boxer* took him in his arms, declaring that *Street-walker* had lost the match, by his not being able to come again. It appears that the time-keeper's stop-watch wanted sixteen seconds of the minute. But no *referee* being appointed to give the decisive voice, the above match ended in a *wrangle*. *Boxer*, it appears, is not likely to recover!

Thus ended this momentous match! Boxer died.—But Street-walker enjoys a green old age! The precision with which Mr. Egan weighs the merits of the two dogs, and does justice to each, is tediously delightful. The style of the foregoing passages somewhat resembles that of Colley Cibber's life:—it is gay, minute, and particular. It may be observed, that the manner of fighting dogs is exactly the same at this day, as it was in the age of Elizabeth; (which was, perhaps, the golden age of poetry and bear-baits;) and the announcements of the contests are couched in the same *fancy* language, and circulated in a very similar way. The two dogs fight in a pit of about four square yards,—and the pit is boarded up nearly two feet high. In the two cross corners, a line is drawn with chalk, and the dogs are let loose from within the lines. The seconds may encourage them with the voice, —but to touch them is ruled to be a loss of the battle. The first dog that retreats, or *goes away*, as the phrase is, must, in the succeeding round, fetch the dog out of the opposite corner; and, if he refuses to run in, he is declared the loser. A minute is allowed between each round. After the first retreat, the dogs *come in* by turns; until one is satisfied. These particulars are faithful, to our own knowledge. The following advertisement, issued in the reign of Anne, shews how the sports were set forth then.

At the Bear-Garden, in Hockley in the Hole, near Clerkenwell Green, this present Monday, there is a great match to be fought by two dogs of Smithfield-Bars, against two dogs of Hampstead, at the Reading Bull, for one guinea to be spent:—five let goes out of hand; which goes furthest and fairest in wins the fight.

Another of the same period runs thus:—

At William Well's Bear-Garden, in Tuttle-Fields, Westminster, this present Monday, there will be a green bull baited; and twenty dogs to fight for a collar; and the dog that runs farthest and fairest wins the collar; with other diversions of bull and bear baiting. Beginning at two of the clock.

"There *be* bears in this town" at this day,—and business goes on as briskly as ever, with this exception, that it is compelled to be done by stealth. Surely the pleasures of the poor are hunted down without mercy. All the old spots, celebrated for the rude games of "the lower orders," are "dammed up." Tuthill Fields are now no more! That green and enchanting retirement, which echoed of old to the yelling of courageous dogs, and to the tramping of scientific and *green* bulls, is enclosed, drained, and apportioned, like all other commons and waste grounds on which pleasure or profit was formerly reaped by the poor. The verdurous swamps and beaten pastures of that *Fancy* Land are destroyed. Poor Habberfield's house, "The Five Chimbleys," hath faded from mortal eyes, with all its furry furniture of clutching bear and *slitting* badger. No more, in that memorable place, is seen the matchless white bull-bitch—ring-tailed and tulip-eared—the envy of all the inhabitants!—No more is heard the inspiring chorus of ardent quadrupeds, stealing through the crevices of the building, on baiting nights. The dogs have passed away—the kennels are desolate—the noble owner has met with an accident near Snow-hill!—Alas, "the palsied hand of ruin is upon the house!"—When will the world ever see another "Tuthill Fields!"—Now the Peni-

tentiary mocks, with its sad turrets and eyeless walls, the loose tenements and irregular outhouses (fit habitations for the dwellers), which stood there of old. *Paradise Rows* and *Prospect Places* have laid desolate the bull-ring; and the river runs now by a peaceable, pleasureless, and dejected spot! What is the consequence of this baleful improvement?—It is this;—The *gentlemen* of the sport, are compelled to purchase and maintain hungry little horses—for which money in larger quantities must be *taken*—and are driven to "the four mile slab" on a certain road,—or to Willsdon Green,—or to Shepperton Point,—or "to the first gate beyond the fifth milestone, just out of Tooting,"—or to any other neatly described solitude, whereon they may enjoy their ancient and abused pastime in quiet. Well does one of the best poets of this age say,—

Pleasure never is at home!

This Jewell is becoming one of magnitude; and, unlike others of its name, it may not increase in value with its size. We shall conclude it, therefore, with the copy of a card, which is now in our possession, announcing a badger bait. It is of so late a date as the 9th of November in last year, —and literally runs thus:—

A Grand Gala Night for the Fancy!
On Tuesday the 9th of Nov. 1819,
At the Gentleman's Subscription Pit.

Where a grand Turnloose Match will take place between six of the best Dogs in this country, under the weight of 20*lbs.* and fresh badgers, and which is expected to be the phenomenon of all stake matches ever fought, for one of the most Valuest Silver Collars ever fought for!

Doors open at 5, and begin at half past.

What a noble contempt of *style* is here —how complete, "a turnloose match with" grammar! New superlatives are pressed into the service of "the gentleman's subscription pit;" and language struggles to make "a gala night for the fancy!" Our remarks upon Street-walker, have led us in to a curious history, but we trust many of our readers will not be disinclined to find amusement in a recital of pursuits, which they might tremble at following or beholding in reality. Our knowledge has cost us some risk and some disgust; but the love of seeing *character* would lead us through greater dangers even than this. But Mr. Egan beckons us,—and we cannot resist the summons.—

Jealousy and revenge of a Cock.

The habitudes,—says the historian,—the habitudes of the domestic breed of poultry cannot possibly escape observation; and every one must have noticed the fiery jealousy of the cock. It should seem that this jealousy is not confined to his rivals, but may sometimes extend to his beloved female; and that he is capable of being actuated by revenge, founded on some degree of reasoning concerning her conjugal infidelity. An incident which happened at the seat of Mr. B——, near Berwick, justifies this remark. My mowers, (says he) cut a partridge on her nest, and immediately brought the eggs, fourteen in number, to the house. I ordered them to be put under a very large beautiful hen; and her own to be taken away. They were hatched in two days, and the hen brought them up perfectly well till they were five or six weeks old. During that time they were constantly kept confined in an out-house, without having been seen by any other poultry. The door happened to be left open, and the cock got in. My housekeeper, hearing her hen in distress, ran to her assistance, but did not arrive in time to save her life. The cock, finding her with the brood of partridges, fell upon her with the utmost fury, and put her to death. The housekeeper found him tearing her both with his beak and spurs, although she was then fluttering in the last agony, and incapable of any resistance. The hen had been formerly the cock's greatest favourite.—

We have read this passage twice over, and are still in doubt, whether Mr. Egan is relating an actual murder, or whether he is weaving a beautiful fable for the hearts of the female sex. It is certain that a great truth is involved in his sentences, but he draws inferences, and compounds them with the narrative, like the veriest fabulist. It may be true, for it reads like truth, that the partridge fell beneath the scythe,—that the fourteen eggs were entrusted to a hen of great punctuality as a hatcher,—that the eggs *were* hatched, and that the little brood were in their tender infancy kept in the hen-house,—that the door might be left open, and that the cock entered and killed the hen; —these sound like facts:—but we really must question that part of the narrative, which states that the cock, "*finding her with the brood of partridges*, put her to death."—And yet the romantic justice of this is beauti-

ful! We are only astonished that so feeling an historian as Mr. Egan has proved himself to be, should have had sufficient self-command to avoid being seduced into downright sentimental description, on so affecting a subject. We know more than one newspaper editor, who could not have resisted the opportunity of *decorating* and *dressing*:—the public would have had it *dished* up in their columns in some such style as the following—which we offer as a specimen of our abilities to fill a reporter's place with credit to ourselves and advantage to any proprietor who may be kindly pleased to put us on a diurnal establishment.

Melancholy Murder.

Last week a patridge, in the employ of the benevolent M. B——, of Berwick (a man as remarkable for the suavity of his manners as for the correctness of his eye) while sitting, as well as she was able, upon fourteen eggs, which, for safety she had deposited in a rich clover solitude, hearing a rustle, like the rush of water, in the grass, raised her head to ascertain the cause, and left it on the blade of a scythe. Her eggs were inconsolable;—but Mr. B—— with his accustomed tenderness and disinterestedness, ordered them home to his own poultry,—and committed them to the care of a hen of profound sedentary habits,—a hen of great beauty,—lofty crested, short, and close-feathered,—with clean, sinewy, blood-like legs.—In due course of time, fifteen partridges saw the light (one of the eggs having produced twins) and the hen sheltered them and fed them, like the best of mothers. Five weeks fleeted by, and the little ones had never ventured from the nursery; —when Fate thundered over the house. The cock, (a matchless cock,—jet black, gypsy-faced, black-legged,—and rather elegant than muscular,) who had long missed his favourite hen, and who suspected that all was not right (having seen a Bantam ogling once or twice through the palings of the adjoining yard)—was sauntering in melancholy mood, regardless of grain, or worm, or earth-fly;—when he discovered the door of his hen's chamber open. He entered with a husband's privilege—and lo! there she was, surrounded by a spurious progeny, —by fifteen infants of another bird! In the affecting accounts of certain trials in the newspapers, we all know how earnestly and touchingly the counsel urge the distraction which a husband,—a loving husband,—must feel, in contemplating the little faces he fondly thought his own; and discovering in them the likeness of a faithless friend: —such was the case of the cheerless chanticleer!—Whatever the taste may have been in the days when Mr. Dibdin wrote his opera of the *Cabinet*, it is clear that few persons now exist who could assent to the wish expressed by Lorenzo in his song,— "Be the girls like my wife, and the boys like my friend!"—The cock said not a word, but stood in mute horror, his head on one side, and one leg drawn up unconsciously under his wing! The hen approached him with a fawning beak, when, incensed at her falsehood, and maddened at the brood of evils before him, he violently murdered her. In vain did her screams reach the ears of the house-keeper;—the neighbours came but to witness the last glimmer of her round hazel eye,—and the feeble flutter of her speckled wing. The convulsions were in her throat,—and her golden claws were already cold at their extremities! She first opened her beak, clucked a few unintelligible signs, and became a fit object for holding her liver and gizzard under her wing! The fifteen infants refused food afterwards, and so pined away; —they were all intombed under one crust, —with only a few simple claws erected over them. The cock was consigned to the yard, but his heart was broken, and he never crowed more. The benevolent Mr. B—— had him killed, and sold him to the poor.

Such *might* have been Mr. Egan's account; but he refrained. We really know of no story more pathetic in the incidents, or more powerful in the moral. One lady, to whom we have read it, declares that *fourteen* little ones are *too* gross, and therefore she does not wonder at the bird's jealousy! Another, thinks the hen a hussey, but is of opinion that, as it was a first offence, the husband might have been pacified with reprimanding her. A third, doubts whether the story is not beneath a moral, and too insignificant for an application to human kind. A fourth, has a notion that it would do some service if it were read to Mrs. Y——. A fifth, thinks she recollects it in Gay's fables. —In short, the story is received differently by different persons;—but its moral "forces an all unwilling interest with all,"—and therefore, fable or no fable, we are happy in having given it.

Mr. Egan has, with his accustomed taste, selected from a little book, written by Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, the following interesting account of Miss Phœbe Brown;—a lady, as it will be seen, of uncommon prepossessing habits.

But the greatest wonder I saw, was Miss

Phœbe Brown, in person five feet six, about 30, well proportioned, round sized and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye, which, the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and that with precision. Her step, pardon me, is more manly than a man's; and can easily cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, and a spencer over it, and men's shoes. I believe she is a stranger to breeches. She can lift a hundred weight with each hand, and carry fourteen score.—She can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accomplishment to the female character, except that of modesty. A gentleman at the New Bath recently treated her so rudely, "that she had a good mind to have knocked him down." She positively assured me that she did not know what fear was.—She never gives any affront, but will offer to fight any man who gives her one. She has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says some smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine,—it is deep toned; the wind in her favour, she can send it a mile: has no beard, or prominence of breast; always rides without a saddle; is supposed to be the best judge of a horse, cow, &c. in this country. She is fond of Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, also of music; is self-taught; performs on several instruments, the violin, &c.———

If, in the course of our wanderings through London, we are offended with the feminine appearance and habits of some of our young men, the country surely makes up for this, by producing the masculine mind, and sinewy person of a Miss Phœbe Brown. She really appears to be the perfection of human kind;—for if her step be more manly than a man's—she can sew, and knit, and spin,—which are a sufficient warranty for her gentleness. Whatever is harsh, or rude, or sinewy in her pursuits, or in her person, is tempered by some softer quality, that "turns it to prettiness." The virtues and finer graces of each sex are centered in her. Though she indulges in the sterner garments of hat, and coat, and spencer,—doth it not appear, "that she is a stranger to breeches!"—And while she can lift a hundred weight,—she is, we are assured, devoted to modesty! The very description of her voice is musical,—and yet, though it is deep-toned and masculine,—nay, more than masculine,—she cannot, with a truly feminine reluctance, send it a mile, "unless the wind be in her favour!" —If her bosom is retired,—it is a consolation to hear that she has no beard:—and there is a simplicity in her "always riding without a saddle," which surpasses all the leathern intricacies of pummel and pillion. Her offer "to fight any man," is a proof of that gentleness of temper, which we can only expect from woman.—If she had lived in the days of Miss Maddox, we should have seen that sort of fairy Sylph-like contest, for which we have ventured to wish, and which we can now with little probability look for. With two ladies of such fine courage, and accomplished manners, there would be no need of a *half crown piece* in each hand, to prevent *scratching*,—a custom very properly resorted to by the market and fish women, in the adjustment of their little differences.—Miss Phœbe's love of Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Milton, gives her, in our eyes, a decided advantage over Miss Grace Maddox,—though, perhaps, in a personal contest such love would stand her in little stead. Often in our walks on these pensive autumn evenings, in retired street, or by unfrequented river, we shall think of sweet Phœbe Brown, with her agreeable person of five feet, six inches,—her excellent judgment,—and her easy freedom in companies!—Mr. Egan and Mr. Hutton have impressed her on our memories, in a way which we shall not readily forget.

The leaves of Mr. Egan's little volume, have started open by chance at a curious anecdote, which we cannot resist extracting.

Singular Circumstance.

A lady, resident in Devonshire, going into one of her parlours, discovered a young Ass, who had found its way into the room, and carefully closed the door upon himself. He had evidently not been long in this situation before he had nibbled a part of Cicero's Orations, and eaten nearly all the index of a folio edition of Seneca in Latin, a large part of a volume of La Bruyere's Maxims in French, and several pages of Cecilia. He had done no other mischief whatever, and not a vestige remained of the leaves that he had devoured. "Will it be fair," Mr. Egan very neatly asks,—"will it be fair henceforth to dignify a dunce with the name of this literary animal?"—

The Ass "had done no other *mischief*,"—Mr. Egan correctly allows,—but he does not state, what our inti-

macy with the lady permits us to supply, that the Ass had sensibly enough demolished the following books:—Wilson's City of the Plague,—Southey's Congratulatory Odes,—Croker's Battle of Talavera,—Lady Morgan's quartos,—Et cum multis aliis!—The industrious animal tried his tooth upon Edgeworth's Memoirs,* but he could not get through it; and Mr. Luttrell's Advice to Julia was perfectly indigestible. It is believed that the only works which disagreed with him were La Bruyere's Maxims (being a French dish),—and the City of the Plague. Oh, that we could know where this book-worm of an Ass at present exists! For we have a library, such as it is, which we should have no objection to submit to his inspection.

Deeply as we have dived into the jewells of Mr. Egan's book, the store is inexhaustible. Turn which way we will, innumerable sparkling subjects (the epithet is perfectly modern) invite us to take them:—But we really, like Sinbad in the valley of Serpents, must be content with the few invaluable diamonds, of which we have possessed ourselves. They are, and will be, a fortune to us. Every leaf in the book glitters like a river in the sun. How many interesting characters, anecdotes and speculations beckon to our minds!—Jack Cavanagh, the ball-player, revels through three pages of genuine *Fives Court* prose. Captain Barclay runs his matches,—trains,—and *spars* before us.—Captain O'Kelly, the Duke of Queensbury, Colonel Thornton, Mr. Elwes, Col. Mellish, and Major Topham, walk by us, not as "the illustrious dead,"—but alive,—ardent,—betting,—breathing,—all jollity, *game*, and spirit! Racers, pigeons, pedestrians, fighting-cocks, terriers, trotters, badgers, weasels, pheasants, falconers, fishermen, stoats, stags, foxes, and gentlemen,—swarm like bees.—Matches against time,—extraordinary snipe shooting,—flights of a pigeon,—all that can be interesting to the naturalist, the pugilist, or the gentleman is to be met with in Mr. Egan's book. It is the cleverest volume in the world. It has no affectations,—no dispirited passages,—no tame subjects,—no nonsense! It does not run a long-winded subject down,—but is "every thing by fits, and nothing long." All persons who have heard of Blumsell, the running painter,—Wheatley, the fighting oilman,—the inimitable walking Powell,—Jack Spires the racket-player,—incomparable Dan Crisp,—the wonderful *phenomena* mare,—Mr. Wells's matchless Pipylena!—all who have read of Flying Childers,—Snowball, the fleet-black grey hound,—Eclipse,—Tom Crib,—Hambletonian and Sir Charles Bunbury!—all, we say, who have heard or read of these great names, and who respect perfection and talent wherever it can be found,—Let them purchase Mr. Egan's Sporting Anecdotes,—for they are faithful in the dispensation of fame to man and beast.

ITALY.

SONNET IMITATED FREELY FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAIA.

Unhappy Italy! thy fatal dower
Of beauty, is the well-spring of thy woe!
Thence the deep sighs that from thy sad heart flow;
The ceaseless tears thy lovely eye-lids shower.
O, that thou hadst less beauty, or more power,
That men might hate or fear thee more,—if so
Thou could'st escape the bright, but fatal glow
That, while it gilds thee, hastens thy death hour!
Then thy reluctant echoes should no more
Ring to the war-cries of a foreign band;
Nor then thy hills and streams and vales deplore
The footsteps of strange herds from Gallia's land.
Rise!—Let thine own right hand thy freedom save!
Victor or vanquish'd, else, thou art a slave.

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* The Lion's Head is intreated not to growl a joke here.

STANZAS.

The dew-drop is never so clear
As when morning's first ray sees it glisten;
And music is never so dear,
As when to its last note we listen.

Though bright may be rapture's first mien—
And its parting adieu even sweeter;
The enjoyment existing between—
Is a vision,—and vanishes fleeter.

We never know how we have lov'd,
'Till what we most lov'd has departed;
For the strength of affection is prov'd
By the joyless, and desolate-hearted.

Our pleasures are born—but to die;
They are link'd to our hearts—but to sever:
And, like stars shooting down a dark sky,—
Shine loveliest—when fading for ever!— B. B.

GERMAN DESCRIPTIONS OF HOGARTH'S WORKS.

That extraordinary character, Lichtenberg,—who died in 1799, aged fifty-four, after having suffered during many of the last years of his life under hypocondria, and a generally restless imagination,—is the author of the most elaborate description of Hogarth's works which is in existence. The series occupies, we believe, eleven 8vo parts, and it is written throughout with the intensest feeling for the subject; though the common German disposition to see more meaning in a thing than its author ever intended it to convey, is very apparent in it. The Germans boast that no Englishman has done so much as their countryman to honour the English artist: they are not aware of Mr. Lamb's exquisite essays, which are altogether of a far purer and deeper sympathy with Hogarth's spirit, than Lichtenberg's oddities. Mr. Lamb has too much real feeling, and it is of too true a stamp, to be ever what can be fairly called *whimsical?* No writer ever yet united tears and smiles in such gentle, harmonious, delightful companionship—but this is always done by him easily, and naturally, without the aid of affected contrasts, or forced transitions. His is precisely the hand wanted to touch the works of Hogarth. On canvas, and on copper, they do every thing for themselves: but *in print* the representation, perhaps, gains something which is needful to it, by being seen reflected in the delicate yet sparkling medium of such a sensibility as we have been describing. Mr. Lamb, as Hogarth's commentator, interferes with nothing, alters nothing, strains nothing of the original:—he takes no exceptions, offers no amendments; but, in transfusing into words, giving "a name" to the graphical descriptions, the softening and elevating influence of his manner seems requisite to render the transfer as honorable as it ought to be to the genius of the immortal artist.

Lichtenberg had not Mr. Lamb's delicacy of mind, and soundness of judgment. He is quaint and odd, as well as susceptible and witty. His feeling of the various pieces is often truly deep and felicitous; but it is not always a safe guide. He has, however, done much more on Hogarth, in point of quantity, than Mr. Lamb; and the country has reason to be proud of what he has done, and gratefully to acknowledge it. It stands in the same predicament towards the memory of Lichtenberg in regard to Hogarth, that it does to the living fame of Mr. Schlegel in regard to Shakspeare. The lectures of the latter will compensate us for Voltaire's criticisms. The literature of England is the only modern literature that can boast of having made such strong impressions on the minds of foreigners. What German or Italian has ever written two volumes, or confessed to have mused thirty years,*

* See what Schlegel says of the time he has devoted to the study of Shakspeare.

on the merits of Racine or Corneille; or filled the shelf of a library (as Lichtenberg has done on Hogarth) with descriptive and laudatory observations on the productions of any French painter?

Lichtenberg was distinguished as a man of science; and indeed it is as a mathematician and natural philospher that he was chiefly famous during his life. He is now, however, mentioned by the German biographers as a man of wit, eccentricity, and general learning. He has left a most curious paper on his own peculiarities;*—in which we find eccentricity describing itself. "I understand nothing of music, except that I can *whistle*," says the author. "No language can express what I feel, when, in a silent fine evening, I *whistle* to myself a hymn, or one of Goethe's touching songs." He describes himself as superstitious—believing in the efficacy of touching the Bible; supposing himself surrounded by spirits, and worshipping his mother's soul. He preserved small tickets, on which he registered such providential blessings as happened to him—favours received of God, he calls them: and he says "the reader will smile when I tell him that the language of my prayer is often as follows: 'Oh, Good God! give me something to-day for a ticket!' But these are secrets that ought to remain between heaven and one's self." When he was ten years old, he says, *he fell in love with a boy*, who was generally at the head of the class: "I used to climb on walls to see him pass. This may seem an awkard confession, but concealment does no good." About this time he attempted to teach a *calf* to fetch and carry. "I found myself growing cleverer every day,—but the calf seemed to become more and more stupid, so I discontinued the attempt." As he advanced in years, he met "Miss W. in a narrow street" at noon day: "I instantly took it into my head that it was *deep night*,—for the people were all at dinner, and the street was silent and empty!" This, surely, was an awkward mistake. He says "the eyes of a woman are to me a very *essential* part of their persons. I wish I were only a *head*, and that girls were only *eyes*."—"When I have been in a fever, I have imagined that a bottle of water might be changed into a bottle of wine, as easily as a square figure might be turned into a triangle." Lichtenberg was very much deformed, in consequence of an accident he sustained, through his nurse's carelessness, in his eighth year.

He became Professor in the University of Gottingen; and, in the year 1770, he visited England. He was much welcomed by the men of science of the time, and was particularly noticed by George III. In 1774 he repeated his visit to our country, chiefly induced so to do by his Majesty's kindness. He now remained four years in England; and acquired that intimate knowledge of our language and habits, and that strong relish for our humours, which enabled him afterwards to become the admirable commentator on Hogarth's prints. He is also the author of Letters on Garrick, and the English Stage.

His descriptions of Hogarth's works first appeared in an annual Gottingen Pocket Book, and small heads from the prints were prefixed. The papers became excessively popular; and this led Lichtenberg to go through with a large work on the subject. We have thought our readers would be happy to see some of these descriptions, by a foreigner, of productions more peculiarly English, than almost any other, either in literature or the arts; and we now offer one, which shall be occasionally followed by more of the series. The account of the arrival of the poor Yorkshire Girl and her Father, will, we think, be relished. It is not so strongly marked with the peculiarities of Lichtenberg's manner as some that might have been selected; but we have preferred it because its pathos is genuine, its illustrations easy and natural, and its pleasantry akin to the subject.

We have had our attention attracted to the subject at this moment, by the *republication of Hogarth's Works*, which is now in a state of progress, under

* In our third No. (Vol. i. p. 250.) we inserted a paper, furnished by a correspondent, in which some extracts are made from Lichtenberg's account of himself, under the head *Phenomena of Diseased Imagination*: the name of the author, however, is, by some mistake, wrongly given. He is called Walderstein. The readers of the LONDON MAGAZINE, who preserve the work, may correct this error.

respectable auspices;—many of the subscribers to this undertaking, may be happy to have an opportunity of comparing the minute criticism of the German with the engravings themselves. For this reason we shall, as we have said, continue the descriptions in future numbers.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

Plate I.

It is to the present series of engravings, that Hogarth is indebted for the first foundation of that fame, which, in spite of all the attacks of many now-forgotten persons, he continues to enjoy to the present moment, unimpaired and undivided.—The admiration with which these prints were received, is not to be described. The artist obtained twelve hundred subscribers for them; and, as a still better proof of their success, we may mention that they were copied upon coffee-cups and fans. The wits of the period quoted them; Theophilus Cibber produced them on the stage in the form of a pantomime; and other managers expanded some of them into operettas. The title of the original work is "*The Harlot's Progress;*" but I have inscribed it *The Way of the Harlot;* hoping that, in this very intelligible expression, the somewhat biblical phraseology will atone for the want of precise resemblance to the English superscription. Hogarth does not give us here an entire life, but merely a single scene from each of its separate periods. He commences with the pure and placid innocence of his heroine, and finishes with the deepest destruction. Such is the *Way of the Harlot!*

This heroine is the child of a poor Yorkshire curate. In the first plate we have both the father and the daughter: the latter standing in the fore-ground, and just alighted from the clumsy vehicle, which, as is shown by the letters upon it, has brought her from the above named province:—the former is in the back-ground, and he cannot so properly be said to be *riding*, as to be on horse-back.—How interestingly does the girl stand! She is evidently not a beauty of the highest order; nor was Hogarth, at any time, a painter of beauty,—or ever, as far as I know, deemed so,—except by *two* persons, one of whom was *himself*, and the other his *wife*. But whatever the girl wants in positive beauty, is amply made up in excess of health, infantine simplicity, and tranquil innocence.

Her air is that of a sound, hearty, unsophisticated rustic lass; out of whom—as really happens—something is to be made. Her frame appears to have been somewhat expanded by her labours in the service of Ceres and Pomona: had they been confined merely to culling violets, forget-me-nots, and other favourite flowers of enamoured and romantic damsels, the mould of her form would doubtless have been more delicate. She seems pretty well advanced in her teens; but there is a certain *angularity* visible about her person, which is clearly attributable to the favourite style of her village mantua-maker. Not the slightest deception, however, is either implied or conveyed by her dress; it is as rustically simple as her whole figure; without any unnatural elevations, depressions, or projections. Hat, stomacher, and kerchief, protect what is confided to them, faithfully and unostentatiously; and they are as compactly occupied as the cells of a bee-hive. In the first are no unoccupied stories, in the last no empty galleries. The fortifications are formed on the Vauban plan, with a triple or quadruple rampart, extending downwards to the parallel-placed feet; so that, unless the commander of the citadel suffers himself to be corrupted, it is in case to resist any assault. At her side hang a pincushion and pair of scissors; and upon her right arm a small bundle, which has probably been given to her, on taking leave, by her poor weeping mother. One need not open it to see, that it contains refreshment and employment, for the body and the soul too.

Much of the humble resignation apparent in the position of her arm, as well as of the bashfulness marked in her countenance, is doubtless to be placed to the account of the dazzling reflection of the magnificent watch, which is worn by the grave matron who is here placed *en rapport* with this child of nature. Who her ladyship is, the reader shall be informed in due time: let her wait

while we turn to look for the poor father. And there he is!—seated upon a faithful dependent of his family, a poor grey horse, a wretched pity-exciting beast,—that, in all probability, has done his utmost, during the last sixteen years, to carry his unfortunate rider through the wealthy land, from which, with a wife and ten children, he receives a clear annual income of *twenty five-pounds!* What a lamentable figure does the poor animal make!—His frequent kneeling has quite worn through the skin upon his knees, and nature has patched up the holes, not in the most workmanlike manner. The shape of his neck, and the attitude of his legs, have the merit of suggesting a cow, and a butcher's cleaving block. Neither can we say that the horse gains much in dignity (as sometimes happens) from the figure upon his back. The latter would cut about as fine a show among the dignitaries of the church, as his four-footed servant would in a prince's stable. He, too, is old, stiff, and falling into decay:—*he* also seems to have kneeled himself bare to the bone; and, like his humble friend, to be now hopeless of meeting with softer litter, or better provender, in this world! His mouth is sharp and parched; and the knuckles of his withered hand are such—that the scythe of death would more become its grasp than the bridle which it tremblingly holds!—The good man is attired in his professional habit,—his very breeches not excepted. These are most assuredly *knelt through;* the high tops of his boots are therefore not merely ornamental appendages; they serve to ward-off mockery and sneers, and are thus, what decoration ever should be, both *decus et tutamen.* His soaked-up, bleached-up, combed-up wig is truly worthy of our notice. In Germany we have no idea of an English clergyman's wig. Not in the least—and, if I am contradicted, I will even proceed so far as to assert, that we do not know what wigs are at all. We have nothing beyond the mere *preparation* for a wig. But those I have just alluded to may be pronounced to be, in dignity and consequence, what the beard was amongst the ancients. Their shape is at least worth an attempt at description—though difficult, if not impossible, it is, to do justice in description to an ecclesiastical peruke in full bloom! All my readers, I presume, know how onions flower, or rather run to seed:—they then form a kind of florid sphere, which, being spitted, as it were, upon the hollow stalk, sits high and firm.—Imagine this stalk expanded into a neck, with just as much of the sphere pared away as is necessary to admit a face in front, and a hat above, and then we shall have, pretty exactly, the shape, the colour, and the effect of an English clergyman's wig! Whether it proceeds from a disordered or poetical imagination, I do not know; but I have frequently, in the twilight of a summer's evening, when I could no longer distinctly discern their tall and lanky stalks, mistaken a field of onions run to seed, for an assembly of English divines. All this, however, I am afraid, is an impertinent interruption, for Hogarth is here addressing himself to the heart, and Heaven forbid that another direction should be given to the smallest stroke which is so aimed! He addresses himself, I say, most feelingly to the hearts of those who know what a brushing, and rubbing, and combing, it must have cost the honest man, before he could at all appear with credit, as he might think, to his profession—a profession to which, nevertheless, it is probable, he does more honour in the eyes of his heavenly judge, than even the bishop of his diocese. Could this death-like figure but ride, in airy form, like Leonora's William, into the hall of the episcopal palace, or the snug dining-room of the rectory, while their inmates were chaunting *non nobis* over a sumptuous board;—or across the path, upon the haggard steed, while a right reverend was flying along in his coach and four:—could these Corinthian pillars of the church of England be made to see, in so ghastly an image, the man of their own flesh, of their own blood, of their own cloth, (I might say of their own *wig*)—who with, perhaps, greater merit, is obliged to *return thanks* FASTING—believe me, it would be better for morals, and religion too, in the prosperous land of Great Britain!

But this is poetry; therefore, away with it—that is, courteous reader, away with the poetry—as for the

poor curate, and his daughter, we must not part from them yet. This, the eldest of his children, being now qualified by Nature to enter into the world, the old man has accompanied her to town:—she in the waggon, he upon his worn-out beast. He had his choice of two jolting conveyances, and it does not appear that he has selected the more commodious one. We are afraid he has been apt to choose unluckily through life. The travellers are just arrived at the Bell Inn, a well-known house in Wood-street; and the old man is reading the address of a letter of recommendation to the Right Reverend the Bishop of ———, London;—a letter that cannot fail to hit the mark, if it be well urged. He is without his spectacles, and is therefore making out the superscription painfully, while his grey steed profits by the minute, thus afforded, to make up for its fast upon the road, and is greedily devouring some straw, in which certain articles of earthenware, here exposed to sale, have been packed up. Flower-pots, pans, and dishes, are inclining themselves most ominously, at the feet of the animal; and we already anticipate, that, when the reckoning comes to be settled, these empty dishes will cost more than the full ones would have done, which the poor pair declined on the road from economical motives—more, too, than the entire value of the letter directed to the Right Reverend Bishop! But we must tear ourselves from this scene of simplicity, for we have still much to perform.

Adieu then, man and horse, ye unfortunate beings! It will be long ere we meet again. Still a little longer endure the rubs and crosses of your joint destiny, until Nature's *coup de grace* shall terminate all your misery! Thou, affectionate parent, wilt at least be spared the pang of witnessing the horrors that await thy beloved Maria. Alas, it is not yet known to thee, that the toilsome journey which thou and thy faithful servant have made from Yorkshire, was but a funeral procession, conducting the virtue, and consequently the felicity, of thy daughter to its grave. Thou too honest *grey*—in whose side I have just discovered a most important mark, close by the spur of thy master—a spot that has cost the artist only a touch of his graver, but which has cost thee thy dearest blood—believe me, that since this discovery, I feel trebly for thy fate! It grieveth me, just as we are about to separate, to meet with *this* sign of conjunction between thy lord and thee. Yet comfort thyself, for the equality of your respective destinies is greater than thou mayst imagine. He has had throughout life a less compassionate rider than thou hast had;—it would have cost the artist more than *one* stroke to have represented the scars which this poor victim now conceals beneath his *copri-miseria!**

Thus our heroine, the good, honest-hearted, unsuspecting village girl, has just got down at the Bell Inn, upon her arrival in London. This healthy country flower is now transplanted from its native soil into an immense garden, among innumerable species of weeds and insects, not known in Yorkshire. And unfortunately she is directly placed in one of the most infamous and pestilential quarters. Even before she can take root, a REPTILE (I mean her ladyship with the splendid watch) taints her with poisonous sting, so effectually as to prevent her from ever shooting up, at least in this temporal existence.—Hogarth has brought his country lass from Yorkshire—yet why from that county? The author and the artist, who labour for posterity, do nothing without a particular meaning. Yorkshire, according to statistical writers, furnishes the most beautiful females of all the English counties; and a waggon, laden with some of the poorest, though not precisely the ugliest of these creatures, stops weekly at the Bell in Wood-street. This is where the scene is laid, and now permit me a word or two that I may describe it. The inn-yard is evidently situated in a wretched corner:—should there be any dwellings in the neighbourhood that possess decent fronts, most assuredly they do not turn their most respectable sides towards this spot. The house, with the gallery, for instance, on the left,

* *Copri-miseria*, literally COVER-WRETCHEDNESS—a most significant name for a species of cloak worn in Italy. It is almost unnecessary to add, that *there* it is not used by the *clergy*.

could not well have presented to its neighbour any thing more shabby. Upon the gallery—which, by the by, is partly supported by posts and partly attached to poles—are two utensils, which are apparently accustomed to take their daily station here, for the benefit of sweet air. On the rope linen is hanging—at least something that has been this morning in the suds; but from the *single* specimen, we cannot exactly say whether it is intended to be employed again in bodily service, or whether it is merely in limbo for the paper-mill. The wench who is there, looking down, is holding a pair of dripping stockings over the parapet, and she seems to be looking at this shower-bath for passengers, with hopes of its good success.

In this miserable hole, in spite of all its wretchedness, we discern a man of some consequence certainly, for he has a servant with a bag-wig behind him, and is regarded with a look of respectful submission. His legs and thighs, to be sure, are a little crooked. He is come hither merely to await the arrival of the waggon with Yorkshire lasses, and to select for himself the first of the market. Besides his satellite in the bag-wig, he has for his ally the lady with the *cul-de-Paris*—for she evidently belongs to him. Who can these personages be?—This is what the reader shall now be circumstantially informed of.

The man, who has one foot over the threshold of the inn-door, and the other still in the house; his left hand resting on his cane, and his right privately employed, is the notorious Colonel Chartres. Whoever, therefore, knows with what ease Hogarth could catch likenesses and figures, must be delighted at finding, thus preserved, the physiognomy and person of one of the greatest scoundrels that the graver has ever immortalized. Among the actors in this drama, there are two who actually died upon the scaffold—yet this being is not one of them—not because he did not deserve hanging—most assuredly not—but he escaped being tied up, because, with those innumerable arts of cheating which conduct to the gallows, and in which he was such an adept—he had most prudently studied that which enabled him to cheat the gallows themselves of their just and legal due. And never were the gallows more grossly defrauded than upon the day when this animal died in his bed. This is no new information to those of my readers who are acquainted with Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the generality of the English classic writers of that period. Sharper, debauchee, knave, and Chartres, are various words which mean the same thing. Pope has expressed his character very briefly, when he says—"*Chartres and the Devil*,"—which sounds very much like Chartres and Co. Another Chartres of our own time has shown himself worthy of being admitted into the firm.*

The most excellent epitaph with which the celebrated Arbuthnot drummed the English Chartres out of the world into an infamous immortality, is well known. Why do we not sometimes read similar ones in our churchyards? After reading the lapidary eulogies so common with us, I have been frequently embarrassed to decide to which side of the grave a state of perfection belongs;—Surely there cannot be a "happier and a better world" than this, where every one who has escaped the gallows has lived the exemplary worthy person described on his tomb-stone! It is said, that a few days after Chartres' death, the following moving article appeared, in the Edinburgh Paper, among the advertisements for the apprehension of thieves, and announcement of the merits of quack medicines;—

Yesterday evening, at Stennihill, near Edinburgh, 22d May, 1732, at the age of 62, our dear husband and father, Col. Fras. Chartres of Amsfield, after a complete exhaustion, exchanged his active and laborious life for a state of eternal bliss. Religion and his country bewail in him a brave defender;—the orphan a generous parent;—the poor an indefatigable benefactor. No one feels more acutely than ourselves this heavy stroke, which fills an entire province with mourning. Convinced how deeply not only our friends, but the

* The Duke of Orleans, previously *Duc de Chartres*—*nomen et omen*. We should also recollect the Regent, who used to call himself a *rone*; although he died merely a *rouable*, just as his namesake in England died merely *pendable*.

world in general, participate with us upon this loss, we prohibit all further expression of condolence. Signed,

HELENA CHARTRES,
N. CHARTRES, Countess of Weems.

This man, who was possessed of an income of 10,000*l.* has come into this filthy hole, to await the arrival of a fresh importation of Yorkshire girls. The fellow behind him is a certain John Gourlay, who was generally his aide-de-camp on such expeditions, a kind of blood-hound on the scent of what his master sought. These worthies however do not trust entirely to their own prowess and generalship in their attack upon innocence, but judge it expedient to commit the opening of the campaign to their valuable ally. This is the old gentlewoman with the gold watch—a decoy bird, which, upon such occasions as the present, exchanges its accustomed brothel strains for the rural notes of the grove, in order to entice some young unwary creature to relinquish its freedom for a London cage. This most notorious female, who indeed was not hanged, but who died in a manner as disgraceful and more severe—this well-known and odious character of her day, used generally to be called *Mother* Needham. She kept a disorderly house in Park-place; which, if I am not mistaken, is a back street leading into St. James's, one of the principal of London. She probably obtained the appellation of *Mother* from her tenderness towards her protegées, whose virtue and honour were equally dear to her as her own. She too has been immortalised by Pope, who calls her "the pious Needham." (Dunciad 1, 323.) To call a bawd and procuress *pious* merely in irony, would have been too contemptible a joke for such a wit as Pope! No! She was *truly* pious; and her piety like that of a thousand others, went very accurately by clock-work. Every morning and evening she performed her ablutions by prayer, after the most approved recipes, and made an entire purification each Sunday; all her remaining time was devoted to the various duties of her profession. My readers will perhaps suppose that she was a hypocrite; but this supposition is still more disparaging to Pope's ability, for what are more common than b awds who are hypocrites? No! her praying was not altogether mechanical; a circumstance that constitutes the *differentia specifica*, and that renders Pope's idea worthy of such a satirist. It has been expressly remarked of her, that she has frequently, with tears, supplicated heaven to bless her calling, in order that, at length released from such a scandalous vocation, she might serve it in spirit and in truth. Yet heaven rejected her well-intentioned supplication. She was taken into custody; put into the pillory; and at the second operation was so terribly handled by the populace—who according to the proverb

Still love the treachery, but the traitor hate,

that she died before it came to the third trial. This was indeed somewhat worse than being hanged. Such as she was, we find her standing here; and in sooth she looks somewhat weather-beaten. The plaistering on her face is somewhat out of repair, as well as that of the inn wall, which most significantly serves as the back ground to this portrait. But in order to prevent, if possible, the escape of her remaining charms, she has prudently stopped up with patches the holes through which they might take flight, and she seems to have been retouching her faded beauties. In order to bring her heart more immediately in contact with that of this young creature, she has pulled off her glove—since the manual rhetoric which she employs for this purpose, does not act so effectually through intervening calf's skin; and thus the poor bird sinks into an infatuated sleep, during which it is put into the cage of a supposed lady of rank; but this cage will be found to have a back door for Chartres, and she is consequently doomed to inevitable destruction.—All this is contrived and settled while our good old parson is absorbed in studying the direction of his letter; so that we must here again place to the account of this poor man, the fracture of this other brittle ware, which not even a bishopric will enable him to mend again. So much for the effects of a letter of recommendation!

And so much too for the more essential parts of this first scene: now proceed we to notice shortly the accessories. In the corner, on the right hand, stands a spacious trunk, with

the letters M. H. upon its lid: it contains the maiden's dowry at this her union with infamy and perdition. With a kind of predestination, that nothing in the world can justify, Hogarth has given to his heroine the name of *Mary Hackabout*, which does not express her present character so much as her future destiny. This, therefore, had better been let alone. The English word *hack*, when applied to a female, is one of the most insulting that can be used: and if the daughter's name be *Hackabout*—what then is that of her poor innocent father? It is certainly honourable to the taste of us Germans, that we do not tolerate similar *inuendoes* on the part of an author—at least not without testifying our displeasure. Woe to the writer who, in order to distinguish his heroes, must invent for them these sort of titles. No man had ever less need to have recourse to such expedients than Hogarth. He gives us the history of his heroine so plainly, that we could not have failed, at its conclusion, to acknowledge her to be a Hackabout, even had the trunk-maker nailed the chaste name of Susanna herself upon the box-lid. Such significant appellations are tolerable in Latin, in Greek, or in Hebrew, where we are accustomed to regard them merely as Christian names:—thus the godliness of many a Theophilus stands upon the same footing with the blessedness of the incarnate Benedictus Spinoza.

Close to this trunk lies a poor goose, nearly strangled by the label on its neck, which runs thus—"*To my lofing cosen in Tems-street in London.*" Where is this gift to be carried? Many are the *lofing cosens* in Thames-street,—well disposed to receive geese either with or without labels: so that the feathered innocent is not likely to fall into more honest hands than thyself, Maria—and perhaps too thy travelling companions seated in the waggon. There is, alas, reason to fear that in London will be found "*lofing cosens*" for them all.

There still remains another corded-up box with its direction; we notice it merely to observe, that this direction is quite illegible, and it must therefore, in all probability, remain undelivered, until some honest waggoner, who cannot read, or some cunning rogue who does not trouble himself about the address, provides for it a place of security.

ON ITALIAN TRAGEDY:

INTRODUCTORY TO REMARKS ON

IL CONTO DI CARMAGNOLA, (THE COUNT OF CARMAGNOLA,)

A TRAGEDY, BY ALEXANDER MANZONI.

MILAN, 1820.

Before the time of Alfieri, Italy, critically speaking, cannot be said to have possessed any tragedies. Her bibliographical catalogues, it is true, boasted, with great pomp, of more than a hundred, but the Italian people never thought of reading them—they remained unrepresented by the comedians—in short, no one of any taste or judgment ever took notice of them. They were all of the tedious, cold, and insipid class, of which the Sofonisba of Tressino, the Antigone of Alamanni, the Rosmunda of Rucellai, the Aristodemo of Dottori, are sad specimens. They were condemned to languish in the hands of certain dull pedants, who sometimes cited, but who never read them. These persons, accustomed only to judge of books by their title-pages, and full of a silly pride, which they called love of country, but which in reality is but one of the forms of stupidity—stoutly denied the poverty of Italian literature in tragic composition; and, with ridiculous boasting, piqued themselves upon possessing an amount of wealth, equivalent in value to a pocket-book full of French assignats of the years 1794 and 1795.

A few men of letters, standing, as it were, between the pedants and their opposers, did not venture to mention the hundred tragedies of their progenitors; but, they had re-

course to another subterfuge, in order to preserve to Italy her pretended literary supremacy over all transalpine nations. They confounded *tragedy*, with *the opera*; and boasted of Metastasio, as if he had been a poet calculated to have created envy in the soul even of Shakspeare—to say nothing of Corneille and Racine!

It is not our intention to slight the favorite of all the Italian *innamorati* of the last century; the poet who caused the hearts of the venerable Italian matrons of the present day to languish and palpitate, during their youth, when they were under the discipline of their duennas. We only wish to observe, that, between the opera and true tragedy, there is a difference so wide, that not to be sensible of it indicates total literary blindness. Many are the elements, of this difference; but it would be paying an ill compliment to the sagacity of our readers were we to enter at full into their enumeration. One will suffice for our purpose:—the concurrence of *various* arts produces the general effect of the opera; but tragedy rests for its success upon the ability of the poet. In the opera the poetry, if we can be allowed the comparison, may be said to resemble a member of the Germanic confederation, who is obliged to furnish a certain contingent of troops, and no more: in tragedy, however, poetry is a single power, which must act vigorously from its own weight, and conquer by its own exertions. To place, therefore, the writer of operas on a level with the tragic poet, is as if one should equalize the military prowess of the king of Bavaria, and of Napoleon. If Metastasio had been endowed with more imagination than he possessed,—if he had been distinguished by a less effeminate and less monotonous mind than fell to his share,—an intellect more susceptible of sublime and varied fancies,—in spite of all these gifts he never could have composed a good tragedy while he continued to confine himself strictly within the thralling limits assigned by the opera to poetry. Those who consider Metastasio as a tragic poet, are no friends either to his memory, or to sound criticism, or to good logic. Let us then leave to him the fame of standing the first amongst the Italian writers of opera;—the fame also of a truly admirable poet, in revealing to Italy the secret of that beautiful style most suitable to verses designed for the voice. These, and no other, are the praises which may be fairly challenged for him; these, and no other, are the praises which are alone given to him, even in Italy, by persons of knowledge.

We repeat, therefore, without fear of being justly blamed for rashness or illiberality, that, before the time of Alfieri, the Italians possessed no tragedies—although many of their obscure poets often made miserable attempts, and tottered in the path of tragedy. Of darkness itself, however, it is useless to speak: but we shall indicate, in passing, some twilight glimmerings which appeared about this time.

Vincenzo Gravina, who, in the beginning of the 18th century, and a little previous, was in Italy the founder of true criticism—Gravina, who preached literary doctrines founded on reason and on the nature of things,* not on the caprices and conceits of rhetoricians—and who wrote a book on *tragedy*, which may be even read in our days with profit—was also the author of five tragedies. Unfortunately the fact proves, that he was rather born to reason upon the art than to be himself an artist. The plans of his tragedies might possibly be dictated by sound philosophy, but their execution convinces, in every way, that poor Gravina was no poet. His five tragedies only lived a short time in their fond parent's disquisitions. When he ceased to write of them, every one else soon forgot them.

The celebrated mathematician, Antonio Conti, the same who was arbitrator in the famous dispute between Newton and Leibnitz, on the invention of the infinite calculus, was excited by his genius to undertake

* We mean his books, one of which is entitled *Della Ragione Poetica*, and the other *Sulla Tragedia*. He may not be always right in his views in these; but the importance of the many original thoughts contained in these works ought to bespeak pardon for the errors that may be found in them—errors rather to be traced to the period than to the writer.

studies of a less austere nature, and he likewise aspired to the tragic crown. Conti was much more of a poet than Gravina: his translations of the Rape of the Lock, and of Eloise's Epistle to Abelard, give sufficient proof of it: they may be said to rival the original so happily as almost to make it doubtful to which the palm of superiority should be awarded. Conti was a man who disdained the prejudices of the miserable schools of Italy of his time: he knew and respected the literature of all the nations of Europe; and, had he not been prevented by premature death, he would have formed a comparative analysis of the theatres of Greece, of England, and of France. Such was his intention—but it was frustrated. Conti had, as we have stated, sufficiently studied the principles of literature: he had formed new and original ideas on the nature of tragedy, and on the causes of its effects. Unity of action he made chiefly to consist in unity of interest, concentrating in one single personage. He wished to try these principles in practice, and he adhered so severely to his rule, that he subjected himself to the labour of composing two tragedies, the Death of Cæsar, and Marcus Brutus, upon one sole story. His reason for dividing them was, that Cæsar is the hero of the first, and Brutus of the second! But Conti, in despite of his poetical powers, which were vigorous—in despite of the beauties which one meets here and there in his tragedies—did not succeed in gaining much favor for his theory, (which does not seem to have been of the soundest kind,) by his practice. His tragedies were received by the public in that lifeless way in which a thing which is neither good nor bad is always received.

But why should we annoy our readers by continuing the narrative of the attempts and failures of the Italian tragic poets? The Merope of Scipione Maffei is the only tragedy which stands at all prominent in the theatre of Italy at this time; and, considering when it was written, it deserves a distinguished place in the libraries of men of good taste. We should say that it is more worthy of this honour, for instance, than the Cato of Addison. The rest are only fit food for worms and pedants.

This is not the place to investigate and discuss all the diverse causes which, conjoined together, prevented, for so long a time, the appearance of any esteemed tragic poet in a country, where epic poetry, lyrical, didactic, and satirical, had been cultivated with the greatest success—and which had gathered the laurels of Europe for its own brow. A few words, however, will be necessary, in order to rectify a logical error into which some learned persons, even in Italy, have fallen. It is strange to hear people attributing the poverty of the Italian tragic theatre solely to the great passion of the people for the opera—a passion which has been of long duration. Their argument is, that the opera, drawing to itself all the national encourgement, by the seductive attractions of pomp and harmony, did not leave a sufficient audience for the poet, who should endeavour to gain the applause of the public by the power of language alone. An empty theatre was not likely to excite poetical genius. Now, it seems to us a very miserable manner of explaining one phenomenon, to give notice of another, without making any reference to the first cause of either. If merely adducing features of the case could be held explaining it, we would find it very easy to disprove the above assertion by asking, for instance, how, if the opera were really then, as it is now, the sole delight of the Italians, Gravina, Conti, Maffei, and so many others, wrote tragedies? Why, when the tragedies of Alfieri appeared on the stage, the Italians ran in crowds to hear them recited? If the opera had really been the only pleasure of the nation, why did not the people all stay away from these last, to listen to the thrills of Marchesi and the quavers of Banti? Why do they still run to the comedies of Goldoni, of Gozzi,—and even those of the stupid Abbate Chiari?

But, putting an end to these useless questions, we believe we may at once trace the poverty of the Italian tragedy to high causes,—to the *political and moral circumstances* of the country previous to the French revolution.

The Italian people divided amongst themselves,—one part governed by foreigners, another under the com-

mand of sleepy and dilatory masters, —a third bent under the yoke of superstition—had no universal public spirit, no great capital city to give a tone to the public mind. Condemned to obey, and that most passively, Italy had contracted, during a long course of servitude, all that carelessness with which slaves are accustomed to regard their existence:—apathy to every thing which did not tend to sensual enjoyment had become nature in almost every Italian's breast. The words country, national independence, liberty, human rights, civil virtue, &c. &c.—were become for them void of meaning. Moral sciences were very little cultivated; for they were displeasing to the governors. The human heart was not analyzed: for the Italians it was a useless study; as was that of history, for they had no hopes to nourish, no future events to which to look forward. Public education was entirely in the hands of the monks; whose endeavour it was to degrade the human race, in order to keep it easily under their fingers. All noble passions were stifled in the souls of the miserable Italians, by the effects of such an education. The greater part of the public studies were void of philosophy, and superficial. Even poetry, although cultivated more generally, was only considered, and exercised, as a momentary means of escaping from the realities of life—as a recreation destitute of moral aim or character—a pastime for grown children. Destitute of lofty interests, without strong feelings, without high sentiments of human dignity,—permitted only to avail themselves of the amatory feelings, to form the interest of their poetical works, how could such a country hope to produce a true tragic poet? To overcome so many difficulties, the birth of a most extraordinary genius would have been requisite; but of such nature is not liberal. They appear but once, perhaps, in four or five centuries; and if the French revolution had not come to the assistance of Alfieri, he also, in spite of his great tragic powers, would have failed to gain immortality.

This event roused the moral energies of all Europe. The Italians, as well as others, were awakened by it; they began to feel the necessity of thought; they felt the necessity of enlarging their hitherto confined ideas. Alfieri sought improvement by travel. He saw the possibility of a future political existence for Italy. He saw it, it is true, with a mind always prejudiced in its admiration for the antients, without taking account of the real wants of the present very different state of civilization. Nevertheless, he clearly saw this political existence demanded by reason, and he plunged into the idea with noble ardour. He created himself poet of his own future Italy! Alfieri's presages in favour of the beautiful peninsula have not, unfortunately, hitherto had accomplishment. It would seem her destiny to be always cruelly betrayed by the other nations of Europe. She became almost necessarily the victim of France; who, after having called her to new life, after having taught her new hopes, given her military and civil institutions, and almost raised her to the rank of a nation,—denied her in the end her liberty. In the mean time, however, the Italians were put in communication with the novel aspirations and ideas of the growing time—and, as the serpent leaves its old skin amongst the thorns, so did this people, in the midst of so many political vicissitudes, change their moral habits. To their antient apathy succeeded a private and public activity, directed towards those important interests of which they were before ignorant. More elevated and more lively passions; more ardent desires; greater asperity of memory; greater sensibility to suffering; the diffusion of knowledge amongst the populace; a sense of the necessity of following the progress of the human mind, and of becoming active members of the great European family; a tendency to the study of moral science, and of the human heart—such are some of the effects which the French revolution produced amongst the Italian people. And these effects may be considered as having formed the great foundation of the celebrity of Alfieri;—a celebrity which will endure for a long period—even should political events continue unfortunate for Italy—much time being necessary to cause to retrograde the civilization of a people who have once been accustomed to

meditate on their condition, and who see other nations, around them, advancing towards a greater perfection of social existence.

In observing that the political and moral circumstances of Italy were particularly favourable to Alfieri; that he, in return, by the poetical and moral power of his compositions was of great benefit to his country; —in styling him a great tragic poet —a poet of the first order, and one to whom the applause of every liberal and cultivated nation is due—we do not mean to say, that in his works Italian tragedy has run through all the stages which lead to perfection, or that it has developed all its strength according to the innate capacities of the art. Without pausing here to make an analysis of Alfieri's tragic system,—which we may, perhaps, do on another occasion,—we must beg it to be remembered, that his theory was far too limited to leave room to tragedy to exhibit all her high and mighty powers. Alfieri subjected himself servilely to the unities of time and place, according to the law of the French tragedians, and the miserable Italian pedants of the time. He reduced the interlocutors to a very small number in his pieces. He removed from his compositions all those accessories which, when well connected together, much encrease the sum total of the effect. He renounced altogether the idea of preserving correctness of time and place in the customs and manners of his characters. He made the unity of action to consist in the extremest simplicity, a simplicity, which approached, at least, to poverty and nakedness. He constrained himself to represent nothing but the very last accidents—the catastrophes of the passions,—never giving those interesting and progressive steps that lead to the final results.

The example of this great man, however, roused the genius of generous emulators; and inspired other Italians to make new efforts in the line of tragedy. The illustrious names of Foscolo, of Monti, and others of more recent fame, resounded amidst the applauses of the theatres, as well as from the lips of the much-moved reader. But whether the tragic system, established by Alfieri, was really more congenial to their views,—or whether they did not feel themselves sufficiently courageous to attempt novelty in a country whose government monopolizes even simple literary opinions,—and where the pedants (now more cruel, inasmuch as they are about to lose entirely the sceptre of their tyranny), denounce to the heads of the state, as equal to the crime of political rebellion, every literary innovation,—it is certain that, down to the present time, none of the esteemed writers of tragedy have ever attempted to occupy a more ample or liberal sphere than the one occupied by Alfieri. Giovanni Pindemonte may, perhaps, be cited as an exception:—his intentions, however, must be considered and nothing else: and, in mentioning Pindemonte, we speak of a poet too near perhaps to mediocrity to justify our notice of him in this place.

In spite of the danger which in Italy is incurred by the honest man who proclaims the philosophy of truth, some literati of that fine peninsula have loudy declared, of late years, the necessity of elevating, by freedom, their national tragic theatre to that high state of dignity and power to which Shakspeare has raised that of England, and Schiller and Goethe the German stage. The precepts of Aristotle, from ancient times cited by the short-sighted, as incontrovertible laws—tremendous as the words of the Twelve Tables to the Romans,—have been accordingly examined and discussed with much critical acumen. The literary doctrines of Europe have been cited and appealed to. The absolute observance of the unity of time and place has been demonstrated to be hurtful to the full exercise of the dramatic art. The essence of theatrical illusion has been analyzed. It has been established in what consists the true unity of *action*,—namely, in the unity of *interest*. The study of the human heart, the study of philosophy applied to the arts, has been substituted for the study of the arbitrary and inconclusive rules of the rhetoricians. In fine, poetry has been, through the prevalence of liberal principles, reinstated in the entire enjoyment of her rights. When this was effected, nothing remained wanting but a brilliant genius to take advantage of what had been done; and to demonstrate to all Italy, not by theories only, but by facts, the

benefits of the new literary liberty. The author of the tragedy, the title of which stands at the head of the present paper, seems to be destined to discharge this grand office.

Signor Allesandro Manzoni, a poet greatly esteemed, in his own country, for several highly beautiful and entirely original lyrical compositions,* has commenced his tragic career with *the Count of Carmagnola.* This tragedy, which, in our opinion, will ever mark a luminous epoch in the literary history of Italy—because it happily lays the foundation of an improved system—could not, with propriety, be announced in England, without prefacing the notice with a rapid sketch of the state of the tragic theatre of Italy previous to its appearance. The obviousness of this will, no doubt, induce our readers to excuse the length of our exordium.

The analysis which e are about to give of the tragedy of Signor Manzoni, will justify, we trust, our admiration of a poet till now unknown in England. But we earnestly desire that such of our readers as understand the Italian language, may not rest contented short of procuring the original, when they will be grateful to us, we doubt not, for having given them the first intimation of so pleasing a work.

But, before proceeding to the analysis of the tragedy in question, it will be necessary to furnish a brief historical account of the principal character, and of the facts of his history which have chiefly supplied its subject. The count of Carmagnola, although a valiant soldier, is not in the situation either of a Cid, a Bruce, or a Chevalier de Bayard, whose histories are in the mouths of every one. The author himself has thought an explanation of this sort necessary; and he has therefore placed a rather diffuse account of his hero immediately before his tragedy.

The Count Francesco di Carmagnola, was the grandson of a peasant. Bussone was the family appellation; the place of his birth a hamlet, in Piedmont, near the River Po, called Carmagnola, from whence he took the sirname, which has since remained to him in history. The year of his birth is not known, but the Biographia Piemontese of Tenivelli places it about the year 1390.

Whilst Francesco, who was still a youth, tended the paternal flocks, his noble physiognomy was noticed by one of the soldiers of fortune, who, in those times, sold their swords to the best paymasters. This soldier invited Francesco to accompany him to the wars. The youth willingly followed his inviter, and placed himself, with his companion, under the pay of Facino Cane, a celebrated captain who served under the Duke of Milan, Giovanni Maria Visconti.

At the death of Giovanni Maria (1412) his brother Filippo Maria Visconti, ought to have inherited the dukedom. But the city revolted, and was usurped by new masters. Carmagnola, at the head of the soldiers of Facino Cane, then dead, sustained Filippo Maria; and, having first vanquished the Milanese, placed the prince on the Ducal throne. On this occasion, Carmagnola was nominated general by the Duke, and afterwards Count of Castelnuovo. He continued the war against the rebels. "Most of the revolted cities," to use the words of a recent and very eminent author, Mr. Hallam, "were tired of their new masters, and their inclinations conspiring with Carmagnola's eminent talents and activity, the house of Visconti re-assumed its former ascendency from the Sesia to the Adige.† Filippo who, in the year 1412, was without power, and trembling in the Castle of Pavia, possessed, in the year 1424, through the valour of Carmagnola, twenty cities. This creator of the power of the Duke married a lady of the ducal family, named Antoinetta Visconti.

But when Filippo found himself secure upon his throne, and satisfied in his ambitious views, the duty of gratitude rendered the aspect of his benefactor odious to him. His courtiers, jealous of the celebrity of Carmagnola, and of the enthusiastic affection with which he was regarded by the soldiers, inflamed constantly

* *Inni Sacri*, (sacred hymns) and some other poems, by Alexander Manzoni.

† See Hallam's View of the State of Europe, during the Middle Ages. Mr. H. styles Carmagnola "one of the greatest Generals of that military age."

the hatred of Filippo against him. Carmagnola was first banished from the court; and then, after sustaining many injuries and insults, was necessitated to fly from the Ducal states. Before taking this last measure, he sought an opportunity to present himself before Filippo, for the purpose of appealing to his old recollections: but in vain. He went first into Piedmont, and from thence to Venice, where he was received with all the honours which his great fame merited, and was taken into the service of the republic, with 300 lancers.*

The Florentines, being then engaged in a war against the Duke of Milan, solicited the assistance of the Venetians. The Duke did all in his power to induce the latter to remain neutral; and, at the same time, he sought to procure the assassination of Carmagnola, through the means of one Giovanni Liprando: but the plot was discovered, and the Venetians, justly indignant, declared war,†—first consulting Carmagnola, who, in Feb. 1424, was created Captain-general of all the troops of the republican territory.

In a few months Carmagnola took from Filippo a large portion of territory, together with the city of Brescia:‡ but the pope, Martin V, interfering,—by the end of the same year a peace was concluded.

In the second, war, (1427) Carmagnola, after gaining many small victories, won the great battle of Maclodio, in which he took, according to some histories, five—and, according to others, eight thousand prisoners, soldiers of the duke. In those times it was the custom of war that every general should negotiate for the liberty of his own prisoners. Carmagnola, a frank and generous soldier, would not oppose the general rule; he gave permission to his generals to avail themselves of their privilege, and he set at liberty himself 400 prisoners, which he had made. This proceeding gave great displeasure to the Venetian commissaries, who were in the camp; and they caused him to be reproved in consequence: but, this first disagreement once over, nothing was talked of, but honours and recompence for the victor. In April of the year 1428, another peace was concluded with the Duke of the same precarious kind.

In the year 1431, a third war broke out, which had not so prosperous a commencement as the two former wars: for Carmagnola, deceived by a stratagem of his enemies, did not arrive in time to succour Nicola Trevisani, the captain of the Venetian fleet on the Po; and the latter was in consequence discomfited. Other disasters followed—particularly one at Cremona. The Venetians attributed these to treachery, for they now began to hate Carmagnola. They pretended to believe that he had made peace secretly with the Duke of Milan; and that the compact between them was the ruin of the Venetian interests. Like all great men, he had many enemies. The nobility of Venice, ever full of suspicions, and who had long owed him a grudge, because they did not find in him a trembling sycophant, but rather the noble, frank, and proud deportment of a man contented with his own conscience, secretly and ferociously determined to undo him. They were resolved, according to Navagero,§ *to rid themselves of Carmagnola*, and meditated means to get him into their power unarmed. With pretended courtesy, they invited him to Venice, under pretext of consulting him upon the peace. He went without suspicion, and, during the whole journey, he, as well as all his suite, was treated with extraordinary marks of honour by the crafty republic.

Scarcely arrived in Venice, Carmagnola was suddenly arrested in the palace of the Doge. He was imprisoned, and examined by a secret tribunal; and, his fate being determined beforehand, he was condemned to death. On the 5th of May, 1432, the unfortunate Count was conducted, gagged, to the spot between the two pillars of the Piazzetta, and there he was beheaded!

Thus fell, a victim of the perfidi-

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* See Sanuto—*Vite dei Dogi di Venezia. Rer. Ital.* xxii.
† See Bigli.
‡ See Machiavelli, *Ist. Fior. Lib.* 4.
§ See Navagero, *Stor. Ven. Rer. Ital.* xxiii.

ous and unstable politics of the Venetians, one whom fortune had saved from the ungrateful persecutions of the Duke of Milan. His wife and one daughter, or, according to some writers, his two sons, were at the time in Venice.

It was not sufficient for the Venetians to take the life of Carmagnola; they contrived to rob him of his fame even to future generations. All their writers asserted, without proving, his guilt. But what faith can be given to persons who write under a tyrannical government, with the intention of flattering, and propitiating its power? Besides, the only means which, for certain, were known to have been adopted to convict Carmagnola of treachery, were the infamous means of torture, inflicted in secret! Not much logical acuteness is requisite to convince, that the confessions extorted by the rack prove nothing else but the physical torments of the sufferer, and the barbarity of the tormentors.

The character of Carmagnola, noted for its noble and proud spirit, opposes itself to the idea that he could condescend to any reconciliation with the vile Filippo; and his prudence and knowledge of the world render the supposition absurd, that he, after having so seriously offended, should think of approaching one who was known never to pardon an offence. The vicissitudes of war have nothing in them so extraordinary, that, to account for them, it is necessary to suppose the treason of the commander. The alacrity with which Carmagnola returned to Venice on the invitation of the Senate; the mystery preserved by the nobles of Venice in regard to the criminal proceedings against him; the cruel precaution of sending the miserable victim gagged to the scaffold, in order that he might not speak to the people,—are convincing proofs, to those who know the nature of the Venetian government, of the innocence of the Count of Carmagnola.

The public opinion of the time, it is true, was in some measure biassed by the bad faith of the Venetian writers; yet the Count had even then, in Italy, some friends. A chronicler of Bologna, and Poggio,* contemporaneous writers, say openly, that the accusation of treachery was by many thought a pretext, and the condemnation an injustice.

Corio, who wrote some little time after, says, that the Venetians took also from the Count 300,000 ducats, and that this sum was, more than any thing else, the cause of his death.†

Modern historians, who do not blindly adopt the antient traditions, have examined the case with liberal and philosophical judgment. They seem pretty nearly to be of one accord; and are, generally, persuaded of the innocence of the Count. Pietro Verri alone, in spite of his general discretion, says, he fell under a just sentence;‡ but whoever reads this passage in Verri, will clearly find, that he broached such an opinion solely in consequence of his not having informed himself exactly of the facts upon which his judgment ought to have been established.

The miserable destiny of Carmagnola made a great sensation in all Italy; and the remembrance of it remained impressed on thousands for a long period. It appears, from an anecdote recounted by Denina, that, on the occasion of the league of Cambray, it was said of the Piedmontese, that the time was come when they might revenge the horrible murder of Carmagnola, their countryman.

These are the historical facts which we beg our readers to recollect whilst they peruse our account of the tragedy of Manzoni. Some other circumstances will be specified in the account itself—which we postpone to our next number.

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* See *Cronica di Bologna, Rar. Ital.* XVIII. and Poggii *Hist. lib.* vi.

† See Bernardino Corio, *Istor. di Milano.*

‡ See Pietro Verri, *Ster. di Milano.*

DRAB BONNETS.

Verses occasioned by reading in a Morning Paper, that at a Meeting convened in London, for some charitable purpose, "among other Ladies we observed a considerable number, whose Drab Bonnets bespoke them Members of the Society of Friends."

THEY may cant of costumes, and of brilliant head-dresses,
A la Grecque—a la Françoise—or what else they will;
They may talk of tiaras, that glitter on tresses
Enwreath'd by the Graces, and braided with skill:
Yet to my partial glance, I confess the drab bonnet
Is the loveliest of any,—and most when it bears
Not only the bright gloss of neatness upon it—
But, beneath,—the expression Benevolence wears!
Then let Fashion exult in her vapid vagaries,
From her fascinations my favourite is free:
Be Folly's the head-gear that momently varies,
But a Bonnet of drab is the sweetest to me.

Though stately the ostrich-plume, gracefully throwing
Its feathery flashes of light on the eye;
Though tasty and trim the straw-bonnet, when glowing
With its ribbons so glossy of various dye:—
Yet still I must own, although none may seem duller
Than a simple drab Bonnet to many a gaze—
It is, and it will be, the favourite colour,
Around which my fancy delightedly plays:—
And it well suits my muse with a garland to wreath it,
And echo its praises with gratefullest glee,—
For, knowing the goodness that oft lurks beneath it,
The Bonnet of drab beats a turban with me.

Full many a rare gem,—the poet has chaunted,—
In the depths of the ocean flings round it its sheen;—
And many a flowret, its beauties unvaunted,
Springs to life, sheds its perfume, and withers unseen:
And well do I know that our sisterhood numbers,
Array'd in the liv'ry that coxcombs reprove,—
Forms as fair as e'er rose on a poet's sweet slumbers,
And faces as lovely as ever taught love.
This I know, and have felt;—and, thus knowing and feeling,
A recreant minstrel I surely should be,
If, my heart-felt attachment ignobly concealing,
The Bonnet of drab past unhonour'd by me!

I have bask'd in the blaze of both beauty and fashion,—
Have seen these united with gifts rich and rare,
And crown'd with a heart that could cherish compassion,—
And by sympathy soften what sorrow must bear.
Yet acknowledging this,—which I can do sincerely,—
For the highest enjoyment this bosom e'er knew,
The glance which it treasures most fondly, most dearly,
Beam'd from under a Bonnet of drab-colour'd hue.
'Twas my pleasure,—my pride!—it is past, and has perish'd,
Like the track of a ship o'er the dark-heaving sea;
But its loveliness lives, its remembrance is cherish'd,
And the Bonnet of drab is still beauteous to me!

A SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF VOCAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND;

WITH NOTICES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS AND COMPOSERS, DURING A PERIOD TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The biography of singers has not been continued with any thing like fullness or knowledge after the death of Doctor Burney. Some brief sketches in the periodical works, are almost all we can boast of since the time of the above eminent person. The work called Anecdotes of Music, by Mr. Burgh, is a compilation and abridgement from Burney and Hawkins, with a slight—very slight—continuation at the end. This continuation consists of little beyond dates and names: there are, however, a few remarks, which are generally good so far as they go. Our task shall be to endeavour to fill this chasm; and in so doing we shall also aim at conveying some general notion of the state of music at the various periods, according as one or other branch of the art has shot out and spread more luxuriantly than the others. Our principal business, be it however understood, lies amongst the vocalists.

The last work of Dr. Burney, wherein any of the greater features of musical performance are traced with any thing like extent or accuracy, is his account of the commemoration of Handel at Westminster Abbey; and from this book we may form an idea of the true amount of the musical ability of that day—an epoch just preceding 1790. Amongst the singers at this prodigious assemblage of musicians was Rubinelli, who was about the last of the class of *evirati*, that appeared in this country. Every one who is at all conversant with the historians of music, is aware of the sublime, the solemn, the pathetic, and the delicate effects produced by this class of singers. There yet remain persons inclined to maintain, that, if humanity has been benefited by the diminution of this race, art has been deteriorated. But a good deal of allowance is to be made for the raptures of youth remembered in age. The best portion of fifty years have gone over the heads of those now alive who still speak with exstacy of Guadagni and of Pacchierotti, and of the emotions raised by the forty-eight singers of the Sistina chapel: there is reason therefore to suspect, that a little of the exaggeration of youthful passion for the art mingles with their praises. At the same time, we are prone to believe, that the notions of legitimate expression, inculcated by the practice of the old school, are more perfect than those of our own time: for it is to be remembered, that, in the Pope's chapel, where the voices were assisted by no accompanying instrument whatever, the effects have been captivating in the very highest degree. We know that in regard to one particular composition, (the *Miserere* of Allegri) the power of raising the emotions, associated with the performance of the piece, was incommunicable, except by traditional instruction. Yet, were the well known anecdotes respecting the transmission of this piece to the Emperor, held insufficient to establish our position, we have surer ground of judgment in the knowledge of the long training and the severity of the discipline to which these singers were submitted. Eight or ten years were the term of their study under the best masters; and no singer was held to be competent to undertake his department, until he had undergone the regular course of instruction for at least a period of this length. Their practice was addressed to the principles of expression. Their ambition was to move the affections by the simplest and the grandest means; by majesty and purity of tone, elocution, and ornament. Surprize was left for after days.

It would seem (to speak generally) that dexterity in producing lighter and more sensual effects of tone, have superseded the grander intellectual qualities of the art—majesty, tenderness, and pathos. But if such has been the change, we must next enquire by what gradations, and by what agency, this metamorphosis has been wrought? Witches, whose incantations have been more powerful than the chains of the fierce Khawla, or the incantations of the blue eyed Maimuna have been at work.

When Dr. Burney closed his own history, (about which said termination there are, by the way, many manifest marks of a desire to get

what had been so long in hand, done at last) the recollection of the great school, as it was then, and has been since esteemed, (that of the Castrati and of Harpe of Porpara, and the other masters belonging to the early part of last century,) though not absolutely extinct, was fading fast away. Madame Mara had, for some time, been the supreme object of the admiration of the musical nations of Europe, when, in 1786, she arrived to fix the standard of true expression in this country. Mr. Norris of Oxford, a singer more celebrated for declamatory force than for polished attainment, was just about to give place to the rising grace, finish, rich tone, and chaste style of the late Mr. Harrison. Bass singing was not at a high pitch. Mr. Mathews of Oxford, Mr. Champness, and Mr. Renhold were principally known as concert singers; but the voice of the first was coarse and reedy; and the manner of the others was sound, but heavy and ecclesiastical.

At this æra, the knowledge of music was far less extensively diffused amongst the English people than it is at present. There was a marked line of separation between the not very numerous body of the supporters and frequenters of the Opera, and the high concerts,—and the other classes of the nation. The concert of ancient music was regarded almost as a privileged establishment. The catch club gave life and being to our most original style of composition, but that too was limited to a few noblemen and gentlemen.

For some duration of time, from the year 1786, when Mara first arrived, she fixed, as we have said, the standard of expression; and the King's excessive partiality for Handel, which led him to reject all other music but that great composer's, directed her talents particularly towards his works. The Abbey performances practically illustrated the sublimity of his designs, with a dignity and force, that neither the most ambitious aspirations of the author, nor of his most ardent followers, durst have anticipated. The whole body of judges were then agreed in decreeing the loftiest honours, and the most durable reputation, to the genius of Handel. All the musicians of the country assembled to exalt and perpetuate his fame. This was the point of time, the very moment, when fine expression was at its acme; and it is remarkable that the same year which was marked by the extension of the royal patronage to the ancient concerts, introduced to the public both Mara and Billington—the last supporter, and the first destroyer, of the school of legitimate vocal expression.

The distinguishing characteristic of Mara, as a singer, is conveyed in that word, embracing such a complication of qualities—EXPRESSION. She had a voice neither so powerful, so extensive, nor so magnificent as those we have since heard from Billington, Banti, and Catalani. Perhaps it was neither so sweet nor so flexible as those of Mrs. Salmon and Miss Corri; but her intellect was of so dignified a cast, and such was her command over the practical parts of her art, that, in the universal judgment of her hearers, and in despite of her imperfect foreign pronunciation of our language, she always imparted, not only the precise passion which the composer intended—varying every delicious touch with still happier grace—but also exalted every tint and shade to the highest possible degree of beauty. Every note she sung went to the heart; and while she roused the feelings, she gained the sanction of the understanding. Her compass was from G to E in altissimo: all the notes of her voice were nearly alike in quality, and she possessed an exquisite facility in varying tone according to sentiment. She had an equal command of style in the church, in the orchestra, and in the theatre. Handel's *Messiah* afforded scope for the display of her sublimity;—Sacchini's *San Regina*, for her majesty and for her execution;—*Hope told a flattering tale*, for her tenderness, amatory passion, and pathos. This last requisite was, however, carried to its ultimate depth, by her performance of Handel's *Farewell ye limpid springs*, which, with the contrasted excitation of the last movement, completed the illustration of her universal and perfect power over all the attributes of fine expression, in all styles,—save the comic, which, we believe, with a just sense of the danger such endeavours seldom fail to bring with them, she most judiciously never attempted.

Those who witnessed the unfortunate exhibition that Mara has been

lately tempted to make in her decline, may be induced to doubt the truth of our portrait; and to assign to the cause touched upon in the opening of this article—viz. the lively impression made on the mind by the fresh gratifications of early life, a considerable portion of the superiority we here award. But we have compared opinions with critics of the most acknowledged judgment, of the most veteran experience, and the most unblemished motives; and the consent is universal. All admit that there never was such omnipotence in *expression* as that of THE MARA.

Pacchierotti had returned to the continent, and Rubinelli and Marchesi had now succeeded him—the last of their school. Their range was confined, and certainly produced no *national* impression. Signora Storace first appeared in 1787, as a comic singer at the Opera, where Mara was still the first serious woman. We notice these changes in the order of time, but shall postpone our description of Storace till she assumed that station where she became conspicuous, and in which her performance had a real influence upon the national taste.

While Mara thus retained her supremacy, there was a considerable body of the public who were delighted with the sweetness of voice, and extraordinary agility, of Billington's theatrical English style. If the one was imperial in her attributes, and despotic in her dominion over the court, the other possessed such graceful natural endowments, and showed such luxuriant wildness in the display of her acquirements in art, that she became triumphant in the city. Mara ruled the greater, Billington the lesser musical public. The latter, as yet, was remarkable more for her delicious voice than for any other faculty. To those who listened only to admire, her facility (acquired with infinite labour) seemed a natural gift:—she had not yet reached to that astonishing height of invention, precision, rapidity, force, and explication, which she afterwards attained. Thus, however, was taste then divided. In 1793, Billington quitted England, with the avowed intention of retiring altogether from the public exercise of the profession—an intention not then, nor for many years after, to be realized.

We must now turn to another department of vocal science—the tenor singers of this time. Their empire was more divided, though their pretensions were far more unequal than those of the female sovereigns. Mr. Harrison, Mr. Incledon, and Mr. Kelly, were the singers of the church, the concert, the theatres, and the gardens. Of the three, Mr. Harrison was far the most able, though not probably the most popular. Few singers have, indeed, ever appeared, who, with powers so limited, accomplished so much. Harrison was brought up by a Mr. Burton, who is only known as having assisted in the chorusses at the Drury Lane oratorios, when conducted by Stanley and Linley. Mr. H.'s compass was short; and his power far from superior; but such was the purity, the peculiar richness, and the brilliancy of his tone,—such, above all, was the elaborate polish of his singing, that, in these respects, he certainly exceeded any singer of whom tradition has left us knowledge, or with whom personal observation has afforded us acquaintance. He rarely, if ever, used a note of falsetto; and his manner was so entirely chastened, as to expose him to the accusation of coldness from those who looked for strong representations of passion.—But the fact really is, that he knew the exact extent of his ability; and he wisely restrained himself to exertions which he was sure would secure to him, from the judicious, the praise he so well deserved. His ornaments were highly elegant, but never superabundant. He was neither plain nor florid. His singing was a cabinet picture, perfect in design, and finished to the most minute excellence. We shall perhaps convey some idea of his chosen style, when we say Handel's *Lord remember David;* Boyce's *Softly rise;* Sarti's *Odi grand ombra;* Dr. Pepusch's *Alexis;* Webbe's *Mansion of Peace;* Horsley's *Gentle Lyre;* and Atwood's *Soldier's Dream*, were the most eminently distinguished of his songs, and made up the almost unvarying routine of his concert list. No praise can be too high for him in this his sphere: his performance was, in its kind, more exquisite than can be described. Owing to the universal sweetness, and the equal distribution of the beauties of his style and execution,

it was so difficult to imitate or to arrive at his grace, that he had few followers; and all but the memory of the name of this, the most finished example of the English school, is now effaced. He died in 1812, at the age of fifty-two, when his reputation was at its zenith.

Mr. Incledon was nearly the reverse of Mr. Harrison in every thing that respects the natural endowments, and the scientific acquirements of a singer. He was brought up as a chorister in the cathedral of Exeter, whence he was, we have understood, kidnapped and sent to sea, in order to skreen from public justice a young, but atrocious offender, the near relation of one of the dignitaries, against whom Incledon was a principal evidence. Thus, his education was interrupted; and his musical studies, if not for ever impeded, were yet diverted into another and a widely different course. The mind of young Incledon thus received two sorts of impressions, which through life were found indelible; and which afterwards gave that peculiar turn to his performance, that fitted him to affect and to vitiate the taste of a nation. At the same time, we are not sure that popular feelings, intimately connected with the growth of national hardihood, and calculated to help to carry a people through such a contest as that which we have recently so gloriously terminated, were not cherished, fanned, and inflamed in the breasts of the multitude, by the style of Mr. Incledon's singing.—From such small causes spring events which direct and govern the destinies of mankind—so intimately connected are politics and the arts—so closely blended indeed are all the actions of men. But Incledon's style of performance was not the only circumstance of that nature, which, at this time, possessed such a tendency. Several of the dramatic and the song writers of the period, seem to have directed their powers in the same way. One of them, especially, Charles Dibdin, appears to have been born to advance this great object. His ballads are so amazingly numerous as to embrace almost every subject; but the force of his mind was concentrated upon traits of national character and excitements of public feeling. Whether his compositions sprung from the circumstances of the times, or were themselves a cause of propagating the sentiments and actions they describe—in whichsoever way they may be taken—they must be considered as of importance in the history of the arts, affecting as they did those public sentiments and actions which constitute the history of a people.

The simplicity of the music of Shield was very advantageous to the display of Incledon's powers, and to the advancement of his reputation. If ever a man was made a singer by nature, Incledon was; or at least he was as little indebted to science as one who occupies the situation he held in the theatre and orchestra can *possibly* be—for, be it remembered, it is impracticable for any one to be continually employed in music, to be accustomed to sing in parts, and to the accompaniment of a band, without picking up a good share of the *ars technica* of singing. Such a one will soon come to be acquainted with the ruder elements; he will learn, in a good degree, to read notes and to keep time; and he will, moreover, from mere collision with abler musicians than himself, acquire something of the higher branches; something of the elocution, something of the passion, and something of the embellishments of the art—at the same time, his want of sound knowledge, will, generally, be discoverable in the application of his scraps of learning.

Incledon was confident by disposition and by habit. He had a fine tenor voice, remarkable, however, for the power, rather than the beauty of its tone. It was so ductile, that, though produced without the slightest touch of art, its quality was preserved whatever was its quantity (and he could pour out a tremendous volume)* from its very loudest to its very softest tones. But the peculiar

* I remember to have entered one of the back seats in one of the upper tiers of boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, at the moment when the full chorus of the witches in Macbeth were singing *We should rejoice*, and at the season too when Macbeth was given with its "black spirits and white spirits, blue spirits and grey" in fullest splendor. I heard the voice of one man distinctly through the multitude of chorussers and all the band. That voice I found was Incledon's!

charm of his singing lay in his falsetto, which was more powerful, sweet, and brilliant than any other we ever remember to have heard. He had about eight or nine notes of this from D or E; and he used it without the slightest attention to that assimilation with the natural voice, which educated singers esteem to be a test and a proof of science and practice. He would pass at once to it by a break, or by leaping an octave; and his execution, particularly of ornaments, was forceful and agile. Thus endowed, his range was through ballads, from *Black eyed Susan*, and *the Storm*—(both of which he gave with astonishing energy, and compass:—though, musically speaking, in a coarse, vulgar, and irregular way, yet with such expression as could not fail to render them the most popular things of the day)—his range, we say, was unlimited, through the whole train of ballads, from Harry Carey, down to Carter, Shield, and Dibdin—and so truly were certain pieces his, and only his, that with him expired the hunting song, and perhaps the sea-song, as given in the bold, original, manly, emphatic, and simple style of genuine English song writing.

Incledon was not absolutely confined to the stage department or to the gardens. He sung occasionally at provincial meetings; but his success was impeded by his want of education, and by the essential vulgarity of his manner. In an oratorio he was out of his place; nor, perhaps, did he exactly find it, until he assumed something like the profession of the ancient minstrel, and visited the great towns, giving a miscellaneous entertainment at each, wherein he displayed his various powers to the greatest perfection, under the well chosen title of "*the wandering melodist.*" He has since visited America, and, as our readers know, again presented himself to his countrymen.

While such were the supports of the musical fame of Covent-Garden, and of Vauxhall, Old Drury had her Michael Kelly—and, a champion of infinitely greater strength, her Stephen Storace. Kelly was the tenor singer, for whom Storace principally selected and wrote. The original scores of the *Siege of Belgrade*, and *the Haunted Tower*, will carry down the name of this singer to a period when, perhaps, all other records of his existence will have perished. Unlike Incledon, Kelly (though he had little enough in all conscience) had more of knowledge, and more of taste, than of natural endowment. "His voice," said Dr. Arnold, "is like the tearing of brown paper;" and, indeed, it was but a cracked instrument, in spite of the appellation of "*the Irish Nightingale,*" which (neither in derision, nor as intimating a bull,) was given to him, when he attracted so much applause by the duet of *O thou wert born to please me*, sung with his beautiful paramour, Mrs. Crouch, in *Comus*. Kelly simply appeared in the stream of vocalists. He rose to the surface for a short space, and disappeared. As a singer he neither lessened nor enlarged the stock of national science: he acted merely as the demonstrator of Storace's dissections and preparations. The accession of Anna Storace, the sister of Stephen, to the English stage, was a matter of more importance. She had received early instruction in Italy; had a masculine understanding, and was well trained to advance the grand objects of her brother's learning and taste, in the transference of the spirit of the Italian opera, and particularly of the comic opera, to the English boards. She had powerful discrimination, an extensive and a sound voice, with the science of a master; but every thing she did, however strong and forceful, was wanting in sweetness, delicacy, and refinement. Her picturings were comprehensive and bold, but they lacked grace. Yet she was captivating as an actress, and possessed execution as a singer; nor was it possible, at that time especially, to have found a woman so effective in the various tasks allotted to her,—from the *Margarita*, of *No Song no Supper*, and the *Lilla*, of *the Siege of Belgrade*; the *Adela*, of *the Haunted Tower*, through the *Caroline*, of the *Prize*, up to the *Gipsey*, in *Mahmoud*. These, and many more of the characters which she so admirably sustained, had in them wide differences, and no small difficulties in musical execution. They united playfulness, archness, pathos, and agility; and they required a thorough acquaintance with Italian taste and English prejudices. Under the influence of her versatility, we have

been made to feel "the various turns of chance below;"—we have wept with, and we have laughed with, and almost loved her; and we sigh when we remember that her fate had sunk at last so low, as to compel us to pity and to sorrow for her,* who so often gilded our gayest hours.

At this period there was no bass singer in the concerts and the oratorios of the country, who had taken any very strong hold of the public regard. This branch of the art had been treated in an entirely opposite manner to that in which it has been since developed. The selections of this time were principally from the works of Handel, who, writing for genuine basses,—that is to say, for voices of great depth, weight, and volume,—employed a style essentially different from that which has since elevated the reputation of certain singers--enlarged the sphere, and even changed what appears to have been the most natural manner of composing for that sort of voice. The style of Handel, as exemplified in this species of music, is sublime and stately—it is also, on some occasions, smooth, and even pathetic; but yet the whole structure must be regarded as mechanical and heavy:—hence the singers of that school naturally became solemn and scientific,—by which latter term was implied a knowledge of the technical severities, which were sturdily adhered to. If they affected the hearer at all, it was by the mere force of a vast body of tone, which rolled like thunder through the vaulted aisles of the churches, and the high roofs of the concert rooms, wherein they sung. Mr. Champness, Mr. Renhold, and the elder Mr. Sale, were of this description; and were what is generally called sound, good singers. Tasca, who sung at the Abbey, and Morelli, who was legitimately a *Buffo Caricato*, had great voices: but the former, though able to execute, was rough and heavy. Meredith of Liverpool, who was brought to London about this time, to assist in supporting an opposition oratorio, had a magnificent voice; but his figure was uncouth, and he was so much overcome by his fears of a metropolitan audience, that he was wholly unequal to display the really fine talents he was known to possess.

The stage had long had Charles Bannister, who, to a very fine natural bass voice, could add an exceedingly brilliant and beautiful falsetto.† His manner was rough, but full of animation and force, and he was extremely popular.

To his stock of such ballads as *Admiral Benbow*, and such accompanied songs as *Stand to your guns my hearts of oak*, Shield had made additions; and had enlarged the range of this style, and lightened its character, by his very brilliant and successful airs, *As burns the charger*, *The Wolf*, and many other similar compositions in his various operas. Storace, too, had made the English acquainted with a lighter, more flowing, more graceful, and even a more pathetic manner of writing for a bass, in the songs allotted to Sedgwick in his pieces. This man (Sedgwick) had a most extraordinary voice, whether regarded as to quality, compass, or power. His low F was full, round, and fine; and he could rise through the compass of two octaves and two notes, to A, the common extent of tenor voices upwards, with equal richness and brilliancy. His manner was vulgar and slovenly; yet such was the fascination of his mere tone, that scarcely any of Storace's songs acquired more universal celebrity than *The sapling oak*, and *There the silvered waters roam*, in the *Haunted Tower* and *the Pirates*, both of which were sung by Sedgwick.

But the hour was at hand, when a total change was about to be witnessed with respect to bass singing. Our present sketch can scarcely take in

* Storace, it is well known, formed a connexion with a public singer of the highest eminence, to whom she bore a son; and who, after supporting the fiction that she was his wife, which he had passed upon the world for more than twenty years, had the cruelty to abandon a woman, whose conduct towards him had been most exemplary. Although warmly supported by her friends and acquaintance after this desertion, the blow was struck; and poor Storace survived the burden of her shame, and the heaviness of her misfortune, but a few months.

† He played Signor *Arionelli* in the farce of the *Son in Law*, entirely in a falsetto; and his *Water parted from the Sea*, was considered to be a good imitation of *Tenducci*.

the history of this improvement; for, as we shall include no more than the period between 1786 and 1792, neither the works of Haydn and Mozart (particularly *the Creation*,) nor of Dr. Callcott had become generally known in England within our limits as to time:—nor had Mr. Bartleman more than just begun to illustrate these admirable, delightful, and original specimens of a new manner of writing, which was to substitute elegance, lightness, and finish, for magnificence, solemnity, and weight, in the vocal expression of basses.

With respect to counter-tenor singing, little, perhaps, is to be noted during this short interval; except the last symptoms of decline, which preceded the extinction of that particular class of singers, who, for so long a period, were regarded as the sole depositaries of high science. Rubinelli and Marchesi were followed by one, and only one other, Rosselli,—who came to England about the conclusion of our period. Mr. Gore * Mr. Goss (lately deceased), and Mr. W. Knyvett, have sustained, with an almost equal reputation, this department. They all used the falsetto. Of the three, the voice of the first was the finest, and the manner of the latter two was the most graceful and finished.

There is yet another genus of vocal art, which, though not peculiar to England, nor invented by her, has been cultivated by her with such assiduous care, and such eminent success, as to give her the strongest title she can, perhaps, boast, to originality of design, and perfection of execution and performance in music:—we mean Glee singing. It is well known that, in 1762, Lord Sandwich and other noblemen, established a society, and instituted prizes for compositions of this nature. In the first years of the club, the names of Doctor William Hayes, Dr. Arne, Barldon, Dr. Cooke, and Webbe, appear in the list of competitors for the honours bestowed by this society: Stafford Smith, Atterbury, Lord Mornington, the Paxtons and Danby were their immediate successors; and the art of glee writing was very extensively ramified and diffused by their high example. But the meridian of the glory of this beautiful concentration of the powers of harmony was not yet come. About 1785, Dr. Callcott, who has increased the collection more largely, and with more excellence, than any other writer of glees, Mr. Webbe himself scarcely excepted, first appeared in this roll of eminence. In 1787, the regular Glee Club was established; and we find amongst the professors who were its earliest promoters the names of Hindle, Harrison, and Bartleman.

We have thus endeavoured to track the footsteps, and to mark the progress of vocal art; to characterize the most distinguished professors who have assisted in forming the public taste;—and to describe the fluctuations in popular feeling, as regarding this branch of art. Here, then, we shall quit our subject for the present; and when we again resume it, we may hope that the important changes which style has undergone; the nearer approach to our own times; and the names of singers more numerous, and better known,—will give increased interest to our discussion of principles, and description of performances.

MR. WEATHERCOCK'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE,

INTENDED FOR THE PUBLIC EYE.

George's Coffee House, Tuesday, 8th August, 1820.

Dear, respected, and respectable Editor!

I am quite ashamed of myself—almost afraid to look you in the face, even through a sheet of paper. However, though I have not lately given you any of the valuable exhalations from my own sense-box, yet my exertions to procure crack-contributors have been nearly as zealously unremitting as your own. What do you

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* Mr. Gore is still alive. He is the vice-president of the Glee Club; and as a man is much respected.

think of "the Merry-conceited Bricklayer," by the by?—He is a capital belles lettres scholar, although a member of the Roxburghe-club. Make him tip you an article on the old Italian romancers and poets,—or the lays of the Provençal Troubadours and Diseurs: or, if you desiderate an elegant version of "*La Pucelle qui abevra le Polain,*"—or an erudite disquisition on the formation of the "*Langue Romanse vulgaire,*"—he is your man. Talking of articles, my learned friend Dr. Tobias Ruddicombe, M. D. is, at my earnest entreaty, casting a tremendous piece of ordnance,—*an eighty-eight pounder!* which he proposeth to fire off in your next. It is an account of an ancient, newly discovered, illuminated manuscript, which has to name "Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion!!!" It contains a good deal anent one "*Los,*" who, it appears, is now, and hath been, from the creation, the *sole* and fourfold dominator of the celebrated city of *Golgonooza!* The doctor assures me that the redemption of mankind hangs on the universal diffusion of the doctrines broached in this M.S.—But, however, that is'nt the subject of this *scrinium,* scroll, or scrawl, or whatever you may call it. You see I date from George's—but I can't pay my respects to you, *padrone mio!* because *we,* that is Ned L * * * * and I—(I'm staying with Ned—we toddled up to town this morning from Hampton-Court in his yellow concern, with the three roans, and the pye-bald,) are going back again to night—Well! I've had a look over the fine arts of this country,—meaning the new embellished publications—and have sent you the titles of three or four which merit attention.

1. *Chantry's Peak Scenery, 4to. Parts I. and II.*—The plates are lightly and rather prettily etched (*engraved* they call it) by the *Cooks* (with the exception of one poor view of Haddon Hall, by Greig, and the cross in Bakewell Church yard, by I. le Keux) but they have no repose, or breadth—all is wiry and frittered. Chantry, as might be expected from one whose branch of art solely regards form, has not the slightest notion of massing his lights, and supporting them as in nature with broad shadows—all the praise we can give them therefore, is, that they are very well for a sculptor—one of the best is "a rustic bridge in Monsal dale," by George Cook——

2. *The Southern Coast, No. X. 4to. engraved by the Cooks.* The three *large* views are *after* TURNER, *the only man of real genius in landscape now existing!* That's praise enough for them. I am very glad that this beautiful work has got into the hands of Messrs. Rodwell and Martin, as it will experience less of that lazy delay which has hitherto characterized all its livraisons:—though the non-progressive position maintained by *The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland,* after all *Our* encouragement, is rather a case in point against my hopes. These same liberal publishers are getting out a number of highly interesting topographical books, viz. *Dodwell's Greece, with coloured illustrations in folio*—Major Cockburn's *Views of Mount Cenis and the Simplon,* two distinct works drawn on stone by Hulmandel and Harding—I would advise you to buy them, as I have done.———

Capt. Battye's Paris, 4to. and 8vo. though worse drawn and worse engraved than Nash's, (being brought into light by the *Heathean-factory*) is nevertheless, I am afraid, a prettier book. Why this is I cannot tell—but so it is. The view of Paris from the tomb of Père la Chaise, in Nash's, by Middiman and John Pye, is very exquisite:—Don't you think so? Hakewill's *Italy* improves every number. Turner's *Turin from the Superga* is magnificent! and "*Nemi,* navell'd in the spreading woods," by Middiman, after the last mentioned painter, is enchantingly soothing. It is perfectly Virgilian.—Stothard's *Illustrations of Tales of my Landlord, six plates, 8vo. engraved by J. Heath,* are pretty simple compositions, full of *nature* in the invention, and full of *manner* in the execution. Added to which, he has completely failed in giving a tangible shape to the mental pictures of the poet. Madge Wildfire, dragging along Jeannie Deans, is a portentous misconception. The man who, *ere while,* for tasteful composition, unaffected grace, and power of telling a story, ranked second to none but Raffaelle, is *now,* woe the while!

sunk into a besotted imitation of Rubens,* and Watteau. Rouse thyself Stothard! thou good old man! and assert thy former fame!—There are some copies advertised from the famous outlines to Goethe's Faust by Retsch—(of which, if you want any, now is your time. Bohtè has a 100 just come from the Custom House, 60 of which are bespoke)—How is it that Mr. Moses, the etcher, takes it into his head, in engraving from antique pictures and vazes, to fancy that he improves the originals, by substituting for their wonderfully harmonious, though apparently careless lines, his own stiff-drawing? Let him look at Millengen's faithful valuable book (*Vases Grecs Romæ*) be humble and amend—As to these copies, they affectedly alter the peculiar fashion of Faust's "*unmentionables;*" and, at the same time, in the witch-feast, on the Harz mountains, bring many things, "nice but vicious," into light, which were properly left in mystic dimness by the German artist.———Do you know Turner's "*Liber Studiorum. ob. fol.*" engraved by that excellent mezzotinto scraper Reynolds? If you do, why have you not made it popular by a notice from your own hand? If you don't—lose no time; but, on my authority, (you can't have a better) set to your lips the sounding alchemy, and proclaim its worth to the four winds of heaven. You may give a flourish also for William Daniell's chaste and beautiful aquatints in his *Coasting Tour*—the third Vol. containing views in "*the Isles,*" possesses extreme interest and merit combined. They tell me that Stothard has made some fresh designs from that ever-charming book *Robinson Crusoe.* I have nothing more in the way of news, except that I have picked up a fine copy of *Bocchius's Emblems* (you ken the charming things, by Bonasone)—first edition: Bologna, 1555,—capital condition, in blue French morocco, by De Rome—for whom I still retain some small inkling of affection in spite of the anathemas of the Rev. T. F. Dibden:—also a new horse (Barbary sire and Arabian dam,) with whose education I occupy nearly all my mornings; though I have considerable doubts whether I shall push it beyond the *military manège.* However, I wish you would return my Duke of Newcastle.

Dutifully yours, dear Editor,
Bevil Seymour—
'Pshaw! I mean,
JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

P. S.—There was a benefit for Harmer at the Fives Court this morning, but I could'nt attend. I've just this moment received an express from a friend, which says—"I went to the Fives Court in the expectation of a *prime treat;* but it was most wretchedly attended by *lads of the fancy, knowing swells,* &c. and the *pugilistic nobs* were fewer in number than I ever remember to have seen before. To make the matter worse, they had a row, inter se; and Tom Belcher was the only man amongst them who would *set-to.* His *bout* with Harmer was the best out of seven. The others were a mere display of *the roughest ruffianism.* Altogether it was *a complete do.*"

Addition.—The Editor of the late edition of Chapman's Hymns of Homer has omitted, in his preface, one circumstance in their favour—viz., that they are in general prodigiously close versions. The opening of the hymn to Pan, is nearly word for word with the original. The compound "*amorous of noise,*" as applied to the hairy God, Englishes φιλόκροτον very poetically: likewise the description of Neptune's preparation for battle, in the 13 Iliad, beginning Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατεβήσατο παιπαλόεντος, &c. down to χαλκέος ἄξων. is both exact and splendid, but the fine idea of Ægæ shaking "*with his dread entrie,*" is Chapman's own entirely: Pope is full of sound and fury, and means nothing.

* On whose real colour he is no more capable of laying hold, than on the grandeur of Michael Angelo.

SONNET

To the Author of Poems published under the name of Barry Cornwall.

LET hate, or grosser heats, their foulness mask
In riddling *Junius,* or in *L——e's* name:
Let things eschew the light, deserving blame:
No cause hast thou to blush for thy sweet task.
Marcian Colonna is a dainty book;
And thy *Sicilian Tale* may boldly pass;—
Thy *Dream* 'bove all, in which, as in a glass,
On the great world's antique glories we may look.
No longer then, as "lowly substitute,
Factor, or PROCTOR, for another's gains,"
Suffer the admiring world to be deceived;
Lest thou thyself, by self of fame bereaved,
Lament too late the lost prize of thy pains,
And heavenly tunes, piped through an alien flute.

* * * *

TO R. S. KNOWLES, ESQ.

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF VIRGINIUS.

TWELVE years ago I knew you, KNOWLES, and then
Esteemed you a perfect specimen
Of those fine spirits warm-soul'd Ireland sends,
To teach us colder English how a friend's
Quick pulse should beat. I knew you brave, and plain,
Strong-sensed, rough-witted, above fear or gain;
But nothing further had the gift to 'spy.
Sudden you re-appear. With wonder I
Hear my old friend (turn'd SHAKSPEARE!) read a scene,
Only to *his* inferior in the clean
Passes of pathos: with such fence-like art,—
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart.
Almost without the aid, language affords,
Your piece seems wrought. That huffing medium, *words,*
(Which in the modern *Tamburlaines* quite sway
Our shamed souls from their bias) in your play
We scarce attend to. Hastier passion draws
Our tears on credit; and we find the cause
Some two hours after, spelling o'er again
Those strange few words at ease, that wrought the pain.
Proceed, old friend; and, as the year returns,
Still snatch some new old story from the urns
Of long-dead virtue. We, that knew before
Your worth, may *admire,* we cannot *love* you, more.

June, 1820. C. LAMB.

A VISIT TO THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO, IN MAY 1820.

In the cool of a delightful evening I went from Pesaro to Rimini. The road lay through a country which pleased the more, because, to the luxuriance of Italian beauty, it united several features which called England back to the traveller's recollection. Indeed, the numerous enclosures and pasture grounds that present themselves to the eye, and the hedges that bounded the road on either hand, could almost have persuaded me to believe myself at home, had not the vines, passing in festoons from tree to tree, dispelled the illusion. As I approached Rimini, I remarked on the left a mountain, which, veiled in the dimness of twilight, made a striking figure in the landscape. I was told it was San Marino. The sight of it excited a desire to visit it: for it was difficult to behold, otherwise than with interest, a spot, where a petty republic, strong in its weakness, had existed during thirteen centuries, and seen the mightiest empires flourish and decay.

Upon making inquiries, I learned, that there was no road to San Marino, except that which led from Rimini, and that the distance was about twelve miles. At Rimini, therefore, I applied to the innkeeper to furnish me with the means of conveyance. He fixed his price at twelve dollars, (nearly 3*l.*) and to my remonstrance against the exhorbitance of the demand, replied, that the ascent was tedious, and that no traveller paid less. I answered, that every traveller, rather than be so cheated, ought to go on foot. Mine host, however, assured me, that the journey was much too fatiguing to be performed in that way.

Determined to resist such evident extortion, I set out in spite of this assurance early the following morning. I first passed through a richly cultivated level country, which swells into rising grounds on the right. The mountain was not visible; nor was it till after a walk of three quarters of an hour, that, on turning round a hill, it came full upon the eye. It seemed to rise gradually from the plain, till it reached about seven-eights of its total elevation, and then to termate in perpendicular rocks. About four miles from Rimini, the character of the country changes. You begin to ascend, but the ascent is far from rapid, and is interrupted by several vallies. The hedges which adorned the first part of the way are now left behind; there are few trees to vary the prospect, or to defend from the scorching heat; the verdure has a scanty, impoverished aspect; and the streams, which flow in the bottoms of the vallies, seem lost in the desolate plains of sand and pebbles, which form their beds. One of these torrents you cross by a handsome stone bridge, about seven miles from Rimini, and at this point you pass from the territories of the Pope into those of the republic. In the next mile there is not much ascent, but the last four miles are constant climbing. You first arrive at a village called Seravalle. It is furnished with a school. Passing it, you reach the borgo of San Marino. Hitherto the sides of the mountain have been covered with cultivation; but here cultivation ceases; for the borgo is situated immediately at the foot of that abrupt rocky summit, which crowns the mountain. The road from this point to the town, which is perched above, is so steep, that the transport of commodities thither would be attended with great difficulty. Accordingly, the borgo is the principal seat of the commerce of San Marino. During the summer, three fairs are held in its vicinity, of which the inhabitants talk little less pompously than the people of Leipsick and Frankfort of theirs. You enter the borgo by an arched-way, which leads you into an irregular sort of piazza, partially ornamented with arcades. This seems to be the principal place of resort. It contains three or four shops.

From the borgo a very narrow and steep road, winding along the side of a precipice, conducts to the town itself. This capital consists principally of a long tortuous street, from which one or two smaller lanes diverge. The houses are diminutive, consisting generally of two stories. The whole has a very sombre aspect. There are no shops, no marks of activity: scarcely a human being is to be seen: all is as still, and, were it not that the houses have doors, and windows, and roofs, all would be as

desolate, as in the disinterred streets of Pompeii.

The only establishments in the town are ecclesiastical. They consist of a seminary for clerical education, some fraternities of monks, and one of nuns. At the time of my visit, a German lady was a member of the holy sisterhood. It seems strange that so dreary a spot should be chosen for devotion. When the heart is deprived of the solace of society, it should seek more earnestly communion with nature.

The churches contain nothing striking. In one I was shown the bed of the founder of the republic. His trade was that of a mason; and he, with a brother saint, had hollowed out, each for himself, a place of repose in the solid rock. A painting was also pointed out to me, which had been the subject of a long litigation between two citizens, and was dignified with the name of Raphaël. It was, in fact, a very wretched daubing.

There is a hall for the meeting of the public council, and near it the depository of the archives of the state. They are not numerous. The man who showed them (he called himself *Il Cicerone della republica,*) accused Joseph Buonaparte of having stolen a letter, which was sent, four or five centuries ago, by the government of Florence to that of San Marino, to put the latter on their guard against the machinations of the Malatestas, who at that time ruled in Rimini. The accusation was not very distinct or very intelligible.

There is no inn to be found in the town, but there is a coffee-house, furnished with card-tables, and with a billiard-table too. They have likewise a theatre, which is far from being inelegant. Admission into the boxes must be paid for; but the pit is open to all the citizens. Plays are exhibited, in general, only during the fairs, and they have no regular company of performers. The town supplies amateur actors; but, as republican virtue does not permit ladies to volunteer their services for the stage, it is necessary to hire actresses from the Papal or Tuscan state.

On the highest pinnacle of the rock stands the castle. Here an immense view expands itself to the eye. But views from elevated situations are seldom interesting, except when they bring within the simultaneous command of the eye, much intermixture of land and water, or a great variety of objects strikingly dissimilar. The prospect from San Marino has this particular disadvantage, that, except on one side, mountains of a barren sandy appearance occupy the foreground. Hence you survey the whole territory of the republic. Its circuit is rather more than 40 miles. Napoleon offered to make an addition to it; but his proffered kindness was wisely declined. It had been well for the king of Saxony had he imitated the moderation of this little state, and declined Bonaparte's polite donation.

The castle is now in a ruinous state, but it is still employed as a prison. The dungeons in it are truly mansions of wretchedness. They consist of bare walls, are very damp, and for the most part utterly dark. One of them is an abode as horrible as one human being can devise for another. In the solid rock, which forms the floor of a room, where not a ray of light enters, a pit has been excavated to the depth of about 18 feet, exactly in the form of a well. Into this pit the unfortunate criminal is put. The security of the castle, as a place of confinement, consists chiefly in its situation: for, should a prisoner extricate himself from his dungeon, he is still confined within the precincts of perpendicular rocks. Yet, within no long time, two culprits contrived to escape by descending precipices, where, to judge from the eye, the mountain goat could not have found footing. San Marino affords another instance of what the whole history of the world proves, that humanity and republicanism seldom go hand in hand.

The population of the state, consisting of between seven and eight thousand souls, is employed either in agriculture, or in those trades which are necessary to the simplest mode of life, as that of the mason and carpenter. The children are sent nearly all to school. The school-masters are appointed by the state—but each scholar pays a monthly fee. The community is distributed into nobles, citizens, and inhabitants of the country (*contadini*). I could get no satisfactory account of what constituted a noble. The people know of no differ-

ence between a noble and a vulgar citizen, except that the one is called a noble and the other not. The government is in the hands of two principi (princes) and a council. The council is composed of 60 members, 20 from each of the three orders. The man who is once a member, continues so for life; and, upon his death, the council choose another to supply the vacancy. The princes are selected by lot from a certain number of individuals named by the council. They continue six months in office, enjoy a small stipend, and are each allowed, at the public expence, a servant dressed in a livery which would not disgrace a gay equipage in Hyde Park.

It is evident that the government is a pure oligarchy. The council can do every thing: there exists no legal check upon their proceedings; and the people have no share in the nomination of the members. At the time of Mr. Addison's visit to San Marino, the government was the same as now, with this difference, that the council then consisted of forty members;—in other words, that the oligarchy was more oligarchical than now. Yet with what rapture that author talks of the freedom which prevailed here, and of the crowded population, and flourishing industry which freedom had created on this barren mountain! The state is now more populous than it was at the beginning of the last century. Yet I could see no marks, either of uncommon industry, or of an unusually great population. At any rate, whatever be the blessings of San Marino, not one of them can arise from political freedom. So completely indifferent are the inhabitants to politics, and so little do they think or know about their constitution, that a very intelligent citizen assured me, that the two princes were chosen by a priest. The worthy man confounded the election of the princes with the religious ceremonies which accompany their installation into office. Upon inquiring who was the most considerable person in the republic, an individual was named, who, not long before, had been at Rome employed in a negotiation. I asked what gave him his pre-eminence. The reply was, that he had a better head, and could *discourse* better than the rest.

The two princes have a guard of nearly 30 men, who are employed on occasions of ceremony, and to enforce the internal police of the state. In cases of emergency the government could call upon every inhabitant to arm; but such an event is not likely to occur,—for San Marino is embosomed in the Pontifical state, and is too feeble and too poor either to alarm the jealousy, or to excite the avarice of so peaceful a neighbour. In fact, it is at present very dependent on Rome. I observed a written proclamation near one of the churches, prohibiting any person to plant tobacco. Unable to comprehend the policy of such a regulation, I inquired into its cause. I was informed that there was a subsisting agreement with the Papal government, by which San Marino was to receive annually from the Pope a certain quantity of tobacco at a fixed price. In 1819, however, the cultivation of tobacco had been prosecuted with success by some of the citizens. This deprived Rome of a profit, and exposed her in a slight degree to contraband in a new quarter. The result of her remonstrances was the proclamation of which I have spoken.

The manners of the people are extremely civil and obliging: their dialect differs from that of the adjoining districts of the Pontifical state. They are inquisitive, and are glad to talk with a stranger. They speak particularly of two visitors whom they have had from England. The one is Sir John C. Hippisley, who is mentioned as the protector of the English catholics. The other is the present Queen. Indeed that illustrious personage, during her residence in Italy, seems to have laboured more assiduously than the generality of travellers, to see whatever is worthy of notice; for it is scarcely possible to visit a spot where she has not been. In spite of the kindness of the people, I left the republic without regret. It can be a tolerable residence to those only, whose aims are limited to removing daily wants by daily labour. To all above the labouring class, life must be kept from stagnating, either by the interchange of kindly affection, or by the dissipations of society, or by the prosecution of manly views. But the interchange of kindly affection is seldom found any where: and at San Marino activity can have no aim, and social intercourse no variety.

GENERAL REPORTER.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

I. *Three months passed in the mountains East of Rome, during the Year 1819. By Maria Graham, Author of Journal of a Residence in India.* London. Longman and Co. 1820. 8vo. pp. 305.

To have one's pocket picked or house robbed, in London, or to be brought down by a footpad's bludgeon on a turn-pike road, is not, we should imagine, much calculated, if at all, to furnish subject for pleasant recollection, or gratefully to excite the animated exercise of an enthusiastic contemplative fancy. But to be knocked on the head, or seized by fellows with high pointed hats, in a town or wood of Latium, is a calamity of a far more exhilarating nature. The sufferer is willing to flatter himself that he has fallen into the hands of the genuine descendants of Cacus: he thinks of Ovid and the song of the iron age, and surrenders his gold or his life without a struggle or even a sigh.

From our hearts we congratulate Mrs. Graham on the imminent peril of the Brigands which she appears to have incurred in her Appenine excursion. With her husband and friend, she had the excellent fortune, no longer ago than last year, to be blockaded and beset by a troop of desperate banditti; and that too, in the mountain town of Poli—which "some antiquarians believe to be the ancient Empulium, others the ancient Bola," others, again, "the Longula of Marcus Coriolanus!" The danger was by no means an imaginary one. She and her companions had scarcely left the chapel of the Madonna near Guadagnola, when a band of the Sonino gentry entered it; and, seizing two surveyor's assistants, made inquiries whether the English, who were at Poli, did not go out into the woods to paint—with other inquiries of an equally significant description. In the mean time they learned that a surgeon and an unlucky factor, of Castle Madama, had been carried off into the mountains to be ransomed or murdered, the latter of which alternatives fell to the lot of the factor. Furthermore, after escaping from Poli, and reaching Tivoli, they found they had chosen, as the most secure, the very road which led them close to the robbers! "When it was known in the town that we had come from Poli by the lower road, we were eagerly congratulated on our safety; for the Brigands had spent the night in Hadrian's villa, and must have seen us pass: but, as our muskets outnumbered theirs, they did not think it worth while to risk a struggle for so insignificant a prey." P. 185.

Such are indeed things to write a book about;—but had the incidents that occurred been of a less stimulating cast, Mrs. Graham might very safely have ventured on a volume; for the powers of her elegant and well-stored mind are admirably adapted to do justice to a subject, which we could not have seen, without envy, fallen into the hands of our "neighbour"—had it fallen into any other hands but her's. Three months passed by an accomplished lady in the mountains east of Rome! They are worth three times three years passed by an editor, east of Temple-bar! The country of the Sabines, the Æqui, and the Volsci, is fairy land to the imagination; and it is still romantic enough, picturesque enough, hazardous enough, to continue its ancient charm, by a succession of strong and ardent interests, from the early days of classical fable, even downward to the present time. The clouds of an Italian storm, seen from a window in the Vatican, collecting over the blue heaps of these mountains; the first rays of the morning sun lighting up their long white lines of towns and villages; their deepening grey shadow, as the flame of an Italian day goes radiantly off behind the cupola of Saint Peter's:—these are aspects of local scenery, expressions of the mighty countenance of nature in that sublime land, which sink into the heart of the observer, and mingle

their impressions for ever with the deepest of its records. We feel, however, that we must not pursue this vein. Mrs. Graham says, that the extreme heat of the weather, in June 1819, drove her from Rome; and that accident led her and her companions to choose the mountain town of Poli, twenty-six miles from the capital, and situated between Tivoli and Palestrina, for the place of her retreat. In the course of the journey to this place she notices the Camp-Orazio, as it is termed, which, she thinks, cannot very clearly be traced to the poet—but

Horace is looked upon by the people, in this neighbourhood, as at least as great a romancer as Virgil was by half Europe in the tenth century; and when they have no other name at hand to give to an ancient ruin, it is always, "Perhaps it may have been built by the poet Horace." Nero, indeed, under the name of the *Re Negrone* partakes in these honours; and greatly would both the poet and emperor be astonished at some of the works attributed to them.

The particulars she gives of the external appearance, and state of the society of Poli are well marked; and afford a lively notion of these receptacles for human life, where its modes are so unlike any thing to which we have been accustomed.

There are three or four public ovens in the town, but no shops but those for the most ordinary necessaries. A carpenter, a blacksmith, a shoe-maker, and a worker in leather, for agricultural uses, are all the handicraftsmen in Poli. The coarse clothing is chiefly made by the women, who, with the distaff and spindle, spin their wool and flax in the winter, weave it in the spring at looms let out at a cheap rate, and dye or bleach it before midsummer, when first the harvest, and then the vintage, call them to harder labour.

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A few days after our arrival at Poli, we were present at a little dance given chiefly to honour us as strangers. The very picturesque costume of the peasants appeared to great advantage on the occasion; and the dance, the Roman Saltarella, so well given in Pinelli's spirited etchings, exhibited all the varieties of the bashful, the graceful, and the grotesque. The tambourine was the only instrument used to regulate the steps of the dancers, some of whom danced without shoes; others, with their high heels and enormous buckles, exhibited, perhaps, more skill but less grace.

On holidays, these dances, a little drinking among the men, who also play a great deal at bowls, and a great deal of gossip among the women, are the chief amusements of the Polese. The young men go out to shoot and hunt, but the price of a licence to shoot (about six shillings) deters many from that profitable pastime. A few of the better sort of women, (and there are eight or ten who have left off their country costume and adopted the French style of dress) make parties into the country and walk together in the evening, and sometimes play at cards.

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Education, imperfect as it is here, displays its advantages in the conduct and sentiments of some of the peasants. We met with one remarkable instance of its influence in a young man who was usually our guide in our little expeditions. His powers of reasoning were acute, and his observations, wherever his religious faith did not interfere, far above any thing we had expected in this rude and remote place. If by chance he got near the doubtful grounds of faith, he always checked himself, saying, "These subjects are better not touched upon. I do not think the worse of you for differing in your belief from me; but I believe it would be mortal sin in me, unenlightened as I am, to attempt to examine the grounds of my own, and thereby expose myself to the perils of heresy or discontent."

The following anecdote, however, offers a less favourable view of the people.

We were led to make these reflections by a shocking scene which took place at Poli, on one of the last days of July. We were going out to walk about an hour after daybreak, when we heard a voice rather louder and more lamentable than the usual slow morning song of the labourers; we looked towards the quarter whence it came, and perceived some women sitting on the ground, occupied about something that we took for a heap of linen for bleaching, but, on approaching, we distinctly heard the words, "Oh my good brother," and discovered a young man just murdered. A single stroke of the dagger had penetrated his heart; he had fallen on the spot, and his relations were weeping round the corpse. The father sat silent, the image of despair: the sisters lamented aloud; and the brothers were in pursuit of the murderers, whom they had seized once, but who were liberated by the women, who were going out to harvest-work, and passed at the moment; and, as there is no legal authority in Poli competent to seize a criminal without first having recourse to Palestrina, it was feared that if they escaped from the brothers of their victim, they would be safe from all further pursuit. The poor lad who was killed bore an excellent character. He, with

one of his brothers, was keeping watch the night before in his master's casale, when the murderers, two very young men, came to steal peas, as they said, to feed their pigeons. The deceased looked from the window, and told them "not to touch what did not belong them, or they might get a *box on the ear*." "A box on the ear to us," replied the enraged thieves; "you shall pay for this," and departed. The next morning, knowing that the young men must go from the casale to the town, about five hundred yards off, for bread, before they could set about their day's work, the villains way-laid them just under the convent wall of San Stefano, and there, seizing the principal object of their revenge, one held him, while the other murdered him in cold blood.

Poli, since the time of the French government, when it formed a regular municipality, with a mayor, &c. has had no efficient magistrates, though the population exceeds twelve hundred souls. There was no one to secure the murderers, and the body must remain where it was, till permission was obtained from Palestrina to send to Tivoli for the proper officer to enquire into the fact, and to pronounce what is equivalent to our coroner's verdict. It was one of the hottest days in summer, the thermometer being at 96: the murder took place at four in the morning. About noon, a violent thunder-storm, with rain and hail, came on: still the body lay across the only road into the town, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was found that the persons who had escaped, had committed wilful murder on the body of the deceased, which was then taken up for interment.

On many following days, when we walked out, we saw the brothers or the friends of the young man, hurrying with bludgeons towards this valley, or that rock, on certain intelligence that the murderers were still lingering about, and that their relations supplied them with food every night. This we afterwards found to be true. They were stout, active young men; one of them could read and write, and his mother applied to us to take him as our servant a few days after the murder, hoping thereby to screen him from punishment. We very unguardedly told her, that so far from assisting in any such plan, we should rather give him up to the magistrate, to receive his due reward. Upon which she bade us look to ourselves: but her threats were pronounced in anger, and we disregarded them. Her son and his companion wandered about the woods for many weeks. One was recognised in Rome some time afterwards, and imprisoned. He had already contracted a low fever, by sleeping in unhealthy places, and died in gaol. The other was afterwards taken up, and remains in prison, where he will probably stay till some public example is required. He will then be executed in the Piazza del Popolo, in Rome, or be dismissed unpunished, with such additional bad dispositions, as long imprisonment among others, still more wicked, never fails to produce.

The towns principally inhabited by the Brigands are thus described by Mrs. Graham.

Sonino, ancient Sumnino, a town of the Volsci. Frusinone, ancient Frusino, a town of the Volsci. Ferentino, ancient Ferentinum, a town of the Volsci. Here are some of the finest specimens of the walls called Cyclopian by some writers.

The Pope's edict for the destruction of Sonino (which was never fulfilled) and the march of 2000 troops of his Holiness against the robbers in that quarter, had driven them up from the Neapolitan frontier into

The great valley of the Appenines, formed by the course of the Anio, and separating the Marsian hills, from those on whose edge Tivoli and Palestrina are situated. The highest point of this last ridge is the rock of the Guadagnola, two hours' walk from Poli. There one company of the banditti stationed itself, and thence made excursions to our very gates.

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Every robber had a silver heart, containing a picture of the Madonna and Child, suspended by a red ribbon to his neck, and fastened with another of the same colour to his left side. Their hats had high pointed crowns like those of Salvator Rosa's banditti, surrounded with bands of alternate red and white near the top, and a black band and buckle near the brim. He whom the boys took for the chief, though we learned afterwards that he was not so, was distinguished by a quantity of gold lace on his jacket and pantaloons: this we concluded to be the spoil of some Neapolitan officer. They all wore large gold ear-rings with drops; and two of the youngest had each two long ringlets on each side of the face, the rest of the hair being short. Many of them had gold watches, seals, chains, rings, and other trinkets, which they boasted of having taken from English travellers.

The boys described the robbers as being stout, active young men, excepting one, who was very short and corpulent, with a bald head; he appeared to be the butt of the rest, and, like Falstaff, to be not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others: they called him the gourd-merchant, alluding to the gourd-like smoothness of his bald head.

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As it was now publicly known, that the banditti were in the territory of Poli, the

shepherds felt themselves, as they said, released from the promise of secrecy they had made to them; and confessed that they had come to the sheep-cote on the hill, leading to Capranica on the eve of St. John's, (that is on the 9th of August,) and had staid there two nights. This was the day after we had been on the same rock to see the sun set from it; and as we listened to the distant sound of a bagpipe among the hills, a young lad who was with us said, "That is most likely a shepherd from Abruzzo, or some of those wild Neapolitan places that harbour the outlaws."

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They talked pretty freely with their prisoners about themselves and their habits of life, which they maintained arose from necessity rather than choice. They showed them the heart and picture of the Madonna, which each had suspended from his neck, saying, "We know that we are likely to die a violent death, but in our hour of need we have these," touching their muskets, "to struggle for our lives with, and this," kissing the image of the Virgin, "to make our death easy." This mixture of ferocity and superstition is one of the most terrific features in the character of the banditti of Italy. Nor is it confined to them only: when a man who has led a bad life begins to feel remorse of conscience, and to despair of pardon hereafter, the vulgar belief that a death on the scaffold, where the priest attends to whisper absolution into the ear of the culprit, as the axe descends, is a sure road to Heaven, has been known to induce the poor wretch to commit some heinous crime, that he may gain that happiness, by a violent and disgraceful death, which he fears he has forfeited by a sinful life. If it were possible, might it not be politic to deprive murderers, at least, of absolution at the point of death?

The account of the panic and mismanagement in the town of Poli, is highly characteristic. *Thirteen* was the number of the Brigands who made all this fuss! Mrs. Graham says, "a town with twelve hundred inhabitants was kept in alarm by a handful of robbers, the number of those who occupied our immediate neighbourhood, never exceeding thirteen, though the main body was one hundred and thirty strong."

About noon a report reached us that one of the captives had been barbarously murdered; and towards night, as it had been ascertained at Tivoli that the surgeon, the only remaining prisoner, was safe, an order came to Poli for all the force it was possible to assemble, to keep the pass of Guadagnola, towards Poli, as every other avenue, by which the brigands could escape from the station they had now taken up behind Mentorella, was supposed to be sufficently guarded.

This order artived about sun-set. Most of the men were absent at Palestrina, so that the boys and old people were collected in the streets to choose out of. Their wives, mothers, and grandmothers came out, each with their lantern, to beg that her husband or child might be left to guard her house, in case the robbers, taking advantage of the absence of the strong men, should attack the town. The families who possessed arms refused to lend them to the guard, and as it appeared that the night was likely to be wasted in altercations, the magistrates and the officer, who still remained in the town, resolved to enter the houses forcibly, and take what arms they could find. Two or three houses were accordingly entered, but it consumed the time equally, and the guns were so well concealed that there was little chance of obtaining enough to arm the few men they could provide; therefore they resolved to wait till the morning, when the men should be returned from Palestrina. The scene in the street where all public business is transacted was not only quite new to us, but curious in itself. The armed and the unarmed, the willing and the unwilling, were all vociferating at once; the women were going about with their infants in one hand and a lantern in the other; now aggravating, now quieting the disputants. The people from the feast came dropping in, laden with their nuts or other fairings, and mostly half intoxicated, all mingling together, and talking of danger from banditti, to be apprehended that night, or to be provided against next day, without ever considering, that while they were disputing, the ruffians would escape in any direction they chose. Such was the evening of the eighteenth. The morning of the nineteenth was not much more orderly. The men, indeed, sober, and in earnest, for this time, had armed themselves well, were leaving the town in greater numbers than we had yet seen assembled. Their wives and children, believing there was now some real danger, were sitting lamenting in groups about the street; but they might have spared themselves the pain. The great pass had been left unguarded for more than twelve hours. Half that time would have sufficed the brigands, with their active habits, to have escaped to a distance, far out of the reach of pursuit.

Mrs. Graham notices "the ferocious jollity" of these rascals. The gang seized the archbishop of Vicovaro, after putting to death his nephew, who offered some resistance. The ransom demanded for the priest and a friend, was so exorbitant that it could not be raised, on which the ruffians sent their ears to their fami-

lies and afterwards some of their fingers. At length, tired of waiting, and perhaps irritated by the complaints of the two prisoners, they murdered them. They had stripped the priest of his robes and clerical hat two or three days before they killed him, causing him to wear the high crowned hat of one of the band, who himself went adorned with the sacerdotal dress!

Nothing can be said too strong against the pusillanimity and negligence of the Roman government in suffering such monstrous invasions, by such miserable gangs. The people, we find from Mrs. Graham, often clamorously expressed their indignation, that those to whom they were compelled to pay heavy taxes, should thus abandon the duty of protecting them against pillage and murder.

The personal narrative of the surgeon of Castel Madama, who was taken prisoner by the robbers, and afterwards ransomed, is extremely curious, but it is too long for our pages. The particulars, however, of the murder of the poor factor, who was seized with the surgeon, we shall give, and with them conclude our notice of a work, which we recommend as full of the most amusing and interesting matter, to which the talents of the accomplished writer have done full justice. The robbers, after capturing the two individuals just named, made the surgeon write a letter to the people of Tivoli, stating that two thousand dollars were demanded for the ransom. This was dispatched by a ploughman.

We were remaining in the same place, in expectation of the return of the messenger, when, in about three hours' time, we saw at a distance a man on horseback, coming straight to us, which we believed to be the man returning. A little after, however, several people were seen together, which the chief took to be the armed force of Tivoli. He abused one of his companions who had broken his spy-glass the day before, because he could not obtain a more satisfactory view of them. At length, having made the best observations he could, he concluded that there was really an armed force advancing, and gave orders to his men to retire to the highest and most woody part of the mountain, obliging me and the other prisoners to keep pace with them. After a long and painful march, finding himself in a safe place, he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger; but as he still delayed, the chief came to me, and said, that perhaps it might happen to me as it did to a certain inhabitant of Veletri, who had been taken by this very party, who entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the woods, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came, the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it us a forerunner of my own speedy death.

However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking about carelessly among the brigands, looking at their arms, and making angry gestures; but he did not speak. Shortly after, he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him, so he rose and cried, "I have a wife and children; for God's sake spare my life," and thus saying, he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him; a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger, still stained with blood, into his sheath; then returning to me, he announced the death of the factor in these very words: "Do not fear: we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro; such as you are not sbirri; then, he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous." And thus they got rid of Marasca.

The reader will be happy to hear that the poor surgeon got off ultimately; the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns having exerted themselves with much humane zeal to raise what was to them a very considerable sum. "I shall always recollect," says the grateful surgeon, "that the Lord visited me as a father: for, at the very moment when his hand seemed to be heavy upon me, he

moved the city of Tivoli, and the whole people of Castel Madama, even the very poorest, to subscribe their money, and sell their goods, in so short a time, and with such profusion, for my sake." His neighbours came out to meet the delivered surgeon, "with such public congratulations as were never before heard—which presented a most affecting spectacle;" and the priest Guitini ordered the bells to be rung to call the people to the parish church, where thanks were rendered "to the most merciful God, and *to our protector Saint Michael*, the arch-angel, for the deliverance" of the doctor.

II. *The Brothers, a Monody; and other Poems. By Charles A. Elton. Author of a Translation of Hesiod, and of Specimens of the Classic Poets.* London. Baldwin and Co. 1820. 12mo. pp. 128.

Mr. Elton has been hitherto known to us as the accomplished scholar, and elegant writer; led by a fine taste, under the advantages of private ease and domestic happiness, to cultivate the more choice and retired flowers of classical literature,—and presenting the fair exotics to his countrymen, transplanted with industrious care, and delicate skill. The refining influence of this class of literary pursuit, entitles it to be particularly prized in these days of gaudy display and violent obtrusion; when it is but too apparent that the eagerness of authors to catch the attention of the public is often more intense than their internal feeling of their subjects;—when style is much less considered as the natural means of conveying natural feeling,—the echo of the real movements of the heart,—the honest interpreter of unfeigned sentiment, than as a trick to captivate attention—the instrument of exhibiting personal grace and ingenuity. The manner of the auctioneer's rostrum has got into our books: we do not think so much of the thing itself as of what may be said about it;—it is not so much the fairness and truth of description that we seek, as pomp of phrase and pointedness of illustration. Our compositions, accordingly, are most of them what the French term *de rappresentation*: and the best proof of it is, that, when once a piece of enthusiasm has burst forth and been popular, we have a thousand imitations of it, from persons who work themselves up into transports on the self-same subjects, without having been led to them naturally by the force of circumstances, or the bias of their dispositions. In proportion as the topics celebrated lay strong claims to the sensibilities of the reader, and employ the language, not merely of passion, but of deep imaginative enthusiastic emotion, the awkwardness of making them common property, and running them thread-bare, becomes more apparent. *Je me fais vif*, said a heavy German imitator of French vivacity, as he jumped clumsily out of a window and sprained his ancle! The imitators to whom we are alluding, manage, it is true, the thing much better; their pieces are excellently done, after the manner of the last most successful sally of some greater mind than their own. They get into the wake of a first-rate, and come bearing-up after it, gallantly enough, scattering the foam, and breasting the agitation, which the superior power has left behind in its track. Yet they have buoyancy and strength enough of their own to shape their own course,—and it would be more creditable to them to do so. They have only to commune with their own hearts a little, to learn what subjects they can take up with most effect, and with the greatest certainty of touching the hearts of others.

Mr. Elton's several publications, previous to the present, bore the stamp of elegant leisure, and a real inclination towards the subjects of which he treated. They were evidently the fruits of his favourite studies; the exercises of a mind familiar with pure models, yet accustomed to contemplate the sources of beauty for itself, and proud to recognize the independence of genius. From the morsels of criticism, and incidental observations of a critical nature, interspersed amongst his poetical compositions, we are induced to believe him to be free and courageous in his poetical creed—emancipated in spirit from the slavish rules of vulgar critics, and inclined to hail, with kindred magnanimity, the enterprises of talent, and the fresh attempts of original minds. Yet Mr. Elton's notions on the subject of poetry seem to be quite free from the cant and affecta-

tion of independence and originality: he does not court extravagance in an ambition to be thought forcible, nor outrage common sense in straining after what is remarkable or new. In short, we have always considered him, on the evidence of his works, a fine-minded scholar, poet, and gentleman;—with a sense of beauty sufficiently true to cause him to avoid and dislike exaggeration; sound and correct in sentiment as well as susceptible in feeling;—one who, in these strange wild times, has an understanding and a taste happily regulated and tempered, so as to honour the novel energies of the period, without losing sight of the limitations and restraints necessary at once for the order and safety of society, and the last polish of the highest achievments of art.

His latest work possesses an interest of a different nature from that of its predecessors; and we first approached it with an awe mingled almost with reluctance. Our sense of the majesty of sorrow was coupled with a dread lest some instance of impropriety or unsuitableness, calculated to derogate from that majesty, might not be the consequence of drawing aside the curtain, and exposing the spectacle of the deepest domestic anguish, the throes and agitations of the bitterest family distress. The native elegance of Mr. Elton's mind, however, preserves his work fair, and pure, and graceful throughout—worthy of being a monument to the beautiful pair whose loss it mourns in the touching accents of a father,—smitten "even where he had treasured up his soul,"—and with the selection and inspiration of a highly-cultivated taste, and truly poetical mind. The sorrow is intense; the gloom is descended for ever; desolation of heart has taken place;

The future darkens in the clouded past—

yet a moral charm, a religious light, a virtuous and amiable elevation of spirit, animate the picture of grief: these cause it to kindle the imagination in a way that relieves the sensibility, and they hallow and ennoble the whole composition.

The sad calamity to which this poem owes its existence was noticed in the public journals of last autumn. Mr. Elton's two eldest sons were lost to their parents, in consequence of being caught by the rapid influx of the tide, on the shores of the Bristol channel. The particular circumstances that swell and aggravate the bitterness of so tremendous an affliction, are touched upon in the poem with the deep pathos and exquisite delicacy of a father-poet. They chiefly consist of the graces and accomplishments of the beloved lost-ones;—the cheerful, though anxious hopes, that hung around the beauty of their opening career;--the intimacy of affection, the gaiety of confiding love, that clasped around a happy family, like a sparkling band, before this cruel rent was made;--the sad remembrances which now dash themselves, like spectres, amidst the fairest sights of nature, the fondest looks of the impaired domestic board.—Alas! the traces of "vanished feet" are "upon the hills and shores!" The associations with the most lovely and grateful things—the favourite objects—habitual comforts,—become the most dreadful in such cases of extreme calamity. If the heart could even sometimes, for a moment, feel inclined to subside into former feelings of enjoyment,--a desperate pang, partaking of the nature of self-reproach, darts into its center,—chides the selfishness which could accept of comfort or seek forgetfulness,—and rouses afresh the spirit of grief by suggesting the sad reverse, the constant want! The helplessness, the silence, the solitude of death, are then felt as claims on the continuation of sorrow:—into these have sunk the animation whose spring was ever vigorous; the busy, inquiring, sympathising glance, that kindled over the family table, or by the side of the family hearth; the constant participation, the eager interest, the youthful confidence, the bewitching expression of a child's love, enriching obedience, and accompanying, with its angel-presence, the anxious, and often weary footsteps of matured life. How beautifully is parental grief connected with the permanent glories of creation in the following passage, which adds one to the previous proofs, that the most delicately formed and elegantly stored minds, are the most exposed to suffering, and the most easily penetrated by its barbed darts.

Oh star of Love! whose ruddy orb, immense
And clear, did flash its lengthen'd arrowy gleams
Through the still air's dark azure—memory hangs
A cloud upon thee:—never shalt thou rise,
Oh bright and beauteous planet! but the scene
Of those bare hills, those eve-discolour'd crags,
And the far light-house with its twinkling flame,
Shall crowd upon the vision of my mind.
They look'd upon thee with their asking gaze,
Bright star of evening! and their thoughts were fix'd
Among those planetary worlds.

The poem of the Brothers is introduced by some of the most touching lines we have ever read; addressed to a person whose name, or title in the author's family, is not expressed, but who clearly appears to be one privileged to claim the largest share in the sorrow, and meriting to be regarded with the deepest feeling of respectful sympathy. The author, after pathetically alluding to "hearts like his, with hopeless anguish wrung"—

Hearts sickening wan, in life's meridian ray,
And wistful gazing towards their setting day—

appeals, with graceful tenderness, to the bye-gone early time of their connexion, clad with hopes and transports,—evidently seeking thus to stir, with feelings that have the warmth of life in them, the cold immobility of a mother's despair. The passage we allude to we shall give with its following paragraphs, that the reader of sensibility may admire, with us, the beautiful connexion of the softer emotions of a lover, a husband, and a father, with the firm confidence and serious elevation of a Christian's mind.

When life was in its spring and fancy free,
Its lays, the lays of love, were breathed to thee!
When, as in vision, hover'd on my sight
Th' elastic step and glance that swam in light;
And the live rose, that deck'd thy virgin prime,
Glowed on thy cheek, as though it mock'd at time.

And now—that hope and joy are seen to fade,
Like stars dim gliding till they mix with shade;
Now that thy cheek has sorrow's canker proved,
When thus by sadness changed, ah! more beloved!
Now pale and leaning o'er a weed-strown herse,
I call upon thee with a dying verse;—
So shuts the volume of our vernal years,
And the last page is blotted with our tears!—

I call upon thee by the pledges spared
To soothe the loss, which may not be repair'd;
By him the winning babe, the heaven-sent boy,
A frantic hope, a terrour, and a joy;
By those in whom expression's casual ray
Does oft the loved lost lineament betray;
From whose fair eyes remember'd glances dart,
Whose brows, whose voice, whose lips convulse the heart;
Those fragile beings, rudely disentwined
From the fall'n props on which their love reclin'd;
And who on thee their tendril softness fling,
Reft as thou art, to thee deserted cling;
By that their tender weakness, strong to plead,
By those their meeker griefs that silent bleed;
By the soft drops that spoke their mute distress,—
Their early taste of human bitterness;
By all they witness to a mother's care;—
By thy pure faith, thy fervent power of prayer;—
I call upon thee by his name, who, blest
In Christian hope, is enter'd in his rest;
Who meek beneath affliction's chastening rod
Still firmly held his trust, his love of God;
By his example, whispering from the dust,
I call upon thee for thy love and trust!—

We do not think it necessary to give many extracts from the principal poem:—we have overselves perused it with a deep feeling, not only of the interest of the subject, but of the grace of the execution. At the same time, we are aware, that there may not be many dispositions inclined to occupy themselves with such themes, or able to follow, in imagination, the trains of feeling which constitute its melancholy charm. Popularity, therefore, in the common sense of the word, may not be its portion; but, perhaps, the author will not be either surprised or mortified at this, if he be assured, as well he may, that he has honoured the memories of his children, and conveyed admiration of their beautiful lives into stranger bosoms, that are able to appreciate the extent both

of his enjoyment and of his deprivation.

One or two extracts shall conclude this notice.

The poem takes the form of a vision, in which the past life of the Brothers is retraced. One of their youthful exercises, too closely connected with their untimely death, is poetically described as follows:—

Together, with a father's guiding aid,
They clave the waters, while the sun rode high,
And learn'd to breast the blue sea's billowy swell
Fearless; and with a passion sought the shore;
Floating, as still they float before mine eyes,
Upon the sapphire bosom of the deep,
With face upturn'd to heaven, or plunging free
Like dolphins in their play beneath the surge
That closed above them; and the circling rocks
Rang to their joyous voices.—'Twas the will
Of God:—their art of safety was their snare:
And he, that look'd with trusting gladness on,
Lives to lament this omen of their joy.

My heart is drown'd in softness, as again
I see, I feel them present; their known looks
And loved familiar shapes; where'er I wend,
In day-light or the gloom of fading eve,
Through peopled marts and streets that thronging sound
With hum of multitudes; and most, oh most!
Among the hills and hedge-rows, and near brooks
Where sedges dip their verdure; and o'er heaths
Sprinkled with yellow broom, whence far the range
Of azure mountains like a mist appears
Above the channel'd sea:—and when, deep sunk
In sleep's o'erpowering heaviness, with eyes
That waking inward view th' external world,
Its colour'd shadows, and its moving forms,
I still am doom'd to see—for ever there—
For ever!—by my side and in my sight,
Th' inseparable phantoms: they attend
My rising up and lying down: pursue
My steps, and flit around me with their bright
Yet shadowy presence—angels of the dead!—

I saw them—and the elder shapely boy,
Tall for his years, and slender as the stem
Of spiring pine; and femininely soft
With silken skin, and smooth and tapering hands,
And lips of rose-bud swell:—the graceful hair
Waved with light bend, as of a Roman youth,
And the arch'd brows and lashes lengthening dark;
In the clear eyes an intellectual light,
Awakening genius, sweet, ingenuous thought,
And frank simplicity and girlish love.
Beside him, still beside him, one appear'd
Of lower stature; his young limbs were cast
In somewhat stronger mould: his visage still
Retain'd the rounded form of infancy,
And the vermilion glow'd upon his cheek,
Type of robuster health: a deeper blue
Was in his eyes; and trains of serious thought,
Manly and calm, would mark his steady glance:
While mirthfulness oft revell'd in his smiles,
As if the heart could not restrain the tide
Of innocent delight, that gush'd at once
In fulness of its joy: and whether smiles
Play'd on his dimpled mouth, or glancing tears,
Suppress with resolution, dimm'd his eye,
The other smiled or sadden'd; shared in all
His boyish ecstasies, and felt the pang
That wrung the other's heart, as if his own
Throbb'd with like troubles, for their hearts were one.

The discovery of what had happened is, we think, most impressively told:—

——————— Voices now,
Low mutter'd voices, throng'd around our calm
And cheerful dwelling: gazing groups appear'd
Mysteriously inquisitive, yet sad,
Before my threshold: as I issued forth,
With the first pang of vague inquietude,
A friend cross'd quick my path, who anxious sought
Our dwelling: from his sad uplifted hands
Conviction flash'd in horrour: and I rush'd
Along the promontory side, and look'd
Alas! on vacancy: I saw alone
The sea wide-rolling in its strength: I saw
A long pale line of tremulous light that spread
Along the heaving waters—there, ev'n there
They last were seen, who now were seen no more!

It hovers o'er me, like a fearful dream,
That dreadful slow return: the chamber drear
With its excluded light, and heard without
The lifted voice of weeping; stranger forms
Compassionate and soft, with ministry
Of female offices, and she who wept,
Refusing comfort, since she wept in vain.

Sister of my beloved! thou was sent
To soothe with mingling tears and prayer that hour
Of bitterness. Thy welcoming was sad;
Death cross'd thee on the threshold, and the wail
Of helpless misery met thee from within;
The sword of our distress pierced thy own heart:
Yet was there blessing with thee: in thy hand
Comfort, and gospel light within thine eyes.

That night the little chamber where they lay,
Fast by our own, was vacant and was still.

The two last lines are sad indeed: they convey the aching blankness of death, the darkness of the chasm it makes, the heavy chillness of its fearful atmosphere. But, happily for the author, and his distressed family, he is not compelled (as some have been) under the pressure of a calamity too great for a man to bear, to rest only on a man's strength. His faith, if it does not immediately make him whole, at least suggests where the balm is to be found; and let us hope, that, before this time, its healing influence has been felt by him, and not by him alone.

III. *Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of Saint Agnes, and other Poems. By John Keats, Author of Endymion.* London, Taylor and Hessey, 12mo. pp. 199.

We opened this volume with very considerable anxiety:—an anxiety partly occasioned by the unqualified praises of which the author has been the object,—but more owing to the abuse by which he has been assailed. Perhaps from the whole history of criticism, real and pretended, nothing more truly unprincipled than that abuse can be quoted; nothing more heartless, more vindictive,—more nefarious in design, more pitiful and paltry in spirit. We consider it one of the wost signs of these, the worst times which England, we are afraid, has ever seen, that the miserable selfishness of political party has erected itself into a literary authority, and established, by means of popular channels, the most direct and easy access to the public ear on literary questions. The provocation, we allow, is reciprocal: the vanity of the Examiner manifests just as great a deficiency in real candour as is apparent in the bitter spite of the Quarterly, or the merry ruffianism of Blackwood. But the distinct consciousness of depravity in the two latter, which must accompany them in many of their lucubrations, gives a blacker feature to their conduct. It would be well worthy, we think, of the great talents and lofty principles of the new Edinburgh Professor of Moral Philosophy, to discuss ethically from his comfortable chair,—where he sits, the honour of Scotland, and fit substitute for Dugald Stewart,—the specific difference in moral guilt and personal degradation, which distinguishes the misrepresentations of a blind overweening vanity from those of a sordid and cunning worldly greediness. The young Scotchmen would listen attentively to the arguments of one so well-qualified to handle this point; and the lecture might have blessed effects on their future lives and fortunes.—But to the subject before us, from whence we are wandering.

Mr. Keats, though not a political writer, plunged at once, with what we shall take the liberty of calling a boyish petulance, and with an air of rather insulting bravado, into some very delicate subjects;—subjects on which, we have no hesitation to say, those very qualities of his mind which confer on his poetry its most characteristic beauties, incapacitate him fairly to pronounce. There have been, and it is possible there may be even now, great comprehensive intellects, which, to wealthy and voluptuous imaginations, add a far-sightedness sufficient to discern, and a magnanimity inducing them to acknowledge, the deep, internal, and inextricable connection between the pains and penalties of human nature, and its hopes and enjoyments: whose spirits dwell and play in "the plighted clouds,"—but who understand enough of the philosophy of earthly existence to know, that, as man must cultivate the ground by the sweat of his brow, so he must cultivate his faculties by self-denials and struggles of soul:—who perceive lurking in the common restraints of society, eternal principles of human nature—mysterious instincts, which, through the mortification of desire, the humiliation of feeling, and often

in the absence of an active sense of justice or clear view of utility, conduct to the average *maximum*, such as it is, of human good and moral beauty. Such intellects are scornful of none of our necessities while they provide for our delights: in stimulating the strength of human nature, they do not mislead or neglect its weaknesses: they are impartial in their judgments, because their views are commanding, and their motives issue from lofty dispositions. They will not palter, or play false with what they see daily before them, because the conclusions it suggests may chance to reproach some of their own actions. They will have learnt, by degrees, to correct the unfavourable decisions which we are all naturally inclined to found on dissimilarity of habits, and opposition of tastes; and they will at length have been induced to convert these into reasons for self-suspicion, rather than grounds for accusing others. Following human life into its various walks; contemplating it fairly and kindly in all its aspects, they will have been compelled to conclude, that it is not self-abandonment to the favourite themes of touching description, and to those pursuits which seem to lead most directly to the indulgence and excitement of a reflective sensibility, that exclusively proves the fine construction and delicate movements of the mind. In the labyrinth of the world they will have found that appearances are not guides;—that a face cast up towards the moon does not more certainly infer an amiable or susceptible disposition, than a contracted brow cast down over a ledger of bad debts. Selfishness, it will have struck them, is often most active in the whirlwind of passion; and it will have occurred to them that, in the estimation of intelligences altogether superior to this worldly turmoil, fainting away over a fair bosom does not, unless accompanied by other symptoms, prove much more in favour of the refinement of the transported person than clasping a money-bag, or ogling a haunch of venison. A man may smell to a rose, or walk out to admire an effect of sun-set, and yet not have half that complication of the warmer affections stirring within him, which shall move a tradesman of the Strand, seated with his wife, children, and shopman, in his back parlour;—and the said tradesman may take out a writ against a dilatory customer, in no worse spirit than that in which one author pursues another for literary defalcation. It is well to let the imagination contemplate splendours hanging over past times; the soul must stretch itself somehow out of its cramps: but this may be done without committing crying, positive injustice towards the present. It may be allowable in poetry to treat ancient thieves with the respect due to true men; but the poet has no business, more than the police officer, to treat true men, his neighbours, as thieves. If Maid Marian were to come back, and complain in our hearing, as she does in Mr. Keats's poetry—

——————— Strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money—

we would ask her what there is strange in this? and whether it is not quite as well to get things by hard money as by hard blows? and whether more injustice be included in the inequality of purses—a consequence of society—than in that inequality of arms, which is an effect of nature? Of course, we would not have thus selected, for the purpose of argument, a passage bearing an air of pleasantry, if we did not think that Mr. Keats's sensibility is diseased in this respect—that his spirit is impregnated with a flippant impatience, (irritated and justified by a false philosophy) of the great phenomena of society, and the varieties of human nature, which hurts his poetry quite as much as it corrupts his sentiments—and which is altogether unworthy of the grandeur of his powers. There are some stanzas introduced into his delicious tale of "Isabel—poor simple Isabel," in this volume, which, we think, dreadfully mar the musical tenderness of its general strain. They are no better than extravagant school-boy vituperation of trade and traders; just as if lovers did not trade,—and that, often in stolen goods—or had in general any higher object than a barter of enjoyment! These stanzas in Mr. Keats's poem, when contrasted with the larger philosophy of Boccacio, and his more genial spirit, as exem-

plified with reference to the very circumstances in question, are additionally offensive. Instead of tirading against the brothers as "money-bags," "Baalites of pelf," "ledger-men,"—and asking, "why, in the name of glory, were they proud?" Boccacio describes the honour of the family as actually injured by Lorenzo, whom they employed—he shows us the elder brother, on discovering his sister's dishonour, afflicted with grief and perplexity, and passing a sleepless night on his bed—he even compliments the discretion of this member of the family—and it is thus naturally, and faithfully, and feelingly introduced, that he leads up the dreadful catastrophe to its consummation in Italian revenge, and the broken-heartedness of widowed love. Does the pathos of the tale suffer by thus looking fairly into the face of human nature? Do we pity the lovers less; do we sympathize less with Isabel's bitter tears, because we have both sides of the case thus placed before us? No—our sympathies, being more fairly excited, are more keenly so: the story is in fine keeping, as a painter would say: the effect of truth overpowers us: we weep the more because we feel that human frailty provides for human suffering, and that the best impulses of the heart are not removed from the liability of producing the extremities of agony and of crime. Mr. Keats, we are sure, has a sensibility sufficiently delicate to feel this beauty in Boccacio: why then has he substituted for it, in his own composition, a boisterous rhapsody, which interrupts the harmony of the sorrowful tale,—repels sympathy by the introduction of caricature,—and suggests all sorts of dissenting, and altercating prejudices and opinions? His device is a clumsy one: Bocaccio's delicate and true. That most beautiful Paper, (by a correspondent of course) in our last number, on the "ledger-men," of the South Sea House, is an elegant reproof of such short-sighted views of character; such idle hostilities against the realities of life. How free from intolerance of every sort must the spirit be, that conceived that paper,—or took off so fair and clear an impression from facts! It would not be prone to find suggestion of invective in the sound of Sabbath bells, as Mr. Keats has done in a former work. The author of Endymion and Hyperion must delight in that Paper;—and, to give another example of what we mean, he must surely feel the gentle poetical beauty which is infused into the star-light tale of Rosamund Grey, through its vein of "natural piety." What would that tale be without the Grandmother's Bible? How eclipsed would be the gleaming light of such a character as Rosamund's, in a re-modelled state of society, where it should be the fashion for wives to be considered as dainties at a pic-nic party, each man bringing his own with him—but ready to give and take with those about him! Creeds here are out of the question altogether;—we only speak with reference to the wants and instincts of the human soul. We mention these things, not because we desire to see Mr. Keats playing the hypocrite, or enlisted as a florid declaimer on the profitable side of things; but because, with our admiration of his powers, we are loath to see him irrecoverably committed to a flippant and false system of reasoning on human nature;—because to his picturesque imagination, we wish that he would add a more pliable, and, at the same time, a more magnanimous sensibility. Nor need his philosophy be a whit more condescending to what is grovelling and base. Let him write, as much as he pleases, in the bold indignant style of Wordsworth's glorious Sonnet!

> The world is too much with us!

Here the poet speaks—not the malcontent;—it is not mortification, but inspiration he feels;—it is not classes of men, but crawling minds he anathematizes. We must positively give this magnificent Sonnet entire, now we have accidentally been brought to it by the current of our writing. It cannot be deemed out of place any where—for it is a high animation to noble thoughts.

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours.
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The Winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

From what we have said, in the way of objection to the fashion of Mr. Keats's thinking, on certain important questions, it will easily be seen that he has very much, and very incautiously exposed himself to attack;—and his chivalry, as it will be guessed, has done him but little service in his contest with the windmills in Albemarle-street. These things, that go furiously with the breeze of the time, have beaten his lance out of its rest, battered his helmet, and overturned in the dirt himself and his steed. It is impossible,—however we may regret the extravagrant course his Knight-errantry has taken,—not to feel our wishes and sympathies on the side of the knight of the Sorrowful countenance in this encounter. His spirit is a gallant one; his brain is full of high feats; his heart beats in real devotion to a Dulcinea whom he has clad with fine attributes in his imagination, though, certainly, we believe her to be much less a lady than he imagines her. His delusion, however, is the offspring of a romantic temperament; whereas his maulers are but things of brute matter, machines for grinding grist;—"plates hung on pins to turn with the wind,"—acquiring a murderous power from their specific levity.

The injustice which has been done to our author's works, in estimating their poetical merit, rendered us doubly anxious, on opening his last volume, to find it likely to seize fast hold of general sympathy, and thus turn an overwhelming power against the paltry traducers of a talent, more eminently promising in many respects, than any that the present age has been called upon to encourage. We have not found it to be quite all that we wished in this respect—and it would have been very extraordinary if we had, for our wishes went far beyond reasonable expectations. But we have found it of a nature to present to common understandings the poetical power with which the author's mind is gifted, in a more tangible and intelligible shape than that in which it has appeared in any of his former compositions. It is, therefore, calculated to throw shame on the lying, vulgar spirit, in which this young worshipper in the temple of the Muses has been cried-down; whatever questions it may still leave to be settled as to the kind and degree of his poetical merits. Take for instance, as a proof of the justice of our praise, the following passage from an Ode to the Nightingale:—it is distinct, noble, pathetic, and true: the thoughts have all chords of direct communication with naturally-constituted hearts: the echoes of the strain linger about the depths of human bosoms.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn:
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

Let us take also a passage of another sort altogether—the description of a young beauty preparing for her nightly rest, overlooked by a concealed lover, in which we know not whether most to admire the magical delicacy of the hazardous picture, or its consummate, irresistible attraction. "How sweet the moonlight

sleeps upon this bank," says Shakspeare; and sweetly indeed does it fall on the half undressed form of Madeline:—it has an exquisite moral influence, corresponding with the picturesque effect.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the hair, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

* * * * * *

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; *by degrees*
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed.
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept.
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

One more extract,—again varying entirely the style of the composition. It shall be taken from a piece called Hyperion; one of the most extraordinary creations of any modern imagination. Its "woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:" the soul of dim antiquity hovers, like a mountain-cloud, over its vast and gloomy grandeur: it carries us back in spirit beyond the classical age; earlier than "the gods of the Greeks;" when the powers of creation were to be met with visible about the young earth, shouldering the mountains, and with their huge forms filling the vallies. The sorrows of this piece are "huge;" its utterance "large;" its tears "big."—Alas, centuries have brought littleness since then,—otherwise a crawling, reptile of office, with just strength enough to leave its slimy traces on the pages of a fashionable Review, could never have done a real mischief to the poet of the Titans! It is but a fragment we have of Hyperion: an advertisement tells us that "the poem was intended to have been of equal length with Endymion, *but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding.*" Let Mr. Croker read the following sublime and gorgeous personification of Asia, and be proud of the information thus given him—and of that superior encouragement to which it is owing that we have his Talavera in a complete state!

——————— Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.

This is not the extract, however, which we were about to make: it was the opening of the poem we thought of. The dethronement of Saturn by Jupiter, and the later gods taking the places of the early powers of heaven and earth, form its subject. We seem entering the awful demesne of primeval solitude as the poet commences:

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: *the Naiad 'mid her reeds*
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin-sand large foot marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou!'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

Will not our readers feel it as a disgrace attaching to the character of the period, that a dastardly attempt should have been made to assassinate a poet of power equal to these passages: that one should come like a thief to steal his "precious diadem;"—a murder and a robbery "most foul and horrible?" Cold-blooded conscious dishonesty, we have no hesitation to say, must have directed the pen of the critic of Endymion in the Quarterly Review: making every allowance for the callousness of a worldly spirit, it is impossible to conceive a total insensibility to the vast beauties scattered profusely over that disordered, ill-digested work. The author provokes opposition, as we have already fully said: not unfrequently he even suggests angry censure. We cannot help applying the word *insolent*, in a literary sense, to some instances of his neglectfulness,

to the random swagger of occasional expressions, to the bravado style of many of his sentiments. But, coupling these great faults with his still greater poetical merits, what a fine, what an interesting subject did he offer for perspicacious, honourable criticism! But he was beset by a very dog-kennel; and he must be more than human if he has not had his erroneous tendencies hardened in him in consequence.

What strike us as the principal faults of his poetry, impeding his popularity, we would venture thus to specify.

1. His frequent obscurity and confusion of language. As an instance of the latter, we may mention, that he attaches the epithet of "*leaden-eyed*," to despair, considered as a quality or sentiment. Were it a personification of despair, the compound would be as finely applied, as, under the actual circumstances, it is erroneously so. There are many, many passages too, in his last volume, as well as in his earlier ones, from which we are not able, after taking some pains to understand them, to derive any distinct notion or meaning whatever.

2. He is too fond of running out glimmerings of thoughts, and indicating distant shadowy fancies: he shows, also, a fondness for dwelling on features which are not naturally the most important or prominent. His imagination coquets with, and mocks the reader in this respect; and plain earnest minds turn away from such tricks with disgust. The greatest poets have always chiefly availed themselves of the plainest and most palpable materials.

3. He affects, in bad taste, a quaint strangeness of phrase; as some folks affect an odd manner of arranging their neckcloths, &c. This "shows a most pitiful ambition." We wish Mr. Keats would not talk of *cutting mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;* we cannot contemplate the *skeleton* of mercy. Nor can we familiarize ourselves pleasantly with the *dainties made to still an infant's cries:*—the latter is indeed a very round about way of expression,—and not very complimentary either, we think. Young ladies, who know, of course, little or nothing of the economy of the nursery, will be apt, we imagine, to pout at this periphrasis, which puts their charms on a level with baby-corals!

But we are by this time tired of criticism; as we hope our readers are:—let us then all turn together to the book itself. We have said here what we have deemed it our duty to say: we shall there find what it will be our delight to enjoy.

THE DRAMA.

No. IX.

Drury-Lane.—The following is a play-bill of this theatre, for which we paid two-pence on the spot, to verify the fact—as some well-disposed persons, to prevent mistakes, purchase libellous or blasphemous publications from their necessitous or desperate venders.

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.—Agreeably to the former advertisement, this theatre is now open for the last performances of Mr. Kean, before his positive departure for America. This evening, Saturday, August 19, 1820, *his Majesty's servants will perform Shakespear's tragedy of Othello. Duke of Venice, Mr. Thompson; Brabantio, Mr. Powell; Gratiano, Mr. Carr; Lodovico, Mr. Vining; Montano, Mr. Jeffries; Othello, Mr. Kean—(his last appearance in that character); Cassio, Mr. Bromley—(his first appearance in that character); Roderigo, Mr. Russell; Iago, Junius Brutus Booth; Leonardo, Mr. Hudson; Julio, Mr. Raymond; Manco, Mr. Moreton; Paulo, Mr. Read; Giovanni, Mr. Starmer; Luca, Mr. Randall; Desdemona, Mrs. W. West; Emilia, Mrs. Egerton.—This theatre overflows every night. The patentees cannot condescend to enter into a competition of scurrility, which is only fitted for minor theatres—what their powers really are, will be, without any public appeal, legally decided in November next, and any gasconade can only be supposed to be caused by cunning or poverty.—After which, the farce of Modern Antiques, &c.*

A more impudent puff, and heartless piece of bravado than this, we do not remember to have witnessed. *This theatre does not overflow every night.* As to the competition of scurrility, which the manager declines, it is he who has commenced it. The

minor theatres,—that is, one of them, —to wit, the Lyceum,—put forth a very proper and well-grounded remonstrance against this portentous opening of the winter theatre in the middle of the dog-days, to scorch up the dry, meagre, hasty harvest of the summer ones:—at which our mighty manager sets up his back, like the great cat, Rodilardus; scornfully rejects their appeal to the public; says he will pounce upon them in November with the law in his hands; and that, in the mean time, all they can do to interest the public in their favour by a plain statement of facts, "can only be supposed to be caused by *cunning* or *poverty*." This is pretty well for a manager who has been so *thanked* as Mr. Elliston! His own committee may laud him for bullying other theatres, but the public will have a feeling for his weaker rivals, though the angry comedian "should threaten to swallow them up quick," and vaunt of his action of battery against them, without any public appeal, "when wind and rain beat dark November down." This sorry manager, "dressed" (to use the words of the immortal bard, whom he so modestly and liberally patronises) "dressed in a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,"—not "as make the angels weep,"—but his own candle-snuffers laugh, and his own scene-shifters blush. He ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, what a beggarly account of wretched actors, what an exposure of the nakedness of the land, have we in this very play-bill, which is issued forth with such a mixture of pomp and imbecility! Mr. Kean's name, indeed, stands pre-eminent in lordly capitals, in defiance of Mr. Dowton's resentment,—and Junius Brutus Booth, in his way, scorns to be *Mistered!* But all the rest are, we suppose—Mr. Elliston's friends. They are happy in the favour of the manager, and in the total ignorance of the town! Mr. Kean, we grant, is in himself a host; a sturdy column supporting the tottering, tragic dome of Drury-lane! What will it be when this main, this sole striking pillar is taken away—"You take my house, when you do take the prop that holds my house"—when the patentees shall have nothing to look to for salvation but the puffing of the Great Lessee, and his genius for law, which we grant may rival the Widow Black-acre's—and when the cries of Othello, of Macbeth, of Richard, and Sir Giles, in the last agonies of their despair, shall be lost, through all the long winter months, "over a vast and unhearing ocean?" Mr. Elliston, instead of taking so much pains to announce his own approaching dissolution, had better let Mr. Kean pass in silence, and take his *positive departure for America* without the pasting of placards, and the dust and clatter of a law-suit in Westminster Hall. It is not becoming in him, W. R. Elliston, Esq. comedian, formerly proprietor of the Surrey and the Olympic, and author of a pamphlet on the unwarrantable encroachments of the Theatres-royal, now to insult over the plea of self-defence and self-preservation, set up by his brethren of the minor playhouses, as the resource of "poverty and cunning!"—"It is not friendly, it is not gentlemanly. The profession, as well as Mr. Arnold, may blame him for it:" but the patentees will no doubt thank him at their next quarterly meeting.

Mr. Kean's Othello the other night did not quite answer our overwrought expectations. He played it *with variations;* and therefore, necessarily worse. There is but one perfect way of playing Othello, and that was the way in which he used to play it. To see him in this character at his best, may be reckoned among the consolations of the human mind. It is to feel our hearts bleed by sympathy with another; it is to vent a world of sighs for another's sorrows; to have the loaded bosom "cleansed of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the soul," by witnessing the struggles and the mortal strokes that "flesh is heir to." We often seek this deliverance from private woes through the actor's obstetric art; and it is hard when he disappoints us, either from indifference or wilfulness. Mr. Kean did not repeat his admired farewell apostrophe to Content, with that fine "organ-stop" that he used,—as if his inmost vows and wishes were ascending to the canopy of Heaven, and their sounding echo were heard upon the earth like distant thunder,—but in a que-

rulous, whining, sobbing tone, which we do not think right. Othello's spirit does not sink under, but supports itself on the retrospect of the past; and we should hear the lofty murmurs of his departing hopes, his ambition and his glory, borne onward majestically "to the passing wind." He pronounced the "not a jot, not a jot," as an hysteric exclamation, not with the sudden stillness of fixed despair. As we have seen him do this part before, his lips uttered the words, but they produced and were caused by no corresponding emotion in his breast. They were breath just playing on the surface of his mind, but that did not penetrate to the soul. His manner of saying to Cassio, "But never more be officer of mine," was in a tone truly terrific, magnificent, prophetic; and the only alteration we remarked as an improvement. We have adverted to this subject here, because we think Mr. Kean cannot wisely outdo himself. He is always sufficiently original, sufficiently in extremes, and when he attempts to vary from himself and go still farther, we think he has no alternative but to run into extravagance. It is true it may be said of him, that he is—

Never so sure our passion to create,
As when he treads the brink of all we hate—

but still one step over the precipice is destruction. We also fear that the critical soil of America is slippery ground. Jonathan is inclined to the safe side of things, even in matters of taste and fancy. They are a little formal and common-place in those parts. They do not like liberties in morals, nor excuse poetical licences. They do not tolerate the privileges of birth, or readily sanction those of genius. A very little excess above the water-mark of mediocrity is with them quite enough. Mr. Kean will do well not to offend by extraordinary efforts, or dazzling eccentricities. He should be the Washington of actors, the modern Fabius. If he had been educated in the fourth form of St. Paul's school, like some other top-tragedians that we know, we should say to him in classic terms, *in medio tutissimus ibis.* "Remember that they hiss the Beggar's Opera in America. If they do not spare Captain Macheath, do you think they will spare you? Play off no pranks in the United States. Do not think to redeem great vices by great virtues. They are inexorable to the one, and insensible to the other. Reserve all works of superogation till you come back; and have safely run the gauntlet of New York, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore, and Boston. Think how Mr. Young would act,—and act with a little more meaning, and a little less pomp than he would--who, we are assured on credible authority, is that model of indifference that the New World would worship and bow down before." — We have made bold to offer this advice, because we wish well to Mr. Kean; and because we wish to think as well as possible of a republican public. We watch both him and them, "with the rooted malice of a friend."—We have thus paid our respects to Old Drury in holiday-time; and thought we had already taken leave of the New English Opera-House for the season. But there were Two Words to that bargain. The farce with this title is a very lively little thing, worth going to see; and the new Dramatic Romance (or whatever it is called) of the Vampyre is, upon the whole, the most splendid *spectacle* we have ever seen. It is taken from a French piece, founded on the celebrated story so long bandied about between Lord Byron, Mr. Shelley, and Dr. Polidori, which last turned out to be the true author. As a mere fiction, and as a fiction attributed to Lord Byron, whose genius is chartered for the land of horrors, the original story passed well enough: but on the stage it is a little shocking to the feelings, and incongruous to the sense, to see a spirit in human shape,—in the shape of a real Earl, and, what is more, of a *Scotch* Earl—going about seeking whom it may marry and then devour, to lengthen out its own abhorred and anomalous being. Allowing for the preternatural atrocity of the fable, the situations were well imagined and supported: the acting of Mr. T. P. Cooke, (from the Surry Theatre) was spirited and imposing, and certainly Mrs. W. H. Chatterley, as the daughter of his friend the Baron, (Mr. Bartley,) and his destined bride, bid fair to be a very delectable victim. She is however saved in a surprizing manner, after a rapid succession of

interesting events, to the great joy of the spectator. The scenery of this piece is its greatest charm, and it is inimitable. We have seen sparkling and overpowering effects of this kind before; but to the splendour of a transparency were here added all the harmony and mellowness of the finest painting. We do not speak of the vision at the beginning, or of that at the end of the piece,—though these were admirably managed,—so much of the representation of the effects of moonlight on the water and on the person of the dying knight. The hue of the sea-green waves, floating in the pale beam under an arch-way of grey weather-beaten rocks, and with the light of a torch glaring over the milder radiance, was in as fine keeping and strict truth as Claude or Rembrandt, and would satisfy, we think, the most fastidious artist's eye. It lulled the sense of sight as the fancied sound of the dashing waters soothed the imagination. In the scene where the moonlight fell on the dying form of Ruthven (the Vampire) it was like a fairy glory, forming a palace of emerald light: the body seemed to drink its balmy essence, and to revive in it without a miracle. The line,

See how the moon sleeps with Endymion,

came into the mind from the beauty and gorgeousness of the picture, notwithstanding the repugnance of every circumstance and feeling. This Melodrame succeeds very well; and it succeeds in spite of Mr. Kean's last nights, and without Miss Kelly!

At the Hay-market there has been a new Comedy, called "the Diamond Ring, or Exchange no Robbery." It is said to be by Mr. Theodore Hook. We should not wonder. The morality, and the sentiment are very flat, and very offensive; we mean, all the half platonic, half serious love-scenes between Sir Lennox Leinster, (Mr. Conner,) and Lady Cranberry (Mrs. Mardyn). This actress,—young, handsome, and full of spirit as she is, and as the character she represents is supposed to be,—and married to an old husband, who is always grumbling, and complaining,—does not appear fitted to be engaged in half an amour; nor as if she would excuse Sir Lennox for being "figurative," in that way. Her conduct is at least equivocal, and without any ostensible motive but a gross one, which yet she does not acknowledge to herself. A Milan commission would inevitably have ruined her, even though Sir Lennox had been a less likely man than a well looking, impudent, Irish Baronet. His personal pretensions are certainly formidable to her jealous spouse, (Mr. Terry, an Adonis of sixty)—though it is hard to find out the charms in his conversation that recommend him so powerfully to the friendship of the lady. He has one joke, one flower of rhetoric, interspersed through all his discourse, witty or amorous—the cant-phrase, "You'll excuse my being figurative." His metaphorical turn would not however have been excused, but for the matter-of-fact notions and accomplishments of Mr. Liston—who plays a *bona fide* pot boy in the comic group, the supposed son of old Cranberry, but the real and proper offspring of old Swipes, the landlord of the Pig and Gridiron. This hopeful young gentleman has been palmed upon his pretended father, (to the no small mortification and dismay of both parties) instead of the intrepid Lieutenant Littleworth (Mr. Barnard) the true heir to the Cranberry estate and honours. Liston, as young Swipes, has nothing genteel about him; not even the wish to be so. His inclinations are low. Thus he likes to drink with the butler; makes a young blackamore whom he calls, "snowdrop," drunk with claret; and is in love with Miss Polly Watts, who has red hair, a red face, and red elbows. He has vowed to elope with her before that day week, and make her Mrs. C. and would no doubt have been as good as his word if the secret of his birth had not been discovered by his mother-in-law, in revenge for a matrimonial squabble; and the whole ends, as a three-act piece should do—abruptly but agreeably. Mr. Liston's acting in such a character as we have described, it is needless to add, was infinitely droll, and Terry was a father worthy (*pro tempore*) of such a son.

The Manager of the English Opera House on Monday, 21st ult. brought out an occasional farce against the Manager of Drury-Lane, called Patent Seasons; deprecating the encroachments of the winter theatres, and pre-

dicting, that, in consequence, "the English Opera would soon be a Beggar's Opera." His hits at his overbearing rival were good, and *told;* but the confession of the weakness and "poverty," which Mr. Elliston had thrown in his teeth, rather served to damp than excite the enthusiasm of the audience. Every one is inclined to run away from a falling house; and of all appeals that to humanity should be the last. The town may be bullied, ridiculed, wheedled, *puffed* out of their time and money, but to ask them to sink their patronage in a bankrupt concern, is to betray an ignorance of the world, who sympathise with the prosperous, and laugh at injustice. Generosity is the last infirmity of the public mind. Pity is a frail ground of popularity: and "misery doth part the flux of company." If you want the assistance of others, put a good face upon the matter, and conceal it from them that you want it. Do not whine and look piteous in their faces, or they will treat you like a dog. The 170 families that Mr. Arnold tells us depend upon his minor theatre for support are not "Russian sufferers," nor sufferers in a triumphant cause. Talk of 170 distressed families dependent on a distressed manager (not an autocrat of one vast theatre) and the sound hangs like a mill-stone on the imagination, "a load to sink a navy." The audience slink away, one by one, willing to slip their necks out of it. *Charity is cold.*

The manager of the English Opera House, however, does not stand alone in his difficulties. The theatres in general seem to totter, and feel the hand of decay. Even the King's Theatre, we understand, has manifested signs of decrepitude, and "palsied eld," and stopped—we do not say its payments, but its performances. Of all the theatres, we should feel the least compassion for the deserted saloons and tattered hangings of the Italian Opera. We should rather indeed see it flourish, as it has long flourished, in splendour and in honour: we do not like "to see a void made in the Drama: any ruin on the face of the land." But this would touch us the least. We might be disposed to write its epitaph, not its elegy. L.

ADDRESS SPOKEN, IN THE CHARACTER OF THE COMIC MUSE, BY MISS KELLY, AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

*** The lines in inverted commas are omitted by Miss Kelly.

"The times are out of joint!"—So Shakspeare said,
E'en when the limbs of Wit were finely made;
Shakspeare! whose fancy exquisitely wrought
Those fine ideal statues of bright thought,
Which, struck with power, by patient grace refined,
Stand now the antique models of the mind!
The times *are* out of joint! For limping Wit
Halts o'er the vacant stage and desart pit;
And cold distorted Humour feebly seeks
To call up vanish'd laughter on stern cheeks.

Folks sometimes dig up relics strange and vast,
Relics of man, huge remnants of the past;—
A giant boot,—a teapot that would make
Tea of the river Lea or Keswick lake;
And these denote what Brobdignags existed
In times when such a boot prevail'd as this did.
So, when all London shall be earthed down,
And farmers reap their wheat above the town,—
And golden barley nod its ears of grain
O'er spots, where man hath stretch'd his ears in vain:—
Some digging soul shall strike his spade,—a hard one—
Against the slated roof of Covent Garden;—

Or, labouring in an agricultural fury,
Turn up a tile upon the top of Drury!
Then natives, startled at the news, will crowd,
Peep through the aperture, and cry aloud,—
"What houses!—dear!—in those tremendous days,
How great, how matchless, *must* have been their plays.
Oblivion will have lock'd within her den
All trace of *Bluebeards* and of *Miller's Men*;
And folks will think, poor simples! that then wit
And sense were,—*in proportion to their pit!*

"Oh! for the good old times, when Congreve's wit
"Play'd like a summer lightning through the pit;
"And Farquhar's sweet familiar pleasantry
"Taught human hearts how happy they might be;—
"And Cibber idled in that easy style,
"Which makes the very mind to dream and smile!"
All—all is o'er! And when anon I meet
A shop, in some ideal Monmouth-street,—
Where, when the Muse is straiten'd by distresses,
The utmost price is given for fancy dresses;—
I'll sell all, all,—mask, humour, sock, and hope;
And part with the good-will,—and shut up shop!

But *is* all hope betray'd?—And may I not,
Yet see the dawning of a happier lot;—
May I not make this summer house my own,
Spite of the wint'ry managerial frown
Of Alexandrine seasons, which do wrong
Without remorse, and "drag slow lengths along!"
Yes!—here shall be my home—my spirit here,
Shall laugh to nought the lengthening wint'ry year,—
Bring but *your* hearts, and I'll find song and mirth
To keep a little summer yet on earth!

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. VIII.

The Opera-house, having at last reached the crisis of its protracted disorder, the issue has been unfortunate, and its existence has ceased. The extent of the perilous complication of infirmity, by which the establishment has been so often and so long assailed, is too well proved in the excessive weakness, and miserable exhaustion, that marked the final moments of the abruptly terminated season. It seems that Messrs. Birch and Chambers, the bankers of the theatre, had obtained judgment against the property, and an execution was put into the house, some time since, for between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. The strong hand of the law was, however, stayed by the more powerful voice of equity; for, on an appeal to the Chancellor by Mr. Taylor, the quondam proprietor, his Lordship issued an injunction, forbidding Messrs. Birch and Chambers to sell any thing beside the interest of Mr. Waters (their debtor) in the concern; which interest, involved of course in all the claims, litigations, suits at law and in equity, debts and engagements, with which this hopeful property was burdened—offered abundant temptations, no doubt, to a purchaser! Still, however, the theatre continued to open, and operas were peformed. But, after having tottered and trembled on, for some time, in spite of its dying symptoms, at length, on the 15th of August, the following fatal bulletin made its appearance.

King's Theatre, Aug. 15.

The nobility and gentry, subscribers to the Opera, and the public, are most respectfully informed, that, owing to sudden and unforeseen circumstances, there can be no performance at this Theatre this evening.

These sudden and unforeseen cir-

cumstances are understood to have been the mutiny of the band. *Point d'argent, point de Suisse.* Ten nights, it is said, had the orchestra generously served, without pay or plunder. At last they insisted on present satisfaction. There were no funds. Mr. Waters, the general in chief, was upon the continent. As a temporising proposition, the night's money-receipts were offered to be consigned, so far as they might extend, in liquidation of the arrear. But the demand was absolute, and the claimants obdurate—*and so*—the Opera-house closed before its time! to the infinite mortification and distress of all those gentle persons, who draw either the means of living, or the pleasures of life, from fashion, virtù, or intrigue—whether legal, musical, or amatory. The history of this establishment, so interesting and important, with reference to the musical art, is curious; and the continual *unfailing failures* of each, in the long series of succeeding schemes of management, present a mass of error, and a consumption of property, so immense as to puzzle conjecture concerning the causes and modes of such stupendous squandering.

The expence of the first importation of an Italian opera, was met, in 1720, by a public subscription of fifty thousand pounds. Seven years disposed of this entire amount, together with all the receipts during that period. From 1729 to 1738, Handel laboured, without success, to continue the establishment thus planted; and concluded his management (owing probably to an opposition set on foot by some of the nobility) with the loss of the greatest part of his property, which was certainly more than ten thousand pounds, and all the fruits of his genius and industry during that time—whilst he had the satisfaction of knowing that his noble adversaries were not more benefited by their rivalry. Heidegger, the general master of the revels of that day, next failed. In 1741, the Earl of Middlesex undertook the adventure, and assumed the dangerous office of *impresario* to the opera. From 1744 to 1746, the house was closed; and in the succeeding year the noble manager was joined by several others of his own rank, who carried through the season by four separate subscriptions, for six, ten, seventeen, and fourteen nights. In 1748, Lord Middlesex, however, resigned, with loss, to Dr. Croza; who, in 1752, ran away in debt; but taking care to carry with him the receipts of a considerable benefit. In 1756, Vaneschi, the next manager, followed the example of his predecessor Croza. Giardini and Mingotti then took it up for a season; but relinquished it with loss. From this time to 1762, Mattei, and her husband, Trombetta, were losing managers; when Giardini and Mingotti for a short time resumed the empire. Two years afterwards, Vincent, Gordon, and Crawford, three musicians, became the joint proprietors, and barely escaped from bankruptcy. The hon. Mr. Hobart next, and, after him, Millico, and Sacchini, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Brookes, hazarded the enterprize. In 1785, the concern sunk; after entailing various degrees of injury upon the several managers.

The destruction of the building by fire, in 1789, terminated the career of Sir John Gallini and Mr. Taylor. In 1791, the present structure, perhaps the most beautiful in Europe, was built by Novosculski; but not opened for a regular opera, owing to some dispute about the license, till 1793. Since this date, Mr. Goold, and subsequently Mr. Waters, have been the proprietors; and the theatre now again appears to have arrived at the consummation of 1785!

Such is the brief chronicle of this disastrous concern; and, to those who regard only the enormous receipts of the house, it does seem most extraordinary that such sums should be found inadequate to carry on the performances. A pamphlet, however, published about two years since, but suppressed a few hours after its appearance, accounted for the vortex which has ingulphed all those great bulks of property, that have floated within its influence, as if they had been sticks and straws. The short detail, as given by the author, who seems to have been deeply conversant with all the transactions, is to the following effect.

There was a total want of funds at the outset. Pecuniary accommodation of the most ruinous kinds, lawsuits, and profligate expenditure of all sorts, naturally succeeded. Amongst others, it became imperative in the

then manager to get into parliament, in order to keep out of prison. One lawyer is stated to have made a clear gain of a sum equal to about *three thousand four hundred pounds* per annum, by his opera practice, during the space of seven years. The total *stage expenditure* the author estimates at *fifteen thousand* per annum; and he gives the names and salaries. The total annual receipts, (enumerating also the several sources) he puts down at *seventy thousand two hundred and fifty-seven* pounds. For the balance, law, usury, and other expences are left to account.

Making the amplest allowance for the hostility of the author of the suppressed pamphlet, there is yet sufficient proof that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the proceedings, and that his statements are not so far from truth as to lead to very erroneous conclusions. The useful inference to the public, then, is, that this object of their enjoyment (and a very principal one it is to the world of fashion and of musical science) has been rendered to them at about double the expence it ought to be, if conducted by any person of taste and energy, and of prudence and honour. But it should seem, from a century of past experience, that the *sine qua non* is a complete acquittance from present incumbrances, of whatsoever kind they be. When the opera opens again, the new director, to go on prosperously, must start free, or he will fail, like all who have gone before him: whatever be the actual sums required for capital, rent, or charge, he must know them in order to meet them. The channels of expense, as well as the sources of dispute, have hitherto been indefinite and endless. The metropolis of England will not now exist without an Italian opera; and as, we have said, it ought to enjoy the finest in Europe at about half the late expence. It is already reported, that a board of management is likely to be created, and several noblemen have been mentioned as interesting themselves in the establishment. It is, however, due to the public, that the main points we have alluded to should be considered and provided for.

Benefit concerts are still going on. Amongst others there has been one for Miss Paton, at the Argyle Rooms; one for Madame Obert, at the house of a lady of fashion, in Harley-street; and one for Mr. Bourget, at the former establishment. Miss Paton is of Scotch extraction, and a young lady of various and considerable talent. She made her first appearance in London, as a child, eight or ten years ago, when she sung, recited, and played upon the piano-forte at the Argyle Rooms. She has since studied that instrument under Webbe, the harp under Bochsa, and singing under Vercellini. She displayed her acquirements in these several accomplishments to a very full room, and with considerable applause.

Madame Obert is a piano-forte player from Paris; has received instruction since her arrival in England from Kalkbrenner, in whose style she is considered to excel; and is altogether esteemed a fine performer.

M. Bourget was also from France. He has a good tenor voice; but is unfortunately gifted with so much sensibility, that his face announces every rapid and changeful succession of his feelings. He made his debut at Bath, and the young ladies there *encored* him for the sake of enjoying his grimaces! He mistook physiognomical for vocal success, and he was inspired with the resolution of confirming his empire by a concert in London. But whether the intelligence of his particular attractions travelled slow, or whether the ladies of the metropolis have less expensive subjects for mirth, than Mr. Bourget, at a guinea a head for admission, his concert was ill attended, and he set off for the continent the next morning.

We have before mentioned the spirit with which music is now cultivated at Great Yarmouth in Norfolk; and, perhaps, there is nothing more essential to the diffusion of this science than the engagement of individuals of leisure, talent, and affluence in the practice. At Yarmouth, a concert has been formed for some years, by a pretty numerous and an increasing party of amateurs, at the head of whom is Mr. Palgrave, the collector of the customs; a gentleman eminently fitted to carry forward such a design, by the general respect which attends him, by the amenity of his disposition and manners, and by his devotion to music. The concert now

appears to have obtained a force and consistency which will probably lead to the highest results. Last week a festival, upon a pretty large scale, was held; Mrs. Salmon and Miss Venus, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. Lindley, together with one or two other London professors, were engaged; many amateurs from Norwich assisted, and the band mustered upwards of a hundred performers. The selections were comprehensive and tasteful, ranging through ancient and modern composition. The success of this first great undertaking, in so far as the delight of the lovers of music was concerned, will probably effect the repetition of such performances at proper intervals, which will tend to cement and perpetuate the cultivation of the art, and cannot fail to be beneficial to the town.

We lament to understand that Mr. Bartleman, since his exertions at Oxford, has suffered a relapse, and is again confined by severe indisposition.

Mr. Welsh is said to have a pupil of most extraordinary powers and promise, in the person of a young lady, whose name is, we believe, Wilson. Nature has gifted her with a voice of uncommon volume, richness, and brilliancy; and her talents are subjected to a master equal to call them forth and apply them in the best manner. Mr. Welsh, we have understood, is content to moot his reputation, as a teacher of public singers, upon the success of this pupil; or, at least, such is the interpretation put upon his language by those friends to whom he has spoken of this young lady's attainments, and if so, the public can hardly expect too much.

Mr. Pio Chancettini has published the cantata, performed shortly after his arrival from Naples at the Argyle Rooms. It is certainly a composition that promises much for the future, though, perhaps, not distinguished by the overflowings of mind, for it is restrained and polished rather than full and exuberant. After the manner of Haydn, light and melodious, it is rendered attractive by grace rather than sublimity. The style is elevated somewhat above the music of the chamber, by dramatic effects, which the cantata allows; and if, on the whole, it is not likely to make a very deep impression, it augurs well for the good taste of the composer. It is lowered by the too frequent repetition of common place passages, which, had they been expunged (and they might have been expunged without much difficulty or labour) the whole would have taken a much loftier character.

We have three songs by Mr. Emdin, whose ballads have already attracted a good share of regard towards the author.—*Come, O love, and dwell with me,* is very light and animated, with a nameless quality that is not absolutely elegance, yet very nearly approaches to it. There is something of an Anacreontic spirit about it, that, we should think, would render it acceptable either in hall or bower—at the table or the piano-forte. *Of him who sighs for thee,* we cannot speak so highly. The subject is trite (and what ballad subject is not?) and it is so far overmatched by the beautiful old ballad, *When 'tis night, and the midwatch is come,*—one of the best of our early days,—that the song before us sinks into insignificance in the comparison, and yet the ideas are the same. *The maid with a love-beaming eye,* is scarcely more worthy of Mr. Emdin's hand. It begins like the threadbare song, *The pretty girl of Derby,* and reaches that level.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Hydrophobia.—A disease resembling hydrophobia has been again perceived among the foxes in some parts of Bavaria; the same having been remarked last summer too. This dreadful disease has also shewn itself among the *calves* in Pomerania. Here it has been stopped by killing the animals attacked by it.

On the 17th of July an earthquake was felt at Schwalz in Tyrol, which, although it did not last above a second, did a good deal of injury. It was also felt near the Georgian mountain, from which large pieces of rock were precipitated in the valley below, without however, as far as has been learned as yet, any individual having been killed. At Inspruck the shock lasted about four seconds, but was only slightly felt. But what is most extraordinary in this phenomenon, and what has given

rise in its neighbourhood to many superstitious notions, is that in the year 1670, on the same day, this district experienced a similar calamity, in consequence of which the day had been since that time set aside for thanksgivings and prayers.—The people were in church when the present earthquake occurred.

Africa.—The possibility of diffusing knowledge and civilisation, by means of the school at St. Louis, into the interior of the countries situated on the Senegal, begins to be proved. The kings of Galom and Bambouk already send their children, from a distance of about 600 miles, to that school—in which one hundred and fifty Yolofs and other Africans are taught in the French language on the British plan, of mutual instruction, and by means of tables printed in both languages.—(*Hamburgh Correspondent.*)

Baron Dais, of Mannheim, the inventor of the *Velocipedes* has recently invented an "*elevating telescope*," being a tube, in the form of a stick of about three feet in length, and one inch and a half in diameter, with which he pretends to look at once over twenty-one degrees and a half of the whole horizon, and over intervening impediments. The use of this instrument, he states particularly, to consist: first, in public assemblies, to look over the heads of the people, even if they should wear high head-dresses; secondly, for generals, to raise the station of the eye; thirdly, for ships, to see farther from the deck, than could be done from the highest mast; fourthly, for houses, to see from the lower stories, almost as far as one might from a station much higher than the house itself. The inventor offers to enter into partnership with any one that would advance the necessary *money* for patents, &c. (*Hamburgh Correspondent.*)

New South Shetland.—Reports have recently been circulated, that a Terra Australasia has actually been seen by a British merchant ship. At first we treated this as an Irish or American report, both of which are generally famous for not being true; but our incredulity has been conquered by the kindness of a friend, and the certainty of the discovery put beyond question. Mr. William Smith, master of the brig Williams of Blythe, in a voyage from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, fancying that Cape Horn might be weathered better by preserving a more than usual southerly course, on the 19th of February, 1819, saw land, amidst fields of floating ice, at the distance of two leagues. At noon his latitude by observation was 62° 17′ S, long. 60° 12′ W. by an excellent chronometer. On his arrival at Monte Video, he was again ridiculed for his credulity, and almost led to renounce his former conclusions. His account reached the ears of some American merchants, who endeavoured to obtain from him the true situation of the land, and offered to charter his ship on a voyage of discovery. He, however, to his credit, refused to disclose the longitude and latitude to any but a British-born subject; though he honourably offered to conduct the vessel himself, and, if no land existed, to receive no freight; but that was not the object of the other party, and Jonathan withdrew his contract. The honest Englishman, at length having obtained freight a second time to Chili, set off on his voyage, and on the 15th of October last, at 6 P. M., being then about the same latitude and longitude as before, he discovered the same land, bearing S. E. by E. three leagues, the weather being hazy. He bore up for it, approached within four miles, and proved it to be a large barren rock. At day-light next morning he again stood in for the land; and at 8 A. M. the weather being very clear, he could plainly distinguish the mainland, bearing S. S. E., the island being distant from it about three leagues. The main-land presented itself as a cape, to which the coast tended in a N. E. direction, having peculiar marks, of which he took rough sketches: he stood in, and ran along the land as far as the point, to which he gave the name of North Foreland, obtaining all the way regular sounding of sand and gravel, lessening gradually from 35 to 20 fathoms; the bottom was good and regular. To the main-land was given the name of New South Shetland, on account of its lying in about the same latitude as the Shetland Islands. It was barren and rocky, the highest points being covered with snow. A boat's crew landed, and the harbour appeared to abound with the real spermaceti whale. Seals and sea-otters abounded, as also an animal differing from the sea-otter. Next morning at day-break, he could perceive the land tend in a S. E. direction. Keeping his course to southward and westward, he saw several other islands, all about three leagues from the main-land, and all alike barren and rocky. The whole appearance of the land is described as being more like the Norwegian coast than any the captain ever saw. Having proved the existence of the coast for the distance of 250 miles, he shaped his course to the northward; and in the month of November reached the port of Valparaiso. Every one must be struck with the advantages which a British settlement would offer, not only to our whale fisheries, but to our commercial interests in that quarter of the globe. On the arrival of the Williams in November last, at the above named place, there was a general and simultaneous feeling among the English merchants, who instantly set about taking up a vessel, which should be chartered on a voyage of discovery at their own expence. Mr. Smith, on his arrival,

having transmitted his observations to the commanding officer in the Pacific, Captain Shireff of the Andromache, this excellent officer, ever alive as well to British interests as to the pursuit of objects of science and utility, instantly chartered the same brig Williams on Government account, in order to make an accurate and regular survey of the coasts and harbours.—*Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.*

Crime in France.—The following is a report of the number of persons imprisoned in France, on the first of July 1819:—Accused, 8274. Sentenced to imprisonment for a term less than a year, 2389—to compulsory labours, during their confinement, 1160—to labour of a miscellaneous description, 435—to solitary confinement, 9521, of whom 6206 are men, and 3315 women—to one year's imprisonment and upwards, 9824, of whom 7158 are men, and 2666 women.—Total, 31,603.

Grand Surgical Operation—The most surprising and honourable operation of surgery is, without any contradiction, that lately executed by M. Richerand, by taking away a part of the ribs and of the pleura. The patient was himself a medical man, and not ignorant of the danger he ran in this operation being had recourse to, but he also knew that his disorder was otherwise incurable. He was attacked with a cancer on the internal surface of the ribs and of the pleura, which continually produced enormous fungosities, that had been in vain attempted to be repressed by the actual cautery. M. Richerand was obliged to lay the ribs bare, to saw away two, to detach them from the pleura, and to cut away all the cancerous part of that membrane. As soon as he had made the opening, the air rushing into the chest occasioned the first day great suffering and distressing shortness of breath; the surgeon could touch and see the heart through the pericardium, which was as transparent as glass, and could assure himself of the total insensibility of both. Much serous fluid flowed from the wound, as long as it remained open, but it filled up slowly by means of the adhesion of the lung with the pericardium, and the fleshy granulations that were formed in it. At length the patient got so well, that on the twenty-seventh day after the operation, he could not resist the desire of going to the Medicinal School to see the fragments of the ribs that had been taken from him, and in three or four days afterwards, he returned home, and went about his ordinary business. The success of M. Richerand is the more important, because it will authorize, in other cases, enterprizes which, according to received opinions, would appear impossible; and we shall be less afraid of penetrating into the interior of the chest. M. Richerand even hopes that by opening the pericardium itself, and using proper injections, we may cure a disease that has hitherto been always fatal, the dropsy of that cavity.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

Poems of Ossian.—An original copy of these celebrated poems, supposed to have been written early in the fifteenth century, has lately been said to be discovered in an old catholic cemetry, founded by St. Patrick, near Connor. The box containing this early specimen of Gaelic poetry was immediately taken to the Rev. Dr. Henry, by whom it was subsequently forwarded to Dr. Macdonald, of Belfast. From a collation of the Macpherson translation with the above M.S., the former appears to be very imperfect; this is accounted for by the Gaelic or national language of Scotland, having at that period, no written character to preserve their poems, while Macpherson was totally unacquainted with the aboriginal language of the sister kingdom.

The Regent's Canal.—This great work, originating in the enterprizing spirit of private individuals, is now complete, and was opened on the first of last month for the passage of vessels, many of which, laden with the produce of the most distant countries, was on that day admitted to the principal basin in the City-road. The expence incurred in this astonishing undertaking, amounts to nearly half a million of money. From its commencement, to the termination at Limehouse, it extends nearly nine miles, and within that space are comprised twelve locks and thirty-seven bridges. The construction of the former is on so excellent a principle, that only three minutes and a half are occupied in passing each of them. The work was projected by J. Nash, Esq. the Royal Architect, under whose superintendence it has been completed. But the most surprising part of the work is, that which is called the tunnel, which presents a singular example of British industry and enterprise. About a quarter of a mile eastward of White Conduit-house, this astonishing work was begun. It is nothing less than a complete excavation, carried along in an horizontal direction, under the hill near White Conduit-house, continued under the high-street of Islington, under the New River at Colebrook-row, and opening a short distance eastward of Islington, near the City Road. In this subterraneous passage, the canal proceeds without a gate, or towing-path, through a distance of three quarters of a mile. All the way it is strongly lined and arched with bricks. The boats which pass through it must be impelled with punts.

Icelandic Literature.—By a report from the Icelandic Literary Society, it appears that the great icelandic historical works, called *Sturbringa Sega*, making 120 sheets, is completed. A general geography of Iceland has likewise been published; and a collection of the poets of this dis-

tant region is in course of publication. The *sagas*, which recount the historical facts of Iceland, are the favourite reading of the inhabitants. They have now a distinguished author in that kind of literature, M. Espolia, whose *sagas* have brought down the Icelandic history to our own times. Its poetry has, in all ages, been held in great esteem.

Botany.—A most singular flower has lately been discovered in the island of Java, which, in magnitude, exceeds any yet known. It rises immediately out of the ground without any leaves at the time of flowering, and is between two and three feet in circumference, flat like a large soup-plate. The lower part, or base, is covered with excrescences and filaments, the limb is six-cut, the lobes blunt, irregular, reddish marbled. A specimen of the flower has been dissected, and drawings made of them by Mr. Bauer.

Bibliomanianism.—At the sale of Mr. Bindley's library, in Pall-Mall, a collection of single-sheet poems and ballads, published at about a half-penny, or one penny each, sold at the immense price of eight hundred and thirty-seven pounds!

New Bank Notes.—The delay that has taken place in the issue of these elaborate specimens of the graphic art, appears to have originated solely in the preparation of a sufficient number of machines necessary for the magnitude of their circulation.

Warwick Vase.—We feel much pleasure in announcing the completion of a metallic *fac-simile* of this splendid *chef-d'-œuvre* of Grecian sculpture. The original Vase, which has been for some time in the possession of the earl of Warwick, is from the chissel of Lysippus, and in 1814 Mr. Thomason, of Birmingham, obtained his lordship's permission to form casts of the entire work. It is composed of two distinct metals—the field being of one metal, and the handles, vines, masks, panther-skins, and leaves, composed of another; this original thought has given Mr. T. the opportunity of adopting two novel modes of oxydation, thereby producing the most beautiful effect of light and shade.

London Bridge.—The starlings which support this bridge have been lately resurveyed by Mr. Dodd in pursuance of instructions from a select committee of the House of Commons. The method pursued for this purpose is highly ingenious, and its adoption reflects considerable credit on the engineer employed on the occasion, though but little merit is due to Mr. D. on the score of originality. By this method, which was, we believe, invented by a naval officer, and described in the Transactions of the Society of Arts, in whose repository a model of the apparatus is preserved, the foundation of the bridge may be accurately surveyed. It consists of a large metal tube, with a lens at the bottom, to prevent the admission of water; connected with this and of equal length is another tube, through which the object under water is viewed, and by this means any fracture in the hull of a vessel may readily be surveyed, and the needful repairs effected without the expence or delay incident to the use of dry-docks for the purpose of examination.

Temple at Vienna.—The Emperor of Austria has given orders for the building of a Temple at Vienna, which is to be in every respect a copy of the celebrated temple of Theseus at Athens. The famous group of Theseus, by Canova, is to be placed in this temple.

Medallic Biography.—A subscription is now open for striking a hundred medals in bronze, silver, and gold, in honour of those men, in all countries, who have acquired the greatest real glory by the distinguished services they have rendered to society, and to the world at large. His Majesty the king of Sweden has subscribed nearly 5000*l.* towards the completion of this undertaking.

Improved Roads.—In procuring ashes from clay by incineration, many large lumps were found to be so completely calcined, and others partially fused in the process of burning, as to render them incapable of absorbing water, and consequently they remained on the ground unaffected by the severest frosts of last winter. This circumstance combined with the general encomiums of travellers on roads formed of lava in the neighbourhood of volcanoes, encouraged a hope, that vitrified clay might be made available as a substitute for hard road materials, in those districts, where such substances are not procurable, but at an expense which forbids their application to the making and repairing of roads. Encouraged by this idea, his Majesty's letters patent were solicited and obtained for these and other useful purposes (among which is the under-draining of land) in March last; since which time an experiment in the formation of a road with a substantial impervious foundation—and the immediate and continued discharge of water from under drains, both of which works were entirely conducted on scientific principles, and constructed with patent materials; afford a well grounded confidence that this systematical process will be found highly beneficial and desirable, where fit and proper materials for road-making and under-draining, cannot be practically obtainable. A. H. Chambers, Esq. is the patentee, we believe, and he has published a very useful pamphlet on the subject.

Root of Jesuit's Bark.—It has been ascertained that the root possesses the febrifuge properties in fully as great perfection as the bark of the cinchona. It is obvious, however, that it could not be employed,

except at the hazard of destroying entirely the best trees.

Amethysts.—A block of these precious stones has been sent from Brazil to Calcutta, four feet in circumference, and weighing 98lbs.

Nautical Improvements.—A patent vessel is building in Hull, and is well worth the attention of ship-owners: she has no timbers, but is constructed of five alternate layers, or courses of planks crossing each other at right angles, a mode of building which is said to give great strength, as she has no floor heads nor futtock feet, so difficult to secure in other vessels.

Ambergris.—It is well known that this substance is found floating on the sea, chiefly within the tropics. Naturalists are not yet, however, agreed about its origin. Swediaur, in a paper published long ago in the *Philosophical Transactions*, endeavoured to prove that it was the indurated excrements of the *physeter macro-cephalus;* and this opinion has been pretty generally adopted. MM. Pelletier and Caventou, who have lately analyzed this substance, consider that ambergris is probably a biliary concretion of the species of whale, in whose intestines Swediaur produced evidence, that it had been found. The latter of these opinions appears by far the most probable.

Patent Apparatus for evaporating in vacuo.—The advantages attending this plan are, that the air is excluded, and the heat never raised higher than 90° or 100°. The pharmaceutical extracts, for which it is principally employed, are in consequence much stronger, and quite different in their characters from those prepared in the usual way. The vacuum is produced by means of steam employed in a separate vessel, which is afterwards condensed.*

Vinegar from Wood.—In our last number we alluded to the great advantages likely to result from the application of pyroligneous acid in the preservation of animal substances.—A correspondent has since stated, that the antiseptic qualities of this acid had been fully known, and, indeed, very generally acted upon, in the neighbourhood of Swansea for a considerable period of time. Mr. Sockett of the above place appears to have employed it in the fisheries prior to 1814; and shortly after the discovery of its utility in this branch of our commerce a communication was made by Mr. S. to the Society of Arts, on the subject of which, however, no notice appears to have been since taken. Meat, almost in a state of putrefaction, on being washed over with it two or three times, has been rendered perfectly sweet and palatable: when, however, maggots, or the larvæ of insects, are discovered, it will be necessary to employ muriatic or nitric acid to destroy them, which the pyroligneous acid will not effect.

On further inquiry we find, that a series of experiments were instituted in London during the last year, which most satisfactorily showed the advantages that this method possesses over the usual mode of curing with salt, and, indeed, in point of economy it infinitely exceeds that method: the present cost of pyroligneous acid being little more than one shilling per gallon, which will effectually preserve many thousand fish. This acid is produced in large quantities during the preparation of charcoal for gunpowder, by distilling wood in cast-iron cylinders. The quantity of pyroligneous acid obtained is usually about one third of the total quantity of wood employed.

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

We had at one time intended to offer this month, some remarks of a general nature on the extraordinary circumstances in which the country is at present placed by the investigation now going on before the House of Lords; considering the peculiarities of this historical transaction, as signs of the times, admitting of interpretation; and endeavouring to follow present events to their natural consequences. But we have been induced, on consideration, to postpone a paper of this nature, until the proceedings, now pending, have reached to something like a completion,—for we

* It may be proper to state, that the apparatus invented by Mr. B. although possessing considerable advantages over the usual mode of effecting the process of evaporation, might still, we think, be considerably improved by the substitution of an air-pump, similar to those employed by the sugar refiners, who boil in vacuo: whether, however, this would be considered an invasion of Mr. Howard's patent, of which several years remain unexpired, is difficult to determine, though we must confess that *vegetable extracts* come very near to saccharine fluid, described in Mr. H.'s specification.

should ourselves feel it to be unpleasant, and it might, by many, be regarded as unfair, to treat freely, in no other interest but that of truth, questions, which must be in some measure personal towards those who are concerned in the examinations before the House of Lords. When the decision of Parliament shall be made on the case; or when (if this be too long protracted) it arrives at some great resting stage of the inquiry, we shall feel ourselves able to speak more comfortably with the necessary freedom. Before this baneful inquiry was engaged in, we expressed ourselves in warm language against going further in the foul and slippery path.* Since it has been commenced, there are various reasons for waiting the result before commenting fully upon the transactions. We shall, therefore, merely run over the facts that have occurred since our last; offering but such slight comments as the recapitulation may naturally prompt.

The Queen has continued to receive Addresses from various parts of the country, expressive of the Subscribers' respect, affection, and confidence in her purity. Several members of Parliament, named by the addressers of particular places to present these complimentary papers to her Majesty, have refused to do so,—others have very zealously undertaken the commission. Of course the latter have been found usually in the ranks of opposition; but by no means exclusively so.

Sir Gerard Noel, a gentleman who has usually been an adherent of the ministers, and a zealous supporter of their measures, has addressed a letter to Lord Liverpool, in which he deprecates the proceedings instituted against the Queen. The Hon. Baronet maintains that her Majesty was forced to return to England by the very men who now presume to blame and punish her for so doing, and he announces his fixed resolution to interrupt, in all its stages, the course of this unconstitutional Bill: he calls upon Lord Liverpool to withdraw it before the second reading. This measure on the part of Sir Gerard Noel, was probably suggested by a more remarkable step taken by Lord John Russell. That respectable nobleman, whose family name is associated with some of the most glorious and touching recollections of English history, has published in the Journals of the day, a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, enclosing the draft of a petition to his Majesty, the object of which latter paper is, by a long chain of forcible and well-connected argument, to enforce the necessity of quashing the proceedings altogether, as unnecessary for any end of public utility, highly dangerous under present circumstances, and disgusting under any. "I address you, Sir," says Lord John Russell to Mr. Wilberforce, "because you are a public man on whom much depends. Although I generally differ with you in politics, I warmly admire your generous efforts for the welfare of mankind, and I believe you capable of doing at this moment a great benefit to your country. For this reason I communicate to you, in the form of a petition to the King, my sentiments on the one subject of the present day. The Whigs, as you well know, have no power whatever. It is useless for them to originate any thing. If they move in part, they are defeated by a Ministerial majority: if they attend public meetings, it is said they are endeavouring to bring about a revolution, and new laws to restrain freedom are immediately enacted. But you, Sir, and some others, whose support is the sole strength of Administration, are bound to interfere if they bate any thing of the wisdom and prudence which you attribute to their general conduct. In the following paper I have given no opinion on the guilt or innocence of the Queen. I regret and disapprove of the measure of leaving her Majesty's name out of the Liturgy—I regret, though I cannot severely blame, the language of many of the Addresses that have been presented to her. I do not wish to prejudge a question of which we know nothing. I have also omitted many topics that might have been insisted upon. You are perfectly aware of the nature of the discussions that will take place, and the temper in which they will be met. In your hands is, perhaps, Sir, the fate of this country. The future historian will ask, whether it was right to risk the welfare of England

* An article under the present head, in No. VII. of this Magazine.

—her boasted constitution—her national power—on the event of an inquiry into the conduct of the Princess of Wales, in her villa upon the Lake of Como. From the majority which followed you in the House of Commons, he will conclude you had the power to prevent the die being thrown. He will ask, if you wanted the inclination? I remain, your faithful and obedient servant."

We shall give a few of the most striking paragraphs of the Petition to the King, enclosed in the above letter; but the whole document is an admirable one. There seems to be something infinitely searching, we think, in the following passage:

Were the conduct of the Queen a private matter—were it a subject that concerned your Majesty alone—we should be the last persons to intrude with our advice, or to delay the trial of the Queen's conduct a single instant. But your Majesty has nobly shown that you consider it a matter of public import:—your Majesty has proved, by offers of an amicable arrangement, that you were ready to allow a Queen charged with a total abandonment of her duty still to retain the title of your wife, and to be notified as such to the powers of Europe. It was only when the Queen landed in England that your Majesty interfered on behalf of the public interests and the public morals of the country, and sent down to your Houses of Parliament the information which had been received respecting her Majesty's conduct abroad.

The writer then proceeds to express his doubts whether His Majesty has been wisely advised to bring forward the matter at all.

The Queen, it is well known, has for many years unhappily been separated from your Majesty, and, during the last six years, indeed, has resided out of this country. It is impossible, therefore, for any sober-minded man to maintain that there is a danger lest the succession of the Crown be tainted. As little, or nearly as little, is there any danger for the future. The great point of the succession, then—the only one on which the conduct of the Queen is of paramount interest to the State—is not affected. Even if we go a step further, and inquire whether the behaviour of the Queen has affected the public morals of England; to this question, also, we must reply in the negative. The Queen has been several years resident abroad: whether, as her enemies affirm, her life was licentious—or whether, as her friends stoutly maintain, she upheld her royal character—the influence of her example could extend only to the inhabitants of Como or of Athens. To the wives and daughters of England she was extinct—removed from their sphere of action, as effectually as if she had been dead—and to their ears the details of her domestic life, the scandalous tales of her neighbours and her servants, the scenes of immorality which are alleged to have happened, are now, for the first time, to be revealed by the inquiry your Majesty has been advised to set on foot.

His Lordship touches very forcibly and very feelingly on the peculiarly unfortunate condition to which Her Majesty the Queen has been reduced:

What, let us humbly ask, is the situation of the Queen? Separated from her husband during the first year of her marriage, she has been forced out of that circle of domestic duties and domestic affections which alone are of power to keep a wife holy and safe from evil. For the period to which the accusation extends she has been also removed from the controul of public opinion—the best remaining check this world can afford upon female behaviour. Many women, unhappily, there are in England, who have abandoned husbands warmly attached to them, and a large family of children dependent upon them for maternal care; but not one has yet been exposed to such an ordeal, or threatened with such a disgrace, as the Queen. Is it just (may we ask) that an offence deserving of peculiar indulgence should be visited with extraordinary severity?

His Lordship then adverts to the public distrust which must attach to the witnesses against the Queen: "if persons of some rank in England have accused the Queen unjustly what may we not expect from the stray servants of an Italian town?" Further pursuing the just causes of distrust, his Lordship observes, "It is not in human nature (say the suspicious) that, in voting on a Bill, some of that political affection which the House of Lords may entertain, should not enter into the decision;" and the House of Peers "generally place their confidence in the men who have advised your Majesty to bring forward this sorrowful business."

What has been already the consequence of all these circumstances, asks Lord John Russell?

A feeling as universal as the air, that the Queen is to be oppressed, and not to be tried—a feeling so generous, that there are none but must applaud its spirit. To those who provoked it belong the results. Those

results must be, that if the Queen is acquitted, no man can say how far her triumph may rise, or how low the monarchy may sink: if she is condemned, a general feeling of indignation will pervade the people, and your Majesty will lose, in the first year of your reign, the best part of your inheritance—the hearts of your subjects.

His lordship dwells forcibly on the necessity which the country has for repose—repose of the passions as well as of deeds. He alludes to the violence of party spirit, which this unhappy question has already excited. Those who address the Queen are called radicals; those who accuse her are styled persecutors and calumniators. Here are already the divisions prepared for a civil war. "By a single word your Majesty may dispel the impending storm."

That *single word*, however, has not been pronounced. The storm collects every day.

The Queen, on the other hand, has, under certain influence which has been able to establish itself in her Majesty's council-chamber, adopted a very different tone from that which distinguished her first answers to the addresses presented to her,—and which led us to remark in our last number, "The Queen's answers have been, in general, well and prudently worded: she has, in one or two, expressly declined to make herself a party to the political divisions that at present exist."

To have continued this reserve, we cannot help thinking, would have been well. But it has been totally departed from, and a strange flowery style of language has been given to her Majesty's responses, which is bad, very bad, in taste,—and monstrously unsuitable to the occasion of its employment. To the people of Ludlow her Majesty has, by her scribe, been led to deliver herself in the following poetical strain:

There have been times in the history of the Principality, when such sorrows as I have experienced, and such persecution as I have undergone, would have been the *theme of every* bard, and have been *warbled on every harp. The inspired and inspiring sound would have been heard on the crags of the rock, and in the recesses of the forest; on the solemn heights of the mountain, and in the green depths of the vales, till that generous flame would have been kindled in every breast, which would have withered the arm of the oppressor, and restored the dawn of happier days to the vision of the oppressed.*

These *warblings on harps* are badly placed and badly expressed.

Nor is the following in better taste, while it is more unsuitable to the speaker. To the addresses of the city of Worcester her Majesty is made to declare the present procedure against her in the House of Lords to be one of an extraordinary character. This is very well, if she had stopped there; but her scribe puts the following unseemly tirade in her mouth, which is rather the language of a factious Journalist than of an aggrieved Queen. What is the proper designation, she asks, of the proceedure against her?

It is a political non-descript; *a moral abortion; a legal monstrosity; the progeny of a Green Bag, swarming with slander, and putrescent with falsehood. The flagrant contents of this Green Bag have been shaken into a Bill of Pains and Penalties, by that prodigy of benevolence, whose inclinations are so confessedly not under its controul.*

* * * * * *

It is perhaps the first notable instance, in which any Government issued a bounty upon false swearing, and paid three and twenty thousand pounds for the importation of such a valuable commodity.

This is the last desperate effort of that selfish faction, which is an enemy even to the very semblance of virtue in any part of the state. *This is the expiring violence of infuriated malignity. If this is repressed, the serpent will breathe its last in writhing agony.* The evening of my life may then be a calm sunshine after a day of such deep darkness—such a long protracted continuity of trouble and of woe!

To the Aylesbury address her Majesty is misled to speak of "her sorrows, not merely flitting over her nerves in the shades of evening, to disappear when the East reddens with the dawn; they have been a long, a dark, and almost interminable night, *which malice, like that of a fiend, has thrown over her soul, for a quarter of a century.*"

This certainly is not more appropriate in sentiment than correct in figure. The Queen has been addressed by the married ladies of the metropolis, as "her Majesty's neighbours, as wives, and mistresses of families. "We admire your magnanimity," say these ladies, "and we adore that womanly feeling which has made your Majesty treat with contempt every offer, the tendency of which was to compromise your ho-

nour, and we thank you for it in the name of our sex."

To this her Majesty is made to reply, in much worse taste,

In this era of *ceaseless change, and of violent agitation, when whole nations seem tossed, like individuals, on the ocean of storms*, no circumstances, however menacing, shall shake the constancy of my attachment to the English nation, or estrange my affections from the general good of the community.

The reply of her Majesty to the address of the artisans of the metropolis, is censurable on graver grounds than any afforded by a criticism on style.

There have been times, and, perhaps, those times may still be, when the hard-earned bread of the long-toiling peasant or mechanic is insufficient for his numerous family, when the penury of the day is succeeded by the inquietude of the night, and when night and day, and day and night, are only a sad succession of pining wretchedness, and of hopeless woe. That order of things which, in a large portion of the community, necessitates the acquisition of subsistence by the sweat of the brow, is the institution of Providence for the benefit of man; but who does not see that it is not owing to any ordinance of the Deity, but to the hard-heartiness of the oppressor, when the sweat of the brow during the day is followed by the tear of affliction at its close, when the labour of the hand only adds to the aching of the heart: and what ought to be a source of joy is an aggravation of calamity? But if these things have been, I may, perhaps, be permitted to hope, that they will, ere long, be only as the troubled scenery of a transient dream; and that happier times are approaching, when commerce will crowd our rivers, trade be busy in our streets, and industry smiling in our fields.

The Queen has been unwisely advised to indulge in this style of declamation, to the working classes of the metropolis:—we are sure her legal counsellors are not her advisers in regard to the answers to the addresses, and we regret that she should have employed others.

Her Majesty's letter to the King is a most unequivocal paper: it is a direct declaration of perpetual war. It throws away the scabbard, after drawing the sword; and it puts an end to all hopes of a compromise. We shall, perhaps, offer some particular remarks on this composition at an after stage of the affair. In the mean time we give it entire, as an interesting memorial of the time. Among the public documents of the country, it could not with propriety be placed; not being in any way what can be termed official; we, therefore, include it in this, our summary of intelligence.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO THE KING.

SIR,—After the unparalleled and unprovoked persecution which, during a series of years, has been carried on against me under the name and authority of your Majesty—and which persecution, instead of being mollified by time, time has rendered only more and more malignant and unrelenting—it is not without a great sacrifice of private feeling that I now, even in the way of remonstrance, bring myself to address this letter to your Majesty. But bearing in mind that Royalty rests on the basis of public good; that to this paramount consideration all others ought to submit; and aware of the consequences that may result from the present unconstitutional, illegal, and hitherto unheard-of proceedings;—with a mind thus impressed, I cannot refrain from laying my grievous wrongs once more before your Majesty, in the hope that the justice which your Majesty may, by evil-minded counsellors, be still disposed to refuse to the claims of a dutiful, faithful, and injured wife, you may be induced to yield to considerations connected with the honour and dignity of your crown, the stability of your throne, the tranquillity of your dominions, the happiness and safety of your just and loyal people, whose generous hearts revolt at oppression and cruelty, and especially when perpetrated by a perversion and a mockery of the laws.

A sense of what is due to my character and sex forbids me to refer minutely to the real causes of our domestic separation, or to the numerous unmerited insults offered me previously to that period; but, leaving to your Majesty to reconcile with the marriage vow the act of driving, by such means, a wife from beneath your roof, with an infant in her arms, your Majesty will permit me to remind you, that that act was entirely your own; that the separation, so far from being sought for by me, was a sentence pronounced upon me, without any cause assigned, other than that of your own inclinations, which, as your Majesty was pleased to alledge, were not under your own controul.

Not to have felt, with regard to myself, chagrined at this decision of your Majesty, would have argued great insensibility to the obligations of decorum; not to have dropped a tear in the face of that beloved child, whose future sorrows were then but too easy to foresee, would have marked me as unworthy of the name of mother; but not to have submitted to it without repining,

would have indicated a consciousness of demerit, or a want of those feelings which belong to affronted and insulted female honour.

The "tranquil and comfortable society" tendered to me by your Majesty, formed, in my mind, but a poor compensation for the grief occasioned by considering the wound given to public morals in the fatal example produced by the indulgence of your Majesty's inclinations; more especially when I contemplated the disappointment of the nation, who had so munificently provided for our union, who had fondly cherished such pleasing hopes of happiness arising from that union, and who had hailed it with such affectionate and rapturous joy.

But, alas! even tranquillity and comfort were too much for me to enjoy. From the very threshold of your Majesty's mansion the mother of your child was pursued by spies, conspirators, and traitors, employed, encouraged, and rewarded to lay snares for the feet, and to plot against the reputation and life of her whom your Majesty had so recently and so solemnly vowed to honour, to love, and to cherish.

In withdrawing from the embraces of my parents, in giving my hand to the son of George the Third and the heir apparent to the British throne, nothing less than a voice from Heaven would have made me fear injustice or wrong of any kind. What, then, was my astonishment at finding that treasons against me had been carried on and matured, perjuries against me had been methodized and embodied, a secret tribunal had been held, a trial of my actions had taken place, and a decision had been made upon those actions, without my having been informed of the nature of the charge, or of the names of the witnesses! and what words can express the feelings excited by the fact, that this proceeding was founded on a request made, and on evidence furnished, by order of the father of my child, and my natural as well as legal guardian and protector?

Notwithstanding, however, the unprecedented conduct of that tribunal—conduct which has since undergone, even in Parliament, severe and unanswered animadversions, and which has been also censured in minutes of the Privy Council—notwithstanding the secrecy of the proceedings of this tribunal—notwithstanding the strong temptation to the giving of false evidence against me before it—notwithstanding that there was no opportunity afforded me of rebutting that evidence—notwithstanding all these circumstances, so decidedly favourable to my enemies—even this secret tribunal acquitted me of all crime, and thereby pronounced my principal accusers to have been guilty of the grossest perjury. But it was now (after the trial was over) discovered, that the nature of the tribunal was such as to render false swearing before it *not legally criminal!* And thus, at the suggestion and request of your Majesty, had been created, to take cognizance of and try my conduct, a tribunal competent to administer oaths, competent to examine witnesses on oath, competent to try, competent to acquit or condemn, and competent, moreover, to screen those who had sworn falsely against me from suffering the pains and penalties which the law awards to wilful and corrupt perjury. Great as my indignation naturally must have been at this shameful evasion of law and justice, that indignation was lost in pity for him who could lower his princely plumes to the dust by giving his countenance and favour to the most conspicuous of those abandoned and notorious perjurers.

Still there was one whose upright mind nothing could warp, in whose breast injustice never found a place, whose hand was always ready to raise the unfortunate, and to rescue the oppressed. While that good and gracious Father and Sovereign remained in the exercise of his Royal functions, his unoffending daughter-in-law had nothing to fear. As long as the protecting hand of your late ever-beloved and ever-lamented Father was held over me, I was safe. But the melancholy event which deprived the nation of the active exertions of its virtuous King, bereft me of friend and protector, and of all hope of future tranquillity and safety. To calumniate your innocent wife was now the shortest road to Royal favour; and to betray her was to lay the sure foundation of boundless riches and titles of honour. Before claims like these, talent, virtue, long services, your own personal friendships, your Royal engagements, promises, and pledges, written as well as verbal, melted into air. Your Cabinet was founded on this basis. You took to your councils men, of whose persons, as well as whose principles, you had invariably expressed the strongest dislike. The interest of the nation, and even your own feelings, in all other respects, were sacrificed to the gratification of your desire to aggravate my sufferings, and ensure my humiliation. You took to your councils and your bosom men whom you hated, whose abandonment of, and whose readiness to sacrifice me, were their only merits, and whose power has been exercised in a manner, and has been attended with consequences, worthy of its origin. From this unprincipled and unnatural union have sprung the manifold evils which this nation has now to endure, and which present a mass of misery and of degradation, accompanied with acts of tyranny and cruelty, rather than have seen which inflicted on his industrious, faithful, and brave people, your Royal father would have perished at the head of that people.

When to calumniate, revile, and betray

me, became the sure path to honour and riches, it would have been strange indeed if calumniators, revilers, and traitors, had not abounded. Your court became much less a scene of polished manners and refined intercourse than of low intrigue and scurrility. Spies, bacchanalian tale-bearers, and foul conspirators, swarmed in those places which had before been the resort of sobriety, virtue, and honour. To enumerate all the various privations and mortifications which I had to endure—all the insults that were wantonly heaped upon me, from the day of your elevation to the Regency to that of my departure for the Continent—would be to describe every species of personal offence that can be offered to, and every pain short of bodily violence that can be inflicted on, any human being. Bereft of parent, brother, and father-in-law, and my husband for my deadliest foe; seeing those who have promised me support bought by rewards to be amongst my enemies; restrained from accusing my foes in the face of the world, out of regard for the character of the father of my child, and from a desire to prevent her happiness from being disturbed; shunned from motives of selfishness by those who were my natural associates; living in obscurity, while I ought to have been the centre of all that was splendid; thus humbled, I had one consolation left—the love of my dear and only child. To permit me to enjoy this was too great an indulgence. To see my daughter; to fold her in my arms; to mingle my tears with hers; to receive her cheering caresses, and to hear from her lips assurances of never-ceasing love;—thus to be comforted, consoled, upheld, and blessed, was too much to be allowed me. Even on the slave mart, the cries of "Oh! my mother, my mother! Oh! my child, my child!" have prevented a separation of the victims of avarice. But your advisers, more inhuman than the slave-dealers, remorselessly tore the mother from the child.

Thus bereft of the society of my child, or reduced to the necessity of embittering her life by struggles to preserve that society, I resolved on a temporary absence, in the hope that time might restore me to her in happier days. Those days alas! were never to come. To mothers—and those mothers who have been suddenly bereft of the best and most affectionate and only daughters—it belongs to estimate my sufferings and my wrongs. Such mothers will judge of my affliction upon hearing of the death of my child, and upon my calling to recollection the last look, the last words, and all the affecting circumstances of our separation. Such mothers will see the depth of my sorrows. Every being with a heart of humanity in his bosom will drop a tear in sympathy with me. And will not the world, then, learn with indignation, that this event, calculated to soften the hardest heart, was the signal for new conspiracies, and indefatigable efforts for the destruction of this afflicted mother? Your Majesty had torn my child from me; you had deprived me of the power of being at hand to succour her; you had taken from me the possibility of hearing of her last prayers for her mother; you saw me bereft, forlorn, and broken-hearted; and this was the moment you chose for redoubling your persecutions.

Let the world pass its judgment on the constituting of a Commission, in a foreign country, consisting of inquisitors, spies, and informers, to discover, collect, and arrange matters of accusation against your wife, without any complaint having been communicated to her: let the world judge of the employment of Ambassadors in such a business, and of the enlisting of foreign Courts in the enterprize: but on the measures which have been adopted to give final effect to these preliminary proceedings, it is for me to speak; it is for me to remonstrate with your Majesty; it is for me to protest; it is for me to apprise you of my determination.

I have always demanded a *fair trial.* This is what I now demand, and this is refused me. Instead of a fair trial, I am to be subjected to a sentence by the parliament, passed in the shape of *a law.* Against this I protest, and upon the following grounds:—

The injustice of refusing me a clear and distinct charge, of refusing me the names of the witnesses, of refusing me the names of the places where the alleged acts have been committed:—these are sufficiently flagrant and revolting: but it is against the *constitution of the Court itself* that I particularly object, and that I most solemnly protest.

Whatever may be the precedents as to Bills of Pains and Penalties, none of them, except those relating to the Queen of Henry the Eighth, can apply here: for here your Majesty is the *plaintiff.* Here it is intended by the Bill to do you what you deem *good* and to do *me great harm.* You are therefore a party, and the only complaining party.

You have made your complaint to the House of Lords. You have conveyed to this House written documents sealed up. A Secret Committee of the House have examined these documents. They have reported that there are grounds of proceeding; and then the House, merely upon that Report, have brought forward a Bill containing the most outrageous slanders on me, and sentencing me to divorce and degradation.

The injustice of putting forth this Bill to the world for six weeks before it is even proposed to afford me an opportunity of contradicting its allegations, is too manifest

not to have shocked the nation; and, indeed, the proceedings even thus far are such as to convince every one that no justice is intended me. But if none of these proceedings, if none of these clear indications of a determination to do me wrong had taken place, I should see in the constitution of the House of Lords itself, a certainty that I could expect no justice at its hands.

Your Majesty's Ministers have *advised* this prosecution; they are responsible for the advice they give; they are liable to *punishment* if they fail to make good their charges; and not only are they part of my *judges*, but it is they who have *brought in the Bill*; and it is too notorious that they have *always a majority* in the House; so that, without any other, here is ample proof that the House will decide in favour of the Bill, and, of course, against me.

But further, there are reasons for your Ministers having a majority in this case, and which reasons do not apply to common cases. Your Majesty is *the plaintiff*: to you it belongs to appoint and to elevate Peers. Many of the present Peers have been raised to that dignity by yourself, and almost the whole can be at your will and pleasure further elevated. The far greater part of the Peers hold, by themselves and their families, offices, pensions, and other emoluments, solely at the will and pleasure of your Majesty, and these, of course, your Majesty can take away whenever you please. There are more than *four-fifths* of the Peers in this situation, and there are many of them who might thus be deprived of the far better part of their incomes.

If, contrary to all expectation, there should be found, in some Peers, likely to amount to a majority, a disposition to reject the Bill, some of these Peers may be ordered away to their ships, regiments, governments, and other duties; and, which is an equally alarming power, new Peers may be created for the purpose, and give their vote in the decision. That your Majesty's Ministers would advise these measures, if found necessary to render their prosecution successful, there can be very little doubt; seeing that they have hitherto stopped at nothing, however unjust or odious.

To regard such a body as a *Court of Justice* would be to calumniate that sacred name; and for me to suppress an expression of my opinion on the subject would be tacitly to lend myself to my own destruction, as well as to an imposition upon the nation and the world.

In the House of Commons I can discover no better grounds of security. The power of your Majesty's Ministers is the same in both Houses; and your Majesty is well acquainted with the fact, that a majority of this House is composed of persons placed in it by the Peers and by your Majesty's Treasury.

It really gives me pain to state these things to your Majesty; and, if it gives your Majesty pain, I beg that it may be observed and remembered that the statement has been forced from me. I must either protest against this mode of trial, or, by tacitly consenting to it, suffer my honour to be sacrificed. No innocence can secure the accused if the Judges and Jurors be chosen by the accuser; and if I were tacitly to submit to a tribunal of this description, I should be instrumental in my own dishonour.

On these grounds I protest against this species of trial. I demand a trial in a Court where the Jurors are taken impartially from amongst the people, and where the proceedings are open and fair. Such a trial I court, and to no other will I willingly submit. If your Majesty persevere in the present proceeding, I shall, even in the Houses of Parliament, face my accusers; but I shall regard any decision they may make against me as not in the smallest degree reflecting on my honour; and I will not, except compelled by actual force, submit to any sentence which shall not be pronounced by a *Court of Justice*.

I have now frankly laid before your Majesty a statement of my wrongs, and a declaration of my views and intentions. You have cast upon me every slur to which the female character is liable.—Instead of loving, honouring, and cherishing me, agreeably to your solemn vow, you have pursued me with hatred and scorn, and with all the means of destruction. You wrested from me my child, and with her my only comfort and consolation. You sent me sorrowing through the world, and even in my sorrows pursued me with unrelenting persecution. Having left me nothing but my innocence, you would now, by a mockery of justice, deprive me even of the reputation of possessing that. The poisoned bowl and the poniard are means more manly than perjured witnesses and partial tribunals; and they are less cruel, inasmuch as life is less valuable than honour. If my life would have satisfied your Majesty, you should have had it on the sole condition of giving me a place in the same tomb with my child; but, since you would send me dishonoured to the grave, I will resist the attempt with all the means that it shall please God to give me.

(Signed) CAROLINE, R.

Brandenburg-house, Aug. 7, 1820.

*** The above letter was sent by the Queen's messenger, to the Cottage at Windsor, on the 8th, accompanied with a note to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, written by the Queen, desiring him to deliver it immediately to the King. The letter was received by Sir William Keppell, who forwarded it immediately to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, at Carlton-house, who returned it in the afternoon of the 8th to the Queen, inform-

ing her Majesty that he had received the King's commands that any communications that might be made should pass through the channel of his Majesty's Government. The Queen immediately dispatched the letter to Lord Liverpool, desiring his Lordship to lay it before his Majesty. He returned an answer that he would lose no time in laying it before the King. On the 11th, no reply having been received, the Queen wrote again to Lord Liverpool, requesting information whether any further communication would be made on the subject of the letter to his Majesty. Lord Liverpool wrote from Combe-wood that he had not received the King's command to make any communication to her Majesty in consequence of her letter.

On the 17th of August the House of Lords met after its adjournment, and proceeded immediately to business relating to this interesting inquiry. Great preparations had been made by the Executive. London had been filled, and it is now filled, by troops; and every town and village from ten to fifteen miles round the metropolis has parties of the military, horse and foot, quartered at its inns and public houses. The House of Lords ordered that guards should attend their meetings, as in cases of impeachment. The rooms surrounding their Lordships' chamber, and the lobbies, are accordingly occupied with military. The Italian witnesses have been lodged in a body in the houses of Cotton Garden, usually occupied by the officers of the House of Lords, and admitting of being completely isolated. Here they are carefully kept from all communication with London; and a gun-boat lies a-breast of Cotton Garden, to guard it by the water. The Queen, who had taken Brandenburg house at Hammersmith for her residence, was invited by Lady Francis to make use of her ladyship's house in St. James's-square, during the investigation; her Majesty having intimated her intention of being present day by day at the proceedings. The acceptance of this offer has turned Lord Castlereagh out of his house for the present, for Lady Francis lives next door to his Lordship. Almost all these removals, and the daily journeys of the Queen to the House of Lords and back, have been attended by large crowds of people, and her Majesty has been received with loud acclamations. The following paragraph, taken from a paper which has preserved great and commendable impartiality throughout the whole of its remarks, ever since the introduction of this unpleasant business, expresses very fairly the real state of the case in regard to her Majesty's reception in public:—

The concourse of well dressed people in the streets, when her Majesty yesterday passed from the House of Lords, was immense. She was received in the same enthusiastic manner as formerly; the windows of the houses, too, all the way to Saint James's-square, were crowded to excess with ladies, who expressed the strongest sympathy with her Majesty. But all this is *mob* with *The Courier*. But how does it happen, that the *mob* get possession of so many houses in some of the most respectable streets in the metropolis? It must be a very powerful *mob* indeed, and we think *The Courier* has justly cause to fear it, which includes in its numbers so great a portion of the British fair.

When her Majesty enters the chamber of the Lords, the Peers receive her standing; she curtsies and is seated. The same takes place when she retires. The seat appropriated for the use of her Majesty during the inquiry, is that ordinarily occupied by the Bishop of Sodor and Man. It is in the body of the house, in the rear of the cross-benches, and immediately adjoining the bar. In this situation her Majesty has a perfect opportunity of hearing and seeing every thing that occurs. She is handed into the house from her carriage by Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, Usher of the Black Rod. Mr. Brougham, her attorney-general, Mr. Denman, her solicitor-general, are her counsel, assisted by Doctor Lushington and Mr. Williams. Her Majesty does not remain in the house throughout the whole of the proceedings. She very properly retires to a room prepared for her when the counsel against her are making their charges; this is dignified, and due to her sex. She also withdraws when the witnesses are delivering the worst part of their evidence. The Queen was considerably affected, and rushed out of the House of Peers when the first witness, Majocci, appeared at the bar. This conduct made a considerable impression at the moment; but as it clearly appears that her Majesty was well aware that this person would be examined against her, and could not therefore be taken by sur-

prise, her agitation seems only attributable to the sensation of horror at first seeing a familiar domestic face, after a long interval of absence, in a position which she cannot regard but of hostility against her.

Of the actual examinations we do not mean here to say any thing. The witnesses are day by day examined; and when these proceedings are concluded, we shall then feel ourselves at liberty to comment on the evidence.

The House of Commons met on the 21st of August, and adjourned from that day to 18th September, in order to await the proceedings of the Lords. Some interesting conversation took place between the members, including Mr. Wilberforce. The latter gentleman expressed in warm language his sorrow that the business had been opened; and much was observed on the inconvenience, disgust, and difficulty that would attend the progress of the Bill of Degradation through the Lower House, should it pass the Upper.

The meeting of Parliament has given an opportunity of questioning ministers as to the intentions of Government, and its correspondence with other European Courts, relative to the recent revolutions in Spain and Naples. The answers were so far satisfactory, as they intimated that no measures likely to interrupt the general peace were in contemplation. A note from the Emperor Alexander, disapproving of the revolution in Spain, had naturally excited some jealousy on this head. The intentions of Austria in regard to Naples are not yet known. It is certain that her hold of Italy is much shaken by recent events.

Another conspiracy against the government has been detected at Paris. The military, adherents of Buonaparte, seem to have been alone concerned in this plot—which has been entirely frustrated by the government.

In Scotland the proceedings before the special commission have been terminated. Twenty-four persons have been found guilty, or pleaded guilty, of the crime of treason. It is supposed and hoped, however, that but a small number out of these will be selected to suffer the dreadful sentence of the law.

Major Cartwright and Mr. Wooler, &c. have been found guilty of a misdemeanor, in attending one of the radical meetings in the country.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

AGRICULTURE.

It is gratifying to learn from nearly the whole of the great agricultural districts of this country, as well as generally from Scotland and Ireland, that the harvest partially commenced proves, and promises to be abundant. The effects of the tremendous fall of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, which took place on the evening and whole of the night of the 20th ult., though severe and wide-spreading, have been far less destructive than was at first imagined. Much fine Wheat was indeed beaten down and laid, but as the weather has from the end of July to the present period been favourable, the part damaged has borne no proportion to that which has been and will be, well got in.—Barley has been almost universally more than an average crop.—Oats, singularly fine, and plentiful. Beans, in most places, prodigious in the straw: whether they will kid well is yet to be proved. Pease promise to yield greatly. In short the produce of all these last named are heavier than for several years, and if the weather continue fine as at present we shall have corn of all sorts in abundance, without having recourse to foreign supply. On the other hand the Turnip-crop is far from being good. In Norfolk the ground has been sown repeatedly without success; even where the plants did take, they have been difficult to hoe, owing to the wet weather, and the quantity of weeds thus occasioned. Much hay has likewise been spoiled; those farmers who cut earliest and latest have been best off. There is however a great growth of aftermath, and pasture of all sorts in great plenty, so that the graziers have been obliged to make a still further deduction in the price of fat stock. The hop-plantations in Kent are over-run with vermin, and it is there apprehended that many grounds will not be worth picking.—Fruit in this great county is a large crop

throughout all its districts; we are sorry to say it is far otherwise in Worcestershire, where it has generally failed. Upon the whole we repeat that the harvest has begun under very favourable auspices, and if the wet and stormy weather has been partially mischievous and troublesome to the farmer, it has been a powerful means of the employment of many additional hands in its collection which would have otherwise been unemployed.

In a former number we adverted to the circumstance of the House of Commons having so far conceded to the petitions of the agricultural interest, as to name a select committee to inquire generally into their allegations. Next day, however, that committee was directed not to attend to the prayer of the petitions, nor even permitted to make an inquiry into the general question of the averages of the prices of grain as applied to the kingdom at large, but was restricted to an examination of abuses in the mode of taking them in the maritime districts only. That report is now before the public. It commences with detailing the provisions of the existing law, for collecting the returns of prices, and forming the averages, which they think, with some few exceptions, well calculated to accomplish the objects (if duly executed) of the legislature. That that execution so desirable is miserably evaded may be gathered from the fact, that only in one of the indicated districts, that which comprises Essex, Kent, and Sussex, whose price is solely regulated by that of the Corn Exchange, in Mark-lane, is any attention paid to the injunctions of the statute in question. In the eleven others universal neglect of them prevails; therefore as a means of detecting or preventing frauds it is totally inoperative.

That such inattention exists, whether with a view to fraud or otherwise, may be gathered from the following facts given in evidence by the proper officer before the committee.

From Plymouth the inspector returned that three quarters of Wheat, in one instance, and seven in another, have formed the total return for the week, when it is proved satisfactorily that a single dealer will often sell 200 quarters in that place on one market day; the inspector further adds, that not one tenth of the dealers make any return at all. At Bristol 39 quarters of Wheat appear in one instance to have formed the total return; 25 in another; and on one occasion, none was returned: it is supposed, nevertheless, by the inspector, that the weekly sales are from 1500 to 2000 quarters, and although there are about forty factors and dealers in that article at Bristol, yet not more than six or seven have ever signed the requisite declaration, or ever made any returns whatever. At the great port of Liverpool the same neglect prevails. So much for neglect or evasion of the law.—As to actual frauds, the following, from the same authority, among others, is adduced as a striking instance, and which was not detected until it excited observation on the part of the receiver in London. "On that occasion returns were made to the following effect:—2300 quarters, at 50s. per quarter, whilst the true average of the market was from 68s. to 70s. 2000 quarters of Oats, at 18s. per quarter, whilst the true average was 48s. to 50s. 500 quarters of Peas, at 38s. per quarter, whilst the true average was from 48s. to 51s.—The parties by whom these returns were made, were understood to be considerable holders of British corn, and were induced to resort to this mode of reducing the general averages to prosecute the purpose of their speculations; and to render more improbable the ports being opened for the purpose of the importation of foreign grain: from the careless manner in which the business of the inspector had been conducted, this fraud escaped detection in Liverpool!"

It may therefore be fairly stated that fictitious averages are resorted to for the purposes of speculation: and it is a painful corollary to the above, that the ports are now opened for oats, by the average-price, according to the last returns, exceeding the price stated in the act of parliament by one penny: that the quantity of oats on hand, and which are saleable by opening the ports, is about 84,000 quarters; and it is estimated that 50,000 quarters are now afloat coming from the Baltic and Archangel to this country, besides all that can be shipped during the next six weeks from the opposite line of coast, and for three months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(*London, August* 23.)

Referring to our usual details respecting the fluctuations of the markets at home, we have the satisfaction to state, that we have observed nothing in the transactions in foreign countries which is likely to have an unfavourable influence on our external commerce. In *Germany*, the advocates of the system of reprisal and prohibition appear to have made but little progress, and there is reason to expect that arrangements will soon be agreed upon, for carrying into execution that article of the act of union, which declares that the navigation of the German rivers, from their sources to the sea, shall be free, a measure which will probably facilitate the introducion of articles of foreign produce and manufacture into that great country. In our number

for April we ventured to express a hope, that the recent changes in the government of Spain might be eventually beneficial to commerce. What may be the ultimate result it would be a waste of time to discuss. In some of the numerous journals which have arisen in Spain, we see, indeed, the same declamations against the ruinous preponderance of English commerce, as in those of Germany and France; though we must own, in justice to our peninsular friends, that they are by no means such wholesale dealers in invective as our nearer continental neighbours. Meantime it is a satisfaction to learn, that while enlightened men in our own country, are endeavouring to introduce a more liberal system of foreign commerce, a similar feeling appears to actuate the Spanish government, if we may judge from the speech of the minister of finance, in the sitting of the Cortes on the 14th of July; which we shall farther notice under the head of Spain.

Coffee.—Though a decline took place towards the end of July, it was rather a matter of surprise, as the deliveries for exportation were so uncommonly extensive, that the stock was rapidly decreasing, notwithstanding the large imports. An improvement was therefore anticipated, which, in fact, commenced before the month closed, and the market continued generally advancing for the first three weeks of August. From the 1st to the 8th the prices rose 6*s.* to 8*s.* and notwithstanding a slight depression on the 11th, a farther advance of from 3*s.* to 5*s.* had taken place on the 15th, though the importers were anxious to effect sales, and as soon as Coffee was landed, brought it forward in public sale. 1868 casks, and 971 bags, West India, which all sold with great briskness, were brought forward between the 8th and 15th, on that day there were three sales; and the accounts from Holland and Hamburgh being favourable, a considerable advance was anticipated previous to the sales, and large parcels of St. Domingo and Havannah taken at 135*s.* The public sales consisted of 852 casks and bags. Demerara and Berbice went off at very irregular prices; in some instances 6*s.* to 8*s.* higher. Broken Demerara 137*s.*; good and fine ordinary 137*s.* 6*d.* to 139*s.* 6*d.*; and a large parcel of good ordinary pale 142*s.* 6*d.*; good ordinary Jamaica, sold the preceding week at 127*s.* and 128*s.* realised that day 132*s.* to 133*s.*; fine ordinary 135*s.* to 135*s.* 6*d.*; ordinary middling Dominica 136*s.* The middling and good middling did not sell higher than the week previous, viz. middling Jamaica 141*s.* 6*d.* to 142*s.* 6*d.*; good middling 147*s.* to 147*s.* On the 18th there were again two public sales, chiefly Jamaica, which sold briskly, and at steady prices; fine ordinary foxy 132*s.* 6*d.*; middling 137*s.* 6*d.* to 138*s.* The prices have since declined, and a small quantity brought forward yesterday by public sale was chiefly taken in. The market may be stated to be 1*s.* to 2*s.* lower than last week, and heavy at this reduction.

Sugar.—The Sugar market has presented, throughout the month, a very different result from the Coffee market, the prices having been progressively declining, not indeed to the same extent that those of Coffee have risen. The constant desire manifested by the holders to effect sales has doubtless produced this reduction; besides very large public sales, it appears that very considerable parcels have been sold by private contract. The deliveries from the West India warehouses have been and continue exclusive. Last week they amounted to about 4000 casks. The report of an alteration in the Russian tariff, which we noticed in our last month's report, seemed to gain ground for some time, and was probably the cause of an extraordinary depression in the price of Havannah sugar, 400 chests of which were sold by public sale on the 11th at a reduction of from 5*s.* to 7*s.* per cwt. Refined goods have at times experienced an improvement, chiefly according to the demand for the Hamburgh market. This was the case last week, when lumps were in some request. The general appearance of the market is not indicative of any material improvement.

Average prices of raw sugars, by Gazette:—

July 29,	37*s.* 6½*d.*
Aug. 5,	37*s.* 7¼*d.*
—— 12,	36*s.* 5*d.*
—— 19,	36*s.* 2½*d.*

Cotton.—The Cotton market has been much affected by the unfavourable accounts from Liverpool, and has consequently been dull the whole month; but we do not find on a comparison of the prices, with those at the date of last report, that any remarkable reduction has taken place. In the second week of August the purchases were, duty paid, 100 bags good fair Smyrna 11½*d.*; 260 damaged and repacked, Surats 3*d.* to 5⅞*d.*; 38 fair Demerara and Berbice 14½*d.*; 20 good Granada 13*d.*; 30 middling West India 11*d.*; 120 Minas Novas 13½*d.*; 130 Sea Islands fair to pretty good 21*s.* to 23*s.*—The purchases in bond were, 200 Boweds, good fair, to very good 11¾*d.* to 12*d.*; 150 middling Timnossees 11¼*d.*; 170 Surats good fair to very good 7¼*d.* to 9½*d.*; and 500 Bengals, ordinary and good 6½*d.* to 7*d.*; a few of superior quality 8¼*d.*—The purchases, during the last week, are too inconsiderable to notice; there was a disposition to do business had not the unfavourable accounts from Liverpool entirely checked the demand. The arrivals at that port from the 15th July to August 19 amounted to upwards of 42,000 bags, and the sales

to 27,500 bags. The sales in London from July 18 to August 22, are about 9000 bags.

Spices.—The following are the particulars of the EAST-INDIA SALE 14th inst.—

Saltpetre,
1000 tons Company's,
about half sold . . . . 26*s.* 6*d.* a 27*s.* per cwt.
Licensed. . . . 26*s.* 6*d.* a 28*s.* 6*d.*

Pepper,
2000 bags Company's
sold . . . . . 6⅞*d.* a 7*d.* per lb.
1000 —— Licensed. . . . . out

Cinnamon,
1485 bales Company's,
1st quality, 661 bales sold 8*s.* 1*d.* a 8*s.* 3*d.* per lb.
108 bales sold 7*s.* 10*d.* a 8*s.*
2d quality, 478 sold 7*s.* 1*d.* a 7*s.* 5*d.*
3d quality, 123 sold 6*s.* 1*d.* a 6*s.* 4*d.*
46 chests at 6*s.* 5*d.* a 6*s.* 6*d.*

Cloves,
225 bags Company's 3*s.* 4*d.* a 3*s.* 5*d.*

Mace,
327 casks Company's
1st quality 7*s.* 1*d.* (chiefly out).
2d quality 5*s.* 7*d.* a 5*s.* 8*d.*

Nutmegs,
500 casks Company's
a few lots 4*s.* 1*d.* the rest out.

Cassia Lignea,
781 chests 8*l.* 5*s.* a 9*l.*
A few lots 9*l.* 1*s.* a 9*l.* 3*s.*
Sago 38*s.* a 45*s.*
Ginger, 3000 bags 15*s.* a 17*s.*

Little has been doing in Spices since this sale. Cinnamon and Mace are at a small premium.

Tobacco has maintained a good price this month. On the 1st the prices were stated as follows, viz. Cargoes of Virginia 35*s.* to 37*s.* Ditto of Kentucky 28*s.* to 30*s.* Kentucky leaf in parcels as imported 4*d.* to 4½*d.* Fine Virginia 5*d.* to 6½*d.* The request continued for the next fortnight; cargoes of Virginia were reported at 36*s.* to 38*s.* per 100lb. manifest weight: one parcel of fine Virginia was sold as high as 40*s.* Last week there were no sales reported, and the market is now heavy.

Oils.—The prices have rather fluctuated this month, and but little business has been doing. Though the first vessels from the Greenland fishery had not been very successful, and the accounts they brought were not favourable, yet, as the details were not to a late date, and the reports respecting the general fishery came from interested parties, little attention was paid to them.—Though subsequent accounts were still more unfavourable, yet those from Davis's Straits were pretty good, the vessels spoken with had on an average six fish. The prices therefore remained nearly unchanged. The vessels since arrived from Greenland being well fished, and bringing generally favourable accounts, the prices have given way from 1*l.* to 2*l.* per ton. There are no farther details from Davis's Straits. Seed oils are high.

Baltic Produce.—Foreign Tallow has declined throughout the month, and is now heavy of sale. Large sales of Hemp have lately taken place.

Corn.—The variations in the prices of grain for these four weeks past have been on the whole inconsiderable, and only as the market happened to be affected by the extent of the supply, or as the changes of the weather were favourable to the harvest, or otherwise. The most important circumstance is the opening of the ports for foreign Oats, the aggregate average having been 27*s.* 1*d.* The quantity of Oats thus released from bond, is about 84,000 quarters, besides 50,000 quarters supposed to be on the way from the Baltic and Archangel; and large quantities may, and probably will be shipped while the ports are open, that is, during the next six weeks from Holland, &c. and for three months from the Baltic. The high returns have been the result of the contrivance of speculators and interested merchants, who have made, by themselves or their agents, small purchases in distant markets, where large quantities could not be offered. It is reported that one return for oats was made as high as 56*s.* per quarter. Thus a company of merchants holding 80,000 quarters of foreign Oats, which cost them 15*s.* per quarter, may artificially raise the average price by purchasing small quantities at an enormous price, at the sacrifice of a few hundred pounds, and open a market for 130,000 quarters, by which they will net a profit of 10*s.* per quarter (only 65,000*l.*!) but should their profit be only 5*s.* per quarter, still 32,500*l.* are cheaply purchased.

The general inspector of corn returns had omitted, in the averages of the 3d, 4th, and 5th weeks, some of the returns, by which these ends have been accomplished, and referred them to the Lords of the Privy Council, on account of their extraordinary height, which could not be explained, except on the supposition of unfair practices: but the Lords of the Council ordered them to be included in their proper places, observing that the law was imperative; but that prosecutions might be instituted against returns procured by fictitious sales. No redress is likely to be obtained by this means, as nobody doubts that the speculators really made the purchases, and paid the money. Without going into a discussion on the propriety of the law as it now stands, we must own that the possibility of succeeding in such a manœuvre appears to indicate a defective legislation. If the quantities sold, as well as the prices, were taken into account, such a thing could never occur. It is, however, to be hoped that this instance will be the last; as the possibility of such an unfair proceeding is fully laid down in the report of the Select Committee (Mr. H. Sumner's

of the House of Commons, who recommend that the quantity sold, shall be one of the data in calculating the average. The effect of opening the ports has already been a reduction of 4*s.* to 5*s.* per quarter.

Aggregate average of the 12 maritime districts of England and Wales, for the six weeks preceding the 15th of August; by which importation is regulated into Great Britain.

Wheat	71*s.* 11*d.*	Oats	27*s.* 1*d.*
Rye	45*s.* 2*d.*	Beans	44*s.* 5*d.*
Barley	36*s.* 5*d.*	Peas	45*s.* 11*d.*

All foreign grain, except Oats, continue excluded. All kinds of corn may now be imported free, from the British colonies in North America.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Archangel, 7th July.—Though 80 vessels had arrived by the middle of June, trade was not brisk in proportion; and Tallow and Linseed were the only articles much in demand. Even this demand appears now to have subsided, as both articles are offered at the prices last obtained, without finding purchasers. Tallow 167 r.; Linseed 32½. Some thousand Chetwists of fine wheat have been sold at 19 r.: inferior qualities may be had at 18, and under 12 r. have been paid for barley. The prices asked for the following articles are, Rye 13½ r.; Flax 135 r.; Potashes 70 a 71 r.; Tar 7 r. 15 cop; Pitch 130 cop; Mats 350 r.; Train oil 11 a 10½ r.; Bristles 55 r.; Tallow candles 20 r.; Deals 8½ r.; Cordage 9½ r. Among the articles hitherto exported, the principal are Linseed, Wheat, Tallow, Pitch, Tar, Bristles, Deals, and Mats, to London, Liverpool, Hull, and Amsterdam.

—— *14th July.* Since last week there has been a great demand for Train oil, and almost the whole of that on the spot, as well as the greater part of that which is expected, has been eagerly bought up at 10 r. 35 cop. a 10½ roubles. In other articles there is little variation.

Riga, 31st July. — *Corn.* Courland Wheat 90 to 120 r.; Oats 44 to 45 r.; but these prices are rather nominal for want of purchasers. For dried Rye at 61 to 65 r. there are more buyers than sellers; 49 r. have been paid for Courland Barley. *Flax*, the prices asked are, Marienburg Crown 50 r.; ditto cut 45 r., Thies. and Dru. Rackitzer, white 47½ to 47 r.; grey 45; cut Badstub, white 41 to 42 r.; grey 39 r.; Ristenthreeband 35½; Tow 17½ to 16 r. according to quantity.—*Hemp*, little doing, the prices given are, for clean Ukraine 106 to 105 r.; Polish 108 r., Ukraine outshot 78 r.; Polish ditto 92; Ukraine pass 68 r.; Polish ditto 82 r.—*Hemp oil.* No sellers at 115 r., and, therefore, nothing doing.—*Potashes* dull, and to be had for 68 r.—*Seeds.* The last price paid for crushing Linseed of 108 to 111 lbs. was 20 to 22½ r.; but none has been sold for a long time. There is no Hempseed at all here.—*Tallow* 162 r. has been paid for white crown; other descriptions without demand.

St. Petersburg, July.—Little has hitherto been doing in our export trade, chiefly perhaps, because the holders have asked too high prices, but as they have now given way, we may expect to see business become more active.—*Bristles.* We have now a fresh supply, and they may be purchased at 75 r. for the best sort.—*Flax.* A small quantity of new 12 head has been sold at 170 r.; but when the supply is increased the price will, probably, fall to 165 or 160 r.—*Corn.* There is but little doing; only small parcels of Rye are purchased at 14 to 15 r. Wheat 21 to 23.—*Hemp.* Clean finds few purchasers at 90 to 94 r. Outshot has risen a little, because it was in demand for Sweden; prices 75 to 73 r. Half clean is less in demand, though it may be had at 60 to 63 r. Tow, though the stock is larger is not sold under 40 r.—*Potashes.* The reduction of the price to 85 r. having tempted buyers, they have risen again, and fine are held at 87 r. and by some persons at 90 r.—*Tallow.* Yellow offered at 170 r.; Soap and white 158 have no buyers.

Stockholm, 1st August.—As a proof how much the importation of foreign goods into Sweden has been diminished within a year, it may be mentioned that, since the commencement of the navigation this year, only a single ship from London, and another from Amsterdam, have arrived here with goods, and by no means with full cargoes. The corn trade with the Baltic, formerly so brisk, has been almost nothing this year, in consequence of the import duties. These restrictions have had a favourable influence on the course of exchange.

Danzic, 2d August. — Yesterday 400 lasts of wheat were bought at prices from 375 to 430 fl. according to quality. There is no demand for other articles, the following prices of which are nominal, Rye 210 to 230 fl.; Barley 130 to 150 fl.; Oats 120 to 130 fl.; Peas 250 to 260 fl.

In colonial produce little is doing, and many articles, especially Coffee and Sugar, are very low in comparison with the prices in England. Fine ordinary Coffee has been sold at 39½ g.; Lump sugar at 15½ fl. for exportation.

Copenhagen, 3d August. We have every prospect of a productive harvest, and the prices of corn are expected to fall considerably.

Hamburg, 12th August.—*Cotton.* Some sorts have been much in request; 324 bales of Carthagena have been sold.—*Cocoa, Spices, Indigo, Rice*, no demand.—*Coffee.* A good deal has been sold this week, and the prices rose after the arrival of the English mail. The demand has again slackened

since yesterday.—*Corn.* Wheat has been extremely dull this week, and none has been sold, but a small parcel of the best quality at 124 rix dollars, for England. Barley and Oats, best quality, are in demand for England, especially Oats.—*Sugar.* Hamburgh refined has not been so much sought this week, but sufficiently to keep up the prices. Lumps in loaves have rather given way, and strong middling goods have been sold at 11¾; ordinary and crushed sugars dull; fine white raw sugars are much in request, and fetch high prices; but ordinary white and brown are dull of sale, even at the reduction of ¼.

—— 18*th August.*—*Coffee* per lb. Batavia 15⅛*d.* (Banco); Havannah and Brazil 14½ to 15½; Dominica, Mart. Surinam, and Jamaica ord. 14½ to 14⅞ g. o. 15 f. o. 15⅛ m. 15⅞ to 16 f. m. 16¼ to 16½.—*Sugars.* Powder loaves (Melis) English 12 to 14*d.* Lumps; English, in loaves 11¼ to 12¾, ditto, crushed, 11½ to 12.—*Corn.* Wheat Mark. 120 to 122 rix dollars; ditto Mecklenburg 112 to 118; Oats (Holstein) 43 to 46 r.; ditto Barley 54 to 56.

Germany in General.—Nothing has yet transpired respecting the negotiations of the South German States, which we mentioned in our last. An account of the summer fair at Munich, speaks of the large quantities of cotton manufactures, sold at very low prices, and adds, it appears certain that the public do not care whether an article is of foreign or German manufacture, provided it be agreeable to their taste, and cheap.

France.—The French government has ordered that, in lieu of the tonnage duties on foreign vessels arriving in French ports, those of the United States, shall pay 90 francs per ton, till the act of Congress, imposing an additional duty on French vessels, shall be repealed. American vessels in ballast, and those which sailed from America before the 15th of June are exempted. A bounty of 10 francs per 100 killogrammes is granted to the cottons of North and South America, imported in French vessels (from 15 October, 1820, to 31 March, 1821), from the French colonies, or from foreign ports, and colonies (not in Europe), excepting those of the United States.

Accounts from Martinique alledge such a serious inculpation of the agents of the French custom house officers, that it is hard to believe it. These accounts state, that cargoes of English goods of the value of 50,000 to 100,000 gourds (250,000 to 500,000 francs) are daily introduced into the island, and publicly sold by auction.

Spain.—In the sitting of the Cortes on the 14th of July, the minister of finance made a remarkable speech on the laws and duties of customs. He said that, by the present system, commerce was subjected to immense difficulties; that the Junta appointed to regulate this department, had proposed various means to overcome them, among which was the permission to export grain from all the ports of the kingdom, when the price should not exceed 80 reals; on payment of an export duty of 2 per cent.: that the prohibition of exporting various articles, for instance Oil, had been fatal to agriculture, and injurious to the state, and that the same disadvantages resulted from the prohibition of the exportation of cattle, and that of corn. That the vexatious impediments which both natives and foreigners meet with in importing the productions of other countries, restrain the former, and deter the latter from trading with us; and that the greater the liberty of commerce, the greater will the receipt of the public revenue be: he proposed the suppression or modification of many of these prohibitions, and, that when goods had once paid the duties at the custom houses, they should have free circulation through the whole kingdom, and that all duties of customs in the interior should be abolished.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

In consequence of the very considerable Alterations which have recently taken place in the Laws that come under the immediate cognizance of Magistrates, and the still more important Changes which are likely to be made in the next Session of Parliament, Mr. Dickinson is preparing a new Edition of his "Practical Exposition of the Office and Duties of a Justice of the Peace," which will be ready for Publication immediately after the Close of that Session.

The Rev. G. Townsend has in the Press, in two octavo volumes, the Holy Bible arranged in Chronological and Historical Order, that the whole may be read in one uniform connected History.

Miss Benger has nearly ready for Publication, the Life of Ann Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII, being the first of a Series of Historical Female Portraits.

Mr. Accum has in the Press, a Treatise on Domestic Chemistry, containing Instructions for making good and wholesome Bread, Beer, Wine, Vinegar, Pickles, &c.

The Rev. G. Holden is printing, in an octavo volume, the Scripture Testimonies to the Divinity of Christ, collected and illustrated.

W. M. Mason, Esq. has in forwardness for Publication, the History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, in a quarto volume, with seven engravings.

Prof. Leslie has in the Press, Geometrical Analysis, and the Geometry of Curve Lines: also, a Treatise on Heat, Theoretical and Practical.

The Rev. G. Woodley is printing, in a quarto volume, Devonia, a Poem; descriptive of the most Interesting Scenery, Natural and Artificial, in Devonshire.

Mr. J. Noble, of Edinburgh, is preparing an Arabic Vocabulary and Index for Richardson's Arabic Grammar, with Tables of Oriental Alphabets, Points, and Affixes.

A Translation of a Memoir written by Count Louis de Vellevieille on the Establishment for Education of M. Fellenberg at Hoffwyl, will soon appear.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century, is printing in three duodecimo volumes.

Travels in England, Wales, and Scotland, in 1816, by Dr. Spiker, Liberarian to the King of Prussia, are translating for the Press.

Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, by the late Dr. Thomas Brown, are printing in three octavo volumes.

Mr. Aspin is preparing for Publication, an Account of the Naval and Military Exploits, which have distinguished the Reign of George III. The work will be embellished with plates.

Shortly will be Published, lithographed in quarto, a Series of Designs for Private Dwellings; comprising, Perspective Elevations adapted to Geometrical Measurement, and Plans of the several Stories, with Explanatory References. By J. Hedgeland.

Anti-Scepticism; or, an Inquiry into the Nature and Philosophy of Language, as connected with the Sacred Scriptures. By the Author of the Philosophy of Elocution, will be published soon.

Mr. Egan has in the Press, a new and original work, entitled "Life in London; or, Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq. accompanied by his elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis." It will be completed in about twelve numbers, each number illustrated with three characteristic coloured plates. The scenery will be drawn from real life, by Robert and George Cruickshanks.

Illustrations of Waverley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, the Black Dwarf, Old Mortality, the Heart of Midlothian, the Bride of Lammermuir, and a Legend of Montrose. In twelve prints, after original designs. By William Allen, and engraved by Heath, Engleheart, Romney, &c.

Melmoth, a Tale; in four volumes. By the Author of "Bertram," a Tragedy.

Jack Randall's Diary of Proceedings at the House of Call for Genius, to which are added, Mr. Breakwindow's Minor Poems.

A General History of the House of Guelph; or, Royal Family of England; from the first record of the name, to the accession of George I. to the throne of Great Britain. Dedicated to his Majesty. By Andrew Halliday, M. D. Domestic Physician to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

Dr. Renwick is about to publish the Continuation of the Narrative of Miss Margaret M'Avoy's Case; with general Observations upon the Case itself, &c. and with additional Proofs of her Blindness, &c.

Mr. Lingard is about to publish a *fourth* volume of his History of England, which will comprise the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, Sciences, &c.

The Heraldric Origin of Gothic Architecture, in Answer to all foregoing Systems. By Rowley Lascelles, Esq. Royal 8vo. 7*s.*

Education, &c.

Stories selected from the History of France, for Children. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

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Rudiments of the Greek Language. By the Rev. G. N. Wright. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

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History.

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Miscellaneous.

A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps. By a Member of the University of Oxford. 8vo. 12*s.*

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John Hudswell, of Addle-street, London, for an improvement in the manufactory of wafers. July 20th.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. W. J. Rees, M. A. is presented to the vacant prebendal stall in the Collegiate Church of Brecknock.—The Rev. C. G. Jackson to the vicarage of Histon St. Andrew, with Histon St. Etheldred, Cambridgeshire.—The Rev. E. James, M. A. of Christ Church College, to the Perpetual Curacy of Worcester.—The Rev. Shirley Western, to the rectory of Rivenhall, Essex; also Domestic Chaplain to Lord Maynard.—The hon. and Rev. A. Hobart, to the rectory of Walton, Leicestershire.—The Rev. W. Cross, A. M. vicar of Amwell with Haylybury, Herts, and formerly Fellow of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to the valuable Living of Halesworth cum Chediston, Suffolk.—The Rev. James Towers to the vicarage of Wherwell, Hants.—The Rev. David Williams, M. A. Chaplain to Lord Viscount Curzon, to the rectory of Bleadon, with that of Kingston Seymour, in the diocese of Bath and Wells.—The Rev. Dr. Keate to the living of Stowey, in Somersetshire.—The Rev. Walter King Coker, B. A. of Oriel college, to the vicarage of North Curry, Somerset.—The Rev. Dr. Carr, vicar of Brighton, succeeds to the Deanery of Hereford.—The Rev. Charles Taylor, M. A. Head Master of the Cathedral School, to the prebend of Morton Magna, vacant by the death of the late Dean of Hereford.—The Custos and Vicars of Hereford college have elected the Rev. E. Howells to a Minor Canonry in the cathedral.—The Rev. C. S. Bonnet, M. A. of Sydney Sussex college, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Avington, near Winchester.—The Rev. John Edgar, Clerk, to the rectory of Kirketon, Suffolk.—The Rev. Mr. Babington, appointed by Government, to the valuable Living of Clonpriest, in the diocese of Clogne.—The Rev. J. Rogers, rector of Mawman, Cornwall, has been installed Canon residentiary of Exeter, in the room of the late Rev. archdeacon Barnes.—The Rev. J. Jenkins, B. A. vicar of Kerry, Montgomeryshire, and the Rev. W. J. Rees, M. A. rector of Cascob, Radnorshire, to prebendal stalls in the collegiate church of Brecon; and also the Rev. Dan. Bowen, of Wannifor, Cardiganshire, to a prebendal stall in the cathedral church of St. Davids.—Rev. W. Roles, A. M. to the rectory of Upton Lovell, Wilts, vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. E. Seymour.—The Rev. John H. Polson, to the prebendal stall in Exeter Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. Ralph Barnes.—The Rev. Jeremy Day, M. A. to the rectory of Hetherset, Norfolk.—The Rev. R. Rice, M. A. of Merton college, Oxford, to the perpetual curacy of Hutton and vicarage of Kirkland, in Cumberland.—The Rev. E. Bankes, rector of Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, has been appointed chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, in the room of the Rev. Josiah Thomas, D. D. deceased; also to the vicarage of Stoke Bliss, Herefordshire.—The Rev. Wm. Crabtree, M. A. Fellow of University College, to the rectory of Checkenden, Oxfordshire.—The Rev. Wm. Smoult Temple, to the rectory of Meldon, Northumberland.—The will of the late bishop of Bristol was proved in Doctor's Commons on the 17th of July, by the Rev. Edward D. Clarke, LL.D. and the Rev. James Devereux Hustler, the executors; the property (which was sworn under 30,000*l.*) being left to his Lordship's five unmarried daughters.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[‡ distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—June 6.

Ackroyd, Mary, Leeds, dealer. Att. Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.

Brunn, Samuel, late of Charing-cross, Middlesex, sword-cutler. Att. Taylor, 14, Gray's-inn-square. T.

Butts, Thomas Charles, Nagg's-head-court, Gracechurch street, London, dealer. Att. James, Bucklersbury. T.

Green, Ebenezer, Leeds, dealer. Att. Wilson, 16, Greville-street, London. C.

Hackett, Robert, Newport, innkeeper. Att. Francis Worsley, Newport. C.
Hays, Peter, Little Thames-street, Middlesex, biscuit baker. Att. Pope, Old Bethlem.
Hinshaw, Francis Else, Derby, carrier. Atts. Forster and Warner, Lime-street, London. C.
Mason, George, Chard, clothier. Att. Santer, 49, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Miles, William, Oxford-street, Middlesex, linen-draper. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, London. T.
Morris, Thomas, jun., late of Wing, Rutlandshire, baker. Atts. Long and Austin, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Snowdon, Bartholomew, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, grocer. Att. Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.

Gazette—June 10.

Ainley, John, late of Blackmoor-foot, Yorkshire, clothier. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, 3, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. C.
Ashby, William May, Albury, Surry, paper-manufacturer. Atts. Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle, London. T.
Askey, William, Oxford-street, Middlesex, tailor. Att. Roberts, Macclesfield-street, Soho. T.
Bailey, James, Watling-street, London, merchant. Att. Maugham, Great St. Helen's, London. T.
Ball, Edmund Richard, Albury, Surry, paper-manufacturer. Atts. Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle, London. T.
Bibby, Robert, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Chester, Staple-inn, London. C.
Bleasdale, Thomas, late of Chorley, Lancashire, ironmonger. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
Chester, John, late of Doncaster, Yorkshire, grocer. Att. Lever, Gray's inn, London. C.
Chively, Charles, Lamb's Conduit-street, Middlesex, linen-draper. Att. Jones, Size-lane, London. T.
Davison, Thomas, Hinckley, Leicestershire, draper. Att. Sculthorpe, Hinckley. C.
Dorrington, William, Town-Malling, Kent, collar-maker. Atts. Brace and Selby, Surry-street, Strand. T.
Downing, Francis, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, grocer. Atts. Jacomb and Bentley, Huddersfield, and at their office, 67, Basinghall-street, London. C.
Troggott, John, of Leicester, brandy-merchant. Att. Jeyes, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Garrad, Abraham, late of Downham-market, Norfolk, tanner. Atts. Tooke and Carr, 3, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Haigh, John, Ley Moor, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant. Att. Walker, 29, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
Haune, James, Cabinet-maker. Att. Smith, Aldermanbury, Postern. T.
Hardwick, William, late of Alfriston, but now of Poynings, Sussex, farmer. Att. Sowton, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Henderson, Joseph, Rotherham, Yorkshire, grocer. Att. Taylor, 24, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
Holden, John, Blackburn, Lancashire, druggist. Att. Wrigglesworth, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Izod, James, late of Holborn-bridge, ironmonger. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. T.
James, William, jun. Bromyard, Herefordshire, auctioneer. Atts. Williams, Hilliard, and Hastings, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Litler, William Scarlett, Eccleshall, Staffordshire, schoolmaster. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
Moses, Lewis, late of Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Poole, Adam's-court, Old Broad-street. T.
Pilling, James, late of Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. Atts. Longdill and Butterfield, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Scott, John, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, woolstapler. Atts. Fisher and Ludlow, Thavies-inn, London. C.
Shaw, John, Wem, Salop, victualler. Att. Griffiths, Southampton-buildings, London. C.
Skrine, Charles, Bath, Somersetshire, grocer. Att. Williams, Red Lion-square, London. C.
Sugden, John, and John William Mitchell, Dorking, Surry, carriers. Att. West, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. T.
Tennant, William, Liverpool, Lancashire, tailor. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
Triphook, Thomas, St. James-street, Westminster, Middlesex, bookseller. Att. Poole, Adam's-court, Broad-street, London. T.
Tupling, Benjamin, Strand, Middlesex, jeweller. Atts. Richardson and Miller, New-inn, London. T.
Wills, Charles, Hatton-garden, Middlesex, scrivener. Att. Riching, 8, Lyon's-inn, London. T.
Withers, William, Cheltham, Gloucestershire, coal-merchant. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—June 13.

Bage, Thomas, South Shields, Durham, joiner. Att. Smith, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street, London. C.
Bentley, Richard, jun. Liverpool, grocer. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
Bramall, Jeremiah, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner. Att. Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Chalker, Robert, North Walsam, Norfolk, scrivener. Att. Warner, jun. North Walsham, Norfolk. C.
Eveleigh, Thomas, High Holborn, Middlesex, shopkeeper. Att. Parkin, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
Garlick, Michael, Halifax, Yorkshire, bookseller. Att. Beckett, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. C.
Needham, Charles, jun. Liverpool, merchant. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Park, Thomas, late of Dudbridge, Gloucestershire, woolstapler. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Shaw, William, Bleathgill, Westmoreland, cattle-dealer. Atts. Mounsey and Gray, 9, Staple-inn, London. C.
Sugden, Richard, Halifax, Yorkshire, bookseller. Att. Beckett, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. C.
Taylor, John, Shoreditch, Middlesex, corn-chandler. Att. Archer, Cornhill, London. T.
Wilby, Benjamin, Ossett, Yorkshire, clothier. Att. Lake, 9, Cateaton-street, London. C.

Gazette—June 17.

Archer, Thomas, Hertford, butcher. Atts. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, London. T.
Baker, Edward, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill, London, broker. Att. Templar, John-street, Minories. T.
Boullen, Peter, Norton-Falgate, Middlesex, hosier. Att. Hindman, Basinghall-street, London. T.
Cooper, John, late of Eagle-street, Red-Lion-square, Middlesex, coal-dealer. Att. Bartlett, Bartholomew-close, London. T.
Cryer, Tobias, late of Siston, Gloucester, dealer in flour. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Hitchon, John Hartley, late of Kidderminster, Worcestershire, factor. Att. Scudamore, 11, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
King, Charles Morris, Upper East-Smithfield, Middlesex, wine and spirit-merchant. Att. Younger, John-street, Crutched-friars, London. T.
Langhorn, Henry, and William Brailsford, Bucklersbury, London, merchants. Atts. Lane and Bennett, Lawrence-Pountney-place, London. T.
Mars, James, Snow's fields, Bermondsey, Surry, Spanish and Morocco leather-dresser. Att. Tadhunter, Union-row, New Kent-road. T.
Runcorn, Richard, Manchester, plumber and glazier. Att. Taylor, St. Ann's-square, Manchester. C.
Savery, Frederic, Bristol, marine insurance-broker. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. T.
Searle, John, Lower Grosvenor-street, Middlesex, shopkeeper. Att. Parken, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
Vaughan, William, Pall-Mall, Middlesex, tailor. Atts. Slade and Jones, 11, John-street, Bedford-row, London. T.
Watson, Richard, Leyland, Lancashire, farmer. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.
Worth, Thomas, Talbot-court, Gracechurch-street, London, haberdasher. Att. Thomas, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, London. T.

Gazette—June 20.

Ansel, William, Cambridge, upholsterer. Att. Smith, Aldermanbury-Postern, London. T.
Austin, Ralph John, late of Throgmorton-street, London, merchant. Atts. Cuppage and Cousins, Old Broad-street. T.
Butt, Thomas, Southampton, shoemaker. Atts. Slade and Jones, John street, Bedford-row, London. C.
Cadogan, John, Water-street, St. Clement Danes, Middlesex, carpenter. Att. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
Davis, Thomas, jun. Little-Baddow, Essex, cattle-dealer. Atts. Richardson and Miller, New-inn-London. T.
Dickenson, John, Church-passage, near Guildhall, London, warehouseman. Att. Lake, Cateaton-street. T.
Gilson, Thomas, Nottingham, laceman. Atts. Long and Austen, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Henzell, James, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. Atts. Bell and Broderick, 9, Bow-church-yard, London. C.
Jackson, John, Liverpool, Lancashire, sail-maker. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Martin, James, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Middlehurst, John, Blackburn, Lancashire, grocer. Att. Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.

Gazette—June 24.

Aston, Richard, late of Red Marley D'abitot, dealer. Att. a'Beckett, 20, Broad-street, Golden-square, London. C.
Cassidy, Thomas, Liverpool, dealer. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Cragg, Joseph, Empingham, corn-dealer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, 10, New-inn, London. C.
Crowson, Imlay, Boston, innkeeper. Atts. Lodington and Hall, Secondaries-office, Temple, London. C.
Daniel, Charles, Wycombe, jeweller. Att. T. Easton, 4, Lambeth-road, Southwark. C.
Godden, John, Flint and Newbourn Wood, Gosport, drapers. Atts. Alexander and Holme, 10, New-inn, London. C.
Morley, James, Liverpool, hatter. Atts. Lowes and Cowburn, Temple, London. C.
Perry, Thomas, and Joseph Perry, Reading, iron-founders. Atts. Few, Ashmore, and Hamilton, 2, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London. C.
Pettinger, William, Sculcoates, dealer. Att. H. F. Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn, London. C.
Robbins, Edward, and Richard Blythe Muchall, now or late of Birmingham, merchants. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Walker, William, Wortley, Leeds, merchant. Atts. Few, Ashmore, and Hamilton, 2, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London. C.
Woods, Samuel, Havant, Southampton, grocer. Att. Minchin, 3, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—June 27.

Bagnall, Thomas, Birmingham, toymaker. Atts. Egerton, Norton, and Chaplin, 3, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Carr, Thomas, Chorley, ironmonger. Att. Rotherham, Throgmorton-street, London. C.
Crawshaw, Ben, and George Crawshaw, Birstal, dealer. Att. Evans, Hatton-garden, London. C.
Dunkin, Christopher, Horsleydown, Surry, lighter-man. Atts. Sudlow, Francis, and Urquhart, Monument-yard. T.
Martin, James, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Mee, William, Market Harborough, dealer. Att. Nelson, 7, Barnard's-inn, London. C.
Peake, Thomas Roschill, Drayton in Hales, miller. Atts. Baxter and Bowker, 4, Gray's-inn-place, London. C.
Postans, Mary, Cheltenham, victualler. Att. Meredith, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Willis, Thomas, late of Carisbrooke, dealer. Atts. Sewell and Hearne, Newport, Isle of Wight. C.
Wright, William, Belbroughton, mercer. Atts. Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Gazette—July 1.

Cooper, Samuel, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, baker. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, King's-bench-walk, London. T.
Golding, Henry, late of Oxford, cabinet-maker and upholsterer. Atts. Robinson and Hine, Charter-house-square, London. T.
Hale, William, Milton, parish of Shipton, Oxfordshire, carpenter. Att. E. Bridger, Angel-court, London. C.
Hellyer, Edward, late of Kennington-lane, Lambeth, master-mariner. Att. Hellyer, Paper-buildings, Temple, London. T.
Macdonald, Thomas, late of Bridges-street, Covent-garden, Middlesex, printseller. Atts. Robinson and Hine, Charter-house-square, London. T.
Morris, Thomas, late of Pittfield-street, Hoxton, Middlesex, brush-manufacturer. Atts. Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row. T.
Muir, James, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Oakey, Henry, Mary-le-bone-lane, Manchester-square, Middlesex, boot and shoe-maker. Att. D. Jones, New-inn, London. T.
Paine, Thomas, late of Banbury, Oxfordshire, hardwareman. Atts. Egerton, Norton, and Chaplin, 3, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Pettit, Robert, late of Eagle-street, Red lion-square, Middlesex, oilman. Att. James, Ely-place, Holborn. T.
Pocock, Geo., Twiverton, Somersetshire, butcher. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Pratt, John Richard, late of New London-street, corn-factor. Att. Milman, Bedford-row, London. T.
Royde, George, Newgate-street, London, upholsterer. Atts. Gatty, Haddan, and Gatty, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
Ruspini, James Bladen, late of Pall-Mall, Middlesex, medicine-vender. Att. Harnett, 29, Northumberland-street, Strand. T.
Sandbach, William, Liverpool, Lancashire, provision-merchant. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, 9, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
Shelley, John, Hanley, Staffordshire, shopkeeper. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Smith, Joseph, Manchester, manufacturer. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Smith, Joseph Wilkinson, and Thomas Townley, Manchester, cotton-spinners. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Inner-temple, London. C.

Gazette—July 4.

Holmes, William, Brimington. Att. Stevenson Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Hoyle, Thomas, late of Wadsworth, Halifax, Yorkshire, dimity manufacturers. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple. C.
Hyde, John, Stayley-bridge, Cheshire, merchant. Atts. Brundrett, Spinks, and Reddish, Temple, London. C.
Jeeves, John, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, hatter. Att. Ellis, 43, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Lee, Robert, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. Atts. Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
M'Farlane, Alexander, Postern-row, Tower-hill, London, toyman. Att. Rippon, Great Surry-street, Blackfriar's-road.
Oldham, William, late of Hop-gardens, St. Martin's-lane, Westminster, warehouseman. Atts. Windle, Perkins, and Frampton, Gray's-inn. T.
Rood, John, Portsmouth, common brewer. Att. Minchin, 3, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn, London. T.
Simson, John Mulley, late of Elmstead, Essex, dealer in cattle. Att. Cocker, Nassau-street, Soho, London. C.
Stead, Samuel, Clough-house-mills, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, corn-factor. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, 28, Thavies-inn, London. C.
Wright, Charles, Old Ford, Middlesex, wharfinger. Att. Gellibrand, Austin-friars. T.

Gazette—July 8.

Aikin, James, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Wheeler Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Aspinall, Hannah, Blackburn, brazier. Att. Armstrong, 11, Staple-inn. London. C.

Betty, William Snow, Sculcoates, apothecary. Att. Knowles, New-inn, London. C.
Bignell, John, Phœnix-place, High-road, Knightsbridge, Middlesex, carpenter. Att. Wrentmore, 25, Charles-street, St. James's-square. T.
Boucher, John, sen., Cheltenham, dealer. Atts. Williams and White, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Bubb, Jas. George, Grafton-street, east, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, sculptor. Att. Hackett, New-court, Swithin's-lane, London. T.
Corf, Elizabeth, Liverpool, butcher. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
Elliott, Christopher, St. Thomas a Becket, near Lewes, grocer. Atts. Smith and Gell, 6, Basinghall-street, London. C.
James, Gabriel, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Magor, Martin, jun., Truro, grocer. Att. Makinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
Prat, John Richard, and William Richard Ravenscroft, late of New London-street, London, corn-factors. Att. Singleton, 18, Milman-street, Bedford-row, London. T.
Spelman, William, Great Yarmouth, grocer. Atts. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, New Boswell-court, London. C.
Tolson, Robert, jun., Dalton, manufacturer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Gazette—July 11.

Blackburn, William, Blackburn, shopkeeper. Att. Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Brennand, Thomas, Bread-street, Cheapside, London, warehouseman. Atts. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, London. T.
Burlingham, Thomas, late of Worcester, glover. Atts. Bousfield and Williams, Bouverie-street, London. C.
Cruden, Robert Pierce, High-street, Gravesend, slopseller. Atts. Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
Denson, Robert, and William Denson, Chester, curriers. Atts. Philpo and Stone, 3, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, London. C.
Dyer, John, late of Frome Selwood, cordwainer, Att. Williams, 21, Red Lion-square, London. C.
Hawkins, David, Sheffield, innkeeper. Atts. Darke, Church and Darke, 30, Red Lion-square, London. C.
Swain, George John, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, dealer. Att. Jones, Size-lane. T.
Thompson, Thomas, late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dealer. Atts. Marriott, Brooksbank, and Farn, 14, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Warwick, James, Rotherhithe, Surry, ship-builder. Atts. Tyrrell and Son, Guildhall. T.
Welch, John, Nantwich, shopkeeper. Att. Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Wilcox, John, late of Towcester, innkeeper. Atts. Longdill and Butterfield, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.

Gazette—July 15.

Booth, Jonas, Burley Wood-head, Otley, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner. Atts. Few, Ashmore, and Hamilton, 2, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London. C.
Bradbury, Samuel, Oxford-street, Middlesex, draper. Atts. H. and E. Willoughby, 17, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. T.
Crawford, Joseph Tucker, Judd-street, Brunswick-square, Middlesex, merchant. Atts. Madox and Sidney, Austin-friars, London. T.
Ezard, Henry, Brentford, Middlesex, carpenter. Att. Wilmot, 24, Essex-street, Strand. T.
Gillet, James, late of Crown-court, Fleet-street, London, printer. Att. Spencer, 39, Belvidere-place, Borough-road. T.
Harrison, Joseph, Saxilby, Lincolnshire, timber-merchant. Atts. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, London. C.
Heap, William and Joseph, both of Hepworth, Kirkburton, Yorkshire, clothiers. Att. Lake, 9, Cathaton-street, London. C.
Howard, Abraham, St. Swithens-lane, London, merchant. Att. Buckle, Size-lane, Queen-street, London. T.
Matter, William, Leominster, auctioneer. Atts. Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn, London. C.
Preston, William, late of Dove-court, George-street, Mansion-house, London, bristle-merchant. Atts. Collingridge and Potter, 28, Coleman-street. T.
Reed, James, Dowgate-wharf, Upper Thames-street, London, wharfinger. Att. Hindman, Basinghall-street. T.
Rockliffe, William, Chatham, baker. Att. Nelson, Essex-street, Strand, London. T.
Sackett, Thomas, Bermondsey-wall, Surry, ship-wright. Att. Ingold, Jamaica-row, Bermondsey. T.
Wace, Richard, Castle-street, Falcon-square, London, merchant. Atts. Dennet, Greaves, Paxendale, and Tatham, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.
Walden, John, and Mary Walden, Hackney, Middlesex, butchers. Att. Earnshaw, 22, Red Cross-street, Cripplegate. T.
Waring, Joseph, Somerset-place, Middlesex, factor. Atts. Bliss and Ellis, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn. T.
Willans, William, South Shields, clothier. Atts. Megginsons and Poole, 96, Hatton-garden, London. C.

Gazette—July 18.

Barke, Joseph, Stockport Etchells, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer. Att. Tyler, Pump-court, Temple, London. C.
Cobbett, William, Catherine-street, Strand, Middlesex, bookseller. Att. Birkett, Cloak-lane, London. T.
Crook, William, Beanacre, Wiltshire, farmer. Att. Scudamore, King's-bench-walks, Inner Temple, London. C.
Devey, John, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, factor. Atts. Price, Williams, and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Hellings, Robert Hawkins, Bristol, coal-merchant. Att. Dix, 10, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Houghton, William Lewis, Kingston-upon-Hull, stationer. Atts. Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
Jackson, John, late of Boxford, Suffolk, maltster. Atts. Blagrave and Walter, 4, Symond's-inn, London. C.
Moody, Charles, late of Hitchen, Hertfordshire, maltster. Atts. Stephenson and Son, New Ormond-street, Bedford-row, London. T.
Poole, Francis, Collompton, Devonshire, money-scrivener. Att. Fairbank, Staple-inn, London. C.
Tozes, John, Bristol, woollen-draper. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Gazette—July 22.

Fisher, Mary, Tintern, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper. Att. Pearson, Pump-court, Temple, London. C.
Handley, Sampson, Helderstone, Staffordshire, miller. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warnford-court, London. C.
John, Thomas, Narbeth, Pembrokeshire, shopkeeper. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Langford, Joseph, Milk-street, Cheapside, London, wholesale haberdasher. Att. Hurst, 26, Milk-street, Cheapside, London. T.
Newell, Richard, Hereford, tailor. Att. Wright, 5, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, London. C.
Nutt, Richard, Deptford Lower-road, Surry, fell-monger. Att. Tadhunter, Union-row, New Kent-road. T.
Spratly, Thomas, late of Mill-wall, Poplar, Middlesex, victualler. Att. Glynes, Burr-street, East Smithfield, London. T.
Swift, Jeremiah, Leeds, dyer. Att. Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, London. C.
Thorp, Thomas, Reddish, Lancashire, callico-printer. Att. Back, Church-court, Temple, London. C.
Toll, William, St. Germans, Cornwall, miller. Att. Makinson, Temple, London. C.
Woodcroft, James, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, linen-draper. Atts. Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street. T.

Gazette—July 25.

Freeman, Thomas, and Hugh Henry Jones, Worcester, tallow-chandlers. Atts. Cardale, Buxton, and Parbly, 14, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Gimson, Thomas Foster, and Joseph Gimson, Nottingham, merchants. Atts. Chippindall, Son, and Yallop, Great Queen-street, London. C.
Millingen, Joseph, Castle-street, Houndsditch, London, jeweller. Att. Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, London. T.
Moses, Abraham, Fleur-de-lis street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, feather-manufacturer. Att. Hobler, Walbrook. T.
Phillips, Thomas Ayres, Ardwick, Lancashire, common-brewer. Atts. Wright and Cole, Temple, London. C.
Richardson, Benjamin, Brighthelmstone, builder. Atts. Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London. C.
Sewell, John Egremont, Cumberland, innkeeper. Att. Armstrong, Staple-inn, London. C.
Tozer, John, Bristol, wollen-draper. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
West, Joseph, Little Newport-street, Middlesex. haberdasher. Att. Lawledge, 109, Gray's-inn-lane, London. T.

Gazette—July 29.

Betteley, Richard, Standon, Staffordshire, maltster. Atts. Collins and Keen, Stafford. C.
Brotherton, John, and William Brotherton, Liverpool, tailors. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Browne, Joseph Rogers, New-road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, statuary. Atts. Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street. T.
Donaldson, Andrew, Liverpool, linen-draper. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. C.
Gregson, Edward, late of Spindlestone, corn-merchant. Atts. Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn, London. C.
Harvey, James, Bull-head-passage, Leadenhall-market, London, poulterer. Atts. Stevens and Wood, Little St. Apostle, Queen-street, London. T.
Longhurst, William, Tonbridge, ironmonger. Att. Comerford, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
Parish, John, late of Salisbury, linen-draper. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
Smith, James, late of Liverpool, merchant. Att. John, Palsgrave-place, Temple, London. C.
Smith, John, Bristol, stationer. Att. Heelis, 11, Staple-inn, London. C.
Watkis, Thomas Ishmael, Salford, dealer in weft. Atts. Courteen and Robinsons, Walbrook, London. C.
Whitmore, Felix, jun. Walham-green, Fulham, Middlesex, brewer. Att. A'Beckett, Broad-street, Golden-square. T.

Gazette—Aug. 1.

Barrow, Jonathan, late of Bramall, Cheshire, dealer. Atts. Appleby and Sergeant, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Hall, John, late of North Shields, master-mariner. Atts. Mitchell and Francis, Sun-court, Cornhill, London. T.
Housman, John, late of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, wool-dealer. Att. Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Thornton, David, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, victuler. Atts. Appleby and Sergeant, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—May 13 to *Aug.* 1.

Adam, Alexander, tanner, Falkirk.
Amory, John, distiller, Denny.
Hood, James, and John, coopers.
Isbister, Adam, merchant, Stromness, Orkney, Glasgow.
Mair, Hugh, and Andrew Mair, provision-warehousemen, Glasgow.
Scott, Robert, and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
Connell, James, merchant, Glasgow and Montreal.
Munro, John, brick-maker, Glasgow.
Brown, Robert, jun., merchant, Glasgow.
Craig, Andrew, shoe and leather-merchant, Glasgow.
Morton, Thomas, merchant, Portobello.
Hector, Robert, druggist, Paisley.
Adie, Robert, and John Macqueen, woollen-manufacturers, at Dal'rie, near Crieff.
Duncan, Robert, shoe-maker, Glasgow.
Johnstone, William, John Johnstone, and John Forsyth, merchants, Glasgow.
Keith, Malcolm, and Donald Keith, merchant-taylors, Greenock.
Roxburgh, Andrew, and John Roxburgh, carpet-manufacturers, Kilmarnock.
Toshach, John, wright and cabinet maker, Calton.
Harper, George, mercantile-agent, Edinburgh.
Jeffrey, James, William Jeffrey, and James Aitken, merchants, Edinburgh.
Carmichael, John, road-contractor, Little-Tullylumb, near Perth.
Jeffrey, James, draper, Lawn-market, Edinburgh.
Scott, Hugh, haberdasher, Greenock.
Rodger, James, cloth-merchant, Greenock.
Haswell, Robert, merchant, Glasgow.
Macnab, Francis, merchant, Summerhall, near Edinburgh.
M'Ruer, James, Hugh M'Ruer, and John M'Ruer, wrights, Glasgow.
Solanders, Andrew, baker, Glasgow.
Fergusson, James, and John M'Culloch, merchants, Glasgow.
Porteous, David, brewer, Crieff.
Fleming, John, merchant, Cupar-Fife.
Hamilton, John, and William Hamilton, wrights, Lanark.
Page, Geddes, and David Page, merchants, Edinburgh.
Archibald, Robert, baker, Glasgow.
Balingall, Andrew, and Thomas Ballingall, merchants, Glasgow.
Gowans, George, merchant, Cawdor.
Ritchie, William, merchant, Edinburgh.
Barrie, Thomas, spirit-dealer, Edinburgh.
Wa't, James, merchant, Kelso.
Duncanson, Edward, slater, Glasgow.
Shirreff, Alexander, merchant, Bathgate.
Carswell, William, and James Carswell, wrights and builders, Glasgow.
Fletcher, Archibald, baker, Greenock.
Shaw, Robert, cartwright, Glasgow.
Wright, Francis, jeweller, Edinburgh.
Brownlie, John, baker, Glasgow.
Gilchrist, Hugh, merchant, Glasgow.
Graham, William, and Michael Storar, merchants, Edinburgh.
Thom, James, marble-manufacturer, Glasgow.
Eadie, Robert, John Chalmers, and Thomas Watt, spirit-dealers, Glasgow.
Findlay, Andrew, and Co. manufacturers, Edinburgh.
Menzies, Robert, distiller, Paisley.

BIRTHS.

July 23. At Castle Bromwich, the Viscountess Newport, daughter.
24. At Walton on Thames, the lady of the hon. Grey Bennet, daughter.
28. At West Hill Lodge, near Titchfield, the Rt. Hon. Lady H. Paulet, daughter.
29. At Cornhambury, the Countess of Verulam, daughter.
— At Enstram-hall, Oxfordshire, the lady of John Ruxton, Esq. daughter.
31. At Wokefield Park, the lady of Wentworth Bailey, Esq. son and heir.
Aug. 2. Lady Minto, daughter.
4. In North Audley-street, Viscountess Ebrington, son.
12. At Oakfield-lodge, Reading, the lady of James G. Murdoch, Esq. daughter.
13. At Haling Park, Surrey, the lady of C. E. Burnett, Esq. daughter.
— The lady of Sir John Boyd, Bart. son.
14. At Hillingdon-house, near Uxbridge, Mrs. R. H. Cox, daughter.
17. At the Fort, Gravesend, the lady of Major Sir George Hoste, of the royal engineers, daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Cockair-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Moubray, son.
At Culduthill, the lady of Affleck Fraser, Esq. son.
At Edinburgh, lady Charlotte Macgreggor Murray, daughter.
In York-place, Edinburgh, the lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, son.
— The lady of Norman Lockhart, Esq. son.

The lady of Dr. Gardiner, son.
At Islebank, the lady of Peter Wedderburn, Esq. son.
At Dalhousie Castle, the lady Mary Hay, daughter.

IN IRELAND.

The Hon. Mrs. P. La Touche, daughter.
At Armagh, the lady of Sir Jeremiah Dickson, son.
At Lisheen, county of Tipperary, the lady of Sir John Judkin Fitzgerald, Bart. son and heir.
At Corbally, county of Limerick, the lady of Wm. Rose, Esq. daughter.
At Newborough, the lady of C. Adamson, Esq. daughter.

ABROAD.

In Paris, the Rt. hon. Lady Sinclair, son.
In South Carolina, the lady of Dr. T. G. Limons, daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 22. At Rochdale, Sir Bagenal William Burdett, Bart. of Clontarf, in the county of Dublin, to Esther, eldest daughter, and one of the co-heiresses of the late T. Smith, Esq. of Castleton-hall, Lancashire.
27. At Mary-le-bone New Church, Henry Porter, Esq. Chedzoy, Somersetshire, to Rose Aylmer, youngest daughter of Sir Henry Russell, Bart. Wimpole-street.
28. The Hon. Arthur Chichester, eldest son of the late Lord Spencer Chichester, to Lady Augusta Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey.
31. At Broadstairs, Kent. W. Evans, Esq. M. P. of Darley, county Derby, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Gisborne, of Yoxall Lodge, Staffordshire.
— At Topsham, Devon, the Rev. R. Synge, M. A. youngest son of the late Sir R. Synge, Bart. to Anna, eldest daughter of Benjamin Follett, of Topsham, Esq.
Aug. 1. The Rev. H. Hugh Champain, of Winchfield, to Mary, youngest daughter of J. Wickham, Esq. of Ballington, Hants.
At Chichester, the Rev. W. Watkins, rector of Racton, in Sussex, to Frances, youngest daughter of T. Rhoades, Esq. of Chichester.
2. The Hon. and Rev. R. Carleton, rector of Boughton, Northamptonshire, to Frances Eusebia, second daughter of Eusebius Horton, of Calton-hall, Derbyshire, Esq.
— At Oxford, the Rev. C. J. Urquhart, Fellow of Magdalen College, to Miss F. Huntingford, niece of the Bishop of Hereford.
3. At St. Pancras Church, Charles Waring, Esq. of Maida-hill, to Miss Catharine Dollman, of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.
8. The Rev. Francis Lloyd, to Frances, daughter of the late Rev. John Russell, rector of Helmdon, Northamptonshire.
9. At Horsham, Sussex, T. E. Bligh, Esq. to Sophia, daughter of the late W. Eversfield, Esq. of Denne Park and Cotsfield in the same county.
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. W. Bowles, R. N, to the Hon. Frances Temple, eldest daughter of the late Viscount Palmerston, and sister to the present.
— At the same church, Col. Alex. Woodford, of the Coldstream guards, to Charlotte M. A. Frazer, eldest daughter of his late Excellency Charles Hen. Frazer, Esq. his Majesty's Minister plenipotentiary to the circle of Lower Saxony.
10. The Rev. R. Taylor Hunt, to Miss Jones, both of Prince's-place, Kennington.
12. At Chelsea, C. Cobb Young, Esq. of Burton Crescent, to Eliz. eldest daughter of the late J. Hay, Esq. of Sloane-street.
14. D. Bennett, Esq. of Farringdon-house, Berks, to Ann Eliz. youngest daughter of the late F. Boughton, Esq. 2d dragoon guards.
15. At Mary le-bone, Major-Gen. Sir G. Townsend Walker, G. C. B. to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Caldcleugh, Esq. of Broad Green-house, Surry.
18. At St. George's, Hanover-square, H. Metcalf, Esq. of Hill-street, Berkeley-square, and of Hawsted, Suffolk, to Frances Jane, second daughter of Martin Whish, Esq. late commissioner of the Board of Excise.
— At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Sir John Miles Winnington, to Henrietta Antonia, second daughter of the late Bedingfield Pogson, Esq. and great niece of the present Earl of Glencairne.

IN SCOTLAND.

At the Kirk of Fochabers, his Grace the Duke of Gordon, to Mrs. Christie, a person about 40 years of age, and with whom the noble Duke has been intimately acquainted for many years.
At Ayr, Charles D. Gairdner, Esq. to Miss Cowan, only daughter of W. Cowan, Esq. banker, present Provost of Ayr.
Capt. Robert Melville Grindlay, to Maria Susanna, eldest daughter of John W. Commerell, Esq. of Lower Berkeley-street, London.
At Auldgirth, Dumfriesshire, James Martin, Esq. of Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late W. Gordon, Esq. Hillend.
At Edinburgh, Francis Cobham, M. D. of the Island of Barbadoes, to Mary Harvie, eldest daughter of W. Gordon M'Crae, Esq.
At Mountblow, Alex. Cochrane, of Kirkton-field, to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late John Bowie, Esq. of Paisley.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, Robert Bourke, Esq. of Hayes, county of Meath, only son of the Lord Bishop of Waterford, and nephew to the Earl of Mayo, to Anne Charlotte, only daughter of the Hon. J. Jocelyn, of Fain-hill, county of Louth, and niece of the late Earl of Roden.
At Oughterard, Thomas H. O'Flaherty, Esq. of Lemonfield, county of Galway, to Louisa, third daughter of Theobald O'Flaherty, Esq. of Dublin.
At Dublin, Paris Anderson, of Glenview-lodge, county of Tipperary, Esq. to Miss Ann Bernard, of Gayville, county of Carlow.
— A. G. Lewis, Esq. 68th L. I., to Hester, youngest daughter of the late R. Westenra, Esq. of Rutland-square, West.
— Edward Shawe, Esq. of Coolcor, county of Kildare, to Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ledwich, author of the Antiquities of Ireland.

ABROAD.

At Corfu, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Adam to the Signora Diamantina Pallatiano.
At Madras, Henry Oaks, Esq. of the Hon. E. I. Company's service, to Hannah, daughter of the late Capt. Ewen Macdonald, of Griminish, Scotland.
At Philadelphia, Frederic Campbell Stewart, Esq. of Ascog, to Maria, second daughter of the late Judge Smith of the Supreme Court of Pensylvania.

DIED.

July 23. At Weymouth, the Rev. Willoughby Bertie, many years rector of Buckland, Surrey, and uncle of the Earl of Abingdon.
24. At Bath, the Hon. Matilda Villiers, wife of Villiers Wm. Villiers, Esq. daughter of John, 11th Lord, and sister of the late Henry Beauchamp and St. Andrew, successively Lords St. John of Blestoe.
At Stamford, in the 82d year of his age, John Wyche, Esq. town clerk of Stamford, which office he had held for 50 years.—Richard Wyche, Esq. grandfather of the deceased, was chosen town clerk of Stamford in the year 1701; John Wyche, his son, succeeded him in the year 1730; and John Wyche, now deceased, succeeded his father in the year 1770;—so that the grandfather, father, and son, had been in uninterrupted succession town clerks of Stamford for 119 years.
— In St. John's-square, Mr. Brooke Headen, aged 18.
37. In Charles-street, Bath, Mrs. Dumaresque, aged 68, relict of Capt. Dumaresque, formerly of the 29th regt. of foot. This lady inherited many amiable qualities from her excellent prototype and grandfather, the learned Dr. Bentley.
28. At the Parsonage House, Hethersett, Norfolk, aged 88, the Rev. B. Edwards, many years rector of that parish, and formerly of Caius College, Cambridge.
— At Margate, Major-Gen. W. Borthwick of the R. A. aged 57.
29. At Streatham, aged 70, the Rev. Reynold Davies, M. A.
— At Fowey, Cornwall, Miss Walcot, the last of the family of the celebrated Peter Pindar.
30. At the Deanery, Hereford, the very Rev. George Gretton, D. D. vicar of Upton Bishop, near Ross, a Canon residentiary and Dean of Hereford. Dr. G. was educated at Cambridge,

where, in 1776, he graduated in the Mathematical class of wranglers, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity College. He was advanced to the Deanery of Hereford on the interest of the Earl of Lonsdale.

Aug. 1. In Lincoln's-inn-fields, John Barnes, Esq. in his 89th year.

— At Kew Green, after a long illness, George Hickes, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, and one of the Magistrates of Police in Bow-street, aged 43.

— At Allensmora, Herefordshire, the Rev. Walter Patterhill, M. A. 32.

2. In Bouverie-street, of apoplexy, in his 80th year, James Dobie, Esq. solicitor.

— In St. James's-square, Bristol, aged 75, John Bally, Esq.

— In one of his hay-fields at Swinburne Castle, near Hexham, Lieut.-Gen. Leonard Shaftoe Orde, deputy-lieut. for the county of Northumberland.

4. At Ambleside, near Kendal, Lieut-Col. John Bladon Taylor, one of the Directors of the Hon. the E. I. Company.

5. At his seat, at the hill, in Marthwaite, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, Richard Willan, Esq. brother of Dr. Willan, late an eminent physician in the metropolis: he was educated in the principles of the Society of Friends, honourably filled the situation of a British naval officer during his earlier years, and died a bachelor in his 74th year.

6. With regret we announce the death of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York; this is the fifth visitation of Providence in the Royal Family of England, within little more than two years and a half. The declining state of her Royal Highness's health, for some time past, was such as prepared her friends and illustrious relatives for the melancholy event that has happened, and which took place on Sunday morning at Oatlands. Her recovery had been despaired of by the faculty, for several weeks. On Tuesday the Duchess experienced a relapse of her indisposition, but recovered in the evening.—On Saturday the Duchess was seized with another attack, and it proved fatal.—The Duke was present at her expiring moments, and for some time previously.—The bell of St. Paul's Cathedral continued tolling from eleven till twelve o'clock at night.—Her Royal Highness was the eldest daughter of the late king of Prussia. She was born May the 7th, 1767, and was married to his Royal Highness September 19th, 1791, at Berlin. On the 21st of the following November their Royal Highnesses arrived at Dover, and on the 23d, the marriage was again solemnized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of their late Majesties.—This Princess has borne an amiable character in this country. In consequence of the state of her health she has lived chiefly in retirement. But her manners, like her character, were prepossessing. The poor in the vicinity of Oatlands will lament her death as a serious calamity. Those who were helpless and destitute in the extremes of youth and age, found in her a kind benefactress, who provided for their permanent as well as immediate necessities. The remains of her Royal Highness were interred at Weybridge on the 14th; the funeral was private.

7. At his seat, Newark-house, Gloucestershire, the Rev. Lewis Clutterbuck, A. M. rector of Ozleworth, in that county.

— In Duke-street, Westminster, Mrs. Hutton, youngest daughter of the late archbp. Hutton.

8. At his seat, Coombe-house, Surrey, aged 64, Beeston Long, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank of England.

9. At Bradwell-lodge, Essex, the Rev. R. Birch, M. A. rector of Bradwell and of Widdrington.

— At Liverpool, the celebrated Miss Margaret M'Avoy, whose faculty of distinguishing colours by the touch, gave rise to so much discussion in that town and elsewhere about three years ago.

10. At his seat, Ulcombe-place, Kent, in the 51st year of his age, the most noble Walter, Marquis and Earl of Ormonde, in Ireland, and Baron Butler, in England, K. P. and Governor of the county of Kilkenny. He is succeeded by his next brother, James, now Earl of Ormonde and Ossary.

11. In Grosvenor-place, Henrietta Maria Powis, Baroness of Lilford. Her ladyship was the heiress of Robert Vernon Atherton, Esq. and married to Lord Lilford in 1797.

13. At Bungay, in his 78th year, after fifty years conscientious discharge of his pastoral duties, the Rev. Thomas Paddon, rector of St. Nicholas, with All Saints annexed.

— At Dover, Thomas Bateman Lane, Esq. Deputy Lt. Governor of Dover Castle, and one of the Treasurers of Dover Harbour.

14. At Cheltenham, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Talbot, sister to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

— At his seat, Stoberry-hill, near Wells, Peter Sherston, Esq. 76.

17. At Wandsworth Common, aged 59, Mrs. Eliz. Goodbehere, relict of S. Goodbehere, Esq. Alderman of London.

18. Miss Eliza Ellis, daughter of C. Ellis, Esq. M.P.

21. At his seat at Milton Bryon, Bedfordshire, at an advanced age, Sir Hugh Inglis, Bart. many years one of the Directors of the East India Company's affairs, and Chairman of the Company in 1812.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Glasgow, Dame R. Craufurd Pollok, of Pollok, relict of Sir Hew Craufurd, Bart. of Jordan-hill.

At Holywood Manse, the Rev. Dr. Crichton, minister of that parish.

At Glasgow, James Towers, Esq. Professor of Midwifery, in that University.

At Glasgow, John Love, Esq. 88.

In Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, Mr. Thos. Brown, Bookseller.

At Paisley, Thomas Smith, Esq. late of Glasgow.

At Gilmerton, Miss Christian Trotter.

At Inverness, James Errol Gray, Esq.

At Edinburgh, the Rev. David Dickson, of Persiland. —Mr. Edward Findlay Marnoch, 21.

At Hamilton, Mr. Archibald Allen, Architect.

At Mickle Goven, Mr. Andrew Orr, late Bookseller in Glasgow, 66.

At Kilsyth Manse, the Rev. Robert Rennie, D.D.

IN IRELAND.

At her son's house, Merrion-square, Dublin, Lady O'Donel, relict of Sir Neal O'Donel, Bart. in her 78th year.

At Prospect-hill, county of Galway, Mrs. Redington, relict of N. Redington, of Mire-hill, Esq.

In Dublin, Ralph Ward Reid, Esq. of Clare-street.

At his seat, Castlecrin, county Clare, James Butler, Esq.

At Annesfort, near Coote-hill, Capt. G. Macklin, of the Battle-axe Guards, 24.

At Ballyharty, county of Wexford, Ebenezer Radford Rowe, Esq. 81.

In Mullow, aged 80, Wm. Cuthbert, Esq. of Bloomfield, county of Cork.

At Castle Treasure, county of Cork, Christopher Bond, Esq.

At Annsvale, in his 85th year, Joseph Magenis, Esq. lineally descended from the Magenis's, Lords of Iveagh, the last Lord of that name having been his great grandfather.

At Limerick, Mary, third daughter of the late Ringrose Atkins, Esq. of Prospect, county of Cork.

At Claremount, King's county, Capt. Wm. Grant, late of the 27th regiment.

At Warrenpoint, aged 76 years, John Watson, Esq. Deputy Surveyor.

At Danesfort, county Kilkenny, Col. Wemys.

At Wexford, Andrew Rock, Esq.

At Mountnorris, the Rev. Thomas Hutchinson.

In Waterford, Matthew Farrell, Esq.

ABROAD.

On his passage from Madras to the Cape of Good Hope, Hugh Spottiswoode, Esq. of the hon. East India Company's service, Madras.

At Pernambucco, in his 27th year, Mr. H. Koster, eldest son of Sir I. T. Koster, of Liverpool, and author of "Travels in Brazil."

At Paris, Wm. Thos. Sandiford, Esq. 56.

In his passage from Batavia to China, Rd. Rogers, First Officer of the Herefordshire East Indiaman, 39.

On his passage to Demerara, Francis James Adam, Esq. youngest son of the Lord Commissioner of the Jury Court, Edinburgh.

At Cawnpoore, Mary, wife of Capt. Wm. James, and third daughter of Gen. Sir Dyron Mushall.

At Richmond Bay, Prince Edward's Island, the Rev. Andrew Nicholl, Minister of that place.

At Treisté, Col. Simpson, of the Royal Marines, a native of Fifeshire.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F. R. S.

July		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
1	M.	56	29·744	60	NE by N	Fine
	A.	60	29·767	58	NE	Cloudy
2	M.	59	29·688	64	W by S	Cloudy
	A.	—	29·635	—	W by S	Rain
3	M.	55	29·500	74	WNW	Cloudy
	A.	58	29·473	71	NW	Showery
4	M.	56	29·490	72	NNW	Cloudy
	A.	58	29·524	64	N by E	Cloudy
5	M.	55	29·638	64	NNE	Cloudy
	A.	57	29·652	62	NNE	Cloudy
6	M.	56	29·688	66	NE	Fine
	A.	62	29·690	62	NE	Cloudy
7	M.	57	29·678	71	NNE	Cloudy
	A.	62	29·683	63	NNE	Fine
8	M.	56	29·732	66	NNE	Cloudy
	A.	59	29·732	60	NNE	Cloudy
9	M.	55	29·713	68	Var.	Small rain
	A.	64	29·703	60	E	Cloudy
10	M.	60	29·688	65	ESE	Cloudy
	A.	68	29·663	56	Var.	Fine
11	M.	60	29·618	65	E	Fine
	A.	67	29·600	55	E	Very fine
12	M.	58	29·500	68	E	Fine
	A.	66	29·468	60	E	Very fine
13	M.	59	29·379	68	E	Cloudy
	A.	61	29·376	62	E	Cloudy
14	M.	60	29·377	66	NE	Cloudy
	A.	65	29·415	64	NE	Cloudy
15	M.	64	29·500	73	S by W	Cloudy
	A.	70	29·507	62	Var.	Cloudy
16	M.	67	29·507	66	ESE	Fine
	A.	73	29·485	59	SSW	Thunder, rain
17	M.	67	29·174	79	SE	Showery
	A.	—	29·086	84	SSW	Rain
18	M.	—	28·938	85	SE	Rain, thun.
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
19	M.	62	29·000	73	WSW	Fine
	A.	66	29·054	63	W by N	Showery
20	M.	61	29·240	76	SSW	Very fine
	A.	70	29·258	55	Var.	Very fine
21	M.	60	29·400	84	NNW	Fog
	A.	67	29·457	64	SW	Thun. rain
22	M.	59	29·483	67	W	Very fine
	A.	61	29·474	58	W	Cloudy
23	M.	55	29·460	74	NW	Cloudy
	A.	58	29·500	70	NW	Cloudy
24	M.	60	29·531	71	NW	Cloudy
	A.	70	29·531	59	W by N	Fine
25	M.	64	29·418	67	W	Fine
	A.	66	29·412	53	WNW	Fine
26	M.	58	29·563	66	W by N	Fine
	A.	67	29·591	57	W by N	Fine
27	M.	63	29·604	73	W by S	Fine
	A.	69	29·586	58	W by S	Fine
28	M.	66	29·583	67	WNW	Fine
	A.	70	29·600	63	W	Showery
29	M.	66	29·628	63	SE	Very fine
	A.	73	29·635	55	SW	Cloudy
30	M.	68	29·643	65	SE	Cloudy
	A.	77	29·610	55	Var.	Cloudy
31	M.	67	29·405	72	SW by S	Very fine
	A.	77	29·405	55	Var.	Very fine

Rain, by the pluviameter, between noon the 1st of July, and noon the 1st of August, 1·936 inch. Evaporation, during the same period, 3·950 inches. On the 30th, at 10 in the evening, it commenced lightning from the S.W. to the S.E. and continued until half-past one in the morning. During half the time, the flashes were incessant. There was little wind, and the quantity of rain that fell was only 0·29 inch.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 17 Aug.	Hamburg. 18 Aug.	Amsterdam 18 Aug.	Vienna. 9 Aug.	Genoa. 29 July.	Berlin. 15 Aug.	Naples. 24 July.	Leipsig. 14 Aug.	Bremen. 17 Aug.
London.....	25·60	36·9½	20·7	10·4	30·15	7	604	6·17¾	623-22
Paris.....	—	25¾	56¾	117	98⅔	81⅝	23·70	79	17⅜
Hamburg...	184½	—	35 1/16	145½	44⅔	152¼	44	147¾	134½
Amsterdam.	56¾	106	—	138	90⅛	143¼	50·20	139½	127¾
Vienna	253½	147½	14¼	—	61⅓	103½	60·30	100	—
Franckfort..	2½	148⅜	55½	98⅞	—	103	—	100	116½
Augsburg...	251½	148½	—	98¾	60⅘	102½	59·70	99½	—
Genoa.....	475	81	89¼	61¼	—	—	19·65	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	148	—	—	—	103¼	—	—	109½
Leghorn	509	87¾	95¾	57⅜	—	—	121·75	—	—
Lisbon	560	37	40⅜	—	892	—	50·90	—	—
Cadiz.....	14·90	87¼	96½	—	648	—	118	—	—
Naples	428	—	78¼	—	100¾	—	—	—	—
Bilbao	14·90	87¼	96	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15	88	96¾	—	646	—	118·25	—	—
Porto.....	560	—	40⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 17 Aug.	Nuremberg 14 Aug.	Christiania 7 Aug.	Petersburg. 1 Aug.	Riga. 5 Aug.	Copenhagen. 15 Aug.	Madrid. 6 Aug.	Lisbon. 4 Aug.
London	152½	fl. 11	7 Sp.	10	10	11¾	36	51¾
Paris	79½	fr. 118½	30½ Sp.	106½	—	—	15	547
Hamburg....	147½	147½	153	9⅓	9 3/32	257	90½	37½
Amsterdam .	140¼	140¼	145	10 1/32	10 3/32	240	98½	41¼
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	880

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From July 24 to Aug. 24.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-6
Ditto at sight	12-3
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-78
Antwerp	12
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-6
Altona, 2½ U	37-7
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-80 . . 25-70
Ditto . . 2 U	26-10 . . 26
Bourdeaux	26-10 . . 26
Frankfort on the Main Ex. M.	156
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-15
Trieste ditto	10-15
Madrid, effective	34¼
Cadiz, effective	34¼
Bilboa	34¼
Barcelona	33½
Seville	33¼
Gibraltar	30
Leghorn	46¾
Genoa	43¾
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	38¾ . . 38½
Palermo, per. oz.	116 . . 115
Lisbon	49¾ . . 49
Oporto	47¾ . . 49¼
Rio Janeiro	54
Bahia	58
Dublin	7½ . . 7
Cork	8½ . . 8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	..	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	..	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	6	..	3	14	6
New dollars	0	4	10½	..	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	5	0	..	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 36s. 2½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 12½*d.* the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton. in Spitalfields.

Ware	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Middlings	1	10	0	to	2	0	0
Chats	1	10	0	to	0	0	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	July 22.		July 29.		Aug. 5.		Aug. 12.	
Wheat	71	0	72	3	73	9	73	9
Rye -	45	4	45	3	46	3	45	10
Barley	35	0	37	2	36	11	37	6
Oats	26	5	27	4	28	0	28	11
Beans	45	5	44	5	45	5	44	8
Peas	45	7	45	11	45	11	46	2

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from July 24. to Aug. 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	28,918	9,985	19,281	58,184
Barley	3,518	1,880		5,598
Oats	39,984	22,422	18,745	87,151
Rye	15			15
Beans	3,485		35	3,520
Pease	1,998		425	2,423

Malt 5,950 Qrs.; Flour 26,753 Sacks.
Foreign Flour 3480 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	65*s.*	to	84*s.*
Sussex, ditto	60*s.*	to	74*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Bags	56*s.*	to	65*s.*
Kent, New Pockets	74*s.*	to	88*s.*
Sussex, ditto	65*s.*	to	80*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Farnham, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Pockets	00*s.*	to	70*s.*

Average Price per Load of

Hay.				*Clover.*				*Straw.*			
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.
Smithfield.											
3	0	to 4	4	5	0	to 6	6	1	8	to 1	16
Whitechapel.											
3	10	to 4	10	4	10	to 7	7	1	8	to 1	16
St. James's.											
3	3	to 4	10	0	0	to 0	0	1	4	to 1	16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—	Beef	3*s.* 4*d.*	to	4*s.* 4*d.*
	Mutton	3*s.* 10*d.*	to	4*s.* 10*d.*
	Veal	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Pork	3*s.* 8*d.*	to	5*s.* 6*d.*
	Lamb	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	5*s.* 8*d.*
Leadenhall.—	Beef	3*s.* 6*d.*	to	4*s.* 6*d.*
	Mutton	4*s.* 4*d.*	to	5*s.* 0*d.*
	Veal	4*s.* 4*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Pork	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Lamb	4*s.* 8*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*

Cattle sold at Smithfield from July 23, *to* Aug. 24, *both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
10360	2390	108470	1580

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from July 24 to Aug. 11.

	July 24.				July 31.				Aug. 4.				Aug. 11.			
	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Newcastle	31	6	to	40	6	31	6	to 39	6	35	6	to 39	0	31	6	to 39 0
Sunderland	33	9	to	42	0	33	6	to 40	6	30	6	to 35	0	34	6	to 40 9

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Aug. 21st, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Candls.	
350	100	—	Andover	5
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6
54,000*l.*	—	3	Do. Bonds	40
2,000*l.*	25	20	Birmingham (divided)	535
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	100
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90
—	100	8	Chesterfield	120
500	100	44	Coventry	999
4546	100	—	Croydon	3 7 6
600	100	6	Derby	112
2060¾	100	3	Dudley	62
3575¾	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester	73 10
—	100	58	Erewash	1000
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	—
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	—
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	53
11,815¾	100	9	Grand Junction	210
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	55
48,800*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	90
2849½	100	—	Grand Union	32
20,640*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	94
3096	100	—	Grand Western	4
749	150	7	Grantham	126
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13
25,328	—	18	Kennet and Avon	19
11,699½	—	1	Lancaster	27
2879¾	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool	275
545	—	14	Leicester	295
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	85
—	—	119	Loughborough	2400
250	—	11	Melton Mowbray	—
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	144
43,526*l.*	100	5	Do. Debentures	92
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70
247	—	25	Neath	350
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—
500	—	12	Nottingham	—
1720	100	32	Oxford	630
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	66
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel	—
12,294*l.*	—	—	Regent's	32
5631	100	2	Rochdale	41
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160
—	100	7 10	Shropshire	140
771	50	3	Somerset Coal	70
—	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire	640
300	145	14 10	Stourbridge	205
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	17
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495
533	100	12	Swansea	—
350	100	—	Tavistock	90
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway	25
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1950
1000	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham	210
1000½	50			
980	100	10 10	Warwick and Napton	205
14,288	—	—	Wilts and Berks	7
126	105	5	Wisbeach	60
6000	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham	23
			Docks.	
2209	146	—	Bristol	98
—	—	5	Do. Notes	
3132½	100	3	Commercial	60
450,000*l.*	—	10	East-India	163
1038	100	—	East Country	15
3,114,000*l.*	—	4	London	88
1,200,000*l.*	—	10	West-India	169

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Bridges.	
2912	100	—	Southwark	23
4443	40	—	Do. new	21
3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18 10
54,000*l.*	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	90
5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 10
5000	60	—	——— Annuities of 8*l.*	28
5000	40	—	——— Annuities of 7*l.*	22 10
60,000*l.*	—	5	———Bonds	—
			Roads.	
300	100	—	Barking	35
1000	100	5	Commercial	103
—	100	5	——— East-India Branch	100
492	100	1 15	Great Dover Street	31
2393	50	—	Highgate Archway	6
1000	—	1	Croydon Railway	12
1000	—	1	Surrey Do.	10
3762	50	1	Severn and Wye	30
			Water Works.	
3800	100	—	East London	59
4500	50	1 5	Grand Junction	40 10
2000	100	—	Kent	25
1500	—	2 10	London Bridge	50
800	100	—	South London	21
7540	—	2	West Middlesex	42 10
1360	100	—	York Buildings	20
			Insurances.	
2000	500	2 10	Albion	40
25,000	50	6	Atlas	4 12 6
—	—	40	Bath	575
300	1000	25	Birmingham	350
—	250	3	British	50
4000	100	2 10	County	37
20,000	50	5	Eagle	2 12 6
50,000	20	1	European	20
1,000,000*l.*	100	6	Globe	116 10
40,000	50	5	Hope	3 10
2400	500	4 10	Imperial	75
3900	25	1 4	London Fire	23
31,000	25	1	London Ship	19
2500	100	14	Provident	16 10
100,000	20	2	Rock	1 19
745,100*l.*	—	10	Royal Exchange	229
—	—	8 10	Sun Fire	—
4000	100	10	Sun Life	23
1500	200	1 4	Union	32 10
			Gas Lights.	
8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	60
4000	50	—	Do. New Shares	28
1000	100	7	City Gas Light Company	95
1000	100	3	Do. New	45
2500	20	15	Bath Gas	17
1500	20	—	Brighton Gas	14
1000	20	2	Bristol	28
			Literary Institutions.	
1000	75gs	—	London	39
700	25gs	—	Russel	11 11
700	30gs	—	Surrey	8 10
			Miscellaneous.	
1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart	21
1397	100	2 10	British Copper Company	50
2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery	
3447	50	—	Do.	8 10
2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	5 10
		4	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	19
		3	Do. 2d. Class	71 10
		5	City Bonds	61 10
				98

Daily Price of Stocks, from 27th July to 24th August.

1820 July	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.		3 p. Cent. Consols.		3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	5 p. Scrip.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Exchequ. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
27	225½	69½	¾	68⅞	9⅛	78⅓	88¼	104	3⅓	18 3/16	—	⅔	—	23	—	5p	69⅜
28	226	69¾	¼	69⅛	8¾	78⅓	88¼	104	—	18 3/16	68⅝	½	219½	23	76½	5p	69⅝
29	—	69⅜	½	68¾	⅞	78	87¼	103¾	—	18⅛	—	¼	—	23	—	4p	69
31	225	69⅛	⅛	68⅞	¼	78	87⅝	103⅝	2¾	18 1/16	—	⅛	—	23	—	5p	68¾
Aug.																	
1	224	69⅛	8⅞	68½	¼	77½	87¼	103½	—	18 1/16	—	p	218¼	23	75½	5p	69⅝
2	—	68⅞	9⅛	68¼	½	77½	87⅝	103¼	2¾	18⅛	68	p	—	23	—	5p	68½
3	—	69⅛	9	68⅜	½	77⅝	87¼	103¼	—	18⅛	—	⅛d	218	23	—	5p	68⅝
4	224	69⅛	9	68⅛	¼	77½	87¼	103¼	2¾	—	68	p	—	23	—	5p	68⅛
5	223	68⅞	9	68¼	⅜	—	87¼	103⅛	—	18 3/16	—	d	—	23	—	5p	68½
7	—	69	8¾	68¼	⅛	77¼	87¼	103⅓	—	18⅛	—	¼d	—	23	—	5p	68½
8	223	68¾	9	68⅓	¼	77⅜	87⅛	103	—	—	—	⅙d	217	23	—	5p	68⅓
9	222½	68⅞	9	68¼	⅜	77½	87¼	103⅓	—	18⅛	67⅔	—	-	23	78⅛	5p	68½
10	223	69⅛		68¼	½	77⅝	87¼	103⅛	—	18⅛	—	—	—	25	—	—	68½
11	222¼	68⅞	9	68¼	⅜	77⅓	87¼	103⅛	—	—	67⅔	¼p	—	25	—	5p	68½
12	—	68⅞	9	68¼	68	77⅜	87¼	103⅛	—	18⅛	—	—	—	25	—	6p	68⅓
14	—	68⅞	⅝	68¼	8	77¼	87	103	—	18⅛	—	½d	—	25	—	5p	68⅓
15	221½	68⅜	⅜	67⅓	8	77	87⅞	102⅞	—	18	—	1d	—	24	75	5p	68
16	—	68¼	⅛	67⅝	½	76⅔	86½	102⅝	—	17 15/16	—	1¼	216¼	23	—	5p	67¾
17	—	68¼	½	67⅜	⅞	77	86⅜	102⅝	—	17 15/16	—	⅞	—	20	—	5p	68
18	221	68⅝	¾	68⅛	68	77⅛	87	103	—	18	67½	⅝d	—	21	—	5p	68¼
19	—	68⅞	⅜	68¼	⅛	77⅛	87⅛	103⅛	—	18 1/16	—	½d	—	21	—	4p	68⅛
21	—	68¾	½	68	7⅞	—	87	103	—	18 1/16	—	⅝d	216	20	—	3p	68⅛
22	—	68⅜	⅝	67¾	8	76⅞	87	103	—	18	—	⅜	215¾	20	—	3p	68
23	220½	68½	⅝	67¾	8	77	87	103	—	18 1/16	67⅜	—	215¾	21	—	5p	68
24	220	68½		67⅞	¾	—	—	103	—	18 1/16	--	—	216	—	—	5p	67⅞

IRISH FUNDS.

1820 July	Bank Stock.	Government Debenture 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Debenture 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government Debenture 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock, 4 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water Debentures.
24	208½	77	76	—	—	102¾	102½	—	—	—	87
28	208	76⅛	75⅝	—	—	102⅝	102⅜	—	—	—	
Aug.											
1	207	76⅜	75½	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	
4	—	75	74¼	—	—	102	102	—	—	—	
7	—	75	74⅜	—	—	102⅜	102¼	22	—	—	
11	—	74¾	74⅛	—	—	102⅛	102	—	—	—	
15	206½	76⅝	75	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	
19	206	74	73½	—	80	102	102	—	—	—	

Prices of the **FRENCH FUNDS,** *From July 25, to August 22.*

	5 per Cent. consols		Bank Shares.	
July	fr.	cr.	fr.	c.
25	79	—	1385	—
28	79	—	1390	—
Aug.				
1	79	65	1390	—
4	79	25	1385	—
8	79	50	1385	—
11	79	25	1385	—
15	79	25	——	—
18	79	25	1380	—
22	79	—	——	—

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON. July 28	Aug. 1	4	8	11	15	18	22	NEW YORK. June 28	July 10	15
7 per cent	106	106	—	106½	106½	106½	106½	107	109	—	108
Bank Shares	22·10	22·10	22·15	22·10	22·15	22·15	22·15	22·15	par.	101½	102¼
Louisiana	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.	par.
Old 6 per cent	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	par.	par.
New 6 per cent	104	104	104	104½	104	104	104½	105½	106	107½	107½
3 per cent	68	68	68	68	68	69	69	70	70	70	70

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKSPEARE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us a letter (which we must decline inserting in its entire state) on some late foolishness of The Examiner, in regard to the Duke of Wellington. The subject, as it seems to us, is scarcely worth notice; yet, as it has been brought before us, we are tempted to condense the argument contained in this communication. The writer, we hope, will excuse the liberty we take with his language. His ideas we shall generally retain—softening the acrimony of their expression:—Who shall answer for it, he asks, that the hootings of Alderman Wood's mob will be considered, a hundred years hence, to have disgraced the Duke of Wellington? Is it not rather probable, that the words of the Queen's first advocate, bearing testimony to the genius and to the renown of this commander, may, before half that period is elapsed, be thought sufficient of themselves to outweigh the Alderman's mob, Cobbet's Register, Hone's wood-cuts, Waddington's wall-bills, and the Examiner's philosophy? The editor of this last-mentioned Journal is very confident that the Duke is down, never more to rise; and he calls on a literary friend of his to triumph over the fallen; but in his triumph to be *compassionate!* There is, however, reason to believe, that the gentleman referred to, is too shrewd a judge to exult on such grounds. He is likely to estimate both Wood and his mob for what they are worth. To tell him that his triumph is associated with the Alderman's, is to mock him; and to bid him be magnanimous in his joy, because they, who think the Queen the honour of England, consider Wellington its dishonour, is to treat him impertinently. It is only the editor of the Examiner, with his happy knack of imposing on himself, who can believe that the battle of Waterloo, and the campaigns of Spain, will appear smeared on the page of history by the mud scattered from the wheels of the Queen's carriage, and caught in the hands of the public, in night-caps and butcher's aprons, who crowded Parliament-street,—

And gave the Beauty of the day a voice!*

England, in my humble opinion, has a greater interest in Wellington's fame, as a general, than in Mr. Hunt's, either as poet or editor; and therefore I am happy that the Duke has something, in the way of approbation and congratulation, to set-off against the Examiner's censure and pity. Mr. Brougham has celebrated him as the first captain of the age; and this he has done in the course of a series of eloquent exertions which must co-exist with the memory of the present age—as must Wellington's victories, terminating in the glittering pinnacle of England's military glory. It is not a volume of the Examiner, in boards, that will hide this splendid elevation from the eyes of posterity: nor, if testimony should hereafter be quoted from the present day, will Mr. Hunt's be thought worth opposing to that of the historian of the battle of Waterloo—the author of Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolks—whose literary triumphs are the only events of the present time that will bear comparison with the military ones of Wellington. It is rather too

* This, as applied in the original, is a very fine line: new and happy. He who wrote it is inexcuseable in writing what he often does.

much for patience, to find Mr. Hunt, in the teeth of all this, shouting victory and clapping his hands. "Rubbing the poor itch of his opinion, he makes himself a scab." Had such persons, amongst his contemporaries, as Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Brougham, treated the Duke's talents with disdain, one might have been led to tremble for his reputation with posterity—nor, in that case, would the encomiums of the Examiner (were his Grace honoured with them) be thought of material import in telling the other way.

The power of many of the passages in the fragment *Sabrina*, we are eager to acknowledge; yet the complication of style, the indistinctness of idea, and violence of imagery, which characterize it, would, we are sure, render it both unpopular and unintelligible were we to publish the poem.

The wit of *Nosereddin* we do not deny, but cannot find out. Is it a riddle, or an allegory, or a parody, or a hoax, or real history? Does it relate to the Queen's case, or to the longitude? Is it political, or ethical, or nonsensical? Is it meant to make us laugh or cry? We put these questions in all humility, and real sincerity—after having twice carefully read the paper in question from beginning to end.

We really like *Maria's* verses very much: though we are afraid she will not believe us when she finds they are not inserted in the Magazine. The fact is this, however: they are smart, fanciful, ingenious, and pleasing—but they are not *correct*. They are calculated to delight friends—yet they might be sharply criticized by the public. We could *tell* her their faults—but to *write* them we have no inclination. She is wrong about Mr. K.; and her error in regard to him is of more consequence than any that belongs to her poetry. All this is trying her *fidelity* very hard; but it is at the same time paying a compliment (a sincere one) to her good sense and good-nature.

F.'s hint about mathematical subjects will be recollected, if ever the opportunity of inserting respectable contributions of this nature should occur.

Sir Simon Humdrum was a good fellow; but we have some fears that he would not cut a very good figure in the London Magazine. He was, however, altogether a remarkable person—and some of his peculiarities, as stated by his biographer, seem to us so curious, that we are tempted to make free with them from the MS.

Though not born with teeth, he made excellent use of them when they came.
In process of time he succeeded to his father's estate.
Being rich and stout, he was looked at by the ladies.
His usual salutation to each of them was—"How do you do, Ma'am?"
He thought religion a serious subject.
He once paid a visit to his Aunt in the country.
He was in the daily habit of eating, drinking, and sleeping, till he departed this life; and, after that event, he was never known, either to eat, or drink, or sleep.

Such are some of the more remarkable particulars of *Sir Simon Humdrum's* interesting existence—a detailed history of which has been sent us by a kind friend. The epitaph on his tombstone, we are informed by our correspondent, runs as follows:—

When Sir Simon Humdrum died,
Sev'ral laughed, and sev'ral cried!
Yet none for him shew'd grief or scorn—
The same was done when he was born!

The Londoner (promised in our last) writes us word that he has taken a trip to Paris for a few weeks—and that he must be excused sending the Extracts till his return. He tells us that the French critics praised the *Vampyre*, as one of the finest productions of Lord Byron's pen; but that they think little of Don Juan, and wonder so much fuss should have been made in England, about the wickedness of so dull a work! The Parisians are terribly scandalized by the inquiry into the Queen's conduct; and observe that the business is altogether *English*—they having an idea that, in regard to conjugal disputes, we are in the habit of conducting ourselves in a way at once ridiculous, and disgusting. The *Milords d'Angleterre*, exclaim our neighbours, with astonishment—all in full assembly, occupied in questioning Mahomet as to his jigs, and Majocchi as to his peepings, and Mademoiselle Dumont as to her letters! And all this too for the benefit of *public morals*,—solely for the benefit of public morals,—the King being a pattern of purity, and the *Milords* all immaculate! Our Parisian critics, we learn, treat this pretence as excessively hypocritical, and, more than any other feature of the case, odious. They ask if there is not a noble-hearted man in the British ministry, to look down, with the lightening eye of disdain, the servile schemes of his colleagues; and to speak out, as the representative of the old English character, at the council-board of the English sovereign? As foreigners, they take greater liberty of speech than we durst permit ourselves on this subject: they demand if George IV. has, from his youth downwards, shown that habitual regard to the correctness of manners, and that sincere persuasion of the value of good example in elevated station, that could alone cover the unseemliness of the present investigation, by throwing over it the semblance of conscientious motive? If, in this respect, his conduct and character present a marked contrast to his father's,—what (ask our neighbours) can be the result of the present dispute between him and his wife, but public disgust and disaffection? Every manly disposition becomes enlisted against the attempt to give licentiousness the advantages due to a solicitude for virtue; and to enable private wrongs to attain their consummation under the pretext of a public interest. The weaker and the outraged party becomes, properly, in such a case, the object of popular defence: and if impartiality be lost sight of, and violence be done to the nicety of decorum, and even to the delicacy of morals, in the popular enthusiasm thus excited,—for such injury to the national respectability, and for such corruption of the national feeling, *they* are responsible, whose spite and whose servility have reduced the country to its present dilemma.—It must either permit its name to be employed in a cause which it nauseates, and suffer malice, licentiousness, and hypocrisy, to act under the mask of austere morality,—or it must be contented to make slight of very distasteful circumstances, and treat with levity many very suspicious facts. This is a sad necessity; but it is one to which the nation has been reduced—that is to say, in the opinion of bystanders—and we must confess we are very much of the same way of thinking. Whether the English manners and national character will ever recover from the shock they have now received, is doubtful; and the blow given to them may be a fatal one to the Monarchy.

THE

London Magazine.

N° X. OCTOBER, 1820. VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

CASTING a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not,) never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollet——— methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, *Who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college——a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour, my fancy—in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place * * * * * * * * and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books * * * * * not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation.—It feels its promotion. * * * * So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old

Basket Prayer Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture——holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.——I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—"far off their coming shone."—I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded——but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority——I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, no where is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bedmakers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsey, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! when thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but had'st a remoter *antiquity*, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern!* What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages?* Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls

of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane, the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings, is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variæ lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith.* I am no Herculanean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's-inn —— where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him†—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C——, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controvery between them as to priority of foundation. The ardor with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C———. Your caputs and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without enquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-

* There is something to me repugnant, at any time, in written hand. The text never seems determinate. Print settles it. I had thought of the Lycidas as of a full-grown beauty—as springing up with all its parts absolute—till, in evil hour, I was shown the original written copy of it, together with the other minor poems of its author, in the Library of Trinity, kept like some treasure to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them, after the latter cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined, corrected! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good! as if inspiration were made up of parts, and those fluctuating, successive, indifferent! I will never go into the work-shop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture, till it is fairly off the easel; no, not if Raphael were to be alive again, and painting another Galatea.

† Violence or injustice certainly none, Mr. Elia. But you will acknowledge, that the charming unsuspectingness of our friend has sometimes laid him open to attacks, which, though savouring (we hope) more of waggery than malice—such is our unfeigned respect for G. D.—might, we think, much better have been omitted. Such was that silly joke of L———, who, at the time the question of the Scotch Novels was first agitated, gravely assured our friend—who as gravely went about repeating it in all companies—that Lord Castlereagh had acknowledged himself to be the author of Waverly!—*Note—not by Elia.*

sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend *M.'s* in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fire-side circle at *M.'s*——Mrs. *M.* presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty *A. S.* at her side——striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "certainly not to return from the country before that day week") and disappointed a second time, enquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name, (his re-script)—his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition——or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprized—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or cosphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing "immortal commonwealths"—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species——peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. commenced life, after a course of hard study in the "House of pure Emanuel," as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at * * *, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend, he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. * * * would take no immediate notice, but, after supper, when the school was called together to even-song, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with "Lord, keep thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Agar's wish,"——and the like;—which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity,—but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter's demands at least.

And D. has been under-working for himself ever since;—drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,—wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning, which commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the art to sell themselves to the best advantage. He has published poems, which do not sell, because their character is inobtrusive like his own,—and because he has been too much absorbed in ancient literature, to know what the popular mark in poetry is, even if he could have hit it. And, therefore, his verses are properly, what he terms them, *crotchets*; voluntaries; odes to Liberty, and Spring; effusions; little tributes, and offerings, left behind him, upon tables and window-seats, at parting from friends' houses; and from all the inns of hospitality, where he has been courteously (or but tolerably) received in his pilgrimage. If his muse of kindness halt a little behind the strong lines, in fashion in this excitement-craving age, his prose is the best of the sort in the world, and exhibits a faithful transcript of his own healthy natural mind, and cheerful innocent tone of conversation.

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scar-

borow, or Harrowgate. The Cam, and the Isis, are to him "better than all the waters of Damascus." On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

ELIA.

Aug. 5th, 1829.

From my rooms facing the Bodleian.

OLD STORIES.

No. II.

GUIDO, THE WITLESS.

HE is still there! Still is he to be seen in the miller's orchard! His feet wet with the morning dew; his brow furred with the evening mist; his hair clotted with the rain of night. He is ever there,—pacing amongst the fruit trees. The peasants call to him when they go forth, and point to him when they return. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter; in sultriness and in frost; in drouth and in damp; in storm and in calm,—still is Guido there. The stars shift in the heavens, but Guido shifts not. He is still to be seen, smiling to himself, in the miller's orchard!

The owlet shrieks over his head in the dark;
With a shout of wild mockery Guido replies;
But he smiles to himself when the earliest lark
Is heard in the heights of the morning skies.

The miller's cottage stands in a small and narrow valley; and near it are the dark waters of the snow-swollen Aarve. The noisy impetuous current is chafed by the broken arches of a bridge; and savagely the waves roar and dance around the ferry-boat, which, slowly and slauntingly, labours across the stream. Patiently it comes with its freight, many times a day, by the help of the bleached cord. In the cord there is a *knot*: it hath been broken; and, as it dashes on the water, and rebounds into the air, casting spray against the sunbeam,—Guido laughs from the orchard-wall. Then the peasants in the boat shudder, and pray for the souls of her that is dead and of him that yet lives.

They drop their beads when they hear his strange laughter,
And look to the Cross standing high o'er the ford;
They pray for the soul of the old miller's daughter,
And for Guido, the witless, the son of a lord.

Proudly rise those castle-towers, but a sad heart is within its walls, and tearful eyes look over its broad moat. The aged lady stretches forth her arms to heaven, and her pale and reverend face is ever to be seen at the small window fronting the miller's orchard. Sorrow shines in that countenance with a spectral light: grief flourishes there, while the sun shines bright in the blue heavens. The breeze, as it passes the lady's turret, howls lowly of misery. There the clouds love to throw their shadows; but the raven will not fly across,—it turns, with a hoarse scream, to the neighbouring pine wood. The large clock sounds the quarters, and strikes the hours, over the aged lady's head: the tick of the moments drops heavily amidst the silence that surrounds her: the leaden image, which stands, amidst dark ever-greens, in the garden beneath, is the lady's only companion: she is fixed, and cold as it is; as heedless of time and season: but, alas, her heart is conscious of the woe that has befallen the hope of her house, the joy of her maternal pride!

For Guido's youth was a morning of spring,
Till a cloud came across with perishing blight:
His panoply shone in the justs, at the ring;
And lordly of soul was young Guido, the knight.

Why hath Guido left the hall of his ancestors; the seat of his house's power:—why hath he ceased to preside over his fair domains; to tower over the young men, his companions, as the eagle towers over the creeping fowls; to make the maidens sigh, feeling tender wishes in their hearts?

Why doth his eye no longer kindle in the brightness of his fortunes,—braving the day with a fiery glance,—as the white plumes of his helmet shake and spread in the light wind? Why doth his step no more rise with disdainful spring from the ground;—why are the voices of his cheerful hounds all mute; the neighing of his noble steed never more heard; where is his gallant train of friends, his standard-bearers, his horns-men, his huntsmen, his falcon-holders? Why does the peasant no more hear the stormy tumult of the chase, sweeping, like a thunder-cloud, over the green fields; and no more listen to the sound of music and the dancers' tread, streaming through the high windows of the castle? Why is the heart of Guido's lady-mother broken;—and why does he, with sunken haggard cheeks, his hair laden with snow-flakes, his limbs graceless and heavy, still for ever pace, to and fro, amidst the fruit-trees of the miller's orchard? Hark, he sings,—and as he sings he smiles!—

She's gone—for ever gone from me—
Yet none hath seen her bier!
But is there not worse misery?
Oh yes, for I am here!

The waters now run cold o'er that breast
Which life and love made warm;
And the hands once kiss'd, and fondly press'd,
Move with the weeds in the storm:

And the beautiful face, on which I gaz'd,
Is swoll'n by the bloating wave;
And the ooze and the slime streak the hair that I prais'd—
But she is not in her grave!

Still the sun shines out, and the world goes round,
And nature is fair to see;
But the fairest things are not long to be found;—
Alas, she's gone from me!

The stars still shine with a quiet light,
And each appears in its place—
But I have lost a star more bright
Than rises on heaven's face!

She's gone for ever;—gone from me!
Yet none hath seen her bier!
But is there not worse misery?
Oh yes, for I am here!

THE PARROT OF THE VISITANDINES.

Before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama, when the way to the East Indies lay by the Isthmus of Suez, and the Red Sea, there was a convent of nuns established at a place called Nevers, in France,—the which felt itself blessed above other like holy houses in the possession of a beautiful parrot. The fair bird had come, by land and water, even from those far distant countries where Alexander the Great went to reap glory under a hot sun, but where the natives, alas, know little or nothing of the mysteries of the Catholic religion—where lions and elephants abound, but confessors are wholly wanting: nor is there in these tropical parts any Pope. The parrot had passed through many dangers and hardships; having travelled in a caravan through Persia, where the people eat pillaw, pray to the sun, and commonly practise polygamy: afterwards he embarked on the shores of the Black Sea, where insects abound in great numbers, and near to which are the Tartars of the Crimea: furthermore, he visited the countries of the Nile, which are watered periodically by the rise of that river, and where there are said to be Mamelukes. Passing through the straits of Abydos, where Leander perished in a sinful attempt, he stemmed the current of the Gut of Gibraltar, where the English have a strong settlement, and Hercules in former times raised two huge and lofty pillars, to prove that he was sorely fatigued with travel. Arrived at the egress or mouth of the Gut, the parrot, like our first father and mother, when they were justly expelled from Paradise, had the world before him to choose a dwelling place: nor, under such circumstances, is it strange that he should have pitched upon the goodly kingdom of France; after which that he should proceed to Nevers, on the Loire, and take up his abode with the Visitandine Nuns, was to be expected—and even so, gentle reader, it turned out.

At Nevers, then, in a nunnery, lived this fair bird,—whom, aptly for his colour, the devout sisterhood named *Green-back*. He was indeed a brilliant, vivacious, nimble, and talkative creature; worthy to be placed with the sisters, both because of his gentleness and his chattering.

Hitherto he had discoursed in strange languages; but, by the care of the tender-hearted nuns, he soon became master of the French tongue, and, in so good a school, his memory, as you must needs think, was wholly stored with the most pious and courteous phrases. He would cleverly draw blood with his hooked bill, or his sharp claws, from the hand that molested him, exclaiming "*Mercy of God!*"—"*Work of Redemption!*"—"*May the Virgin take pity on you!*" &c. — and he would hang, — his head downmost,—by his feet, from the top of his cage, till he had gone clean through the *Paternoster* — so that he was esteemed a very prodigy of a parrot, and many came to the convent, not only from the town of Nevers, but also from the adjacent country, entreating a sight of this beautiful Indian bird.

As for the nuns of the Visitandines, there were few of them who did not cherish the parrot in their hearts next after their confessors; and some even were supposed to give *Green-back* the preference: nor did the bird fail to share with the fathers the sweet syrups, rich cakes, and luscious sweet-meats, which these religious maids prepared to solace their spiritual comforters. But in one thing the parrot was more favoured than the holy men; for he was openly kissed and caressed of the young nuns, who took him without scruple to their tender bosoms, nestling him to rest where the monks durst only look, and that not without jealousy of their glances being marked by the severe lady abbess—for in a nunnery there needs to be much watchfulness on this head exercised by the superior.

Thus, from day to day, the parrot grew in favour with the sisterhood; nor were there but a few, whom age and disappointment of their youthful wishes had made sour and crabbed of disposition, who did not doat upon *Green-back*; and happy was the she who could take him to her dormitory-cell, there to rest till the morning, and to amuse her with his gentle tricks, and his pious phrases: in the midst of which he would oftentimes whistle loud and shrill, so as to make the nuns laugh, each in her separate chamber, though engaged in vesper-prayers. So might you hear in this convent the laugh go along the whole range of dormitory-cells,—each nun laughing to herself, before her crucifix, because that *Green-back* was making merry with his loud whistling, when, by the rules of the order, no sound should be discernible in the convent, but the low muttering of the inmates at their secret devotions. And the severe lady-abbess would laugh even louder than the others, when the parrot whistled at prayers; nor could she exactly count her beads for laughing: and when this happened in the chapel, and was seen of all, then the nuns would laugh still more because of the laughter of the lady-abbess—which, when the bird observed, he was sure to whistle with piercing shrillness, and then he would fall to screaming with all his might; after which, dropping his voice to a deep serious tone, he would utter the *Domine vobiscum!* with so much unction, that the sisterhood would straightway be recalled to the solemnity of the occasion. Thus did this delightful parrot amuse and edify the holy nuns of the Visitandines at Nevers, in France.

But with increase of fame too often comes addition to care; and sorrows grow out of the surfeits of enjoyment. The sisterhood was now happy in the bird, and the bird passed his time in a grateful leisure, assisting at the meals, the devotions, and the toilettes of a hundred religious maids. In the mean while, however, the voice of renown was not mute; and so much was said in praise of this wonderful parrot,—of his Latin prayers, mystical colloquies, *benedicites*, and pious responses,—his taste for sweetmeats, his fond tricks, his innocent caressings,—that not a nun in France but longed for *Green-back*, in order to satisfy herself of the truth of his accomplishments. Then requests were made to the Visitandines from all quarters, entreating them, by their sisterly bowels, as the phrase was, not to hide their candle under a bushel—giving for an example the dove of Noah's ark, who was permitted to leave his abode, yet returned again thereto, bearing in his mouth goodly fruit of his travels. And so they concluded, that the parrot of the Nevers' convent be allowed to visit other holy Catholic houses, where pious women

dwelt—providing only that he should never be suffered to go amongst the monks, lest he might chance to be turned from those innocent habits that fitted him for familiarity with holy sisterhoods.

Much perplexity was amongst the Visitandine Nuns, when these multiplied invitations came to hand. Young sister Mary said, she would sooner part with her breviary than with the gentle parrot; but, in fine, it was agreed upon, in full chapter, that *Green-back* should be sent to Nantes for fifteen days, there to pay a visit to the abbess Seraphine, and then to return to his Visitandine mistresses, who were now to be left to say their prayers in sad quiet, and doleful gravity. Many were the tears shed at parting on both sides: even the old portress wept, and the lay-sisters were moved. The sacristain-nun was charged to convey the dear parrot to the boat in which he was to descend the Loire; and there, having given him her benediction, she left him with his fellow-travellers.

These happened to be three dragoons, a midwife, two Gascons, and a friar of the order of Saint Dominick. The poor bird found himself, as we may say, in a strange land, though upon the water. He knew not what to think of the conversation of his companions, it being interlarded with phrases which he had never heard before; but it appeared to him to bode no good; and their noisy tones, and boisterous manners, ill accorded with the mild accents of the nuns of the Visitandines, and the soft carriage of these holy maids. For a long season he held his peace in bashfulness and timidity, drooping his head, and turning his ear slauntingly towards the melancholy sound of the water, rushing by the side of the vessel in which they were all embarked. The noise of the travellers, however, encreased; and the parrot was constrained to listen to words which were not those of the Evangelist. Instead of the pious ejaculations, texts of Scripture, and gentle godly sentences of the tender vestals whom he had so lately left, he had now the swearing of the sailors, the carousing of the dragoons, the cabalistic language of the friar and the midwife, and the loud asseverations, backed with oaths, of the Gascons! Then Father Lubin, observing that the bird was in a deep reverie, and nevertheless handsome of plumage, bethought him of adding to the merriment of the party; so, in a tone but little monastical, he interrogated the silent creature, who, hearing himself thus addressed,—smoothed down his feathers, and extended his beak in an humble attitude; afterwards, heaving a devout and tremulous sigh, such as that for which he had been so much and so often praised by the affectionate nuns, he meekly replied, "*Ave, Sister!*"—"*Peace be with you!*"

You may guess whether the Gascons and the midwife, the dragoons and the friar, did not laugh at this! Their merriment shook the sides of the vessel, and the peasants, who passed on the banks, thought that so jovial a freight seldom came that way. The parrot perceiving that he had made a mistake, and finding that he was not now rewarded by applause and sweetmeats as usual, bethought him of his *Pater-noster*, which he rapidly repeated, hanging by his claws with his head downwards. At this the jeers and the laughter encreased ten-fold, and sore was the consternation of the affrighted bird: but, being proud of heart and nimble of faculty, he quickly set about imitating the phrases which flew about him, so that, before the end of the voyage, which endured three days, he had learnt to utter mortal oaths instead of immortal truths; curses instead of collects; and loose jests instead of the litany! Nay, it was observed, that he took great delight in these his new and evil acquirements; and waxed more talkative as his talk became more corrupt.

"Sister, he is come—he is in the parlour, in the abbess's great arm chair!" screamed the nuns to each other in an ecstacy, at Nantes: and forthwith they all rushed to see and salute the dear stranger. "Where is this bird of grace? the comfort of our Visitandine Sisters! the companion of their holy retirement! the innocent partner of their beds! this bird so famous for his pious responses, his gentle manners, his pleasant tricks, his tender carriage, and his fondness for sweetmeats!—Where is he?"

But when the so much desired

creature opened upon them with a profane and licentious jargon; making use, to salute them, of the cant terms of the midwife, the blasphemy of the dragoons, the swearing of the sailors, the ribaldry of the friar, and, the insolence of the Gascons,—the sisters of Nantes were indeed confounded,—and much did they marvel at the great profligacy of the Visitandine Nuns! The parrot was said to be possessed by an evil spirit; and, having been heard to call the abbess opprobrious names, and to asperse the chastity of old sister Lucrece, he was condemned to die as a heretic and sorcerer, which sentence was forthwith carried into effect, on the luckless bird—who had thus too good cause given him for regretting his fond mistresses of Nevers: nor had they less reason to deplore that they ever permitted their favourite to quit their pious protection.

TABLE-TALK.

No. IV.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

It was a fine impertinence of the younger Pliny, to try to persuade Tacitus, in one of his epistles, that the diffuse style was better than the concise. "Such a one," says he, "aims at the throat of his adversary: now I like to strike him wherever I can." I may be thought guilty of a like piece of officiousness in the remarks here offered on several of the most prominent of our parliamentary speakers. In general, to suggest advice, or hazard criticism, is to recommend it to others to do something, which we know they either will not or cannot do: or it is to desire them either to please us, or do nothing. The present article may be considered as a marginal note or explanatory addition to a former one, on nearly the same subject—like one of Lord Castlereagh's long parentheses: but I hope there will be more in it. It is a subject of which I wish to make clear work as I go; for it is one to which, if I can once get rid of it, I am not likely to recur.

The haughty tone of invective which I have already ascribed to Lord Chatham, was very different from that didactic style of parliamentary oratory which has since been imported from northern colleges and lecture-rooms. Of this school Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Brougham may be reckoned at the head.

This method consists, not so much in taking a side, as in stating a question. The speaker takes upon him to be the judge rather than the advocate; and if he had the authority of a judge, or could direct the decision, as well as sum up the evidence, it would be all very well. An orator of this stamp does not seat himself on the Opposition side of the House to urge or to reply to particular points, but in a Professor's chair of Humanity, to read a lecture to the tyros of the Treasury-Bench, on the elementary principles, and all the possible bearings, the objections and answers, the difficulties and the solutions of every question in philosophy, jurisprudence, politics, and political economy,—on war, peace, "domestic treason, foreign levy," colonial produce, copy-right of authors, prison discipline, the hulks, the corn-bill, the penitentiary, prostitutes, and pick-pockets. Nothing comes amiss to him that can puzzle himself or *pose* his hearers; and he lets out all his knowledge indiscriminately, whether it makes for or against him, with deliberate impartiality and scrupulous exactness. Such persons might be called *Orators of the Human Mind.* They are a little out of their place, it must be owned, in the House of Commons. The object there is,—not to put the majority in possession of the common grounds of judging, as in a class of students—(these are taken for granted as already known)—but to carry a point, to gain a verdict for yourself or for truth, by throwing the weight of eloquence and argument into the scale against interest, prejudice, or sophistry. There are retainers enough on the other side to manage for the crown, who are ready to take all advantages without your volunteering to place yourself in their power, or to put excuses in their mouths, to help them out at a dead-lift. If they were candid, if they

were disinterested, if they were not hostilely disposed, it might be a feasible scheme to consider a debate as an amicable communication of doubts and lights, as a comparison of strength or a confession of weakness: but why hint a doubt, or start a difficulty needlessly in your own path, which will be eagerly caught at, and made use of in the most insulting manner to defeat a host of real proofs, and overturn the most legitimate conclusions? Why tamper with your own cause? Why play at fast and loose with your object? Why restore the weapons into your enemies' hands, which you have just wrested from them? Why "make a wanton" of a First Minister of State? It is either vanity, weakness, or indifference to do so. You might as well in confidence tell an adversary where you mean to strike him, point out to him your own weak sides, or wait in courtesy for the blow. Gamesters do not show one another their hands: neither should politicians, who understand what they are about—that is, knaves *will* not, and honest men *ought* not. Others will find out the rotten parts of a question: do you stick to the sound.—Knowledge is said to be power: but knowledge, applied as we have seen it, neutralises itself. Mere knowledge, to be effectual, must act *in vacuo:* but the House of Commons is by no means a vacuum, an empty receiver for abstract truth and airy speculation. There is the resistance, the refrangibility of dense prejudice and crooked policy: you must concentrate, you must enforce, you must urge to glowing sympathy: and enthusiasm, zeal, perfect conviction on your part, is the only principle that can be brought into play against the cool calculations or gross incentives of selfishness and servility on the opposite side. A middle line of conduct does not excite respect, but contempt. They do not think you sincere, but lukewarm. They give you credit for affectation or timidity, but none for heartiness in a cause, or fidelity to a party. They have more hopes of you than fears. By everlasting subtle distinctions, and hesitating, qualified, retracting dissent from measures you would be thought most to reprobate, you do more harm than good. In theory there are infinite shades of difference, but in practice the question must be decided one way or other: either the Ayes or the Noes must have it. In all such cases, those who are not for us are against us. In political controversy, as in a battle, there are but two sides to chuse between; and those who create a diversion in favour of established abuses by setting up a third, fanciful, impracticable standard of perfection of their own, in the most critical circumstances, betray the cause they pretend to espouse with such overweening delicacy. For my own part, I hate a fellow who picks a hole in his own coat, who finds a flaw in his own argument, who treats his enemies as if they might become friends, or his friends as if they might become enemies. I hate your shuffling, *shilly-shally* proceedings, and diagonal sidelong movements between right and wrong. Fling yourself into the gap at once—either into the arms, or at the heads of Ministers!——

I remember hearing, with some pain and uneasiness, Sir James Mackintosh's maiden speech on the Genoa business. It was a great, but an ineffectual effort. The mass of information, of ingenuity, and reasoning, was very prodigious; but the whole was misdirected, no impression whatever was made. It was like an inaugural dissertation on the general principles of ethics, on the laws of nature and nations, on ancient and modern history—a laboured treatise *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.* There were all the rules of moral arithmetic, all the items in a profligate political account; but the bill was not properly cast up, the case was not distinctly made out, the counsel got no damages for his client. Nothing was gained by his motion, nor could there be. When he had brought his heaviest artillery to bear with probable success upon a certain point, he stopped short like a scientific demonstrator (not like a skilful engineer) to show how it might be turned against himself. When he had wound up the charge of treachery or oppression to a climax, he gratuitously suggested a possible plea of necessity, accident, or some other topic, to break the force of his inference; or he anticipated the answers that might be made to it, as if he was afraid he should not be thought to know all that could be said on both sides of the question. This enlarged knowledge of good and evil may be very necessary to a philosopher, but

it is very prejudicial to an orator. No man can play the whole game in this manner, blow hot and cold in a breath, or take an entire debate into his own hands, and wield it which way he pleases. He will find his own load enough for his own shoulders to bear. The exceptions, if you chuse to go into them, multiply faster than the rules: the various complications of the subject distract, instead of convincing: you do your adversary's work for him; the battle is lost without a blow being struck; and a speech of this sceptical kind requires and receives no answer. It falls by its own weight, and buries any body but the Minister under its ruins—or it is left, not a triumphal arch, but a splendid mausoleum of the learning, genius, and eloquence of the speaker.—The Cock-pit of St. Stephen's does not relish this scholastic refinement, this method of holding an argument with a man's self: a little bear-garden, cut-and-thrust work would be much better understood. Sir James has of late improved his tact and knowledge of the House. He has taken up Sir Samuel Romilly's department of questions relating to the amelioration of the penal code and general humanity, and I have no doubt Government will leave him in quiet possession of it. They concede these sort of questions as an amiable diversion, or friendly *bonus*, to the indefatigable spirit of Opposition.

Mr. Brougham is, I conceive, another instance of this analytical style of debating, which "plays round the head, but does not reach the heart." There is a want of warmth, of *momentum*, of impulse in his speeches. He loses himself in an infinity of details, as his learned and honourable friend does in a wide sea of speculation. He goes picking up a number of curious pebbles on the shore, and at the outlets of a question—but he does not "roll all his strength and all his sharpness up into one ball," to throw at and crush his enemies beneath his feet. He enters into statistics, he calls for documents, he examines accounts. This method is slow, perplexing, circuitous, and not sure. While the evidence is collecting, the question is lost. While one thing is substantiating, another goes out of your mind. These little detached multifarious particulars, which require such industry and sagacity in the speaker to bring them forward, have no clue in the minds of the hearers to connect them together. There is no substratum of prejudice, no cement of interest. They do not grow out of the soil of common feeling and experience, but are set in it; nor do they bear the fruits of conviction. Mr. Brougham can follow the ramifications of an intricate subject, but he is not so well acquainted with the springs of the human mind. He finds himself at the end of his speech,—in the last sentence of it,—just where he was at the beginning, or in any other given part of it. He has not acquired any additional *impetus*, is not projected forward with any new degree of warmth or vigour. He was cold, correct, smart, pointed at first, and he continues so still. A repetition of blows, however, is of no use, unless they are struck in the same place: a change of position is not progression. As Sir James Mackintosh's speeches are a decomposition of the moral principles of society, so Mr. Brougham's are an ingenious taking in pieces of its physical mechanism. While they are at work with their experiments, their antagonists are putting in motion the passions, the fears, and antipathies of mankind, and blowing their schemes of reform above the moon.

Talent alone, then, is not sufficient to support a successful Opposition. There is talent on the other side too, of some sort or other; and, in addition, there is another weight, that of influence, which requires a counterpoise. This can be nothing else but fixed principle, but naked honesty, but undisguised enthusiasm. That is the expansive force that must shatter the strongholds of corruption if ever they are shattered, that must make them totter, if ever they are made to totter, about the heads of their possessors. Desire to expose a ministry, and you will do it—if it be, like ours, vulnerable all over. Desire to make a display of yourself, and you will do it, if you have a decent stock of acquirements. Mr. Brougham has a great quantity of combustible materials constantly passing through his hands, but he has not the warmth in his own heart to "kindle them into a flame of sacred vehemence." He is not a good hater. He is not an impassioned lover of the popular cause. He is not a Radical orator: he is not a Back-bone debater. He wants nerve,

he wants impetuosity. He may divide on a question, but he will never carry it. His circumspection, which he thinks his strength, is in reality his weakness. He makes paltry excuses; unmanly concessions. His political warfare is not a *bellum internecinum.* He commits no mortal offences. He has not yet cut off his retreat. In a word, he trims too much between all parties. A person who does this too long, loses the confidence, loses the cordiality of all parties; loses his character; and when he has once lost that, there is nothing to stand in his way to office and the first honours of the State!*—

He who is not indifferent himself will find out, from his own feelings, what it is that interests others in a cause. An honest man is an orator by nature. The late Mr. Whitbread was an honest man, and a true parliamentary speaker. He had no artifices, no tricks, no reserve about him. He spoke point-blank what he thought, and his heart was in his broad, honest, English face. He had as much activity of mind as Mr. Brougham, and paid the same attention to business as that gentleman does; but it was with him a matter of feeling, and had nothing of a professional look. His objects were open and direct; and he had a sufficient stock of natural good sense and practical information, not to be made the dupe of sophistry and chicane. He was always in his place, and ready to do his duty. If a falsehood was stated, he contradicted it instantly in a few plain words: if an act of injustice was palliated, it excited his contempt; if it was justified, it roused his indignation: he retorted a mean insinuation with manly spirit, and never shrunk from a frank avowal of his sentiments. He presented a petition or complaint against some particular grievance better than any one else I ever saw. His manner seemed neither to implicate him in the truth of the charge, nor to signify a wish to disclaim it beforehand. He was merely the organ through which any alleged abuse of power might meet the public ear, and be either answered or redressed, according to the merits of the case upon inquiry. In short, he was the representative of the spontaneous, unsophisticated sense of the English people on public men and public measures. Any plain, well-meaning man, on hearing him speak, would say, "That is just what I think;" or from observing his manner, would say, "That is just what I feel." He was not otherwise a powerful debater or an accomplished speaker. He could not master a general view of any subject, or get up a set speech with effect. One or two that I heard him make (particularly one on the Princess of Wales and the situation of her affairs in 1813, in which he grew pathetic) were complete failures. He could pull down better than he could build up. The irritation of constant contradiction was necessary to his full possession of himself:—give him "ample scope and verge enough," and he lost his way. He stuck close to the skirts of Ministry, but he was not qualified to originate or bring to a triumphant conclusion any great political movement. His enthusiasm ran away with his judgement, and was not *backed* by equal powers of reasoning or imagination. He was a sanguine, high-spirited man, but not a man of genius, or a deep thinker; and his fortitude failed him, when the last fatal blow was given to himself and his party. He could not have drawn up so able a political statement as Mr. Brougham; but he would have more personal adherents in the House of Commons, for he was himself the adherent of a cause.

Mr. Tierney is certainly a better speaker and a cleverer man. But he can never make a leader for want of earnestness. He has no Quixotic enthusiasm in himself; much less any to spare for his followers. He cares nothing (or seems to care nothing) about a question; but he is impatient of absurdity, and has a thorough contempt for the understandings of his opponents. Sharpened by his spleen, nothing escapes his acuteness. He makes fine sport for the spectators. He takes up Lord Castlereagh's blunders, and Mr. Vansittart's no-meanings; and retorts them on their heads in the finest style of execution imaginable. It is like being present on a

* We must not be understood as at all participating in these sentiments: this may indeed be owing to our infirmity of judgment; and certainly the general ability of the article tells against any difference of opinion.—*Ed.*

Shrove-Tuesday, and seeing a set of mischievous unfeeling boys throwing at a brace of cocks, and breaking their shins. Mr. Tierney always brings down his man; but beyond this you feel no confidence in him; you take no interest in his movements but as he is instrumental in annoying other people. He (to all appearance) has no great point to carry himself, and no wish to be thought to have any important principle at stake. He is by much too sincere for a hypocrite, but is not enough in earnest for a parliamentary leader. For others to sympathise with you, you must first sympathise with them. When Mr. Whitbread got up to speak, you felt an interest in what he was going to say, in the success of his arguments: when you hear that Mr. Tierney is on his legs, you feel that you shall be amused with an admirable display of dexterity and talent, but are nearly indifferent as to the result. You look on as at an exhibition of extraordinary skill in fencing or prize-fighting.

Of all those who have for some years past aspired by turns to be leaders of opposition, Mr. Ponsonby was the person who had the fewest pretensions. He was a literal arguer. He affected great sagacity and judgment, and referred every thing, in a summary way, to the principles of common sense, and the reason of the case. He abounded in truisms, which seldom go far in deciding disputable points. He generally reduced the whole range of the debate into the narrow compass of a self-evident proposition:—to make sure of his object, he began by taking the question for granted, and necessarily failed when he came to the particular application. He was not aware of the maxim, that he who proves too much, proves nothing. His turn of observation was legal, not acute: his manner was dry, but his blows were not hard: his features were flat on his face, and his arguments did not stand out from the question. He might have been a tolerable special-pleader, but he was a bad orator, and, I think, a worse politician. Any one who argues on strict logical grounds must be prepared to go all lengths, or he will be sure to be defeated at every step he takes: but this gentleman's principles were of a very cautious and temporising cast. I have seen him, more than once, give himself great airs over those who took more general views of the subject; and he was very fastidious in the choice of associates, with whom he would condescend to act.

Mr. Ponsonby's style of speaking was neither instructive nor entertaining. In this respect, it was the reverse of Mr. Grattan's, which was both. To see the latter make one of his promised motions on Catholic Emancipation, was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions, both bodily and mental, which could possibly be witnessed. You saw a little oddly-compacted figure of a man, with a large head and features,—such as they give to pasteboard masks, or stick upon the shoulders of Punch in the puppet-show,—rolling about like a Mandarin—sawing the air with his whole body from head to foot, sweeping the floor with a roll of parchment, which he held in one hand, and throwing his legs and arms about like the branches of trees tossed by the wind:—every now and then striking the table with impatient vehemence, and, in a sharp, slow, nasal, guttural tone, drawling out, with due emphasis and discretion, a set of little smart antithetical sentences,—all ready-cut and dry, polished and pointed;—that seemed as if they "would lengthen out in succession to the crack of doom." Alliterations were tacked to alliterations,—inference was dove-tailed into inference,—and the whole derived new brilliance and piquancy from the contrast it presented to the uncouthness of the speaker, and the monotony of his delivery. His were compositions that would have done equally well to be said or sung. The rhyme was placed at the beginning instead of the end of each line; he sharpened the sense on the sound, and clenched an argument by corresponding letters of the alphabet. It must be confessed, that there was something meretricious, as well as alluring, in this style. After the first surprise and startling effect is over, and the devoted champion of his country's cause goes on ringing the changes on "the Irish People and the Irish Parliament"—on "the Guinea and the Gallows," as the ultimate resources of the English government,—on "ministerial mismanagement, and privileged profligacy,"—we begin to feel that there is nothing in these quaint and affected verbal co-

incidences more nearly allied to truth than falsehood;—there is a want of directness and simplicity in this warped and garbled style; and our attention is drawn off from the importance of the subject by a shower of epigrammatic conceits, and fanciful phraseology, in which the orator chuses to veil it. It is hardly enough to say, in defence of this jingle of words, (as well as of the overstrained hyperbolical tone of declamation which accompanies it) that "it is a custom of Ireland." * The same objection may be made to it in point of taste that has been made to the old-fashioned, obsolete practice of cutting trees into the shape of arm-chairs and peacocks, or to that style of landscape-gardening, where

> Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other—

and I am afraid that this objection cannot be got over, at least, on this side the water.†

The best Irish speaker I ever heard (indeed the best speaker without any exception whatever) is Mr. Plunkett; who followed Mr. Grattan in one of the debates on the Catholic question above alluded to. The contrast was not a little striking; and it was certainly in favour of Mr. Plunkett. His style of workmanship was more manly and more masterly. There were no little Gothic ornaments or fantastic excrescences to catch and break the attention; no quaintness, witticism, or conceit. Roubilliac, after being abroad, said, that "what he had seen there made his own work in Westminster Abbey look like tobacco-pipes." You had something of the same sort of feeling with respect to Mr. Grattan's artificial and frittered style, after hearing Mr. Plunkett's defence of the same side the question. He went strait forward to his end with a force equal to his rapidity. He removed all obstacles, as he advanced. He overturned Mr. Banks with his right-hand, and Mr. Charles Yorke with his left——the one on a chronological question of the Concordat, and the other as to the origin of the Corporation and Test Acts. One wonders how they ever got up again, or trusted themselves on a ground of matter-of-fact ever after. Mr. Secretary Peele did not offer to put himself in his way. No part of the subject could come amiss to him—history, law, constitutional principle, common feeling, local prejudices, general theory,—all was alike within his reach and his controul. Having settled one point, he passed on to another, carrying his hearers with him:—it was as if he knew all that could be said on the question, and was anxious to impart his knowledge without any desire of shining. There was no affectation, no effort, but equal ease and earnestness. Every thing was brought to bear that could answer his purpose, and there was nothing superfluous. His eloquence swept along like a river,

> Without o'erflowing, full.

Every step told; every sentence went to account. I cannot say that there was any thing very profound or original in argument, imposing in imagination, or impassioned in sentiment, in any part of this address—but it was throughout impregnated with as much thought, imagination and passion as the House would be likely to understand or sympathise with. It acted like a loadstone to the feelings of the House; and the speaker raised their enthusiasm, and carried their convictions as far as he wished, or as it was practicable. The effect was extraordinary; the impression grew stronger from first to last. No one stirred the whole time, and, at the end, the lobbies were

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* "Liberty is a custom of England," said a Member of Congress; who seems also to be of opinion, that *it is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.*

† I by no means wish to preclude Mr. Phillips from trying annually to naturalize his favourite mode of oratory at watering-places in this country, or in Evangelical Societies held at the Egyptian-hall, where it is not out of character. He may there assure his hearers, with great impunity, that Dr. Franklin's orthodoxy was never called in question; and rank Moses and Mahomet together as true prophets, (by virtue of the first letter of their names) in opposition to the infidelity of Paine and Priestley, who go together for the same reason.—

> Like Juno's swans, link'd and inseparable.

crowded with members going up stairs and saying, "Well, this is a speech worth going without one's dinner to hear," (Oh, unequivocal testimony of applause!) "there has been nothing like this since the time of Fox," &c. For myself, I never heard any other speech that I would have given three farthings to have made. It did not make the same figure in the newspapers the next day; for it was but indifferently reported, owing to the extreme fluency with which it was delivered. There was no boggling, no straggling, irrelevant matter;—you could not wait for him at the end of a long parenthesis, and go on with your report as if nothing had happened in the interval, as is sometimes the case,* — and besides, for the reason above given, it was a speech better calculated to strike in the hearing than the perusal; for though it was fully up to the tone of the House, the public mind can bear stronger meats. Another such speech would have decided the question, and made the difference of four votes by which it was lost. While the impression was fresh in the mind, it was not easy for any one, pretending to honesty, to look his neighbour in the face and vote against the motion. But Mr. Plunkett, in the mean time, sailed for Ireland. Any one who can speak as he can, and is a friend to his own, or any other country, ought not to let the present men retain their seats six months longer. Nothing but the will is wanting.—The ability, I will venture to say, is there.

And what shall I say of Lord Castlereagh—that spouter without beginning, middle, or end—who has not an idea in his head, nor a word to say for himself—who carries the House of Commons by his manner alone—who bows and smiles assent and dissent—who makes a dangling proposition of his person, and his himself a drooping figure of speech—what shall I say of this inanimate automaton? Nothing! For what can be said of him?

> Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise. †

Neither have I any thing to say of the style of eloquence of Mr. Alderman Wood, or Mr. Waithman, or Sir W. Curtis—except that the latter always appears to me a very fit and lively representative of the good living, drinking, and eating of the city. This is but reasonable. The bodies of the city, not their minds, should be represented. A large turtle in the House (with a proxy to the minister) would answer the purpose just as well.

Mr. Wilberforce is a speaker whom it is difficult to class either with ministers or opposition. His character and his pretensions are altogether equivocal. He is a man of some ability, and, at one time, had considerable influence. He is what might be called "a sweet speaker:" his silver voice floats and glides up and down in the air, as if it was avoiding every occasion of offence, and dodging the question through its various avenues of reason and interest.

> ——— In many a winding bout
> Of melting softness long drawn out.

There is a finical flexibility of purpose, and a cautious curiosity of research, that would put you in pain for him, if the want of proper self-respect did not take away all common fellow-feeling. His stratagems are so over-wrought that you wish them to fail: his evasions are so slippery and yet so palpable that you laugh in his face. Mr. Wilberforce is a man that has always two strings to his bow: as an orator, he is a kind of lay-preacher in parliament. He is at continual *hawk and buzzard* between

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* The best speeches are the worst reported, the worst are made better than they are. They both find a convenient newspaper level.

† His Lordship is said to speak French with as little hesitation as he does his native tongue; and once made a speech in that language to the Congress for three hours without interruption. The sentiments, we may be sure, were not English. Or was it on that occasion that Prince Talleyrand made his observation, "that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts?" I cannot agree with Mr. Hobhouse in his compliment to the expression which Isabey has given to Lord Castlereagh's face in the *insulated* figure of him in the picture of the Congress. An old classical friend of Mr. Hobhouse's would have supplied a better interpretation of it. But I do not think the French artist has done his Lordship justice. His features are marked, but the expression is dormant.

character and conscience, between popularity and court-favour, between his loyalty and his religion, between this world and the next. Is not this something like trying to serve God and Mammon? He is anxious to stand fair with the reflecting part of the community, without giving umbrage to power. He is shocked at vice in low stations:

> But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
> Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more.

He would go with the popular cause as long as it was popular, and gave him more weight than he lost by it; but would desert it the instant it became obnoxious, and that an obstinate adherence to it was likely to deprive him of future opportunities of doing good. He had rather be on the right side than the wrong, if he loses nothing by it. His reputation costs him nothing; though he always takes care to save appearances. His virtues compound for his vices in a very amicable manner. His humanity is at the horizon, three thousand miles off,—his servility stays at home, at the beck of the minister. He unbinds the chains of Africa, and helps (we trust without meaning it) to rivet those of his own country, and of Europe. As a general truth,—(not meaning any undue application in the present instance,) it may be affirmed, that there is not a more insignificant as well as dangerous character crawling between heaven and earth, than that of the pretended patriot, and philanthropist, who has not courage to take the plain reward of vice or virtue—who crouches to authority, and yet dreads the censure of the world, who gives a sneaking casting vote on the side of conscience only when he can do it with impunity,—or else throws the weight of his reputation into the scale of his interest and the profligacy of others—who makes an affectation of principle a stalking-horse to his pitiful desire of distinction, and betrays a cause, sooner than commit himself.

"Out upon such half-faced fellowship." We have another example of trumpery ambition in the person of Mr. C. Wynne; who, officious, indefatigable in his petty warfare with the abuses of power, is chiefly anxious to stand well with those who sanction them. He interprets the text literally, *not to do evil that good may come.* He is so fearful of the imputation of the least wrong, that he will never do or let any one else do the greatest right. *Summum jus summa injuria,* has never entered his head. He is the dog in the political manger: a technical marplot. He takes a systematic delight in giving a lift to his enemies, and in hampering his friends. He is a regular whipper-in on the side of opposition, to all those who go but a hairs-breadth beyond his pragmatical notions of discretion and propriety. He sets up for a balance-master of the constitution, and, by insisting on its never deviating from its erect, perpendicular posture, is sure to have it overturned. He professes to be greatly scandalized at the abuses and corruptions in our ancient institutions, which are "as notorious as the sun at noon-day," and would have them removed—but he is much more scandalized at those indiscreet persons who bring to light any of these notorious abuses, in order to have them remedied. He is more angry at those with whom he differs in the smallest iota than at those who differ from him *toto cœlo*: and is at mortal enmity with every antiministerial measure that is not so clogged with imbecility and objections as to be impracticable or absolutely unavailing. He is therefore a bad partisan, and does little mischief, only because he is little attended to. Indeed, his voice is against him.

I did not much like Sir Samuel Romilly's significant, oracular way of laying down the law in the House:—his self-important assumption of second-hand truths, and his impatience of contradiction, as if he gave his time to humanity there for *nothing*. He was too solemn a speaker; as Garrow was too flippant and fluent. The latter appeared to have nothing to do but to talk nonsense *by the yard*, for the pleasure of exposing himself or being exposed by others. He might be said to hold in his hand a general retainer for absurdity, and to hold his head up in the pillory of his own folly with a very unabashed and unblushing gaiety of demeanour. Lawyers, as a general rule, are the very worst speakers in the House: if there are a few nominal

exceptions, it is because they are not lawyers.

I do not recollect any other speaker of importance but Mr. Canning; and he requires a chapter by himself. Thus then I would try to estimate him.—The orator and the writer do not always belong to the same class of intellectual character; nor is it, I think, in general, fair to judge of the merit of popular harangues by reducing them to the standard of literary compositions. Something,—a great deal,—is to be given to the suddenness of the emergency, the want of preparation, the instantaneous and effectual, but passing appeal to individual characters, feelings, and events. The speaker has less time allowed him to enforce his purpose, and to produce the impression he aims at than the writer; and he is therefore entitled to produce it by less scrupulous, by more obvious and fugitive means. He must strike the iron while it is hot. The blow must be prompt and decisive. He must mould the convictions and purposes of his hearers while they are under the influence of passion and circumstances,—as the glass-blower moulds the vitreous fluid with his breath. If he can take the popular mind by surprise, and stamp on it, while warm, the impression desired, it is not to be demanded whether the same means would have been equally successful on cool reflection or after the most mature deliberation. That is not the question at issue. At a moment's notice, the expert debater is able to start some topic, some view of a subject, which answers the purpose of the moment. He can suggest a dextrous evasion of his adversaries' objections, he knows when to seize and take advantage of the impulse of popular feeling, he is master of the dazzling fence of argument, "the punto, the stoccado, the reverso," the shifts, and quirks, and palpable topics of debate; he can wield these at pleasure, and employ them to advantage on the spur of the occasion—this is all that can be required of him; for it is all that is necessary, and all that he undertakes to do. That another could bring forward more weighty reasons, offer more wholesome advice, convey more sound and extensive information in an indefinite period, is nothing to the purpose; for all this wisdom and knowledge would be of no avail in the supposed circumstances; the critical opportunity for action would be lost, before any use could be made of it. The one thing needful in public speaking is not to say what is best, but the best that can be said in a given time, place, and circumstance. The great qualification therefore of a leader in debate (as of a leader in fight) is presence of mind: he who has not this, wants every thing, and he who has it, may be forgiven almost all other deficiencies. The current coin of his discourses may be light and worthless in itself; but if it is always kept bright and ready for immediate use, it will pass unquestioned; and the public voice will affix to his name the praise of a sharp-witted, able, fluent, and eloquent speaker. We "no further seek his merits to disclose, or scan his frailties in their brief abode,"—the popular ear and echo of popular applause. What he says may be trite, pert, shallow, contradictory, false, unfounded, and sophistical; but it was what was wanted for the occasion, and it told with those who heard it. Let it stop there, and all is well. The rest is forgotten; nor is it worth remembering.

But Mr. Canning has an ill habit of printing his speeches: and I doubt whether the same oratorical privileges can be extended to *printed* speeches; or to this gentleman's speeches in general, even though they should not be printed. Whether afterwards committed to the press or not, they have evidently, I think, been first committed, with great care, to paper or to memory. They have all the marks, and are chargeable with all the *malice prepense* of written compositions. They are not occasional effusions, but set harangues. They are elaborate *impromptus*; deeply concerted and highly polished pieces of extempore ingenuity. The repartee has been conceived many months before the luckless observation which gives ostensible birth to it; and an argument woven into a debate is sure to be the counterpart or fag-end of some worn-out sophism of several years' standing. Mr. Canning is not so properly an orator, as an author reciting his own compositions. He fore-

sees (without much of the spirit of prophecy) what will, may, or can be said on some well-conned subject; and gets up, by anticipation, a tissue of excellent good conceits, indifferent bad arguments, classical quotations, and showy similes, which he contrives, by a sort of rhetorical join-hand, to tack on to some straggling observation dropped by some Honourable Member;—and so goes on, with folded arms and sonorous voice, neither quickened nor retarded, neither elevated nor depressed by "the *hear him's* that now rise on the one side, or are now echoed from the other;"—never diverted into laughing gaiety, never hurried into uncontrolable passion—till he is regularly delivered in the course of the same number of hours of the labour of weeks or months. To those who are in the secret of the arts of debating, who are versed in the complicated tactics of parliamentary common-place, there is nothing very mysterious in the process, though it startles the uninitiated. The fluency, the monotony, the unimpressible, imposing style of his elocution,—"swinging slow with sullen roar," like the alternate oscillation of a pendulum—afraid of being thrown off his balance—never trusting himself with the smallest inflection of tone or manner from the impulse of the moment,—all shew that the speaker relies on the tenaciousness of his memory, not on the quickness and fertility of his invention. Mr. Canning, I apprehend, never answered a speech: he answers, or affects to answer some observation in a speech, and then manufactures a long *tirade* out of his own "mother-wit and arts *well-known* before." He *caps* an oration, as school-boys cap verses; and gets up his oracular responses, as Sidrophel and Whackum did theirs, by having met with his customers of old. From that time he has the debate entirely in his own hands, and exercises over it "sole sovereign sway and masterdom." One of these spontaneous mechanical sallies of his resembles a *voluntary* played on a barrel-organ: it is a kind of Panharmonic display of wit and wisdom—such as Mr. Canning possesses! The amplest stores of his mind are unfolded to their inmost source—the classic lore, the historic page, the philosophic doubt, the sage reply, the sprightly allusion, the delicate irony, the happy turning of a period or insinuation of a paragraph with senatorial dignity and Ovidian grace—are all here concocted, studied, revised, varnished over, till the sense aches at their glossy beauty and sickens at hopeless perfection. Our modern orator's thoughts have been declared by some to have all the elegance of the antique; I should say, they have only the fragility and smoothness of plaster-cast copies!

If I were compelled to characterize Mr. Canning's style by a single trait, I should say that he is a mere *parodist* in verse or prose, in reasoning or in wit. He transposes arguments as he does images, and makes sophistry of the one, and burlesque of the other. "What's serious, he turns to farce." This is perhaps, not art in him, so much as nature. The specific levity of his mind causes it to subsist best in the rarified atmosphere of indifference and scorn: it attaches most interest and importance to the slight and worthless. There is a striking want of solidity and keeping in this person's character. The frivolous, the equivocal, is his delight—the element in which he speaks, and writes, and has his being, as an orator and poet. By applying to low and contemptible objects the language or ideas which have been appropriated to high and swelling contemplations, he reduces the latter to the same paltry level, or renders the former doubly ridiculous. On the same principle, or from not feeling the due force and weight of different things, as they affect either the imagination or the understanding, he brings the slenderest and most evanescent analogies to bear out the most important conclusions; establishes some fact in history by giving it the form of an idle interrogation, like a school boy declaiming on he knows not what; and thinks to overturn the fixed sentiment of a whole people by an interjection of surprize at what he knows to be unavoidable and unanswerable. There is none of the gravity of the statesman, of the enthusiasm of the patriot, the impatient zeal of the partizan, in Mr. Canning. We distinguish through the disguise of pompous declamation, or the affec-

tating of personal consequence, only the elegant trifler, the thoughtless epigrammatist, spreading "a windy train of painted plumes," to catch the breath of popular applause, or to flutter in the tainted breeze of court-favour. "As those same plumes, so seems he vain and light,"—never applying his hand to useful action, or his mind to sober truth. A thing's being evident, is to him a reason for attempting to falsify it: its being right is a reason for straining every nerve to evade or defeat it at all events. It might appear, that with him inversion is the order of nature. "Trifles light as air, are" to his understanding, "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ:" and he winks and shuts his apprehension up to the most solemn and momentous truths as gross and vulgar errors. His political creed is of an entirely fanciful and fictitious texture—a kind of moral, religious, political, and sentimental *filligre-work*: or it is made up of monstrous pretexts, and idle shadows, and spurious theories, and mock-alarms. Hence his gravest reasonings have very much an air of concealed irony; and it might sometimes almost be suspected that, by his partial, loose, and unguarded sophisms, he meant to abandon the very cause he professes to magnify and extol.* It is indeed, his boast, his pride, his pleasure, "to make the worse appear the better reason;" which he does with the pertness of a school-boy, and the effrontery of a prostitute: he assumes indecent postures in the debate, confounds the sense of right and wrong by his licentious disregard of both, puts honesty out of countenance by the familiarity of his proposals, makes a jest of principle,—"takes the rose from the fair forehead of a virtuous cause, and plants a blister there."—

The House of Lords does not at present display much of the aristocracy of talent. The scene is by no means so amusing or dramatic here as in the House of Commons. Every speaker seems to claim his privilege of peerage in the awful attention of his auditors, which is granted while there is any reasonable hope of a return: but it is not easy to hear Lord Grenville repeat the same thing regularly four times over, in different words—to listen to the Marquis of Wellesley who never lowers his voice for four hours from the time he begins, nor utters the commonest syllable in a tone below that in which Pierre curses the Senate.—Lord Holland might have other pretensions to alacrity of mind than an impediment of speech, and Lord Liverpool might introduce less of the *vis inertiæ* of office into his official harangues than he does. Lord Ellenborough was great "in the extremity of an oath." Lord Eldon, "his face 'twixt tears and smiles contending," never loses his place or his temper. It is a pity to see Lord Erskine sit silent, who was once a popular and powerful speaker; and when he does get up to speak, you wish he had said nothing. This nobleman, the other day, on his return to Scotland after an absence of fifty years, made a striking speech on the instinctive and indissoluble attachment of all persons to the country where they are born,—which he considered as an innate and unerring principle of the human mind; and, in expatiating on the advantages of patriotism, argued, by way of illustration, that if it were not for this original dispensation of Providence, attaching, and, as it were, *rooting* every one to the spot where he was bred and born,—civil society could never have existed, nor mankind have been reclaimed from the barbarous and wandering way of life, to which they were in the first instance addicted! How these persons should become attached by habit to places where it appears, from their vagabond dispositions, they never stayed at all, is an over-sight of the speaker which remains unexplained. On the same occasion, the learned Lord, in order to produce an effect, observed that when, advancing farther north, he should come to the old play ground near his father's mansion, where he used to play at ball when a child, his

* See his panegyric on the late King, his defence of the House of Commons, and his eulogy on the practical liberty of the English Constitution in his Liverpool Dinner Speech.

sensations would be of a most affecting description. This is possible; but his Lordship returned homewards the next day, thinking, no doubt, he had anticipated all the sentiment of the situation. This puts one in mind of the story one has heard of Tom Sheridan, who told his father he had been down to the bottom of a coal-pit. "Then, you are a fool, Tom," said the father.—"Why so, Sir?"—"Because," said the other, "it would have answered all the same purpose *to have said you had been down!*" T.

THE GARDEN.

SUGGESTED BY THE GERMAN OF BINDEMANN.

A Garden lies in solemn peace,
  Where shadows fall from cypress trees;
Within its bounds life's noises cease;
  The drowsy here may sleep at ease:
Morn, noon, and night, incessantly,
The Gardener toils, whom none can spy!

"A pensive, yet a happy place"—
  The turf is green, the walks are still;
Here weed and flower, with equal grace,
  Rest upon each little hill:
And when with life's long road opprest,
How sweet is this fair Garden's rest!

Vast are this Garden's planted grounds—
  So it hath been, and so it must;
And countless are its mossy mounds,
  Where precious seed lies deep in dust:
When they have ceased more seed to bring,
Then from the mounds the flowers shall spring!

THE CIDER CELLAR.

I read with much pleasure, in THE LONDON MAGAZINE, a delightful paper entitled, *Recollections of the South Sea House.* There was a fine antique air about it which became the subject: the characters were sketched with delicacy, and their foibles and good qualities drawn out in the truest spirit of humanity. I was carried back at once into the days when Steele, and Addison, and Garth, were flesh and blood like ourselves. Now they are mere names:—and names, indeed, of little power or interest, except with elderly gentlemen like myself, who still entertain a respect for what was venerable in childhood; and who do not readily consent to float up and down, backwards and forwards, on the varying tide of literary opinion.

There is something pleasant to me in the circumstance of an essay touching upon, or even being dated from, a particular spot in London. It identifies the writer, as it were, with the town; and gives him an authority to discuss any thing metropolitan.—It is an advantageous record too of the place itself. For my own part, I never go by Will's, or the Grecian, without thinking of former times, when the wits and the learned were wont to assemble there; and, though the first has assumed a new-fangled appearance, and is called an "Hotel," I have, more than once, sat there invoking the spirits of those famous essayists, who have conferred on it immortality. I have even mixed in the bustle at Batson's, and eaten a steak at Dolly's, on the strength of their old reputations.—What a history would any one of those places furnish!—What quips, and cranks, and jests;—what learned debates and rich colloquies have been had there!—What wine has been spilt!—What ink!—Now, the Grecian and Will's are the mere haunts of lawyers. The learned and the witty have been

driven westward:—where sword-knots, and smiles, and ruffles were once seen, there is nothing now visible but the sallow visages of barristers and attorneys;—and the silence of the spot is broken only by the rustling of papers, or an occasional call for a pint of port!

Among the celebrated places of resort in London, there is one of which no notice has been hitherto taken, THE CIDER CELLAR. A few years ago I was in the habit of frequenting it; and it was, then, I was told, rather on the decline: still, however, it was a pleasant place, pleasantly frequented; and it is worthy of some notice, as well on account of its own accommodations, as of the merit of its company.

The Cider Cellar is situate in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden. It runs under ground, and is conspicuous at night for its bright lamp, which blazes before the entrance, and shows you the Cellar, yawning like a brilliant Tartarus, beneath. There is something very inviting, particularly in winter, in the aspect of the place. It has an air of warmth about it. There is a broad flight of stairs with quivering lights at the bottom,—and strong handsome ropes at the sides, to encourage and assist the timid in their descent, and to enable those whose heads are weaker than the ale to re-ascend in safety.—Thus much for the exterior. The inside (or the *Cellar*) consists of one room only,—rather spacious, but very low; entirely unornamented, and having about five tables, and a proper number of easy arm chairs, for the accommodation of the guests. It is open during the whole evening, till midnight, but it is not much frequented till nine or ten o'clock. At twelve the doors are shut against further in-comings,—and the landlord is punctual and inexorable. The delicacies to be met with there, are, a Welch rabbit, eggs poached and boiled, cider, porter, ale, and stronger liquors;—the eatables are good and very cheap, and the ale, the porter, and the cider excellent. This, at least, was the case a few years ago.

The frequenters of the Cider Cellar formerly consisted principally of Templars—men in the army—an occasional tradesman, who had left his shop and his wife, to enjoy an hour of luxury with a cigar—a parson or two—a middle-aged single man, who seemed to have plenty of leisure on his hands—some beaux, who dropped in from the theatres about half past eleven—and two or three stray members of Parliament. There was even a Lord to be seen there now and then—though I never met him but twice.

The subjects discussed at the Cider Cellar were those which occur usually at Coffee-houses; but they were discussed more generally, and with less ceremony—each person taking his share in the debate, although he might not, perhaps, form one of the company which originally started the question. Politics, law, theatrical criticism, science, the belles lettres,—all were handled in a pleasant, and sometimes ingenious way; and catches and glees, and merry songs were sung, after midnight, with a joviality that would have excited the admiration of Mr. Justice Shallow himself.—

At the head of the principal table was (and I believe still is) a large arm-chair, which conferred on whosoever sat therein, the dignity of chairman during the evening. It was usually occupied by a short, stout, elderly gentleman, who looked like a clergyman. Whether he was so or not I will not pretend to say; but he wore a black coat and waistcoat, and powder in his hair: he had a broad ruddy face, a smiling bold eye, and never, to my knowledge (or seldom) ventured upon an oath. He was a talkative person; not very profound to be sure, but he had some stock of anecdote, which he dealt out very willingly and deliberately for the benefit of the company. He was even eloquent about trials at the Old Bailey, and discoursed of executions with much edifying nonchalance. I have seen the old man chirp over his third glass of brandy and water, in a way that did one's heart good. He usually limited himself to three glasses, but occasionally, when the cellar was full, and the company agreeable, he would say, "William! I think I must have a *lee-tle* drop more brandy to-night." He then would look at the clock, and button an additional button of his coat, as though he meant only to stay a short time longer:—if so, he sometimes deceived himself. This gentleman was as good, to the full, as a copy of Burn's Justice. I

have heard him discuss criminal law in the most unaunted manner with one actually in the commission. He would smile, and affect to expound in a lower tone of voice, and say, "*certainly*," and then dispute the very point: or he would appeal to one of the company in the most candid way,—and, after all, adhere to his own opinions with a resolution truly exemplary. He seemed as though he would have stuck to the established religion, or any other system, (if it had been worth his while) with the undeviating firmness of a partizan. He would have made a good subaltern, and would no more have seen beyond the vision of his leader than Ventidius.

Next to the clergyman might be seen a handsome gentleman-like man, with an Irish accent. He expatiated on most topics—but politics and law seemed his especial delight. He would say twice as much as any one of the company on either of those subjects, and sometimes he was almost eloquent. He was more of a rhetorician than skilled in logic; for, though he fenced pretty well in argument, he was ingenious rather than solid: his thoughts lay a good deal upon the surface, but he could collect them readily. He was one of those men who can say clever things upon a subject which another originates; he tossed about the ball of debate, rather than carried it further:—he never let it slip in order to bring it up again by some profound observation, which would give it a new course, or induce some one else to handle it in a different manner. He had, in short, nothing creative or speculative in his mind; but he was quick and decisive; and generally, except in matters of taste, on the right side of the question.

Opposite to the Irish gentleman, sate a portly person, with a striking intelligent countenance, a keen eye, an abrupt peculiarity of manner. He had not so much of anecdote as the clergyman, and he was less ingenious in debate than the Irishman; but he had a clearer, and stronger mind than either: he saw the truth wherever it was, and followed it—and he was not to be turned aside either by quibble, or ingenuity. I never knew a man who disdained ornament of all sorts so much. He saw how well he could work his way without it, and concluded therefore, rashly, that it was contemptible, and useless. He was a great dealer in facts, and, within a certain limit, his intellect was perfect. He had not much taste for art or elegant literature, as may be supposed; but he had certainly a relish for wit, and he possessed a dry humour, approaching to sarcasm, which sat well upon him, and lighted up mirth in the eyes of his associates. He had one defect—namely, an address which, to strangers, appeared rude, and overbearing; but, he was much liked by those who knew him well; and, under a cold aspect, he had a heart that would have done honour to any exterior in the world. May he continue to smoke his cigar, and enjoy himself for these thousand years to come!

In company with this Achilles, came his Patroclus, a slighter and shorter man; good natured, and unassuming, though a little pertinacious at times; nice in his distinctions of palatable things; sometimes amused with, and sometimes shrinking from, the rubs of his companion, who, however, in matters where the senses were concerned referred to him as to an oracle, from whose sentence there could be no appeal.

Near the above-mentioned persons, frequently sate a tall, spare, elderly man, who looked like a merchant, or a stock-broker. He was well versed in figures and politics; and amused himself regularly with one pint of ale, and the newspaper, and vanished regularly at eleven o'clock. Cinderella had an hour more permitted to her,—but perhaps the gentleman was married. There was a certain coldness about him that did not become the room. On entering the place, most people, of course, calculated on leaving the frost behind them—but there he was ever, near the fire, stiff, unthawed, and silent — the male Niobe of the Cider Cellar. This man was evidently an economist; he never committed himself, nor fatigued others. If he had not wisdom, he was at least free from folly—He was not very pleasant; but I must say, in his behalf, that he never wasted either his speech or his ale.

What a contrast to the last mentioned was the weather-beaten, soldier-looking man, opposite to him! His voice was as deep and as rough as the blast of December, but there

was a plain good-nature about his countenance that pleased me. Whether he sipped his gin and water, or puffed away his cigar, he seemed to be thinking of past times,—Of India, perhaps—East or West—of marchings, and countermarchings—of the bivouack—of the battle—of the camp, or the winter quarters! Now and then he would rise from this dreaming of the mind, and ask the news of the day, or join in a catch, or sing a jovial song, or a mirthful one, with muscles of the most deadly placidity. He was a perfect contrast to the merchant, and yet both were serious, silent men—the first from constitution, I suspect—and the last from circumstances.

I could name many others, but these were the most prominent characters—the pillars of the Cellar. The rest may be spoken of *en masse*. Yet was there a little clever man, with a lively look, full of wicked mirth, and sincerely fond of the ale: another with a thoughtful, contemplative eye, that Plato might have worn; and a third, sensitive and serious, who I have heard turned out to be a poet, or something almost as bad: he did not become the Cellar, for he drank but little, and never smoaked—yet he could prompt another to a joke now and then, and enjoy a pun as much as his fellows.

Besides these, there were shoals of beaux, and crowds of critics from the theatres—gentlemen who were paying their yearly visit to London, and lawyers soliciting bills in Parliament.

You might know the man of fashion, partly by his dress, but principally by a certain supercilious air, which led him to sneer at the subject in dispute, or perhaps the method of handling it, as vulgar and not to be endured. He never entered into the debate, for a metaphor would have puzzled him, and a paradox would have been considered as a personal affront. He came there merely to look at the natives; paid indolently for the liquor which he did not taste, and gave all the change to the waiter.

The critic was not so generous; he knew better the value of ale and argument. He could smile at a repartee, and cut a joke himself, or even make a retort. He knew the stature of every actor, mind and body,—his eye, his tone, his action. He read all the new publications, and some of the old ones. If he referred to a newspaper, it was merely to see what books were announced, and what was to be seen the following evening at the theatre. He did not say much, for what he had principally to say must be in print the following morning, and it was enough to speak through the press. At a distance from him you might see some humble tradesmen, or young men of various callings, too modest themselves to speak, but listening with extended eyes, and mouths wide open,—full of smoke and admiration.

The Templars, and men from the Inns of Court, were pleasant, ingenious, facetious, or grave, as the subjects required. They were between the vulgarities of high and low life: they had neither the poverty of dress which marks the one, nor did they wear the thread-bare opinions which disgrace the other. They came there to enjoy themselves, and not to look either up or down on the company assembled. — The country solicitors were more busy with less right to be so. They had been all day within the pale of Saint Stephen's, until they seemed to have caught the infection, and come away full of the importance of debate. They talked in favour of the landed interests, and freely discussed the corn-laws,—quibbling, and coinciding, and differing, and laughing boisterously about every thing in its turn;—full of mirth, gleaned from the rustics, and of learning collected at their book societies, they put forth each, alternately—the wonder of one party, and the jest of the other. They had ingrafted London manners upon their country stock, till it was scarcely possible to distinguish either. The apple may thrive upon the stock of the crab, but the homely simplicities of rural life are of a different genus from the artificial politeness of the town.

And now I have little or nothing more to say. I have told what the Cider Cellar was—years ago. Now, perhaps, time, so fond of working changes, has wrought some alterations there. Perhaps the porter is less "up;" perhaps the cider is dispirited. Yet wherefore should I suspect it to be thus?—No; the current of conversation may be interrupted, but the ale, I doubt not,

flows as freely as ever. Cigars are as plentiful, and eggs as fresh as in the year 1812. If any thing has fallen off, it is, I suspect, the company: it may have become less numerous, or less good. Man, like other gregarious animals, is fond of shifting from spot to spot.—If it be, indeed, that the cider cellar is deserted, let me recommend to you, Mr. Editor, and half a dozen of your lively colleagues, to meet there once a week, and I have little doubt but the place will flourish and soon be as pleasant as ever.

POMARIUS.

LICHTENBERG'S DESCRIPTIONS OF HOGARTH'S WORKS.

No. II.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Plate I.

Before I commence my explanation of this series of Plates, so replete with humour, wit, and knowledge of the human character, it will be proper to premise a few remarks upon the word Rake itself. We Germans usually translate it *Liederlicher*, and, indeed, every rake is *Ein Liederlicher*, (dissolute person) but it is not every *Liederlicher* that is a rake. For *Die Liederlichkeit* (dissoluteness) may, like poetry, be divided into separate classes,—and, what is rather extraordinary, the classes are pretty nearly the same in regard to each. The life of a rake may be said to belong to the *lyrical division*.—A genuine rake drinks, games, &c.: he talks of pills and potions, as school-boys talk of barley-sugar; he turns day into night, and night into day. He is continually engaged in an offensive war against lamps; and, in cudgeling or being cudgeled, with the watch. He ruins innocent creatures who love him, and fights with men whose honour he has injured. He throws away both money and money's-worth, whether it belong to himself or other people,—sometimes himself too into the bargain. In doing all this he seeks the acquisition of *honour*: it may therefore, by chance, happen, that he, after all, becomes a good and useful member of society: all that is wanted for this metamorphosis, is, that his notions of *honour* should change before he is himself worn-out or extinguished. But a dissolute *scoundrel*, on the contrary, has not the least notion of honour. The latter recounts but few of his adventures; he is careless of fame,—while all the actions of the former are principally undertaken to the intent that they may be recorded in newspapers, and spoken of at routes. It is pretended that since the invention of brandy (the true *spiritus Brunonis*, or Brown's spirit) which enables people to purchase a transitory elevation above the rest of their fellow mortals, at a trifling expence, this class of blades of spirit has been considerably on the increase. Hogarth's rake, however, is not thorough-bred: there is a cross in him: he has a mixture of the scoundrel in his blood.

The father of our hero was a rich, miserly, old, curmudgeon, named Rakewell; an appellation which, in his case, can be deemed appropriate only by considering the word *rake* as the synonym of *scrape*. This name, along with all the wealth he had been all his life raking together, is now, at his death, turned over to his hopeful heir, Rakewell II.—the lad whom we behold in this Print with the milksop face. But the youth affixes a very different meaning to the name Rakewell; and the new signification will play the devil with the old treasures.

The moment which Hogarth has selected for representation in this first plate, is that eventful instant, soon after the death of the old man, when the young squire is admitted for the first time into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the deceased. This place is a compound of treasury, lumber room, counting-house, and archive-chamber. It is evident, that the person who has here buried so much wealth, has not been long buried himself, for preparations for the mourning are actively going forward. He is not yet buried, for the Upholsterer on the ladder is employed in hanging with black the room in which the body is

to lie in state; and another individual is kneeling to take the dimensions of the sable trappings in which the young heir intends to walk about in state. Upon a heavy old fashioned chair, that seems to be some ancient relique deposited in this sanctuary, is a bulky roll of black cloth, most probably intended for the Upholsterer on the ladder—as it is not likely that this light-hearted heir to thousands would mourn in such stuff. Thus the tomb, wherein the riches of nobles and the plunder of cits have been buried, without any distinction, as in a common church-yard, and have been sleeping in expectation of their release for the last half century; as well as the heir who has been anxiously looking forward to their resurrection, are both now about to be decorated with the trappings of woe. "Let the devil wear black," says Shakspeare!

The signal for the release of the imprisoned has not been delayed: each coffin is already burst, each grave already opened. Gold and silver, and old iron, and bags containing thousands, peep from their dungeons, and hail the new seen day: documents on parchment, papers, inventories, bonds, mortgages, leases, and a long *et cætera*, roll down and are at the feet of their deliverer, flutter around his knees, and crawl beneath his tread! Even the guineas that have been slumbering next the ceiling, obey the mighty summons, and descend in a golden shower. Only some old wigs, shoes and boots, broken jugs, cups and bottles, a hat-box, a street-lanthorn, a great-coat of Dr. Johnson's cut, seem unwilling to come forward, as if already conscious of the untoward doom awaiting them.

Here then, now stands our hero, Thomas Rakewell,—with his youthful and healthy, yet somewhat vacant countenance. We should certainly be disposed to say, that he was by nature more of the *simpleton* than the *rascal*, did we see his face by itself; but the presence of two females alters the business very materially.—*Duo cum faciunt idem non est idem.* The history connected with their introduction, is as follows. The lad is just arrived from Oxford, where he has been doing all that is expressed at the Universities by the comprehensive term *studying*. The sound that has awakened the parchment deeds, has also summoned hither this couple of *aprons*, both of which contain documents that may truly be called *opuscula academica*. One of them belongs to the mother, the other to the daughter. The former is filled with manuscripts of true love; the latter contains the fruits of over-belief—an embryo sketch that may in time become a Rakewell III. The studies of our young spark have been attended with serious consequences to the poor, and, (as we shall afterwards discover) good-hearted, honest, and faithful creature, who is standing weeping by the door. The unaffected grief of the girl is well expressed; but she is much too old, and might, and ought to have been handsomer: the analyzer of beauty, however, was by no means successful in depicting it. It must be observed, too, that she is *weeping*, in the truest sense of the word—not *crying*,—for here we perceive the deepest sorrow and affliction—seeking, but without much success, to relieve themselves by a few silent tears. Her face does not express childish grief, but a profound and heart-felt agony that lies heavy in her bosom. I said that she was weeping in the *real* sense of the word—and it is necessary to give this assurance, for, at times, the sex, as is well known, are skilful in employing tears of a different sort, intended not so much to relieve sorrow as to produce it. This however, is not the case here.

This female's name is Sarah Young; as may be seen by examining the extensive collection of love-letters, which the mother is holding in her apron. The romance must either have been very much spun out, or have been played off at a furious rate. We can read a direction to Oxford; the formula *dearest life* (a mere *præmissis præmittendis* instead of *Madam*); and lastly, the words *to marry you*. The artist has expressed the rest by blank paper—than which the words in the original had probably no more meaning. Thus we find that the graceless dog has been promising marriage; and we can also see a ring in the girl's hand. She is holding it up to him as a memento of his promise: but the days of promise-making are over, in consequence of which her arm has sunk in despondency

against her deserted—so faithlessly deserted side? The youth is, however, disposed to honour her notes with his purse, and he reaches out to her his *protest* accompanied with a handful of guineas. "I am sorry child,"—(not dearest life)—"that you are, as I perceive, in a certain situation: but that too, is, as you may perceive, the case with myself. Here is something for your trouble and kindness. There are many more young men to be found in Oxford—one does not know but—there, take the money, or I shall pay it to the overseers, and then you will get nothing." We may easily suppose that some such words as these have issued from his open mouth. But his gold is rejected—by the daughter at least, that is certain. She no more attempts to take the money than the marble statue upon a monument holds out its hand for the fee, paid to the Verger who has been explaining it. The mother too, although not much of a statue, seems equally indifferent to it. Fists bent like hers, and seconded by such a countenance, take no money;—no more does such an elbow which may be said to be the very symbol of repulsion. "What, rascal," exclaims she, "do you value the honour of my daughter at this rate;" a speech that, judging from her air, we may suppose to be accompanied with a storm of imprecations and prophetic denunciations, which, for this once, will be exactly fulfilled—how much to the benefit of virtue and morality let experience prove. This female has rings upon three out of the four of her fingers which are visible: she has put them on probably by way of dressing herself out for a visit, which she expected to turn out more advantageously than it has,—and also to shew that she and her daughter are not reduced to sink their claims in an acceptance of money.

The young gentleman is listening to her invectives with great *sang froid;* stretching out his arm like a direction post, and with as little feeling. But he who can forget what is due to honour, to love, and to innocence, is yet so considerate as to recollect what may facilitate the tailor's employment: he therefore carefully holds back his coat that it may not impede the measuring process. I have always heard that those tailors are the worst workmen, who have the appearance of shoemakers; if the observation is correct, this fellow must be a bungler indeed, for he looks, every inch of him, like a cobler. One perceives playing around his brow and lips, a something of theosophical apocalyptical light,—a *beatification* that rarely, I believe, visits the countenance of a tailor, although it may, by chance, wander *ultra crepidam*—among other professions than that of St. Crispin. This man is evidently of the elect few, who, after a discount of 50 per cent, had their bills discharged in this lumber-hole by the deceased; and our Thomas, who here dismisses his *dearest life*, nevertheless retains the theosophist, for the present, as his tradesman, out of filial respect!

Directly behind our hero, and in immediate contact with the coat which he is holding back, stands a table covered with documents, upon which are served up, two dishes—an inkstand, and a bag of guineas—both of which are well-known to a guest who avails himself of the opportunity afforded him by the little dispute upon the subject of honour and disgrace, which his host is now maintaining with his *dearest life*,—to help himself out of one of the best dishes—being not exactly certain whether he will be invited to partake of it. This consummately prudent visitor is, beyond all doubt, one of the most expressive heads that Hogarth ever drew. He is not, as Gilpin pretends, employed in taking an inventory of the treasures, and merely counting out the money: he is evidently related to Dame Justice—an attorney or something of that kind; for under his right arm he carries the green baize bag, which infallibly serves to denote this class of men. In this bag they carry about their papers, and it here serves to carry off something more solid than paper. How was it possible for Gilpin to imagine, that the owner of it was contented with only chinking the gold of another, and revelling in imagination on the *abstract idea* of wealth! The notion of itself is excellent, but too refined for our artist, who is more remarkable for the correctness and force, than for the delicacy of his feeling. No! the fellow is a knave;—did his handling of the guineas proceed from a pure *æsthetic*

taste for gold, there had undoubtedly been more of poetical ardour in his look;—whereas, these pettifogging eyes are evidently keeping watch, while the hand is committing the theft. We may be assured that he steals with perfect legal security,—with foresight, and with the aid of a plea in reserve.

Although old Rakewell is dead, it is chiefly with him that the artist now brings us acquainted; and he still lives in his portrait over the chimney, and in the sordid penuriousness displayed through the whole chamber. The use which Hogarth here makes of the picture is truly excellent: how ingeniously too has he contrived to inform us that this is the old man's portrait, by placing on the mantel of the chimney-piece the identical fur cap! The spectacles that hang there were those of the careful and scrupulous gold-weigher; and the crutches were his legs: these latter are of unequal length, probably because their owner was lame principally on one side. Here then, Hogarth means to say, was he wont to sit;—here did he place his legs when he reposed in his chair;—and here used to hang his eye-crutches, at such times as he weighed his guineas merely in his brain. He enlightened his darkness, when absolutely necessary, with a candle's end stuck upon a save-all, for two are now lying on the chimney-piece—one quite burnt out, and another in reserve. This light, small as it was, constituted, when burning, not only the most brilliant, but likewise the warmest part of this fireside,—of which the *fur-cap* gives but a sorry notion. Even the dress in which the old fellow is painted, has more the resemblance of a *wrapper* fit for a journey upon the top of a stage-coach, than of a robe-de-chambre. In this house every thing appears either to have been a *save-all*, or to have been stuck upon one—this, at least, may be said of the two wretched animals whom we shall presently examine. Perhaps the master's life has burnt out on this chilling spot—no physician being at hand to stick up the candle's end in reserve!

Those who are acquainted with the lapidary work still used in monuments, will, without my pointing it out to them, discover how greatly Hogarth has enriched the art by the composition which he has here given us. Imagine a monument with its marble *save-all*, and portrait like this in bas relief, executed in a splendid style, and placed in the interior of some church! Would there be any occasion for words to explain the character, either of the person entombed beneath, or of the heir who erected such a memorial?

The upholsterer's hammering has caused a part of the cornice of the room to fall down—but it evidently was not very securely fixed before. It has served to conceal a treasure that has been indebted for its security more to the inaccessibility than to the strength of its hiding-place! The golden-shower passes by the save-all, and descends upon the crooked back of an ancient Danae, who seems to have been more frequently saluted by a rap of the short crutch, and a volley of abuse from the old man's mouth, than by any thing like this. This poor domestic animal is here laden with a bundle of fire wood.—Here is another indication of a great change! The new government has decreed that a fire shall be made in that grate, where, under the preceding reign, no flame was ever seen throughout the year! There has not been time, however, as yet, to procure coal;—in the interim, therefore, a fire is kindled with such country fuel as logs of wood, and remnants of paling.

The other domestic animal, a starved cat, is standing before the strong box where the coined gold is lying in thousands, as well as ingots, which now anticipate their release. A book, probably a prayer-book, serves her for a footstool, while her left forepaw rests upon bags of guineas marked 2,000, and 3,000. Unfortunate puss! Can we behold thee without thinking of the poor Arab, who, when perishing of hunger in the desart, found a bag apparently full of grain; anxiously he felt it all over, and gladly, he exclaimed—"A thousand thanks to Heaven—Rice! Rice!" He unbound the string, and discovered nothing but an immense treasure of pearls—"Alas! they are *only* pearls!" sighed the wretched man, and flung from him the useless prize in despair.

"Nothing! there is *nothing* here"

—sighs out the equally luckless puss, —"not even a half starved mouse!" Patience, my good puss, patience!—Thy friend the roast-jack is yet, I perceive, in existence, and is liberated! The prison where he has been confined for half a century, is at length open; he once again sees day-light, and will soon too see *fire-light:* under the new reign he will become a favourite, and under such a minister, retainers, like thyself, will meet with comfortable pickings.

In a sidelong direction from the cat, in the left-hand corner of the plate, is a pair of old shoes, one of which, soled by the deceased himself, although not yet finished, is here given as an *opus posthumum.* The thread is still hanging to it; and we may plainly discern the end where the innexorable *Parca* cut short this, along with the thread of its master's life. Upon the sole's amendment may be discerned a coat of arms, stamped in gold, once belonging to the old Bible lying beside it:—yes, out of the cover of the sacred volume the piece has evidently been cut; and this may well be called treading under foot the word of God! The real wonder, however, is, how the miser could have prevailed upon himself to tread under foot his own darling deity —gold! Had he patched up his shoes with a part of the Evangelists, printed upon vellum,—or mended his breeches with some leaves out of the Proverbs of Solomon,—I should not have said a syllable on the matter. But this, which we behold here, is open high treason against the only Being that he adores. The gilding almost renders the thing incredible! This facetious trait of satire is not to be found in the earlier impressions; and I am too little acquainted with English heraldry to determine whether our sly artist may not have hereby intended to pay some gentleman a similar compliment to that which Mr. Twiss received in Ireland, in consequence of his having spoken disparagingly of that country in his travels. Elegant vessels were made, having within them the portrait of the offender with the following inscription:—

Come let us ——
On Mr. Twiss.

On the ground, at the feet of the young squire, lies another book, that is, most probably, destined to suffer still greater profanation:—it is the old man's memorandum-book. This is accidentally so opened, that we may plainly read some of the articles for May 1721. These form a chronological table of events, constituting remarkable epochs under the old monarchy. The first of these memoranda is—"On the 3d of May my son Tom came from Oxford"—where he had been put up to fatten upon Latin; and this is a visit paid in Term-time, when he ought to have been feeding in his coop. I must here observe, *en passant,* that it is from this document that we learn the lad's Christian name, which would be very unimportant, had not Hogarth made so capital a use of it in the next plate. "On the 4th, dined at a French eating-house."—Excellent!—probably in order to give the young stranger a dinner where the very name of the place—the *ubi*—had a relishing sound. —At a French cook's! Perhaps too, in this instance, the name was every thing.

"On the 5th May, put off my bad shilling."—This is an inimitably fine trait!—MY bad Shilling! How expressive of intimacy between himself and this bad shilling! How long may not this single shilling have disturbed, in the enjoyment of his wealth, the man who was worth millions of shillings! Often had he endeavoured to rid himself of this unwelcome guest, that had caused him so much vexation; at length he has been fortunate enough, *on the 5th of May,* 1721, to accomplish this long wished for separation; and the event is celebrated in his domestic annals with as much exultation as if it had been the death of a bad wife.

One such a stroke of satire and humour as this, would, methinks, be sufficient to impart the flavour of wine to a whole brewing of modern *Romance-wash,* and to give it a palatable zest.

It is customary, when the body lies in state to hang up the arms of the deceased. Here are two escutcheons already fastened up, with a chandelier between them, *without save-alls.* The deceased here in his coat of arms three closed *Vices,*—with the motto, *Beware;* as much as to say, "Hold

fast all you can get—bad shillings excepted." The man was worthy of his arms, and of his motto!—He lived with most devout observance of the conduct they inculcated. Now that they are worn by his successor they will lose all their meaning, and will be as little applicable as the generality of armorial bearings and mottos.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Plate II.

This chapter might very properly be entitled *Finishing Touches.* We see that the block has been roughly hewn at Oxford into some shape, and is now come to be touched up in a more delicate manner, and by superior artists. The air is still somewhat aukward, and the mouth boobyish; yet we cannot mistake the line of grace perceptible in the former, and the latter already speaks fluently over the shoulder:—a considerable progress, therefore, for so short a time, has been made;—by and bye it will be much better. Our hero is just risen, has slipped on a light frock with gold tassels, and holds his levee. That he may not lose the genial influence of Aurora he hastens to receive her last and most powerful rays,—those that strike our planet between eleven and one. To save time, too, he takes five different lessons at once—to wit, on the French Horn, on the Harpsicord, in Fencing, Dancing, and Pugilism. At the same instant he is giving audience, and attending to important domestic concerns. Whatever objections some people may be disposed to make to such a method of study, at least it cannot be denied that it possesses Encyclopædian comprehensiveness; nor is it, perhaps, so singular as they may deem.—Hogarth, who was obliged to express his meaning in a typical language, could have hardly done otherwise than he has here, if he had intended to inform us of what is daily passing in many a studious head. A sleeping Jacob is easily painted; but if we would paint him dreaming of the ladder reaching up to heaven, I do not see that we can help adopting the ingenious method used in Weigel's Bible. We there find a well engraved ladder leaning against the clouds, and the angels going up and down.—What I here mean to say is, that, if some heads were to be represented with all the angels (good and bad) that are withinside receiving audience, we should have more crowded chambers than that of Rakewell's levée.

Eight person are in the presence chamber, enjoying the felicity of their near access to our hero; farther on are six others, who are yet in expectation: altogether there are fourteen persons with whom we must now become better acquainted.

The man in the (apparently) dark brown great-coat, with whom Rakewell is speaking, and whose very appearance announces gunpowder and bullets, is what is generally termed a Bravo;—a ruffian, who, for a handsome consideration, will not only cut up other people, but, as we may perceive by the plaister on his nose, will suffer himself to be cut up too. The paper which Rakewell has in his hand, is a letter of recommendation just delivered to him by this gentleman. The Captain, it says, is a man of honour, and his sword is at your service. In reply to Rakewell's enquiry, whether he is the Captain, he exclaims, "*I am the man,*" and thereupon lays his right hand on his sword,—while he places his left upon that part, which is not only the seat of his honour, but of the courage with which he brandishes his weapon when once he has drawn it. We ought to observe, that the billet is signed—*Wm. Stab;*—from which we may infer, that the Captain does not scruple, occasionally, to employ a somewhat shorter blade than that now hanging by his side. Roucquet finds fault with our artist for having introduced this character, which he says—and very justly too—is not English but Italian. But all that Hogarth has meant to say here is, that the gentleman in his night-cap and slippers possesses, in addition to his other many virtues, that of poltroonery.

Behind the Bravo stands a man blowing the French-horn, and holding his left hand in his breeches. The Captain's letter of reccommendation will certainly be no loser by the ani-

mating notes of the musician. Music has the same influence upon the mind, that warmth has upon the body: it rarefies, and by rarefying, expands it. This horn-player is surely sketched from nature: I imagine this to be the case from the situation of his left hand, and the buttoning of the two lower buttons of his coat, in order to conceal it. Hogarth had undoubtedly seen a man playing the French-horn in this attitude; although he might probably not know the reason of his doing so.—I remember to have frequently observed, in my youth, a performer on this instrument who used to stand in precisely a similar position; and I knew that he did it that he might avoid a disease which is often brought on by great straining—and nothing causes greater straining, than blowing the French-horn. The intention of the action in the case I speak of could not be mistaken; for if the performer occasionally removed his hand on arriving at a *piano* passage, he was sure to replace it at the next *fonte*:—the good man looked as if he was perpetually about to pull out his watch!

The gentleman in the centre of the print, who, with his expanded tail and turkey-cock strut, appears to be defiling off before Rakewell, is a French dancing-master of that period; and is—as we cannot but perceive—a man of distinguished figure and remarkable address.* One may perceive that the inspiring and inflammable air of his nation actually raises him from the earth, which he touches only with his toes. It is pretended that this figure is *outré* and distorted. Yet what dancing-master—especially when as abstracted as this one is, in the enjoyment of his professional existence—does not occasionally caricature and distort himself? It is the same with these teachers of bodily rhetoric, as with many of our Latin Professors—they have so many *syntaxis ornata*, that it is impossible for them to express themselves unaffectedly.

That the left leg of this figure might at first be mistaken for the right one, ought perhaps to be imputed, as a fault, to the chair, which does not yield quite so readily as the atmosphere to the lines described by the dancing-master's limbs. The more delicate the motion the more liable it is to be impeded; a dancing-master may break his neck over a straw, that another person would not even feel. This happy mortal, (and that he is pre-eminently happy, we may be convinced by the expression of rapturous glory in his face—by the eyes nearly closed externally, and gazing internally upon the visions of his imagination—by the simpering mouth which is thus fashioned by contentment itself,)—this happy mortal, I say, is in the act of making with his body a *pas frizé*, which his *inward man* is contemplating with ineffable satisfaction, viewing it as he does in the purest unembodied form of ideal beauty! What peace of mind! what soul-felt complacency! Verily, Wisdom herself must be confounded, when she here beholds a pair of feet, that have brought their nimble possessor to the goal which he might have missed ten times over, if he had her head upon his shoulders. Behind the Dancing-master stands Du Bois, a French fencing-master—a portrait. He is in the attitude of one who is making a thrust with his foil, while he calls out to his adversary. This man is remarkable for his tragical end; he was run through the body in a duel (11th

* Mr. Nichols thinks that this is the celebrated dancing-master Essex (Anecdotes, p. 17, 3d edit.); but says nothing of it at page 210, where he specifies the portraits here given. Mr. Ireland believes him to be a Frenchman,—and in this opinion I coincide. But Essex is not a French name; nor is it probable that Hogarth would have drawn a countryman of his own with patches on his face: yet he might have some particular reasons for doing so, and perhaps the features alone belong to Essex. Fielding notices him in his Tom Jones (book xiv. chap. 1.), where he says—that had Homer and Virgil, Aristotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, united their talents, they would never have been able to produce such a work as Essex's "*Rudiments of Genteel Education*." This figure, therefore, becomes doubly valuable, if we attribute its air of evident exultation to a consciousness of a superiority over those ancients whom the dancing-master may either imagine to belong to his own profession, or pity, because they did not.

May, 1734) with an Irishman of the same name and profession; he retired from the field of battle on foot, but died a few days afterwards of his wound. Sure enough, similiar names and professions (especially such a profession as this) in the same town, might be likely to occasion mortifying *qui pro quos*:—as the namesakes, therefore, were both privileged dispensers of the *specific for all complaints of honour*,—the matter was arranged fraternally; and the danger of mistake for ever obviated. Although our fencing-master has no adversary in front, whose thrusts he can parry, he has one at his back, who casts upon him a look, the keen thrust of which could not be parried by all the Du Bois in the world:—it is the glance of still, silent contempt, sharpened by the evident consciousness of superiority. This comes from the person standing against the wall with two formidable cudgels beneath his arm—himself looking somewhat like a third. His name was Figg,* he was the greatest cudgel-player of his time, and—if we do not quarrel about words—really a great man. He could have levelled an ox with his fist, and tamed a menagerie with his quarter-staff. This contrast of the British Athlet with the French Fencer is admirably happy: we have here the solid and durable British oak opposed to the fluttering French aspen; the club of Hercules to a foil—the lion to the animal that crows. With what an expression of disdain, spread over his broad unruffled countenance, does Figg rest against the wall, and witness the comic fencing-solo of Du Bois! His look plainly informs us that he is not only able to hew the fencer into pieces, but, if necessary, to devour the pieces themselves afterwards.

On Figg's left hand, in conjunction with the Venus in the picture, stands old Bridgeman the gardener, presenting a plan to Rakewell, who is at present too much engaged with the *utile* to have any leisure to attend to the *dulce*. This head, has, in my opinion, all the air of being a portrait.—What an expression of honesty in the countenance! He seems to be the honestest man at the levee, and it is probably for this very reason that the master of the house turns his back upon him. Such a face is a real annuity for life,—although now drawing to its close. Deafness, and a paralytic motion of the head, would not have rendered the original at all less interesting. The artist has been blamed for having placed in the hands of this celebrated embellisher of grounds, who was the first to banish the formal Dutch regularity from gardens, a plan in which the formal system is so conspicuous.—But may not this be evidenly intended to shew us want of taste in Rakewell, who has before rejected many better designs? Or may not Bridgeman, who is holding more than one plan, present this first, by way of feeling his employer's pulse. Yet this idea is somewhat too refined. In fact, for the *hieroglyphic* of a garden, a plan in the Dutch style is much more convenient than a modern English one; to the latter it would have been necessary to have added the words, "*Garden Plan*."—I must observe, by way of parenthesis, that this excellent man was the first that ventured to banish clipped trees, and that he was the inventor of what are called Ha Ha's.

Kneeling before our hero, is a Jockey, who has won for him a heavy silver bowl, which he now presents in this attitude—probably because he can thus hold it more conveniently, till his master has transacted his more important concerns. For a hundreth part of a such a prize, old Rakewell had not only forgotten all his other temporal concerns, but eternity itself into the bargain. Upon the bowl is engraved the race horse and his rider, above which figures is inscribed—"Won at Epsom," and beneath the name of the horse—"Silly Tom." This is the use which Hogarth has made of his hero's christian name, at which we hinted in the preceding plate.

* He died in the year 1734. There is a portrait of him painted by Ellis, and engraved in mezzotinto by Faber. In S. Ireland's illustrations, are many anecdotes of him, and a card that Hogarth designed for him. The authors who mention him, speak of him as a perfect wonder. His forte consisted in the use of broad sword and quarter staff.

The horse is called Tom, like his master, and like him suffers himself to be ridden upon by other people for their own advantage—which he would not do were he not *silly*.

I have known instances of Englishmen who have at first read the word *filly* instead of *silly*; and indeed, few persons would expect to find the latter epithet beneath the portrait of an English racer. A noble, generous creature, that stands many degrees above other horses in the scale of animal perfection, and not unfrequently above its master himself. Here it seems to be disgraced merely for the purpose of inculcating a moral lesson to its owner.

Thus Hogarth informs us that his hero keeps racers, and, as we may perceive, from the two portraits of combatants against the wall, fighting cocks also. And if, in addition to this, he bestows his golden apples among such *fighting-hens* as the three who stand before Paris, we shall be able very easily to divine what will be the end, not of this upstart,—but of this *downstart*. At the harpsicord sits a man, apparently not very young, although when viewed from behind of a very respectable appearance. Before him a new Opera lies open. "*The rape of the Sabines*,"—upon the right hand leaf are the names of the performers, and on the top line is *Romulus*, Sen. Far. — undoubtedly meaning Farinelli, a celebrated singer of that day, with whom we shall by and bye become better acquainted. Then follow the ravishers themselves, very whimsically numbered *first, second, third ravisher*,—with the abbreviations of their names; and what gives this idea so much Hogarthian pleasantry, is, that these dreadful ravishers were, one and all, artificially prepared for soprano singers. It is to be observed too, that the word *ravish* has another meaning, which, it is probable, did not occur to Hogarth, at the time, for it would rather have diminished than increased the force of the intended satire:—to *ravish* means also to enrapture, and in this sense, Farinelli may certainly be said to have been a most notorious ravisher of ladies. Then come the virgins;—Signora Str——dr, Signora Ne—gr—se;—all *natural* sopranos, it is true, but most *artificial* virgins! These ladies belong to the well-known order of female Sabines, who wander through, and sing in every country of Europe; where they extort fines from the other sex, in revenge for the lost honour of their grandmothers, giving them in return a symbol of the fatal history by way of quittance; after which they proceed with their booty to the *Agro Sabino*.

Upon the back of the chair, on which the Harpsicord player sits, hangs a long roll of paper; which, at first sight, might be taken for a petition to a *certain house*; and the company, too, has somewhat the appearance of a gang come to press subscribers into their service. This, however, is not the case: it is a list of the presents which have been made to the ravisher Farinelli, who had then quavered himself into a princely fortune. "A list of the rich presents Signor Farinelli, the Italian singer, condescended to accept of the English nobility and gentry for one night's performance in the Opera of Artaxerxes. — A pair of diamond buckles by ——; a diamond ring by ——; a bank-note in a rich gold case; a gold box, with the history of Orpheus enchanting the beasts, by Thomas Rakewell." Bravo! among these animals, it appears, was one justly called silly Tom!

These are the costly toys: then come the various sums, 100, 200, 300 guineas as we may suppose. Below lies the frontispiece to a poetical panegyric on Farinelli, inscribed by its author to our Rakewell. Thus racers, fighting cocks, strumpets, and poets, devour something in the course of a year. The frontispiece represents Farinelli upon an altar, where hearts are burning; before him are ladies, some kneeling, and some standing; offering to him flaming hearts,—a most extraordinary present to bring to such a deity. The high-priestess exclaims "one God! one Farinelli!" and it is asserted that, during the time that so many persons were infected by this Tarantula-mania, a lady actually uttered these words aloud in one of the boxes, being plunged in an exstacy of rapture at the warblings of the Castrato.

But who, after all, is the man seated before the harpsichord;—for it most undoubtedly represents some well known character of that day?

Englishmen themselves are not agreed as to who is the person intended, and no foreigner can possibly decide such a question as this: but it certainly cannot be Farinelli. No youthful fair one would think of offering her heart to such a figure as this—such a thing is not credible for a single moment. Place whatever you will upon the altar, be it marble, or wood, or what it may,—for Heaven's sake let it be in the shape of youth! It is generally reported to be our own great countryman, Handel: Trusler expressly says so, and I have myself recently been assured, on the authority of a person who knew Hogarth, that this figure is most certainly Handel. Nichols is of a contrary opinion; but he merely founds it upon an hypothesis of Sir John Hawkins: "Handel," says Sir John, "valued himself too much to bring himself into such a situation; therefore, the artist would hardly have ventured to expose him thus." Now it seems to me that this is of no weight at all. One must be very little acquainted with the spirit of satire in general, and more particularly with the spirit of Hogarth's satire, to impute to it such scruples. The figure of Handel,—which many thousand persons must have frequently seen placed in this attitude before the instrument,—probably pleased our artist; and in consequence of being thus well known to the public, it was calculated to answer his purpose by serving as a universally intelligible sign for music, just as Bridgeman's head does for gardening. I must own that it would have been an unpardonable thing to have given us here Handel's features; but it is the *art*, not the man that is here made so prominently conspicuous; and this circumstance removes all idea of intentional offence. Yet if it be really Handel who is here before us, Hogarth has made ample reparation by the manifesto which he has fixed to the chair; and we may be permitted to interpret as follows the artist's meaning.—"This is the man upon whom should be conferred those presents which thou, my country! lavishest upon wretched eunuchs! If thou must bestow thy wealth upon a stranger, at least bestow it upon one whose melodies, so far from unnerving thy manly feelings, rouze, excite, and animate to deeds that are worthy of thyself. But as for those—give them brickbats instead of bread."

Now for a peep into the anti-room, where we find all the characters ready for the second act of this morning comedy, and the bell about to ring. A milliner is listening with great resignation to the somewhat furious address of a man, who, to judge from his gesticulation, is quarrelling about precedency: this person, who may be a shoemaker, is afraid that he shall be the last to be admitted into the presence chamber. Next to him is one who, according to Gilpin, is a French taylor; and then comes a French perruquier:—the former has a new gala-suit on his arm, the latter a new wig in his box. This is indeed something like a taylor! what a difference between him and the village theosophist, who measured our hero for his mourning! You might swear that that fellow was a cobler; but this gentleman might almost be mistaken for a minister of state. To all appearance, both the taylor and perruquier have come hither in a coach. Who is the tall figure standing by the looking glass? He appears to be some one either upon half-pay, or out of place. But the poet! the poet with an epistle to Rakewell in his hand! He who does not sympathize in the felicity felt by this man while he reads his own verses, probably for the hundredth time, has never been the father of a single line, and is consequently unacquainted with one of the greatest domestic enjoyments with which it has pleased Heaven to cheer human existence—no matter whether placed in a garret, at Twickenham, or at Ferney! Observe with what affection and paternal rapture he regards his metrical offspring; while his right hand is placed upon his heart, as if to prove the sincerity of his feelings:—his peruke too is precisely in the fashion of Voltaire's! Did we not already know that Hogarth had himself written verses, we could not have failed to suspect it, after viewing this poetaster's head.

Between the portraits of the game cocks, hangs the Judgment of Paris. The arrangement of these pictures shows us the taste of its possessor, or at least of his major-domo—or perhaps his major-domo may be a sly dog, and intend the cocks as a stroke levelled at poor Paris. The

two animals stand there as if the three goddesses were so many hens; while Paris sits there as if they were so many cocks. Is it at all probable, that this picture is a copy of one that had been in the possession of Francis I.—and sold to Rakewell as an original?

Francois I. Roi de France avoit un tableau que l'on disoit être sans défaut; il permit à tout le monde de le venir considérer, et ordonna qu'on lui fit parler tous ceux qui y trouveroient des défauts. Ce tableau representoit Junon, Venus, Pallas, et Paris nuds. Rabelais, après l'avoir examiné long-tems, dit qu'il trouvoit un grand défaut de jugement: on le fit parler au Roi, qui lui ayant demandé quel étoit ce defaut, il repondit a sa Majesté, que Paris étant au milieu des trois plus belles déesses du ciel, ne devoit pas etre representé d'un si sang-froid; et que c'étoit se tromper lourdement que de penser que ce Prince, jeune et vigoreux, fut ainsi demeuré sans donner quelque signe qu'il étoit homme, devant trois deesses nues, qui tachoient à l'envie de lui plaire."

This is quoted from the anonymous explainer of Hogarth, from whom Mr. Ireland borrowed the observation. But how happened it that neither recollected that their great countryman Burke has solved this problem with his peculiar philosophical acumen. The passage occurs in his Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful, Part 4. Sect. 9, and to this I must refer the reader. Were it brought into contact with the one before quoted, they would by their affinity produce a *third*, which is quite as well omitted.

In front of the harpsichord is the maker's name: the words, if I am not mistaken, (for they are not very legible,) are *J. Makoon fecit.* In all probability, this is another stroke at the tastelessness and extravagance of the possessor, or the imposition of the vender. But the English annotators take no notice whatever of such traits as these; they ought, however, to have considered, that, although containing no difficulty for the artist's contemporaries, time renders them obscure. And we may be sure too, that Hogarth did not insert this name without being convinced that it was the most appropriate he could select for his purpose.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Plate III.

Naturalists, particularly chemists, have observed, that man, and every animal that breathes, and wishes to retain its breath as long as possible, ought to inhale a mixture, consisting of one part of pure vital air, and three parts of deadly air. This is a most remarkable fact: immerse a man entirely in the latter, and he will neither breathe nor eat again. Plunge him entirely into the former—O! how rapidly burns the flame of life! with sixfold brilliancy it glows! Youth flashes with greater energy on the cheek!—The powers of digestion are increased with sixfold force! But the fire blazes out too impetuously, and we fear—yes we fear—that if this vital energy be continued much longer it will produce—*eternal life!* How wisely, therefore, has nature tempered the air of eternal life in our atmosphere, by combining it with a treble portion of deadly gas! Did we consist entirely of soul, we should all shoot up into fanatics and devotees, fit neither for heaven nor for earth; but the five well-known dampers hinder this too luxuriant growth, and cause the soul to vegetate more slowly. But what, exclaims my reader, is the drift of all this? In the second plate, our hero was in a *forcing-house;* here we behold him in a *damping* one. He has to-day been fencing, dancing, been taking a lesson upon the harpsicord, another upon the French horn, a third with the quarter-staff; he has listened to a poetical reading, and has dispatched an infinitude of domestic business. Exertion like this requires rest, that the mind may recruit its powers against the employment of the morrow; and this he finds here, in rather an extraordinary manner, it must be confessed, but that is not our concern, it is merely a matter of taste. Here then reposes our indefatigable hero,—in a tavern;—and whether it is a regular, or merely an *extempore* brothel, I will not take upon me to decide. In London, money will soon convert any room into a library, picture gallery, museum, or a seraglio. Our hero has made choice of the latter for a friend

and himself: and it is stocked with Oriental liberality, for,—not reckoning the little toad of a ballad singer at the door,—here are ten ladies to two men, or rather two men to ten ladies. Terrible work is going on here; and it has lasted some time too—for it is impossible that all the light we perceive in the apartment should proceed from the four luminaries in the back ground. The sun has already risen, and is reflected in the bottles: this circumstance is a fortunate one for us, since, without its assistance, we should not have been able to disdiscover half the devastations committed under this reign of terror. There he sits, or, at least, all that now remains of him, and that, in truth, is but little. Out of the *six* senses which he brought hither, there is now hardly one that is left entire; and the remnants are not worth mentioning. His clothes hang about him as loosely as his limbs upon him—following merely the laws of gravity. The left* stocking has already reached nearly as far as it can descend, an example which will be followed by the breeches on the very first motion, and then by their master himself. To all appearance he has already had a little dispute with the laws of gravitation, in consequence of which the chair behind him has been broken. What more than mortal felicity in this countenance! All the trifling remant of words yet hovering on those lips, appear to be collected there merely to make us comprehend the indescribable happiness of insensibility. At his side hangs his sword across its sheath, thus already prepared to droop as an ensign over the carcase of the hero as soon as he falls to the ground. We cannot possibly, however, suffer him to fall, without casting a look at the exploits he has achieved; and this leads us into a more particular survey of the field of battle.

Upon the ground, at no great distance from him, lie, as the trophies of his victories, the watchman's lanthorn and official quarter-staff: this is as honourable for the victor as if the watchman himself were lying there in *propriâ personâ*. Figg's pupil has acquitted himself well. Close by these, and almost under the point of our hero's sword, lies the noblest object that a hero's sword could reach—the head of Julius Cæsar. A particular Cæsarean operation has laid the emperor of the world thus low in dust, in the midst of broken glasses, pill-boxes, and the fragments of the horn lanthorn. In his drunken frolic (which by the bye is the most proper occasion he could have chosen for such a purpose)—Rakewell has conceived the idea of restoring the Roman republic, and, in conjunction with his Jacobin coadjutor, has attacked without mercy the zodiac of emperors, that displayed itself in state upon the walls. The arrangement of the signs, are, as we perceive, in exact analogy to the whole system of the apartment, with all its moveables inanimate and animate.

Sunt Aries, Cancer, Virgo, Gemini, Leo, Taurus, &c.

The tyrants—at least as many of them as are visible to us,—are all decapitated—with the exception of Nero; but he was one for whom our hero had a kind of fraternal feeling; he was a true infernal blood, one who not only had a *head*, but deserved to keep it. For the rest, one cannot help thinking that it looks as if all the vacant spaces were heads, or all the heads vacant spaces: as may have often been the case in Rome itself. Augustus seems to be stretching out a tolerably long tongue, as if in derision of the poor republic. Vitellius looks now—at least, in our copy—very respectable in a wig and band; while the worthy Vespasian has a head of most *swinish* outline. In lieu of the first Cæsar (who really hung here in the first impressions of this plate) they have put into the frame a stout squat figure that certainly *fills* the frame in a most imperial manner; and seems well able to support the whole *orbis terrarum*. This being's name was Pontac; and, as Mr. Ireland assures us, he was a very eminent cook.—The anonymous commentator confesses that he does not know what to make out of this *Paunch*, but conjectures that he may be some celebrated pimp: in all probability, therefore, it is the landlord

* This print was reversed in the German which is here described.

of this very house, whom Rakewell has thus elevated to Cæsar's station.

Tyran, descend du trone, et fais place à ton maître!

The looking glass — that universal portrait of all present — has not escaped any more than the imperial likenesses: — the fracture has probably been occasioned by the sword of Rakewell, who has been committing *suicide*. In the general tumult and confusion, the victuals have been flung into a corner of the room, which, as we may perceive, was already occupied. The aboriginal possessor of this territory is a particular utensil, which people are apt to use somewhat unceremoniously, and which occasionally serves them very unceremoniously in return: this is now pouring forth its superfluity, most ungrudgingly, over a roast chicken with a fork sticking in its breast, as well as over picked bones, plates, lemons, and jelly-glasses. The gentleman's cane is lying broken at no great distance. In the fore-ground is a heap of clothes, the peeling of some lady, who, to be more at her ease, has been stripping herself to the very quick: the vestments reach along the ground as far as the Cæsar's-head, which serves to connect them with a box of pills.

Such are the havock and devastation that has taken place amongst the objects of inanimate nature: let us now view the destruction that has happened to the animated part. Wearisomeness and exhaustion have produced, as usual, an appearance of something like soberness, and the arrangement of the figures is, at least, picturesque. The heads form a line, gradually rising from the right to the left, till we arrive at the bald pate, when they decline, in a similar manner, on the other side towards the horizon, till we return nearly to the spot from which we first set out. For this observance of order amidst disorder, we may thank the table, which, by its inflexible neutrality, maintains peace where, had there been a few inches less wood between the parties, blows and murder must have inevitably ensued. In short, this same physical distance is a most excellent peace maker; as we may convince ourselves by examining a map of the world.

A hat with white feathers is making its court to the black feathered one of our hero. It is to this that its wearer owes her victory over so many rivals.—It is true, the booty all goes into the common stock, but still all the honour belongs to her! With her right hand this fair creature is making an attack upon his heart, in order to feel his pulse at the very source. Yet this is only a feint; the real attack is directed against another beating matter, his watch, and this is consigned over to a party in the rear, while the eye of the fair plunderer keeps another *watch* of a different species.

The indifference with which the rear-guard receives the booty is expressed in a most capital manner: one would hardly suppose that such a face could countenance such transactions. Her right hand, supported by its elbow on the back of the vanquished enemy's chair, takes the watch as coolly as it would a soap-ball; she seems as if inclined to play with the prize before she deposits it in the treasury—and that, too, close to Rakewell's ear! but she doubtless knows very well how such ears keep guard. That Hogarth thought no little of this face is evident from the foil with which he has set it off. Here is again English flesh and blood opposed to a complexion of African soot. What flashes of lightning the little black Satan shoots from her eyes! They are the brightest sparklers in the piece. She directs her glances towards the door, where a wench, in the attitude of the performer on the French-horn in the preceding plate, is blaring out the ballad of the *Black Joke*. The good creature is black herself, and likes a joke too, be its colour what it may: she holds up her finger to her mouth: perhaps out of a little modesty she intended to hold her whole hand before her face, but, upon reflection, she feels that there is no occasion for it here.

At the table are two remarkable female dragon-heads; one of them is spitting out fire, the other poisoned wine: the contest has, perhaps, hitherto been carried on merely by the weapons in their mouths, or they

contented themselves with discharging at each other vollies of interjections and ejaculations; and now having fired away all their ammunition of that kind, they have recourse to more solid arms. One employs a knife, the other a fire-engine.

Perhaps the nymph, who is in a blaze, has been requesting a draught of the Naiad of the Fount, who is now endeavouring to extinguish her flame; and dispatches the liquor to her in a rainbow shape, while she prudently secures the fount itself with both her hands. A few inches less wood between them and here might be work indeed! Between this warlike pair, and at the very summit of the pyramid into which the figures are grouped, is a couple most peaceably disposed. We cannot help discerning, even through the cloud which the fumes of wine have cast over the features of the nymph, the faint glimmering of a different flame. She appears willing to decoy a poor ninny of a fellow upon her own account, and therefore, probably, she attempts with but little success.

The two remaining figures at the table are very easily to be understood: they represent the mechanical part of the art of drinking, as seen in the first and last stages of its progress. One lady has still perfect self-possession, and is drinking with a gay and careless air, holding her glass merely with her left hand, as if it were no more than a pinch of snuff, and the bottle in her right, which is hanging down by her side, yet still retains its power. The other, who has evidently drank too much, is obliged to employ both her hands to carry her glass to her head, and seems as if unable to swallow another drop. In the former we may almost fancy that we behold the poet of Greece, who quaffs his copious draughts of inspiration, and of Chian wine together, but always with a graceful air; in the other some modern Anacreon, who greedily seizes hold of his strong ale, and—luckily enough for his readers—spills half of it on his own breeches.

There is yet a lady remaining in the back-ground, whom we detect perpetrating a very portentous act: she holds a light in her hand, and is evidently employed in setting fire to something that is neither more nor less than the *orbis terrarum* itself—*totus mundus*. His selecting a w— for such an employment shows that Hogarth was well acquainted with ancient history, and with the earliest specimen of the sublimest species of poetry. Perhaps, too, something more may be intended here; one of Hogarth's commentators settles the matter very soon; he supposes that the lady finds herself neglected by the company, and in a fit of rage sets fire to the world, although she herself should perish with it. What an extraordinary manner is this of entering into the spirit of Hogarth's humour! If such were her intention, it would have been better to have held the candle under the staircase, and set fire to Monsieur Pontac's house at once. No! if this action originates in any thing more than the mere desire of committing mischief, which is so usual with drunken people, it has a much deeper signification; and the following interpretation, if not precisely the true one, is, at least, more in unison with Hogarth's genius than the above. A personwho intends to set fire to the world, not allegorically, but literally—that is to say, in a map—indubitably begins, should the said map be hanging up against a wall, by applying the light to the lower edge. But that is not the case with this *Helen*, who appears to select a particular spot; which purpose she does not effect without considerable exertion, being obliged to raise herself upon her toes. Now, unless I am greatly mistaken, this spot is situated exactly on the eastern coast of America;—and may not the nymph intend to fire the world, *in effigy*, at the very place from whence the first American discoverers imported what has kindled a flame in the old world, which we are still attempting in vain to extinguish?

The lady in the foreground, who appears to be at her toilette, was an infamous creature, known under the title of the *posture-woman*. Trusler informs us, that she was called Aratine—probably Aretine. She is to be served up in a dish trussed like the fowl with the fork sticking in its breast. The dish that is now being brought in at the door, and to which the baboon, who is carrying it, holds a candle, in order to announce the spectacle to the company, is the stage

upon which she will figure. This is certainly abominable enough.

Upon the rim of the dish is, "John Bonvine (*Bon Vin*) at the Rose Tavern, Drury-lane;" and thus we are informed of the street and house where such orgies used to be solemnized. The name *Bonvin* corroborates our conjecture respecting Pontac. Even the baboon too is a portrait of a notorious fellow, who was waiter at the Rose, known by the name of Leather-coat. He must have distinguished himself very much; since Fielding brought him upon the stage so early as 1732, in his Covent Garden tragedy, under the name of Leathersides. He is said to have been in great repute among the trade. Whoever wished to lay in a stock of American ware was sure of being directed by him to the best dealer.—Rakewell has certainly been making application to this negotiator.

I do not exactly comprehend what is intended by the servant, who is bringing a dish down stairs, or what it is he has got; but he is certainly not introduced here for nothing. Is it intended to inform us that there are similar doings in the upper stories, or that this room is underground, and therefore a cellar? for in England they generally carry the meat up, and not down from the kitchen.

Nichols rightly observes, that these are not the manners of the present day: yet the priests and the idols continue, probably, the same: it is only the Liturgy that is altered.

To the Editor.

Mr. Editor,—The riddling lines which I send you, were written upon a young lady, who, from her diverting sportiveness in childhood, was named by her friends The Ape. When the verses were written, L. M. had outgrown the title—but not the memory of it—being in her teens, and consequently past child-tricks. They are an endeavour to express that perplexity, which one feels at any alteration, even supposed for the better, in a beloved object; with a little oblique grudging at Time, who cannot bestow new graces without taking away some portion of the older ones, which we can ill miss.

* * *

THE APE.

An Ape is but a trivial beast,
Men count it light and vain;
But I would let them have their thoughts,
To have my Ape again.

To love a beast in any sort,
Is no great sign of grace;
But I have loved a flouting Ape's
'Bove any lady's face.

I have known the power of two fair eyes,
In smile, or else in glance,
And how (for I a lover was)
They make the spirits dance;

But I would give two hundred smiles,
Of them that fairest be,
For one look of my staring Ape,
That used to stare on me.

This beast, this Ape, it had a face——
If face it might be styl'd——
Sometimes it was a staring Ape,
Sometimes a beauteous child—
A Negro flat—a Pagod squat,
Cast in a Chinese mold—
And then it was a Cherub's face,
Made of the beaten gold!

But Time, that's meddling, meddling still
And always altering things—
And, what's already at the best,
To alteration brings—

That turns the sweetest buds to flowers,
And chops and changes toys—
That breaks up dreams, and parts old friends,
And still commutes our joys—

Has changed away my Ape at last,
And in its place convey'd,
Thinking therewith to cheat my sight,
A fresh and blooming maid!

And fair to sight is she—and still
Each day doth sightlier grow,
Upon the ruins of the Ape,
My ancient play-fellow!

The tale of Sphinx, and Theban jests,
I true in me perceive;
I suffer riddles; death from dark
Enigmas I receive:

Whilst a hid being I pursue,
That lurks in a new shape,
My darling in herself I miss—
And, in my Ape, The Ape.

1806.

OCHLENSCHÄGER'S CORREGGIO.*

This is a dramatic poem of a very remarkable description: highly characteristic of a peculiar cast of taste and intellect: most curious as an example of national literature: and interesting as a specimen of a class of composition with which readers in this country are but little acquainted. Goethe has said of the elegant Olympic Theatre at Vicenza, built by Palladio, in imitation of the antient theatres, that, compared with the modern edifices, it suggested the idea of a noble and beautiful child, placed in comparison with men, who, though of much inferior natural endowments, know better how to avail themselves practically of the gifts of nature. This remark might be applied, with slight alteration, to our great Danish dramatist. His compositions—and this in particular—exhibit great powers; but effect and interest are not produced by them in proportion to their extent—that is to say, to common apprehensions.

This drama can scarcely have been written with a view to representation. As a poem, it might be classed under the head *Eidylia.* It has but little action; and the little that there is, often appears interrupted: the soliloquies are frequent and long; the dialogue does not hurry us on:—but, then, if the stream loiters, it is still a stream bright and pellucid: it seems to linger as if detained by the luxuriance of the images which it reflects—and which would, for a while, arrest its charmed course. The reader who is content to relinquish strong situations for beauty of language, and delicate simplicity, will frequently be delighted by that strain of tenderness and grace that breathes in many passages, and by the minuteness of finish that will captivate him in others.

Correggio has recently been termed, by an English critic, one of the loveliest creations of poetry—but we presume that he did not mean also to assert that it was one of the most masterly and agitating of tragedies. There is certainly no deficiency of pathos; but then it is the pathos of sentiment, not of passion;—not of wild and turbulent emotion. The

* Imported by Bohte, York Street.

characters of Antonio Allegri, and of his wife, are most affectingly amiable: they are pure, generous, sublime beings:—God forbid that we should say they are too ideal! The former, feeling the deepest enthusiasm for his art, and displaying this feeling in the loveliest creations it is capable of producing, is nevertheless harassed with doubts as to his own talents; sinking into despondency, and at length driven to despair. However fascinating these characters may be in the closet, they are touched with a delicacy that seems incompatible with the effect necessary for the stage; where we should feel that their introduction would be, to a certain degree, their degradation likewise.

In order to enable the reader to judge of the correctness of our opinion, we shall here present him with an abstract of the subject. Unfortunately, the author has not prefixed to this production any thing like a preface, which might have brought us acquainted with the motives of his choice; or in what degree he himself conceived it to be eligible for the stage. To us, his object appears to have been the delineation of an intense love for art, and its reaction upon the mind and heart; also of that pure tenderness, in which truly gentle dispositions can alone indulge, and which, unfortunately for us, is sufficient of itself to stamp the piece of which it forms a feature, with the character of the romantic and the ideal.

Another remark before we proceed to the story:—the author has avoided the terms act and scene, and has divided the piece into five *actions:* this circumstance, therefore, seems to indicate that he does not wish it to be considered as a regular dramatic production. We first of all behold an open place in the village of Correggio; having, on one side, an inn—on the other Antonio's little dwelling, where he is painting a Virgin, Christ, and St. John. For the model of the former, his wife Maria has sat to him; and he is now employed upon the St. John, with his own little Giovanni for a model. He is visited by Silvestro, a hermit residing in the neighbouring wood, to whom he makes a present of a picture of a Magdalen, of which we hear again. No sooner has the holy father retired, than Battista, the inn-keeper, makes his appearance; and he reproves Antonio for permitting the little Giovanni to scrawl figures upon the inn wall. He has long been envious of Antonio's reputation, and of his being visited by all travellers who pass through the place; nor is this enmity, which he is disposed to feel towards the artist, at all diminished by the intelligence he has just received from Rome, that his son Francisco, who had been sent to study there, has no capacity for the art—of which fact Antonio had assured him before.

At this juncture Ottavio, a nobleman of Parma, who is a patron of Battista's, and who promises to take his son into his employment—confides to the irritated and revengeful man the secret of his passion for the painter's wife. This information is highly gratifying to Antonio's enemy; for he foresees the destruction of the envied domestic felicity of our artist. Ottavio purchases the Madonna of Antonio, and invites him to Parma, to paint some subjects for him in his palace.

In the second action we discover Michael Angelo and Giulio Romano, who are detained in their journey through Correggio, by an accident which has occurred to their vehicle. While the latter goes to visit the paintings in the church, Battista addresses the former, whom he finds to be the celebrated Buonarotti. Michael inquires who is the painter whom he sees at work: the crafty host promises to introduce him; but previously acquaints Antonio, that the man who sits drinking before the inn, is a rude fellow, who has insulted the painter's powers, and whom it will be well to treat pretty severely. When he pays his visit, Michael at first expresses great admiration at Antonio's colouring; but, offended by the reception he meets with, begins to criticise the performance. Struck with astonishment at the boldness of the stranger's remarks, the painter wishes to know who he really is; when, catching hold of his hand, he perceives, by a very particular ring he wears, that it is Michael Angelo himself. Driven to despair by the contempt which the great Florentine artist has expressed for his labours, he determines to renounce his profession. Indulging in his des-

pondency, he proceeds to finish up the picture that has been purchased by Ottavio, when Giulio Romano, who is now returned, expresses enthusiastic admiration at the sight of so lovely a picture. Antonio is raised from the depth of despair to the summit of rapture, when he finds that he, who is so charmed with his performances, is no less a person than Giulio Romano himself! Giulio convinces Michael of the injustice he has been guilty of towards so admirable an artist. The latter recovers from his ill humour, and presents to Maria, the wife of Corregio, his ring, which he requests her husband will wear.

Neither Michael nor Giulio appear again. The scene is now transferred to Parma, in Ottavio's picture gallery. This signor is upon the point of being married to a beautiful Florentine lady, named Celestina; notwithstanding which, he yields to the passion with which Maria has inspired him. But, on his sounding Antonio with respect to the attachment he feels for his wife, and discovering that he sincerely and affectionately loves her, the gallant nobleman generously relinquishes all farther design upon her. Oppressed with the variety of the opposing emotions he has experienced in the course of the day, Antonio falls asleep; and, while thus sunken in the slumbers of exhausted nature, Ricordano, and his daughter Celestina, enter the gallery. The latter prepares to lay a wreath, which she holds in her hand, before Raffael's picture of St. Cecilia, when she discovers Correggio's piece; turns to it, and is struck with admiration at its beauties: she afterwards perceives the sleeping artist himself, whom she knows by the ring he wears; Giulio and Michael Angelo having related their adventure. Enraptured with this accidental discovery, she places the wreath upon his head, and immediately departs.

On awaking from his sleep, Correggio relates that he has had a singular vision, in which he imagined himself to be crowned with a wreath of laurel, by a beautiful Muse—when suddenly he finds the wreath actually on his brow. The rapturous astonishment thus occasioned is quickly, however, diverted by Battista, who enters, carrying the sum for which Ottavio has purchased his picture, which he maliciously pays to him in copper. The scene, during the last act, lies in a wood near Correggio. Here is seen Silvestro the hermit's hut, and an oak formed into a kind of little chapel, where hangs the Magdalen which Antonio had presented to the recluse. This portion of the drama opens with a long soliloquy by Valentino, the captain of a band of robbers, who now, in the evening of his days, is oppressed by painful doubts and reflections: a short dialogue ensues between the hermit and the banditto, in which the former expresses the pleasure he feels on perceiving in the latter the workings of repentance. A party of the robbers now enter with Francisco, the son of Battista, whom they have made a prisoner, on his return home. The hermit intercedes for his life, entreating them not to profane, by a murder, a spot consecrated by the image of a saint: and, thus appealed to, they relent, confessedly through veneration for the beautiful creation of Correggio's pencil.

The banditti retire; and Antonio is seen approaching, exhausted with fatigue, and carrying upon his shoulders the 70 scudi which he has received in copper in payment for his picture. He throws himself down beside a little stream, and cries in a desponding tone—

Onward I cannot—for my powers fail me!
Heavens! there bubbles the clear spring.
* * * * * hand be my cup!—
Ah! it avails not; it serves rather to increase
The feverish thirst that rages in my veins.
Yet, could I reach my home, and to those dear ones
This burthen bear!—How will my fond Maria
Alarm herself, now shady eve approaches,
And I away—blood mounts into my brain!

(*Takes the wreath off his head, and examines it.*)

This still is fresh; it is my head that burns.
"To immortality I consecrate thee!"
Yet immortality begins from death!
Mysterious vision, was thy import this?

He is roused from his reflections by the approach of a peasant girl from the village, with a pitcher upon her head. He entreats her to let him

drink: Lauretta complies with his request, and afterwards sings to him the following wild ballad:—

The elf dwells within the rock's hollow hall;
The pilgrim, he sits by the lone waterfall;
The froth is curling as white as snow—
Deep at the base of the rock below.
"Then, pilgrim, come, plunge in the depth where I hover,
For so shalt thou be my dear trothed lover!

'Tis I thy soul from its body can free;
And then through the wood thou shalt dance with me.
O! dash boldly in, where calleth the sprite;
Thy bones I will wash as ivory white.
Here shalt thou repose in my watery home,
While o'er thee the crystal torrent shall foam."

The pilgrim, shuddering, heareth the song;
But his feet refuse to bear him along.
He beholds the golden-hair'd elf appear,
Who presents him a goblet of water clear;
And, as he the cooling beverage drinks,
Seiz'd with pain, and exhausted, he suddenly sinks.

A shudder runs through both his marrow and blood;—
Alas! he hath drunk of the deadly flood:
He drops down pale where the roses are red,
And there reclineth the pilgrim dead.—
The current roars on through the eddying pool;
His bones are bleach'd on the strand so cool.

Releas'd from its body, the soul now strays;
It wanders by night through the wood's mazy ways;
In early spring, when the stream rages most,
With the elf is seen dancing the pilgrim's ghost.
Then the pale moon shines o'er the dark groves high,
And the wave, beneath which his blanch'd bones lie.

As soon as her song is concluded, she departs, leaving Antonio to ruminate upon the ominous and mysterious incident. At length he again takes up his heavy burthen, and proceeds homeward, in the hope of being able to bear to his wife and child the reward of his toil, and then die. A short conversation ensues between Maria and the little innocent Giovanni; at the end of which Antonio appears pale as death. Conscious of his fast-approaching dissolution, he requests his wife to summon the hermit to perform for him the last offices of religion. During her absence, Battista and his son pass through the wood. The former hears, with remorse, that the life of the latter has been preserved by a painting of Correggio's. Maria returns with the holy man; but Antonio wakes no more; and the intelligence that now arrives, of the Duke of Mantua having called him to his court, cannot serve to diminish the affliction of his sorrowing friends. The child, who had been playing with flowers, unconscious that he was placing these ornaments upon the head of a parent that was to awake no more, bursts into tears—

My father sleeps not—he is dead; is dead.

Silvestro.

Weep, child forlorn; most justly may'st thou weep:
And thou, Maria, mix thy tears with mine:
The world alone shall wonder without sorrow,
Since in his works he shall for ever live,
A noble pattern to the latest ages.
But we have lost a husband, father, friend.—
A loss not all the world can now repair.
To heaven we look to meet him once again.

Out of such materials has Ochlenschëger constructed, if not a drama of powerful interest, at least a dramatic poem of considerable pathos and sweetness. We do not consider the subject as particularly happy, although we think that the author has imparted to it as many beauties as it was capable of receiving. The reader will perceive how far he has adhered to, or deviated from, biographical tradition. The difficulties attending such a performance must be obvious to every one. It is unnecessary to point out the defective construction of a plot where so many of the characters are introduced merely for the sake of giving prominency to the principal figure; or where, if they excite an interest on their introduction, that interest is not afterwards gratified. Such are Giulio Romano, and Michael Angelo. Ottavio also is withdrawn from our view very suddenly, and so also is Ricordano—thus leaving in the mind of the reader something of the irritation of disappointment.

SONNET.

THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

The leaves are falling fast;—and they declare
That summer days will shortly have an end;
That soon the winter's stormy blast will bend
The naked trees, that once, in the mild air,
Waved their wide branches, while the sun's fair face
Beam'd on their foliage, and the warbling race
Chaunted melodiously a grateful song.
And cannot all the art of man prolong
Their stay? Ah, no!—And he like them must fall.
Yes, he—perhaps before his summer's turn—
Must yield him up to death's despotic call,
Leaving his friends to follow and to mourn.
Life passes like the season we deplore,
And birds, and trees, and sky, for us shall soon be o'er.

Acton Place. M. M.

LODOISKA AND HER DAUGHTER.

A ROMANCE BY MADAME DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.*

This work may well be styled a romance:—it is truly romantic, not only in respect of its incidents, which are at once extraordinary in themselves, and striking from the mode of their introduction,—but, more especially, as distinguished by a vein of poetical and impassioned sentiment, marked by highly coloured language, which is still more remote than even the occurrences of the narrative from what may be termed common life. The authoress,—wife of the celebrated Baron de La Motte Fouqué,—is not so good a writer as her husband, whose sweet tale of Undine has conferred on him a very high reputation with the lovers of fanciful and supernatural story; and whose wilder romance of Sintram we recently noticed on the occasion of its translation into English.—Madame La Baronne, however, is a very popular novellist in Germany,—and her works generally possess that power of creating a strong interest in the mind of the reader, which justifies popularity, and covers a multitude of literary sins. She delights to occupy herself with those subtile sensibilities of our nature, the language of which has such charms for some tastes, while it is disliked, and apt to be ridiculed, by others. Her appeals are made to the adepts in romantic feeling: the uninitiated,—they who are only acquainted with the common movements of the human mind, might mistake for exaggeration or fantastic trifling, that exhibition of the more mysterious and refined workings of the heart, which constitute the excitements and attractions of her pages. The transports, however, with which such descriptions are welcomed by a large class of readers, and the zeal and devotion they awaken in the breasts of these, more than compensate an author for the sneers of the callous. The admiration they produce becomes heated by enthusiasm, in proportion as the cause is a peculiar one, and forms the distinction of a brotherhood:—it waxes proud, inasmuch as it lays claim to a further insight and a brighter light than fall to the lot of the multitude:—it is made a test of fidelity by those within the pale, in exactly the same degree that it is branded as heresy by those without.

It must, however, be confessed by all parties, that the besetting faults of such a style as that which has been adopted by Madame de la Motte Fouqué, are obscurity, straining after effect, and exaggeration:—and those who happen to be acquainted with her writings, will not, we think, acquit her entirely of having fallen into these. "The excess of romance," as it has been termed by a German critic, visible even in the works of the

* Imported by Bohte, York Street.

Baron, and producing much that is confused, undefined, and incomprehensible,—is abundantly apparent in those of his wife. Her last novel, of which we are now about to render some account, is certainly marked by the poetry of passion, and breathes an intense and ardent spirit of love; yet a want of natural congeniality, of genuine character, occasions a disagreeable sensation in the mind of the reader, and leaves him at the conclusion dissatisfied. The thoughts and feelings do not combine kindly with the native sympathies of mankind; they float separately and superficially, like oil on water, instead of mingling intimately with our experience. A high degree of public civilization necessarily keeps down the vehement display of passion; yet the literature of this state of society is animated by an eager ambition to represent such a display: for want, however, of genuine models in nature, the colouring in description is generally conventional, false, and exaggerated. Effect in appearance, unaccompanied by moral efficacy, is the consequence:—and hence we find that nothing now is relished but the most highly seasoned preparations of passion and feeling, which are perused with avidity by the most heartless classes of society, and occupy the general attention equally with scandalous paragraphs, impertinent criticisms, and dissertations on dress.

Much of the vagueness, affectation, and indistinctness of the sentimental writings of the present day we would account for by the artificial state of public manners, and the diseased cravings of a jaded public taste. In these, we really think, have originated that species of composition in which Madame de la Motte Fouqué must be allowed to excel: where the moral *chiaroscuro* is that of an artificial, not of a natural light; where excess is the substitute for vigour, and forced situations supply the interest, instead of an easy and natural arrangement. Still, however, there is a charm naturally belonging to this sort of writing, to the influence of which we should be sorry to be insensible; and it belongs to the works of our present authoress, in a very remarkable manner. Her language, and the strain of sentiment and feeling in her productions, affect the mind similarly to the sounds of an Eolian harp: the tones are deep and impressive, they penetrate the heart; but they die away too abruptly, and do not possess that rich fulness, and enchanting connection, that testify to the triumph of art. The events in the novels of Madame de la Motte Fouqué are involved in misty obscurity: the figures are deficient in decision of *contour*,—the eye can hardly trace a definite outline. We are perpetually at a loss to know the particular drift of the writer; what she intends to inculcate or illustrate. She is apt also to attach interest to circumstances that promise much and perform little:—her passages often "lead to nothing."

The story of Lodoiska and her daughter is given in a series of letters, written between the years 1773 and 1794: a considerable chasm, however, occurs in the correspondence, and a similar one in the history—viz. from 1775 to 1791. The narrative is entangled, and obscure; which is partly perhaps owing to the epistolary form adopted by the author. This is better adapted for the display of sentiment than to produce distinctness of detail: it leads unavoidably to repetitions, yet admits of greater intensity in the impassioned passages; it also provides opportunities for a complete and diversified view of the prominent situations, and favours the full developement of character, so as, in some measure, to compensate for the prolixity and confusion in the narrative which it tends to occasion.—These latter qualities are very apparent in the work before us: the authoress has not been able to manage the epistolary method so as to avoid involving the story and bewildering the reader: the plot of her novel must be termed perplexed; and many of the incidents which at first seem most promising and important, are afterwards entirely lost sight of. The interest, however, is, by one means or other, always forcibly kept up; and the passionate and descriptive passages are entitled to the highest praise.

The heroine of the two first volumes is Lodoiska:—in the third her daughter Verena, after her mother's decease, and an interval of sixteen years, reanimates the interest of the

story, which had appeared extinguished in the tomb of the former.

Lodoiska is sister to Count Vladislav Opalinsky,—a young Polish nobleman, who has long been a resident in France, where he has married the beautiful Melanie Chevreux. Our heroine, at the commencement of the story, returns from Prague to Dukla Castle, an old Tartar fortress, which is situated on the banks of some frozen lakes near the river Pruth, and is surrounded by gloomy forests of pine. In this melancholy, but romantic abode, Lodoiska awaits the arrival of her brother and his young wife, with no other companion but the old housekeeper Visnovieka, who had been her mother's favourite attendant, and her own nurse. Listening one evening to the old woman's gossipping, they are suddenly alarmed by the crackling of flames and the cry of fire. On opening the window shutters, the smoke rushes in, and they are placed in a situation of great peril. Luckily, however, for Lodoiska, a face, which, for beauty, and aptness of appearance, might have been taken for that of a guardian angel, presents itself before her; and she is at the same time seized by two strong arms connected with the said face, which bear her safely away from the scene of danger. Her preserver turns out to be a young German officer, a son of Count M. minister at the Court of Vienna. The high rank of his father has led to his appointment near the person of *the General*—by which appellation alone is known, throughout the novel, a personage who performs one of its most important parts, and constitutes one of its most prominent characters. As so much depends upon *the General* in the course of the history, we shall at once give his portrait, as sketched by Melanie, the French wife of Opalinsky, in a letter to her brother, Louis Chevreux, written soon after her arrival at the castle of Dukla.

We were yesterday visited by some Austrian officers of distinction, who have, as a preliminary step, taken possession of the territory which they intend eventually to wrest from Poland. Vladislav puts the best face he can upon a losing game; and he has an additional reason for doing so in this instance, because, among our guests, there is one who lately helped to extinguish the fire of which I have informed you.—The principal of our visitors, in point of rank, was one of those generals who now command here. A Barbarian by origin—at least, belonging to one of those Hottentot countries by which we are surrounded, and which I can never distinguish one from the other—To me, he seems to be half a Turk; at least, one may discern in his physiognomy that oriental and barbarian mixture. His exterior has something about it very remarkable, without being very ugly. His bleached hair forms a singular contrast with his dark, long, and pointed eyebrows, and vivacious fiery eye.—His complexion is of a yellowish brown; his features, particularly his nose, are well formed; and his lips and teeth are still fresh. Without possessing the suppleness of a Pole, he manifests, nevertheless, a certain submission towards females that reminds us of our dominion, and shows too, rather agreeably, that he is capable of becoming the gentleman. Although somewhat bent by age and fatigue, his figure is still imposing. His smile is very remarkable—I might say, indicative of refinement, were it not for a certain cast of *roughness* perceptible in every expression of his countenance. I am the more particular in this detail in order to convince you, my dear Louis, that it is not cruelty in me to fan the rising flame which this poor general certainly feels for the little Lodoiska. By this means I hope to provide for the security of our family under the new government. I must own, nevertheless, that I hesitate whether to prefer the general or his young adjutant for Lodoiska,—that brave fellow who assisted in quenching the fire, and who rescued the most valuable piece of property in the castle.

Lodoiska, however, does not hesitate at all in her choice. She complains to her friend Celestine of the importunities of the old Austrian general; likewise of the favour in which he stands with her sister-in-law. William, Lodoiska's deliverer from the fire, visits the castle as one of the General's suite; he soon discovers that he has a rival in his superior, and a rival whose pretensions are favoured by those who are able to further the views of a suitor. He, therefore, determines to apprize Lodoiska of the fate which he sees preparing for her, in order that she may be on her guard; still he does not yet openly declare his own attachment to her. That a passion exists between them, however, is evident; and Visnovieka (the nurse) expresses to Lodoiska her sorrow at the distress, which she foresees she is likely to suffer on account of this young stranger, to whom she must not hope to be

united, since her destiny has fated her to marry another and an older man. Lodoiska enquires the reasons she has for entertaining such an opinion, and is informed, by the old woman, that some gipsies, whom she had consulted, had prophesied that such would be the event.

At this period two relations of the Count Opalinsky visit the castle; they are the brothers Vingortzeffsky. The younger of these, Stanislaus, is soon attracted by Lodoiska. In a letter to his brother he says:—

You ask whether I love Lodoiska? Yes! the feeling that I entertain for her is united with my thirst for Poland's delivery. It is become a passion: all that is beautiful, all that is generous and noble in our nation, is to be found in her person. Her lips breathe the sounds of our language with beautiful animation; her eyes swim in a sea of moist, melancholy grief. My breast is penetrated with a devotion as deep as it is inextinguishable. I am now as unable to renounce her as my native land. Melanie appears to fear me; and Lodoiska attaches herself to me in proportion as she finds herself repulsed by her sister-in-law. I shall prove too crafty for the little French Snake, let her twist and wind herself as she will!

Opalinsky and his family, at this stage of the history, leave Dukla for Warsaw; and, when in this capital, the Count receives a letter from his Castellan, or keeper of his castle, acquainting him of certain mysterious noises heard about its precincts; detailing too, with considerable minuteness, the dreams of the said Castellan, in which, it seems, he had been in the habit of receiving visits from his old master the Count's father. Various strange appearances of violence, too, were visible in Lodoiska's apartment: but our readers will, no doubt, excuse us for not attaching as much importance as the Castellan himself did, to these wonderful matters.

It is of more consequence to the story, that Stanislaus, to whose character a high political interest, as one of the Polish patriots, is now attached, pays his addresses to Lodoiska with the consent of her brother. The lady confesses to her friend that she is fascinated by his person and manners; and that she could love him were it not for the recollection of him who had rescued her from the flames. Through the intrigues of the Countess (Melanie) Stanislaus becomes acquainted with the pretensions and hopes of William, whom he hates as one of the confederates; and a duel between the rivals takes place, in which the German officer is dangerously wounded. The interest which the General shows in the fate of his Adjutant, and his zeal against his enemy, now cause Lodoiska to regard him, for the first time, with a feeling of warm friendship: and her sympathy for him is greatly excited, when it appears that the health of the veteran is seriously injured by his unreturned passion for her. We are now led to an event as extraordinary as it is unexpected. It is thus related by Celestine (a friend of Lodoiska, who is on a visit to her at Warsaw,) in a letter to one of her correspondents:

The old man had been declared to be at the point of death, and one night Lodoiska heard a gentle tap at her door. A priest, dressed in his full robes, with a taper in his hand, entered the room, and approaching her bed, in a slow and solemn manner said, "the dying man to whom I have been giving the last blessing"—"What," exclaimed Lodoiska, with emotion—"is he then departed?" "Not yet," replied the priest—"still he has but a few moments to live; and it is only from yourself that he hopes for tranquillity in his last moments. In the impetuosity of passion he once swore solemnly, that before he left this world he would be master of your hand! It is this rash oath that now weighs on his soul in the hour of death." "Almighty," groaned Lodoiska, "what, what shall I do?" "Give your hand," replied the priest, "accompanied with the blessing of the church, to him who supplicates for it in his last agony."—"Marry with the dead!" cried she with a tone of horror.—"With the dying, not the dead: it is but for a moment," continued he with an encouraging tone, "you are then again free, and a soul is delivered." The unfortunate girl sat looking upon the priest with a stupid gaze, undetermined what either to say or do. At this juncture Melanie appeared. "What," cried she impatiently, "can you yet hesitate! Do you possess no heart for the afflictions of others! Come hasten to terminate those of a poor distressed old man, who deserves so much of your gratitude." Then, without waiting for Lodoiska's reply, with the assistance of a French attendant, she raised her from the bed, confounded as she was; threw a rich robe over her, fixed some pearls and brilliants in her hair, and so dragging her along between the priest and herself, they

entered the gloomy apartment of the invalid.

The oppressed sufferer, who was concealed by the closely drawn curtains, groaned forth some heavy unintelligible sounds. The priest said something in Latin; all was then silent, and Lodoiska stood by the side of the dying man's bed. The curtains were gently undrawn, her hand was now placed within that of another: she was conscious of nothing, and did only as she was commanded! the dreadful vow has escaped her lips; the blessing is pronounced, and she turns round in order to depart, when two powerful arms catch hold of her, and warm lips are fastened upon hers. "Thou art mine!" exclaimed a strong clear voice; and vigorous, proud, and triumphant, her husband stands by her side, and with his glistening eyes dissipates the dream in which her senses had been held!

Opalinsky, who has been privy to the stratagem, immediately quits the place in order to avoid his sister's looks; while his wife plays to admiration the part of one who has been imposed upon. Just after this event Stanislaus is betrayed, his papers are delivered into the hands of the confederates, and he is obliged to make his escape. He sends to Melanie the following letter:—

I know whose hand it was that has spun this black web of treachery. Yes, be assured that I know thee. It avails thee nought, Melanie, that you now remove me hence. I go, yet not because I *must*, but because I *will*. Heaven knows there is nothing I would more gladly do than give to degenerate Poland an example of courageous resolution, and of a freedom that is not to be tamed by chains and fetters. But thou, thou artful and crafty traitress, hast breathed into me the spirit of another life. Thou hast given to my existence a new aim, to my desire a direction and a durability. Watch me, thou crafty one: be that henceforth the business of thy life; for be assured never shalt thou enjoy repose.

On the morning subsequent to her unfortunate marriage, Lodoiska quits Warsaw with her husband for Halicz, where the General inhabits a spacious old building, called the Palace, or the Castle, finely situated upon the Dniester. It is here that the unfortunate bride enjoys all the luxuries and splendour of Asiatic and Barbaric pomp. It is here, too, that she again meets with William, who has frequent opportunities of being in the presence of the woman whom he loves—for it does not appear that the General entertains any dread of a rival. The situation in which the unhappy lovers are now placed, affords scope for much sentimental writing, in which those exquisite traits of feeling are displayed, that generally lie buried from view in the recesses of hearts of rare qualities.

A report has been spread of the death of Vingortzeffsky, who is said to have shot himself: yet among the Arabians, whom Lodoiska meets with at Halicz, is one bearing so near a resemblance to Stanislaus, that she is struck by the astonishing similarity of air and feature. An event too shortly after this occurs, which will excite the reader's suspicion, that Stanislaus yet lives. A letter from the old Castellan of Dukla to Lodoiska, informs her that her brother had at length become the father of a son,—the object of his and his wife's most devoted love; but that their happiness in the possession of their child had been cruelly interrupted by sinister forebodings as to his fate: and that these were terribly realized. The old mysterious noises had recommenced in the Castle of Dukla; and a strange figure had been seen riding round its precincts. The Countess, disturbed by these events, and agitated by her fears for her child's safety, felt herself one evening more than commonly depressed; and, after her husband had quitted her apartment, she requested her women to sing to her to soothe her spirits. A sound, as of the violent closing of a door near them, was heard: the alarmed mother desired that her son might be given to her arms, and all was again still. Her attendants soon afterwards quitted the chamber, for a few minutes, to perform some service in the next room: while so engaged, they heard a violent scream in the apartment of the Countess, and, rushing in, they beheld the unfortunate lady in a swoon. On her recovery, she demanded her child with loud cries; but the infant was missing. The Countess, raving in her agony, accused incoherently Lodoiska and Stanislaus of the robbery. The latter, however, is believed to be dead; and the loss of the boy is generally attributed to supernatural agency.

The health of Lodoiska is too surely seen to be declining; and she prevails on her husband to permit her to

retire to the convent of Saint Anne, for a short period of religious seclusion. Her lover, William, is now absent at Vienna. From the convent Lodoiska thus writes:—

The nuns are not so unfortunate as we used to imagine. Habit renders them indifferent to the attractions of the external world, which they rather dread than covet. The tranquil equipoise of a steady unchanged existence makes them capable of a clearer contemplation of the unchangeable future; it is towards this that their serene look is directed. It is in this holy place that those dwell to whom they are attached; it is here that the dream of youth becomes a living pure reality; here the world again is created anew; here is the fresh, the green, the spiritual Eden. Oh, canst thou pity those who are capable of indulging feelings like these! Even the air that one breathes here possesses something peculiar. It seems as if it embellished every object! The General came to pay me a visit. The seriousness of the place, and the presence of the Abbess, seemed to impart a solemnity to his behaviour. Never before did he appear so engaging to me as during these few hours!—I could even endure to hear William's name pronounced, and his first letter from Vienna mentioned. The General conversed with me respecting him. The noble confidence, thus shown to me, seemed to elevate me. My passion now appeared to be purified. Poor, poor youth, who is it whispers to thee, that we may venture once again to love?

Lodoiska becomes a mother, and the infant is named Verena, after a patron saint of Wallachia and Moldavia. The sentiments of maternal affection seem now entirely to occupy her heart; they impart a purity to her feelings; they subdue the turbulence of passion; they repress its impetuosity, and convert it into a benevolent sympathy of the heart. The General, however, is discontented with the sex of the child; and sees with remorse and grief the wasting-away of his wife. "Ah," he says, "what is a plucked flower that withers in the hand! Its drooping head is a sad reproach for having cropped it: I have obtained nothing by this marriage: Lodoiska dies. I read it in her pale countenance."

Lodoiska's death is an event which soon takes place: she expresses a desire to meet her husband hereafter, and hopes that, although she has not contributed much to his happiness on earth, she may open to him an entrance into heaven. She then embraces her child, sighs out the name of William, and expires. The latter is now in England, where he goes to take possession of an estate to which he has succeeded; and where he continues to reside. This occurrence happens in the autumn 1775; and here terminates the history of Lodoiska.

After an interval of sixteen years, the young Verena, her daughter, is suddenly brought before us, when, accompanied by her father and her governess, she visits Dukla. It is not without considerable emotion that she beholds the antique castle, where her mother had once resided. She finds her uncle Vladislav, prematurely aged through the weight of affliction, and Melanie with her reason and faculties impaired by her grief for the loss of her son. In the vicinity of the castle is a Benedictine abbey, which Verena and her governess visit, attended by the old Castellan. Here they find, sleeping before the shrine of the Virgin, a man attired in a singular oriental costume, but of most expressive and interesting appearance: he is soon joined by a youth who addresses him as his uncle. This lad fascinates the attention of all, particularly of the old Castellan. On their return from the abbey, Verena is seized by two robbers, and they are on the point of carrying her off, when she is rescued by the stranger, who, when he learns that she is proceeding to Dukla, betrays an emotion that naturally excites her surprize. A few days after this circumstance, during an entertainment given at the castle, which is now filled with guests, the mysterious person suddenly re-appears before Verena, and, while they are together, the Countess comes up to them. No sooner does the latter discern the face of the unknown, than she utters a shriek, and swoons. Upon recovering, she exclaims, "It was the spectre! the spectre! He wants to carry off Verena too!" In the mean while, he who had been the occasion of this alarm disappeared as suddenly as he first came. Vladislav is convinced that he is haunted by some secret enemy, who wishes to harass him: nor is it long after this that he is agitated by another strange accident. Restless and perturbed, he is wandering alone through the forest one sultry noon,

when every thing is buried in deep silence. Suddenly he hears sounds of distress, and observes a youth defending himself against the attack of an infuriated wolf with the butt end of his gun. The Count discharges his piece at the animal, which he kills, but, at the same instant, sees the youth fall wounded in the leg; he bears him to the castle, where he is recognized by the Castellan as the same whom they had met in company with the stranger at the Benedictine Abbey. Attracted by the bustle, the Countess enters the apartment whither the youth had been carried:—no sooner does she see him, but she exclaims, "my son! my son!" and embraces him with a rapture that knows no bounds. The idea that she has found her long lost child, has the most happy effect on her mind. From this moment she becomes serene and cheerful: not so her husband, who, although he fancies that he discovers a likeness between his wife and the boy, has no idea but that the recognition was the working of her perturbed fancy, feeding upon a mere delusion.

While things are in this state at Dukla, Verena and her father are proceeding to the baths of Carasu. Arrived here, the now aged General is taken severely ill, and his dissolution approaches. Verena is agonized at the idea of losing her father at such a distance from home, and at the dreadful prospect of being left unprotected in a strange country. At this critical moment, she once more sees before her the unknown, and he seems now sent by Heaven to be her deliverer and friend. The circumstances that result, are described as follows, by *Achmed* (such is his assumed name) himself.

We met at Carasu, when she was totally ignorant that I was accompanying her. You know that I am able to assume any disguise;—the costume and the language of any country. I watched her in a variety of situations, without her once recognizing me. At length the moment arrives when, deserted, helpless, and distressed, she looks round for some friendly, some rescuing hand. The father was in the agony of death, she was kneeling at his feet—the place was a desolate and retired old building, her attendants were at a distance—no one was at hand, except her old and helpless governess: then Felix,—admire how fate had prepared all in my favour—I present myself before her like some angel in the dark night of affliction! As such does she receive me; as such does she retain my image impressed upon her soul. From this instant our destinies are united—every thought, every act is devoted to her.

So passes a week; the old man contends with the strong energies of life, and with the power, that sets a limit to his days. At last I determine to discover myself to the dying person: I utter my name to him, but he does not hear me, he does not permit me to finish; he makes a sign to Verena; looks earnestly at her; seems as if anxious to say something; but can only join our hands together, and — expires. Felix, she is mine, bound to me in sorrow, distress, and death; her beauteous lips have pronounced the sacred vow, and, glowing with a secret flame, her long oppressed heart now at length throbs freely against mine!

The plan which the husband of Verena had formed for bringing about a reconciliation with her family by means of Jagello, the youth whom he called nephew, is frustrated by discovering that he has disappeared. They however proceed along the Dnieper, and reach the Carpathian mountains, in the vicinity of which, Dukla is situated. Here Verena is left by her husband within the deserted apartments of an old building, while he absents himself for a short time. While occupied during the dead of night in writing, she hears voices at some distance, and thinks that she can distinguish that of her husband.

Snatching a light, says she, I proceeded rapidly along the corridor. Impelled more by the terror of mysterious desolation, than by impatient anxiety, I heedlessly hasten in the direction of the sound; yet it seems strangely enough to retreat as I approach! My anxiety increasing at every step drives me forward. I descend along a staircase and find myself in a square place surrounded by lofty walls. A sharp air whistles around me; the flame of my light wavers, I look up, and see eddies of snow blowing down with a hissing noise. My light is extinguished, and I stand within the interior court of this labyrinth of a building. Totally unacquainted with its parts, uncertain as to the direction which my impatience caused me to take, I grope anxiously about: I catch hold of the lock of a door; the bolt gives way, I open it, and a distant glimmering lightens the windings of a twisting passage. Filled with apprehension, I follow this light, when suddenly a heavy sound behind me causes me to stop.

The noise ascends, just as if it proceeded from the scraping of heavy footsteps beneath. I now stand at the entrance of an extensive vault. A thick vapour of half-burnt-out pine torches comes against me, and a circle of hideous figures is distinguishable among the mists of this infernal place. *In the centre stands my husband!*—"Once more," I hear him say, "once more have I assembled ye here, in order to rescue the boy, who has grown up under your eyes. I once stole him from the powerful Waiwode of Dukla. While yet an infant in his swathing clothes, was he forced to avenge me on his mother, who snatched from me my bride at the altar!"—Here a loud scream betrayed me, I sank down lifeless and knew not what happened. A few hours afterwards I found myself in my own apartment, but locked in. I gazed fearfully around, hardly knowing whether I had not been dreaming. Arminia was sleeping upon a seat beside me, a lamp was faintly burning in a hollow of the wall. At length I stood up to rouse my recollection, but the confusion of my thoughts would not permit me to remember any thing clearly: there was a small paper lying upon the table, I hastily seized hold of it, and found the hand-writing to be that of my husband; it contained as follows: "Now, Verena, thou knowest all. Accident or curiosity has betrayed to thee what I endeavoured so cautiously to conceal. Do not reproach me with having deceived thee. I have disclosed to thee the very abyss of my soul in that passionate affection for thee which has filled my whole being. What had been imposed upon me by circumstances and by the influence of events, I was endeavouring to throw off, and then, freed from the fetters of an odious obligation, I hoped to find in thee a mild and generous judge. Thou hast lurked in waiting for me, thou has caught me even during the last act that was preparatory to my liberation, thou has already judged me! Go, Verena, deliver me up to thine uncle. Arm against me thy deeply irritated race. I will not oppose you; my soul is weary of dwelling in this wretched world, which is but one of the outworks of existence. In thy love, thou beauteous revived Lodoiska, the energies of half destroyed life were renovated! Thou turnest from me, —thy hate breaks my heart!

Verena resolves upon partaking the destiny of her husband Stanislaus Vingortzeffsky, for whom she feels the warmest love; and ultimately departs with him for England, having, prior to her quitting the castle, informed the Count, her uncle, that Jagello is really his son. During their stay in England, William, the old lover of Lodoiska, is accidentally brought into the presence of her daughter, and soon after dies in consequence of a fall from his horse. Stanislaus, instead of proceeding to America, as was his first intention, leaves his wife in England, and returns to fight under the banners of Koskiusco. To her he addresses the following letter.

Raffka, April, 1794.

Thou, whose noble heart beats for the fate of Poland, participate the raptures I experience at finding all the country in arms! The revolution of Warsaw has roused every one from lethargy. The hero Koskiusco bears aloft the standard of freedom. I have discovered myself to him, and he has confided to my command a brave troop. Courageously shall I now traverse the fields of my country to oppose her detested enemy; to contend with him, wherever I can, and, by preserving Poland's honour, to regain my own. * * * * * * *

We have had a warm day's work. The Russians are defeated; they fly before Koskiusco, beyound the frontiers. * * *

June—Verena, the Prussians have routed us! The hero Koskiusco found his master at Salze. Yet that does not dispirit us, we may soon retrieve from them the victory. A treaty is entered into respecting Cracow: I next hasten thither in order to rescue all that may yet be saved. The royal burial-place of our kings:—Casimir's crown:—they demand me with irresistible power—Adieu, thou most beloved of women! give my last salutation to the dying William.—*Stanislaus.*

He once more beholds his mother; he again visits Dukla, whither he conducts Jagello, who had been wounded in battle; a reconciliation ensues between him and Opalinsky and the Countess; then, impatient for the contest, he returns to the field, and, a few days afterwards, falls in the fight in which Koskiusco is taken prisoner. Verena continues in England, and in a letter, which she addresses from thence to her friends, she says, "All that occupies me at present is the consciousness that he loved me, and that he fell for his country. Repose, and peace to his ashes!"—With this epistle the Novel closes,—unsatisfactorily enough we think, for all parties—except, perhaps, for the readers of this imperfect sketch.

ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JAMES SHIRLEY.

No. III.

We do not recollect any instance in the course of his writings where Shirley speaks of himself, or of his own character and feelings, with the exception of a few passages in the dedications of some of his later plays: there he indulges in a murmur, scarcely amounting to a complaint, against the puritans, who almost deprived him of the means "whereby he poorly lived." Thus, in the *Politician*, a tragedy before noticed, he observes, in 1655, that "the severity of the times had taken away those dramatic recreations, whose language so much glorified the English stage:" but, though so great a sufferer, he never breaks out into any thing like rancorous invective. Nor is this abstinence under provocation to be attributed so much to an apprehension of the power of the "straight-haired republicans," as to his own natural gentleness and mildness of disposition, which is conspicuous through his works. It seems that the Puritans, (in the words of Moliere in his Critique on the *Ecole des Femmes*) had *des lumières pour des ordures*, which others did not possess; and Cowley, in his "Cutter of Colman-street," and Randolf, in his "Muses' Looking Glass," have shown that they were often *plus chastes des oreilles que de tout le reste du corps*. For this hypocrisy they were frequently severely attacked by poets, both on and off the stage; but though Shirley owed most of the disappointments of his life to them, he never introduces a character, a sentence, or a line, into his plays or poems in which they are either ridiculed or censured. In reading the productions of literary men, and poets especially, we insensibly form a notion of their temper and habits as we proceed; and, for the best of all reasons, it is generally a great deal more correct than the opinion to be derived from the statements and traditions of contemporaries. It would be easy to illustrate this point were it necessary; but it may be truly said of Shirley, that all he has written serves to prove that, though sensitive to a fault, he was not fretful or peevish, and that his amiable and affectionate temper, might merit for him the epithet of "*gentle*," so beautifully applied to Shakspeare, by one of his encomiasts. We know of no writer from the perusal of whose works we rise with a more perfect conviction that he must have been beloved by all who were acquainted with him; and, with trifling exceptions (not so considerable even as those of Massinger,) he has left no traces of that grossness which has disfigured most of the dramatic productions of his time.—Some have justified these blemishes as the custom and fashion of the day; but, without going out of our way to excuse them, it may be fairly said, that the indelicacy of the plays written before the closing of the theatres was at all events any thing but seductive: it was intended merely as a joke, and with the joke its effect ended: after the restoration, however, indecency was employed as an incentive, and it was rendered palatable by an odious ingenuity; sometimes, indeed, it had a thin semi-transparent covering, but it was only *il vel sottile e rado*, which separated Ruggiero from Alcina, and gave fresh intenseness to the flame of his passions. Such is the great distinction between the grossness of our plays upon the old English, and that of those upon the new French model, such as it was introduced with Charles II.

As we have not much space left in which to speak of the masks, pastorals, and miscellaneous poems of Shirley, we must proceed to them without further general observations.

The mask is a species of theatrical amusement, originally, we believe, produced in Italy, and at first practised in this country, without either song or dialogue, being nothing more than a dance in visors: thus our eldest writers almost uniformly couple masquing with *mumming*. Of this kind were many of the court amusements in the reign of Henry VIII. who generally joined in them, according to the account of Holinshed, with great spirit.—That speeches were sometimes made on these occasions, however, is quite clear from the same authority, and one in French

by a Herald is expressly mentioned by him. In the collected works of Sir T. More, printed in 1557, are a number of lines usually spoken of as a sort of mask, but in fact nothing more than an explanation of a pageant of shifting scenery, or what were then called "moving pictures." Pageants and shows are not to be confounded with masks: of the two first, there are many specimens in the Chronicler before referred to; one of them most gorgeously splendid on the entrance of Queen Elizabeth into London in 1558. The old poet, George Gascoyne, was mainly concerned in a tedious entertainment of this kind, presented before the same Sovereign at Kennelworth Castle, and he has also left behind him in his works (printed in 1575 and 1587) "a Devise of a Mask for the Right Hon. Viscount Mountacute," written to celebrate a double marriage in that nobleman's family, which is one of the earliest specimens of the kind in English: it is also remarkable for its allusion to the feud between the two Italian houses of Montague and Capulet, of which Shakspeare long subsequently made such use. By degrees changes were adopted, a variety of characters were introduced; scenery was employed, and a dialogue was kept up between persons who were not in fact maskers, the dancing being executed by the nobles, male and female. Lord Bacon's well known Essay on this subject supplies a good deal of information regarding it: in his time, "fools, satyres, baboons, wild-men, antics," &c. were brought in, as what were called *antimaskers*, to amuse by their strange shapes and grotesque dancing; and "double masks," appear also then to have prevailed. In the reigns of James I. and his son, this species of court entertainment reached its highest splendour; the funds of the inns of court were so lavishly expended upon them that they were even interdicted; and the representation of *Britannia Triumphans*, on a Sunday, before Charles I. had perhaps more effect than any thing else in producing the abolition of all theatrical amusements for about ten years, and the unhappy abandonment of the old English school of the drama.

Shirley wrote five pieces usually placed in this class of composition; but the only one of these perhaps, that strictly belonged to it, was "the Triumph of Peace,"—which appears to have been the most successful ever exhibited. The scenery and machinery were by Inigo Jones, and the music by W. Lawes, and S. Ives. It was performed before the King and Queen at Whitehall, Feb. 3, 1633, and so popular was it, that it went through at least three editions in the course of that year. Our quotations are made from "the third impression," which contains several material variations from the rest. It is dedicated to the four Inns of Court, by whom it was played, and some notion of its splendour may be gathered from the following description with which it opens.

At Ely and Hatton houses the gentlemen and their assistants met, and in this manner prepared for the court.

The antimaskers were ushered by a hornpipe and a shalm, riding in coats and caps of yellow taffeta, spotted with silver, their feathers red, their horses led by men in coats of blue taffeta, their wings red, and part of their sleeves yellow; caps and feathers: all the torch-bearers in the same habit appointed to attend and give plentiful light to the whole train.

Fancy in a suit of several coloured feathers, hooded: a pair of bats wings on his shoulders, riding alone as sole presenter of the antimasks.

After him rode *Opinion* and *Confidence* together: Opinion in an old fashioned doublet of black velvet and trunk hose, a short cloake of the same, with an antique cape, a black velvet cap pinched up with a white fall and a staff in his hand.

Confidence in a slash'd doublet, particoloured breeches, suitable with points at the knees; favours upon his breast and arm: a broad-brimmed hat tied up on one side, banded with a feather; a long lock of hair trimmed with several coloured ribands, wide boots and great spurs, with bells for rowels.

Next rode *Jollity* and *Laughter*: Jollity in a flame-coloured suit, but tricked like a morris-dancer with scarfs and napkins; his hat fashioned like a cone with a little fall.

Laughter in a long side coat of several colours, laughing: visards on his breast and back, a cap with two grinning faces and feathers between.

Then followed a variety of antick music, after which rode six projectors, one after another, their horses led by torch-bearers.

These are succeeded by an immense concourse of persons in all habits, some like birds, beasts, and

satyres, and others in more fantastic habilments. It is worth observing that Don Quixote is among them, accompanied by Sancho, and attacking a windmill. After these came a hundred gentlemen, "gloriously furnished and gallantly mounted," and two golden cars containing *Genius* and *Amphiluche*, and *Irene*, *Dice*, and *Eunomia*; and then we are told:—

After these came the four triumphals or magnificent chariots, in which were mounted the grand maskers, one of the four houses in every chariot, seated within an half oval, with a glorious canopy over their heads, all bordered with silver fringe, and beautified with plumes of feathers on the top.

The first chariot silver and orange,
The second, silver and watchet.
The third, silver and crimson.
The fourth, silver and white.

All after the Roman form, adorned with much embossed and carved works.

It is not necessary to extract more of this splendid detail, which rather belonged to the department of Inigo Jones than of James Shirley. The dialogue is opened by Opinion and Confidence, and their conference is ended by an anti-mask of a number of projectors, some like Merecraft in Ben Jonson's "Devil is an Ass." In all this the ingenuity of the invention is of course principally to be admired; all the poetry, such as it is, being contained in the songs; most of them overloaded, as custom compelled, with flattery to the king and queen. We shall quote but one of them, as the poet had probably no expectation that they would live beyond the day for the solemnities of which they were penned. It is a duet, or dialogue, between Law and Peace.

Eunomia. Think not I could absent myself this night;
But Peace is gentle, and doth still invite:
Eunomia, yet shouldst thou silent be,
The rose and lily which thou strowest,
All the chearful way thou goest,
Would direct to follow thee.
Irene. Thou dost beautifie encrease,
And chain security with peace.
Eu. Irene fair, and first divine,
All my blessings spring from thine.
Ir. I am but wild without thee, thou abhorrest
What is rude, or apt to wound;
Canst throw proud trees to the ground,
And make a temple of a forest.
Eu. No more, no more, but join
Thy voice and lute with mine.
Both. The world shall give prerogative to neither,
We cannot flourish but together.

Notwithstanding the complete success attending this exhibition, it does not appear that Shirley wrote any other mask, properly so called, unless "Cupid and Death," be to be excepted. He seems indeed to have entertained a contempt for this species of composition; in his "Maid's Tragedy," he abuses them for their vulgar adulation;—and in his "Royal Master," he speaks very contemptuously of them: in his "Changes," he censures their introduction into plays:—

Oh, sir, what plays are taking without these
Pretty devices? Many gentlemen
Are not, as in the days of understanding,
Now satisfied without a jig, which since
They cannot, with their honour, call for after
The play, they look to be serv'd up i'th' middle.
Your dance is the best language of some comedies,
And footing runs away with all. A scene
Exprest with life of art and squar'd to nature
Is dull and phlegmatic poetry.

"Cupid and Death" is one of the pieces by Shirley, called a mask on the title; but more properly, perhaps, a dramatic interlude: it was printed in 1653, and is founded upon L. ii. Eleg. 6. of *Secundus*, as quoted by Mr. Gifford, in vol. i. p. 91, of his Massinger. Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, has made an allusion to it, where he says—

Death hath exchang'd again his shafts with Love,
And Cupid thus lets borrow'd arrows fly:

but an Italian poet of the name of Antonio Nozzolino, has enlarged upon the thought, in a sonnet beginning—

Errava Morte, e avea seco Amore
Ambi nudi, ambi ciechi, e ambi alati:

and where he gives an account of the manner in which the destructive accident arose. Shirley has still further extended it with considerable fancy and ingenuity; and has made the consequences of the change obvious to the spectator. It is not necessary to furnish any quotation from it.

The "Contention for Honour and

Riches," is another production which has little or no resemblance to a mask, though it has been so named by persons ignorant of its real form. It is much more like one of the old moralities, at least in its general design and object: and (as we have mentioned in a previous article) the compiler of the Catalogue of the British Museum has confounded it with one, called "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," printed in 1602, and written, most likely, a good deal earlier. It is not impossible that Shirley had seen this morality before he published his "Contention for Honour and Riches" in 1633:—the resemblance is in some respects still stronger in his "Honoria and Mammon," which, in fact, is a subsequent enlargement into a sort of comedy, of the leading features of his "Contention for Honour and Riches." This extended "Moral," (for so the author himself terms it in his address "to the candid Reader,") was printed in 1659; and it possesses the additional curiosity of being probably the last effort of the author of a dramatic kind; for he says, "in my resolve nothing of this nature shall after this engage either my pen or invention." The characters are also more numerous in the last edition of the piece (if we may so say), and as upon the whole it is an improvement, besides being of much greater rarity, we shall make the few quotations for which we have room, from "Honoria and Mammon."

The object of the production may be easily guessed; it is a contest between the two ladies, who give the title to the piece, for the love and attention of various classes of persons; and there is much skill, and often comic effect, in the mode in which the characters are opposed to each other in different ludicrous situations. In the end, Alworth, a scholar, succeeds in gaining possession of Honoria, while Lady Aurelia Mammon is left to a courtier, a colonel, a citizen, and a spend-thrift. It will be obvious that some satirical matter is mixed up with the dialogue: the following is part of the first scene between Phantasm, gentleman usher to Lady Mammon, and Alworth:

Pha. Are you not inclining to a scholar?
Alw. I have spent time i'th'academy.
Pha. The academy!
Another beggar; I did think so by your
serious face—your habit,
Had almost cozened me, and your hair,
they are
Of the more court edition; this is
A beggar of the upper form of learning.
Your business with my lady?
Alw. If you please
To prepare my access
Pha. 'Tis to no purpose;
My lady keeps no library, no food
For book-worms, I can assure you that.
Learning is dangerous in our family;
She would not keep a secretary, for fear
Of the infection.
Alw. Does she keep no fool?
Pha. Yes, yes, and knaves.
Alw. I thought so:
In which class is your name, I beseech you?
Pha. We enjoy equal privileges: indeed
the knave
Makes somewhat more of's office; but my
lady
Is not so nice, so we can bring certificates
That we are sound, and free from the in-
fection
Of books; or can lay down our under-
standings,
And part with that unnecessary stuffing
I'th'head (you know my meaning), or re-
nounce
The impious rise of human art and know-
ledge,
We are in a capacity of employment.
Perhaps you may on these terms be ad-
mitted
With your philosophy, and things about
you,
To keep her horse; d'ye observe?
Alw. A fair preferment.
Pha. The fittest here for men of art; or if
You can keep counsel, and negociate hand-
somely
The amorous affair of flesh and blood,
There you may exercise your parts of rhe-
toric:
How lies your learning that way?"

The following are two disjointed passages from the same production, and exhibit Shirley's serious powers to advantage:—

Wise courtiers are the jewels of a crown,
The columns and the ornaments of state,
Fitted with parts and piety to act:
They serve the Power for justice, not them-
selves;
Their faith the cabinet, in which is laid
The Prince's safety, and the Nation's peace,
The oracles and the mysteries of empire:
Men born above the sordid guilt of avarice,
Free as the mountain air, and calm as
Mercy.
Born without eyes, when the poor man
complains

Against the great oppressor; without hands
To take the bloody price of man's undoing.
But keeping at each sense a court of guard,
Draw fear from love, and teach good by example.

* * * * * *

A soldier merits first to be called man,
By whom not only courts, but kingdoms flourish;
Unto whose several offices, the world
Owes all the great and glorious names of honour.
How would the age grow rusty, and the soul
Of common-wealths corrupt with ease, and surfeits,
Should not the sword call 'em to exercise
And sweat out their unmanly luxuries,
By acting things worth envy, even of princes.
The honour of the gown without his sword,
Will run itself into contempt, and laws
Are not good made, but while the sword secures 'em.
The court must wear no silk, nor the proud city
Make the sea groan with burthen of her wealth,
Did not the active soldier, with expence
Of his dear blood, expose himself abroad
Their convoy, and security at home.

The "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the Armour of Achilles," was printed in the same volume as the above: it was a private entertainment represented by the sons of some of the nobility, and is not inappropriately taken, for the most part, from Ovid's *Metam.* l. xii. The ode (the only piece of Shirley hitherto well known,) beginning, "the glories of our blood and state," is taken from this piece: the lines

His body holds vast rooms of entertainment,
And lower parts maintain the offices;
Only the garret, his exalted head,
Useless for wise receipt, is fill'd with lumber;

are a versification of a well known witticisim of Lord Bacon, on Mons. *Cadenet*, as translated in one of Howel's letters, dated in 1621.

This then brings us to the last piece of this class that has come down to us from the pen of Shirley.—"The Triumph of Beauty,"—which is nothing more than the judgment of Paris dramatised.—George Peel had previously wrought the fable into the form of a Pastoral, called, "The Arraignment of Paris;" and, although he had a lively fancy, a delicate taste, and as much command of language as any of his contemporaries, Shirley's little production may be read without disadvantage from the comparison. The speeches of Juno, Pallas, and Venus, are extremely appropriate, and if there be nothing very original in the thoughts (which could hardly be expected) the verses run with the utmost grace and harmony: they are preceded by the following song heard by the shepherd in the air, before the goddesses descended.

Song of Juno within.

Jove sent thee, Paris, what is mine:
be safely bold,
And for that trifle I resign
a wreath of gold:
Obey then and command! Thou cannot be
Just to thyself, if not to me.

Pallas.

Twice happy in thy choice, be wise;
ere thou dispense
This treasure, give thy reason eyes,
and blind thy sense:
Thus arms and arts thy humble name shall raise
Alike to wreaths of oaks and bayes.

Venus.

She whom all suppliants else implore
is here made thine,
And will for this a gift restore
no less divine:
The best of pleasures thus enjoy and try;
Where beauty courts who can deny.

Chorus.

Examine, princely shepherd, here
the offerings which we send thee;
How for that narrow golden sphere,
wealth, fame, and love attend thee:
And judge by this how large those honours be;
None to each other yield, yet all to thee!

In our last article, in reference to the piece now before us, we accused Shirley of plagiarism: but, on consideration, we are inclined to think that the charge is not deserved, even in the qualified way in which we then made it. The "Triumph of Beauty" opens with a scene between a number of Clowns and Shepherds, who are devising a play to entertain Paris: this is rather an imitation of, than a plagiarism from, Shakspeare's scene of a similar description in Midsummer Night's Dream, as a very short quotation will be sufficient to establish.—The subject of the tragedy of Shirley's Clowns is Jason and the Golden Fleece.

Crab.——But stay, all this while who shall do the Golden Fleece? Bottle, you forget that.

Bottle.—The chief part in the play—and one that must wear the best cloaths too.

Crab. Why, let somebody else do Jason, and I'll do the Golden Fleece.

Scrub.—Or I.

Hobbmol.—Or I,

Toadstool.—Or any body.—Or what if we left out the Golden Fleece.

Bottle.—What if you left out the *play?* The Golden Fleece out! Why 'tis the name, and the only rich thing in the play.

Scrub.—Why then leave out the Ship.

Clout.—Yes, and go by land to *Colchos.* May not somebody do two parts? Let *Scrub* do the Dragon and the King's daughter, &c.

Of course we do not pretend that this imitation at all equals the original, but it has a great deal of humour; and the contrivances of the Clowns are scarcely less ludicrous than those of the inventors and performers of "the lamentable tragedy full of pleasant mirth," of Pyramus and Thisbe.

We have room only to say a word or two on Shirley's Pastorals: they are probably two in number, viz. "The Arcadia," founded on some incidents in Sir P. Sidney's romance of the same name; and "Phillis of Scyros," translated from the Italian of *Guidubaldo de Bonarelli*, as the title says, "by J. S. Gent:" it is published, however, by Shirley's publisher, and some laudatory lines confirm the opinion that it is his: at the same time we should hesitate before we included it in an edition of his plays and poems, and at all events no extract from it is necessary.

At length we arrive at the miscellaneous poems, published by Shirley in 1646, and which were ushered into the world by a variety of commendatory verses by T. Stanley, T. May, G. Bucke, and others.

Some of these light productions had been inserted in the author's plays, and were here collected, no doubt, for the purpose of procuring a temporary supply of money. They have all various degrees of merit, for none are without claims to approbation; but as we have already given some specimens of Shirley's talent in lyrical poetry, and as we have exceeded the limits we intended to prescribe to ourselves, we shall be brief in our quotations.—The subsequent lines conclude one of the longest of the poems: it is upon the anacreontic model, and is addressed to a painter who was supposed to be making a picture of the poet's mistress: the contrivance was not at that time so stale as it has been since rendered, especially by the poetical imitators of the reign of Charles II.

But how I lose, instructing thee,
Thy pencil and my poetry!
For when thou hast exprest all art,
As high as truth in every part,
She can resemble, at the best,
One in her beauty's silence drest,
Where thou, like a dull looker on,
Art lost and all thy art undone:
For if she speak new wonders rise
From her teeth, chin, lip, and eyes!
So far above that excellent
Did take thee first, thou wilt repent
To have begun and lose, i' the end
Thy eyes with wonder how to mend.—
At such a loss here's all thy choice;
Leave off, or paint her with a voice!

We shall close our subject with ten lines, very elegantly penned, to a lady upon sending her a looking-glass: the thought is consistent with the fine moral tone of Shirley's mind.

When this chrystal shall present
  Your beauty to your eye,
Think that lovely face was meant
  To dress another by:
For not to make them proud
These glasses are allow'd
  To those are fair,
  But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.

The well known words so beautifully set to music by Dr. Harington, "Turn Amaryllis to thy swain," are by Shirley; and we cannot help here expressing a wish, that the composers of our day would turn their attention more to the adaptation of their airs to some of the lyrical productions of such men as Lovelace, Stanley, or Shirley, than to words which, generally speaking, have quite as little melody as meaning.

It is only necessary to add, that a long poem entitled, "Narcissus the Self-lover" is appended to Shirley's miscellaneous poems: it was obviously written when the author was very young, and is somewhat on the model of Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, being full of those highly-wrought descriptions, which it was the object of John Marston's "Pygmalion's Image" to ridicule and explode.

K. Q. E.

STAR-GAZING.

TO ———.

Lovely little Charlotte, tell me,—
  Whither stray those upward eyes?—
Are they star-gazing?—Then spell me,
  Thy happy fortunes in the skies.

Call yon deep ethereal blue,
  The stainless heaven of thy mind;
Those stars, that gaze and glitter through
  The thousand fancies there enshrin'd.

Liken those planetary fires,
  Moving in pomp around the sun,
To thy bright hopes, and pure desires,
  That in their path of beauty run.

And what is that fine shooting light,
  Gay for a moment—and now gone?
What—but a bliss that took its flight
  E'er we would say that it was born!

And do we grieve that mists of earth
  At times o'er that fair dome are driven?
Do we not rather hail their birth
  As messengers 'twixt earth and heaven?

As pure and happy spirits, tending
  The footsteps of their mistress moon—
Wreathing around her brow, and blending
  Their forms to heighten her full noon?

Such are the little lovely fears,
  And hope-born doubts that dim *thy* sky,
Under the guise of sighs and tears—
  Sweet sighs, and tears that beautify.

Now, Charlotte, let thy thoughts return;
  Thy spirit's *home* is on the earth:
However it may pant and yearn
  To mingle in celestial mirth,—

Travel on every wind that blows,—
  Pay evening visits to the moon,
Or make the stars it's play-fellows,—
  It is at *home* on earth alone. P.

ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN THE CHARACTER AND POETRY OF NATIONS.

[Our Correspondent, who furnishes the following Paper, runs through a very agreeable subject in an agreeable way: but we are under the necessity of stating that, from many of the sentiments contained in the article we differ very much in opinion. The question too, we apprehend, is more often begged than discussed.]

If the History of Mankind were attentively examined, perhaps the most accurate index of the change of manners and sentiments might be found in the productions of the poet; and it is not probably too much to assert, that a person, whose studies had been such as to render his mind capable of entering on such a judgment, would be able, with a great degree of accuracy, to decide upon the stage of civilization which a nation had attained to, from a fair and impartial specimen of the poetical productions of the particular period. In all the other labours of the intellect, there is

no test so sure as this, to enable us to judge of the progress of refinement; the relative excellence of works of art is perhaps the best guide after this, but then they only speak to the mind through the medium of the senses, while poetry springs direct, *from* the heart *to* the heart. Science is unconnected with feeling, and therefore furnishes us with a very poor means of judging of the sentiments and manners of a people.

To examine this theory more historically:—what more striking proof can we have of the wild, free, and artless habits of uncivilized life, than is conveyed to us through the medium of its energetic and rude poetry. What a picture we have of the feelings and thoughts of the American Indian, in the overflowing strength of his orations, and these orations are poetry, and, in fact, frequently very fine poetry, far supassing in depth and boldness of thought, the polished weakness of cultivated verse.—He draws his images from the true and sublime source of all poetical painting, the beauties and the terrors of nature; with him strength is the eagle, and swiftness the antelope; and if we do not meet with the finer and more minute shades of feeling, we are astonished by grandeur of conception, and the gigantic tone of expression. There is indeed, in the character of uncultivated man, an altitude and power of mind, and a sentiment of endurance and magnanimous patience of ill, which are lost when we exchange strength for refinement, and the freedom of savage, for the security of civilized, life. The savage is more of a microcosm to himself, he is more insulated, and he feels elevated in the consciousness of the vast independence of action which he possesses. At the same time, he is more exposed to misfortune and to perils, and his spirit then contracts a hardiness, which the security of civilization seldom yields. All these peculiarities of character speak strongly in his poetry, which betrays his condition of life with as much accuracy as the beaded skin which covers him, or the tomahawk which he wields.

There cannot be a stronger instance of this connexion than in the poetry of the Greeks. How fully do we recognize in the compositions of Homer all we have ever imagined of the Grecian character. Fraught with the love of glory, intrepid, hurried forward by the hope of splendid achievements, venerating the gods, attached to the cultivation of the fine arts, how clearly do we perceive all this in the structure and execution of those immortal poems. The Greeks were certainly an eminently poetical people; they seem, as a people, to have acknowledged the influence of the Muse above all other nations;—one would almost think that in the formation of their minds, there had been some string placed there, which vibrated with more than ordinary sensitiveness to the soundings of the lyre. Certainly no people have left behind them such brilliant proofs of poetical feeling, and no nation better merited such advantages, for none ever enjoyed them more.

In the poetry of the Romans, too, we can trace with great exactness the progress towards refinement of that energetic and powerful nation: but we have no where so strong an example of the truth of our theory, as in the comparison of the poetry with the manners of the declining empire. After Rome had claimed and gained the sovereignty of the world, her empire became so large, that it was impossible even for her mighty heart to transmit the life-blood to the extremities of her vast frame. Corruption necessarily ensued; the austere simplicity of ancient manners was forgotten or neglected; luxury became triumphant, and an universal enervation of manners and depravation of morals succeeded, till—

> All the blended work of strength and grace,
> With heaviest sound, a giant statue fell.

How accurately does the spirit of their poetry breathe this awful change! Even the meridian splendour of the Augustan writers shed a light which dazzled only to betray, and the tyrant-lauding lines of the inimitable Horace told but too plainly, that with the flight of freedom, the Muses also were about to quit the Ausonian shore. As the fervor of tyranny increased, and the minds of the citizens became proportionably debased and degraded, when the hitherto unheard of crimes and dissoluteness of the emperors had given a loose to all the worst passions of man, poetry partook of the universal infec-

tion. The style of the later authors became meretricious, strained, and unnatural; and that divine art which should be the channel of the highest and noblest sentiments of the soul, was debased to the lowest and most degrading purposes. Who does not turn in disgust from the pages of Petronius, and from the passages which so frequently sully the works of Propertius.—The most laboured description of the immoralities and degeneracy of that age could not have furnished us with such a picture as is presented to us in those pages.—In taking a philosophical view of the later Romans it is not so much the sinning in action which strikes us, as the thorough abandonment of the mind to vice; the total expulsion of all virtuous thoughts, and the brutal and open avowal of wickedness which so completely proved the extent of its power. It is impossible there could have been a more clear proof of this than in the authors mentioned above. With the purity of thought, the elegance of expression at length fled; and, in the latter writers, we have not even the charms of composition to compensate for the absence of sentiment. So inseparably are the intellectual powers of man connected with his moral condition, that we are almost tempted to acquiesce in the opinion of an ancient writer, that it is impossible to be a good poet without being a good man. Whatever may be the case with individuals, most undoubtedly we never find a nation hastening to decay in its moral and political institutions but we may perceive its literature also withering under the same pernicious influence.

In that age of darkness and silence which followed the fall of the Roman empire, the lyre lay unstrung and untouched; or, if sounded, its strings only returned a discordant strain. This almost total silence of the poetical voice tells most strongly the the powerless and miserable condition of those times; the dulness and barbarism of which could not even be charmed by the sweetness of song. It is true that at this period Piety often attempted to embody her aspirations in the form of verse; but however laudable might have been the intention, the execution was generally execrable, and the monkish legends of that period bear ample witness to the failure. Amongst the few who made any pretensions to learning, a taste for the abstruser branches of knowledge became prevalent, and the philosophers of antiquity were preferred to the poets, where the works of either were known. At length, on this night of ignorance a dawn of intelligence broke: by the exertions of some celebrated men, seconded by the fortunate discovery of many of the great works of antiquity, literature began gradually to revive, and poetry again claimed that distinguished place in the estimation of mankind, from which the barbarity of superstition and ignorance had driven her. The rebound with which she regained her throne was astonishing, and the works of the elder poets of Italy, who were the first legitimate subjects of her new kingdom, almost equalled the productions of her votaries in the brightest days of Greece or of Rome.

The great excellence of these poets persuades us strongly of the powerful effect which the renovation of literature has produced on that age. Its light was fast dispersing the clouds which the ignorance of centuries had gathered, and preparing the way for that blaze of information and improvement which has so strongly marked the succeeding times. What is most surprising in the elder poets of Italy is, that at a period of comparative uncultivation, we find such beautiful and delicate shades of feeling in their compositions: in fact, the Italians had no morning, but the mid-day sun burst at once upon their night.

How strongly do we perceive the prevalence of the spirit of chivalry in the songs of the Trouveurs, and Troubadours, who wandered through Europe singing in the halls of the nobility, and to the ears of beauty, feats of arms and lady-love—and what an inimitable representation of the manners of that age do the translations of Le Grand afford!

Let us now endeavour to trace, with more accuracy, the relation of manners to poetry, in our own country. The works of our earliest bards, Gower, Chaucer, and Langlande, are strongly characteristic of the times in which they were written: at a period when knowledge was so

partially diffused, when the public mind, unexcited by that spirit of general information which now is spread universally abroad, was only capable of being roused to attention by means which spoke to the senses, rather than to the intellect, and was incapable of extracting any pleasurable emotions from sentiments which were addressed to feelings with which it was unacquainted. The poet naturally selected such subjects, and adopted such a style, as were best fitted to interest the passions of his cotemporaries. There was in the public mind a certain obtuseness of feeling, which required to be strongly worked upon before any effect was produced: this must always be the case, where literature is first introduced amongst a people who have been unaccustomed to the exertions of intellect; they require something broad and distinct to be presented to their sight; and it would be futile to offer them the finer works of the imagination, the beauties of which they would not be capable of catching. Lays, tales, legends, ballads, something connected with the realities of life, something that they have formed previous ideas of, and which come within the scope of their intellect, and the dominion of their passions, are the poetry of an age like this. Love and arms, as they are their principal occupations, so they form the basis of their poetry, which seldom aims at any thing further than the amusement of the reader; and, if we may judge by some of the productions which have descended to us, this was no very difficult task. A modern novelist frequently finds cause for astonishment that any one could be moved to laughter by many of the weak jokes of Boccacio; but the taste of that time was not so delicate, and the cotemporaries of Boccacio no doubt found a great relish in that which scarce tickles the palate of a modern reader.

We may fairly take Chaucer as the poet of the age which we are now describing, and we shall find all the ingredients of the character of that age collected in his works: his Canterbury Tales are full of broad, but not deep feeling—replete with humour and waggery, and thus well calculated to attract the attention of a people whose simplicity was full of archness. Let us suppose that the works of Collins had been put into the hands of one of Chaucer's cotemporaries, and that his eye rested on that immortal "Ode on the Poetical Character;" how completely unintelligible it must have been to him. Society required a long course of refinement before it could boast of a poet capable of writing that ode.

After the age of Chaucer, the next most decided steps towards improvement in the refinement both of mind and manners, may be remarked in the reign of Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. It is true that there is a very great interval between these two periods, and that mighty changes had been effected during that interval. The invention of printing had been the means of disseminating the most universal information; but the progress of literature had scarcely kept pace with the march of mind, in consequence, principally, of the disturbed state of the country, arising from the contests for the crown between the two rival houses. At length when Henry VIII. ascended a splendid and peaceable throne, the spirit of literature and improvement, which had hitherto been much repressed, burst forth with great power. The reformation too, which tended so well to exercise men's judgments, added a fresh impulse to that power. The accession of a young king to the throne, who might reasonably be expected to encourage the cultivation of letters, and who indeed was himself an author, gave these pursuits a prevalence which they did not attain during the factious and disturbed reigns of his predecessors. Nor were there wanting excellent models of composition to guide and inform the poets of that day, who studied, and, indeed, closely imitated, the works of their Italian brethren. The passion of Petrarch and Laura probably gave rise to the poetical attachment of Lord Surrey and the Fair Geraldine, and the affection of the latter poet is poured forth in the same strain of touching, but overstrained tenderness, which breathes throughout the works of his Italian master.

But the triumph of the Muse was in the reign of Elizabeth; England's most splendid æra of poetical excellence. Nor do the character and manners of that age shrink from a

comparison with that excellence. In the gallantry and courteous respect which distinguished the court of a queen, when the age of chivalry was scarce passed, the verses of the poet met with the most flattering encouragement; it became the fashion with the courtly and noble wits of the day to address their stanzas to the queen, under every varied form of classical and pastoral flattery. Elizabeth herself did not disdain to become the object of their ingenious and fantastic verse, and even sat and received the poetical homage of her courtiers, disguised in the characters of a masque. To all these advantages we may add the extraordinary accident of so bright a constellation of genius, as appeared in the persons of Shakespeare and his companions. To the works of the dramatic writers we may look for an index of the manners of the time, and we may observe from them, that much of the grossness of former times still remained in their productions; and more especially this is observable, where we meet with scenes that would not be tolerated for an instant by the public of the present day. While England was thus so fortunate in her poets, her character in other respects stood equally high. She was respected abroad for her valour, and at home, her subjects enjoyed plenty and contentment. The people did not, perhaps, possess a great degree of liberty, as yet they had never dared to question the prerogative of a Tudor; but the time was fast approaching when the diffusion of knowledge caused the nation to inquire into their rights, and when the weakness and wickedness of the Stuarts prepared the way for an universal change in the character and disposition of the people.

During the reign of Elizabeth's successor, poetry again seemed sinking into the shade. The king, whose pedantry and conceit led him to the pursuit of more abstruse and nicer branches of learning, afforded it little encouragement, and, banished from the court, it met with no warm reception among the people, whose minds, already beginning to brood over their discontents, were not in a frame to be captivated by the light pleasures of the lyre. During the reign of the unfortunate Charles, who was much addicted to the pursuits of polite learning, poetry in a great measure revived; and soon after the tremendous conflicts of the civil wars, the great epic of England was written.

The structure, sentiments, and execution of this poem, most strongly declare the spirit of the times in which its author lived. It has all the energy of a period when men are called upon to judge and decide on questions of the most solemn import; when remitted, as it were, to the original privileges of nature, they were engaged in strengthening or breaking the bonds of society. Much of that solemnity and austerity of thoughts which distinguished the controversialists of that day, are discoverable in that poem; and, after a perusal of it, we should at once say, that it had been written at a time when the great subjects of liberty and religion had been canvassed with no ordinary degree of interest.

When the rigour of presbyterian manners gave way to the dissoluteness which on the restoration was introduced from abroad, by the king, and the companions of his exile, poetry assumed a gayer and less severe tone. With this change of sentiment, a freer kind of versification became prevalent, and the French, as they furnished us with a model of manners, were so obliging as to add to the benefit, by giving to our poets a model for their verse. In truth, the change of masters, from the Italian to the French, did not tend to improve the spirit of our poetry; the deep-breathing sentiment of the former was exchanged for the licentious wit of the latter; and when we compare the works of two celebrated and noble courtiers, who flourished at the respective periods, when these very different styles of poetical composition were in vogue, Lord Surrey, and Lord Rochester, we have the most clear and perfect idea of the great change which had taken place, in no very considerable space of time, in the opinions and manners of society. Congreve's plays, and indeed almost all the poetical compositions of that period, present a strong picture of the levity, if not of the laxity of manners, which had been introduced at the restoration. In the works of Dryden

we perceive more of the native energy of the English character, though more strongly tinctured with the grossness of the day than in any other writer of that period.

After the revolution the character of England became greatly improved. Satisfied that they were in the possession of a rational and temperate liberty, the people bent their minds with more earnestness and attention to the prosecution of literary pursuits, and the cultivation of matters of taste. Society grew more decent, if not more refined, and poetry partook strongly of this favourable change. The French, however, still continued to be imitated as models of poetical excellence, and as the triumph of the Italian school was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, so that of the French school was in the reign of Anne, when Pope carried this style to its highest pitch of excellence. After what has been, perhaps too presumptuously, called the Augustan age of England had passed away, there arose no new style of poetry till our own times, for the poets who flourished in the interval, may be said to have been almost entirely disciples of the French school. There are, however, two poets who should be excepted, Gray and Collins, but more especially the latter, in whose compositions there is more mind, and stretch of thought, than in those of any other poet who lived during the period of which we are speaking.

The present age has been eminently fruitful in poetical genius, and if we were asked what tone of society the works of the living poets indicated, we should say, a society where information was most universally diffused, and where the minds of men were most actively employed. Certainly, at no period of our history, has knowledge ever been so general; and the deep and powerful reflexion which we meet with in the works of our first poets, shows the strength and exertion of thought which exist among the people. The poets of our day have, at length, thrown off the shackles which fettered the limbs of their predecessors, and a freer and more natural flow, both of language and sentiment, has been the consequence. But, as whenever an ancient system has been subverted, whether of literature, or religion, there always are men who carry the new principles to excess, so on the restoration of our poetry to nature and simplicity, there have not been wanting those who, turning simplicity into childishness, have endeavoured to persuade the world that their affectation is nature. This mania, however, has fortunately not become universal, and the superior good sense of the poets, who rank highest in the estimation of their countrymen, has enabled them to perceive, and despise, the fallacy of such pretensions; and, indeed, the public at large are very capable of discriminating between the simplicity of Burns and of Wordworth. The greatest proof of the depth and capacity of the public mind is displayed in the admiration with which the works of Byron are regarded. That the sparkling and spirited verses of Moore, or the milder elegance of Rogers, should awaken an interest in every bosom is not surprising; but it requires a stronger intellect, and a more chastised habit of thought, to enable us to appreciate the solemn and intense strain of feeling which breathes throughout the works of Byron. The strength and extension of intellect which thus distinguishes the people, may also be remarked amongst the minor poets, in whose extended ranks there are but few whose productions are contemptible. Indeed there is scarcely one amongst them who would not be ashamed of owning the productions of the Poet Laureates of the last century, as the offspring of his own Muse.

At no period of time has England been able to boast that she possessed poets of more high and varied powers; and never, perhaps, did she see united in the mind of one man such overwhelming feeling, so rich and lavish a store of the treasures of the imagination, such an unsparing power of satire, and so complete a facility in every varied form of poetical compositions, with such capability of transition from the extremes of the most opposite passions, as have impressed the stamp of immortality on the works of Byron.

R. H.

THE ABBOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.*

This work was expected with considerable eagerness by what is called the Reading Public; and, like all the productions of its celebrated Author, it has been perused with great avidity. We apprehend there can be nothing either invidious or incorrect in affirming, that the Monastery—the immediate predecessor of the Abbot—is now generally regarded as a comparative failure. The permanent fame of the admirable writer cannot be affected by this fact;—his rank in the literature of his country was settled before the Monastery made its appearance—and we believe we may safely pronounce it to be the highest of the present day. In regard to no other public question that could be mentioned, should we feel it so safe to anticipate the decision of posterity as in regard to this. Still, however, it is a matter of considerable interest with the public, and, we apprehend, of considerable *interest* in more than one sense, to the author, whether his genius remains unexhausted, as to its power of production, or whether it already shows signs of having, in some measure, lost its privilege of fecundity,—or, at least, discovers in its offspring symptoms of decay, the forerunner of sterility.

We certainly considered The Monastery inferior to its predecessors; and we as certainly think The Abbot inferior to The Monastery. The author, for any thing we have seen since, should have rested with Ivanhoe. He then made an incursion into a new kingdom, and came off gloriously victorious: this enterprize seemed to indicate that he considered he had no further field for triumph within his old bounds;—why then has he gone back within them? The Ivanhoe, though not better than some of the best of the Scotch novels—perhaps not so good as one or two—encreased our estimate of the powers of the writer,—for it was a sally into a new region of description; it showed the faculty of acute observation more intimately allied with the imagination than we had before seen it in any of the compositions from the same pen:—it was more poetical in its general feeling, we think, than any of its predecessors; and one of its characters--Rebecca--was altogether a more exquisite creation than any single one that had before proceeded from the same source. Rebecca lives in our memories without having a rival in any of the heroines of novels—unless it be Clarissa Harlowe. Clementina does not interest us so much: and the circumstances in which the Jewess was placed, and the elements of her character, are so much more poetical than those of Lovelace's victim,—that, on the whole, we may safely say Rebecca is lady of the ascendant in our hearts.—Her deep enthusiasm, her silent passion, her unrequited tenderness, suggest her to recollection when we think of Juliet and Cordelia, of Desdemona and Ophelia.

The author, surely, could well have afforded to stop here: and he might have stopped for any thing that he has since been able to do in the way of adding to his reputation. Yet if he choose still to proceed,—and still downwards,—we shall not quarrel with him. He who has "won fields" may be afterwards permitted to "shoulder his crutch." If we were in his place, and could see the matter, so situated, as the bystanders see it, we certainly would stop: such would be our taste; but, we repeat, that is his affair, not the public's. The latter have a great interest in the literary reputation of the author of the Scotch novels; and could he now degrade or lessen that reputation by comparative failures, we would charge him with a public offence in writing his last two novels:—but it is established, unalterably, and invulnerably. Corneille's fame, growing out of his best works, is not at all affected by his inferior compositions; and these are more numerous and worse, than, we venture to predict, those of the author of Waverley will ever be. Whatever the latter writes will always be amusing—highly amusing—worth critical powder and shot at least:—it will always

* In 3 vols. 12mo. published by Longman and Co.; and Constable and Co.

evince a hearty and healthy sympathy with human nature: it will always be full of vivacity, devoid of affectation, full of manly sentiment, and noble feeling, calculated to instil afresh energy and honour into a debilitated and corrupted generation. All this may justly be said of his last work, The Abbot, which we style *failure* the second! We wish we had many authors who could succeed up to this one's failures.

When we speak of his stopping, we do not mean to convey the idea that he should never write again: what we mean is, that he clearly cannot carry further the series, at the rate of one or two a year, as he has hitherto done, without reducing his present popularity, and of course the value of his copyrights. If we are not much mistaken, the Booksellers have already found this out; and we wish the author had anticipated the discovery. What fresh sources of inspiration may yet be open to him—what are still the capacities of his genius, should he permit it to lie fallow for a season, we cannot pretend to determine—but we are not prone to believe that his powers are really impaired, or that opportunities for displaying them to advantage might not yet be found. We have heard it said for him, that he had still the *past*, the *present*, and the *future*:—of the present, we would advise him to beware: we do not see very well what he could do with the future—it is a comfortless prospect, and our sympathies recoil from it. But the past is human nature itself, removed to its fair point of sight, and its suggestions are endless. It requires, however, to be contemplated, not in the spirit of book-making, but in one of deep devoted study and attachment. The subject must be loved for itself alone;—not courted because a new novel is expected with the winter fashions. It was not to meet the demands of the Row, that Waverley was brought out; or that the materials for its immediate successors were collected. If it had been so, we should never have been able to say of the series what we have said. Walter Scott (not then a baronet) fairly wrote himself down as a poet, merely because he would keep a-head of his own popularity—and having determined to do this, he soon left it far behind in his latest works. The anonymous author of Waverley should take care not to make the same mistake.

In giving it as our opinion that the Abbot is inferior to the Monastery, perhaps some little explanation of our meaning may be necessary. It bears evident marks of having been *revised*, and these account for the delay in its appearance, after it was expected and reported to be coming out. The revision has been so far successful that it is not marked by any of the gross faults which are to be found in the Monastery; but neither, on the other hand, does it contain passages of such beauty. There is nothing in it equal to the descriptive commencement of its predecessor; or to the scene in the Castle of Julian of Avenel. It has not one striking or fascinating character; and that of Queen Mary is woefully lowered beneath the level of actual history. She is represented as a flippant, vulgar woman; coarse, and ill-timed in her sarcasms; weak and cowardly in her disposition. In fact, rather disagreeable than otherwise. Some of the allusions to the charges brought against her have been strained to bear an intended reference to the inquiry which now attracts so large a share of public attention; and it does seem scarcely possible, that the author should not have foreseen that they would be so construed. If he did foresee this, and did not take measures to avoid it, he sanctions the interpretation: but his sentiments, as so evinced, do not seem wholly in favour of either of the parties. He steers clear of pronouncing on the guilt or innocence of Mary; and, while he reflects on her enemies' malevolence, suggests no very high notion of her respectability.

The story is well-connected, and altogether interesting. Sir Halbert Glendinning, and his Lady, are introduced, from the last Novel of the Monastery: their marriage has been childless, and Roland Græme, the hero of the tale, becomes the protegé of the Lady, in consequence of his life having been accidentally endangered, and saved in her sight, when a mere boy.—Who the child really was is not explained by Magdalen Græme, his grandmother,—who surlily consents that the child shall remain for a season with the heiress of Avenel.

He becomes the Lady's favourite

page; but is hated by the whole household for his sauciness; and, ultimately, his imprudence gives his enemies so much the advantage of him, that his protectress withdraws her favour, and he is turned out of doors. Sir Halbert had never shown any kindness towards him; but did not oppose his wife's partiality.

Roland is delineated as proud and insolent—yet susceptible and grateful. The parting scene, between him and the Lady of Avenel, is affectingly described; and we are led to feel much interested in the fate of the youth, now turned adrift on the world.

He wanders to the cell of Saint Cuthbert, to take counsel of the holy man who was its usual inmate: but it had been attacked by the zealots of the Reformation, and was now in ruins: the hermit was gone. Here, however, Roland meets his grandmother; a wild enthusiast of the Meg Merrilies cast,—whose devotion to the Catholic religion is tinged with insanity, as well as elevated by a noble courage and proud fidelity.—Roland has secretly guarded the Catholic faith, notwithstanding his Protestant education in the Castle of Avenel; and he is now consecrated, as it were, by Magdalen Græme, to the performance of some great undivulged deed of deliverance, in behalf of the proscribed church.

They pass the night amongst the romantic ruins of St. Cuthbert's cell, and, in the morning, they proceed on their way together. They soon arrive at a large house, standing apart from a village, which also bears evident marks of having been injured by the hand of violence. Under circumstances of mystery, Roland is here introduced to the abbess of St. Catherine, and afterwards to her beautiful niece, Catherine Seyton. The two old women leave the young people together; because, as it is darkly insinuated, they are to be fellow-instruments in a great work, and the usual consequences ensue—that is to say, they become lovers. The first conversation scene between Catherine and Roland affords, perhaps, one of the most convincing proofs that the author's hand has, for the present, lost much of its delicacy of touch by over use.

The next day, the four proceed—but in pairs—the lovers being separated—to advance their enterprize. Roland travelling with his grandmother, falls in with Sir Halbert Glendinning, at the head of his armed retainers, who is as yet ignorant of the disgrace of his lady's page. Informed by the latter why he has left the castle, Sir Halbert manifests a wish to serve him, though he acknowledges he had never honoured the youth with much kindly notice; and Magdalen Græme consents that her grandson shall again enter the service of a house whom she hates for its faith, and for other reasons,—hoping to turn this circumstance to the advantage of her own secret designs; which evidently relate to the Queen (Mary), now understood to be in a state of confinement in Lochlevin Castle.

Sir Halbert Glendinning dispatches Roland to the regent (Murray) now ruler of the Kingdom of Scotland; and to Holyrood House he is accompanied by Adam Woodcock, the falconer, to whom much of the comic interest of the novel is attached. Scarcely entered Edinburgh, Roland's youthful rashness engages him in a street fray; and in this, it is his luck to succour the Lord Seyton; who is the father of his beloved Catherine. Her, he sees by accident in the street; and following her to her house, he is involved in rather dangerous circumstances; for, wearing the holly-sprig, the cognizance of the Glendinning followers, he is instantly obnoxious to the young men, retainers of Seyton, the latter family being Catholic. The gratitude of the Lord Seyton himself, who recognizes his succourer in the late fray, preserves him from insult.

Delivered from these chance embarrassments, Roland at length reaches Holyrood House; and is introduced to the Regent. On this distinguished person he has the good fortune to make a favourable impression; and he becomes, by accident, the listener to a state conversation between Murray and Morton, in which the designs against Queen Mary are more than hinted at. Ultimately he is appointed page to this unfortunate Princess—to attend her during her captivity in the Castle of Lochlevin—for the sake of giving notice to the Regent of what it might concern him to know.

The story now becomes very in-

teresting. Roland is transported to the Castle, across the lake, and is introduced to the unhappy Queen. He here finds that Catherine Seyton has, by great good luck, been attached to Mary's person, as an attendant; and the greater part of the rest of the novel passes in this place of confinement, where love, and plottings of escapes, and politics, and religious disputation, jealousies, bickerings, alarms, and dangers, constitute a busy and animating interest. A curious, but not agreeable, *equivoque*, turns on Roland's frequently taking a brother of Catherine, disguised in female attire, for Catherine herself. The brother is too proud to brook the idea of Roland's alliance with his sister: his impatience, therefore, may be guessed, when he hears himself addressed as Catherine, in the language of passion. Young Seyton is deeply concerned in the plots to rescue Queen Mary from her confinement, and place her at the head of the kingdom. At length the Queen escapes from Lochlevin, and is joined by a band of adherents, amongst whom is Roland Græme. The battle, however, near the Castle of Crookstone, turns out unfortunately for the Queen; her party is dispersed; and she adopts the fatal resolution of flying to England. So ends the novel; at the conclusion of which the mystery of Roland's birth is cleared up. His mother was the Catherine Græme, so touchingly sketched in the novel of the Monastery, as the cruelly-treated mistress of Julian Avenel: he himself was the infant left on the field of battle, when his unfortunate mother died on the slain body of her false knight. It is now verified that Catherine Græme was really married to Julian, though her unworthy husband, having repented of his union, had, with the connivance of the priest, led the poor damsel to believe that the ceremony had been performed by one not in holy orders. This discovery established Roland as the heir of Avenel.

To the true gospel the heart of Roland had secretly long inclined, and the departure of the good Abbot for France, with the purpose of entering into some house of his order in that kingdom, removed his chief objection to renouncing the Catholic faith. Another might have existed in the duty which he owed to Magdalen Græme, both by birth and from gratitude. But he learned, ere he had been long a resident in Avenel, that his grandmother had died at Cologne, in the performance of a penance too severe for her age, which she had taken upon herself in behalf of the Queen and Church of Scotland, so soon as she heard of the defeat at Langside. The zeal of the Abbot Ambrosius was more regulated, but he retired into the Scottish convent of ———, and so lived there, that the fraternity were inclined to claim for him the honours of canonization. But he guessed their purpose, and prayed them, on his death-bed, to do no honours to the body of one as sinful as themselves; but to send his body and his heart to be buried in Avenel burial-aisle, in the monastery of Saint Mary's, that the last Abbot of that celebrated house of devotion might sleep among its ruins.

Long before that period arrived, Roland Avenel was wedded to Catherine Seyton, who, after two years residence with her unhappy mistress, was dismissed, upon her being subjected to closer restraint than had been at first exercised. She returned to her father's house, and as Roland was acknowledged for the successor and lawful heir of the ancient house of Avenel, greatly increased as the estate was by the providence of Sir Halbert Glendinning, there occurred no objections to the match on the part of her family. Her mother was recently dead when she first entered the convent; and her father, in the unsettled times which followed Queen Mary's flight to England, was not averse to an alliance with a youth, who, himself loyal to Queen Mary, still held some influence, through means of Sir Halbert Glendinning, with the party in power.

Roland and Catherine, therefore, were united, spite of their differing faiths; and the White Lady, whose apparition had been infrequent when the House of Avenel seemed verging to extinction, was seen to sport by her haunted well, with a zone of gold around her bosom as broad as the baldric of an Earl.

Such is the tissue of the story: the manner in which it is conducted, the art with which it is enlivened, the portraits and actions by which it is animated, cannot of course be devined from the general narrative we have given; the book, however, will no doubt soon fall into the hands of all our readers, and has probably been already perused by the great majority of them. We shall merely select, therefore, two extracts, with the object of affording distinct and complete specimens of our author's manner, rather than to follow or illustrate the thread of the history.

As one of the most animated pas-

sages of the novel, and one that displays to most advantage our author's spirited manner, we shall give the whole description of the battle which terminated for ever the hopes of the wretched Queen. She is on the march with her adherents, endeavouring to gain the fortress of Dumbarton.

When, at length, their march came to be nearly parallel with the city of Glasgow, Roland became sensible, that the high grounds before them were already in part occupied by a force, shewing, like their own, the royal banner of Scotland, and on the point of being supported by columns of infantry and squadrons of horse, which the city gates had poured forth, and which hastily advanced to sustain those troops who already possessed the ground in front of the Queen's army. Horseman after horseman galloped in from the advanced guard, with tidings that Murray had taken the field with his whole army; that his object was to intercept the Queen's march, and his purpose unquestionably to hazard a battle. It was now that the tempers of men were subjected to a sudden and a severe trial; and that those who had too presumptuously concluded that they would pass without combat, were something disconcerted, when, at once, and with little time to deliberate, they found themselves placed in front of a resolute enemy.—Their chiefs immediately assembled around the Queen, and held a hasty council of war. Mary's quivering lip confessed the fear which she endeavoured to conceal, under a bold and dignified demeanour. But her efforts were overcome by painful recollections of the disastrous issue of her last appearance in arms at Carberry-hill; and when she meant to have asked them their advice for ordering the battle, she involuntarily enquired whether there were no means of escaping without an engagement.

"Escaping?" answered the Lord Seyton, "When I stand as one to ten of your Highness's enemies, I may think of escape—but never while I stand with three to two!"

"Battle! battle!" exclaimed the assembled lords; "we will drive the rebels from their vantage ground, as the hound turns the hare on the hill side."

"Methinks, my noble lords," said the Abbot, "it were as well to prevent his gaining that advantage.—Our road lies through yonder hamlet on the brow, and whichever party hath the luck to possess it, with its little gardens and enclosures, will attain a post of great defence."

"The reverend father is right," said the Queen. "O, haste thee, Seyton, haste, and get thither before them—they are marching like the wind."

Seyton bowed low, and turned his horse's head.—"Your Highness honours me," he said; "I will instantly press forward, and seize the pass."

"Not before me, my lord, whose charge is the command of the van-guard?" said the Lord of Arbroath.

"Before you, or any Hamilton in Scotland," said the Seyton, "having the Queen's command—Follow me, gentlemen, my vassals, and kinsmen—Saint Bennet, and set on!"

"And follow me," said Arbroath, "my noble kinsmen, and brave men-tenants, we will see which will first reach the post of danger. For God and Queen Mary!"

"Ill-omened haste, and most unhappy strife," said the Abbot, who saw them and their followers rush hastily and emulously to ascend the height, without waiting till their men were placed in order.—"And you, gentlemen," he continued, addressing Roland and Seyton, who were each about to follow those who hastened thus disorderly to the conflict, "will you leave the Queen's person unguarded?"

"O, leave me not, gentlemen!" said the Queen—"Roland and Seyton, do not leave me—there are enough of arms to strike in this fell combat—withdraw not those to whom I trust for my safety."

"We may not leave her Grace," said Roland, looking at Seyton, and turning his horse.

"I ever looked when thou wouldst find out that," rejoined the fiery youth.

Roland made no answer, but bit his lip till the blood came, and spurring his horse up to the side of Catherine Seyton's palfrey, he whispered in a low voice, "I never thought to have done aught to deserve you; but this day I have heard myself upbraided with cowardice, and my sword remained still sheathed, and all for the love of you."

"There is madness among us all," said the damsel; "my father, my brother, and you, are all alike bereft of reason. Ye should think only of this poor Queen, and you are all inspired by your own absurd jealousies—The Monk is the only soldier and man of sense amongst you all.—My Lord Abbot," she cried aloud, "were it not better we should draw to the westward, and wait the event that God shall send us, instead of remaining here in the highway, endangering the Queen's person, and cumbering the troops in their advance?"

"You say well, my daughter," replied the Abbot, "had we but one to guide us where the Queen's person may be in safety—Our nobles hurry to the conflict, without casting a thought on the very cause of the war."

"Follow me," said a knight, or man-at-arms, well-mounted, and attired completely in black armour, but having the visor of his helmet closed, and bearing no crest on his helmet, or device upon his shield.

"We will follow no stranger," said the Abbot, "without some warrant of his truth."

"I am a stranger and in your hands," said the horseman; "if you wish to know more of me, the Queen herself will be your warrant."

The Queen had remained fixed to the spot, as if disabled by fear, yet mechanically smiling, bowing, and waving her hand, as banners were lowered and spears depressed before her, while, emulating the strife betwixt Seyton and Arbroath, band on band pressed forward their march towards the enemy. Scarce, however, had the black rider whispered something in her ear, than she assented to what he said; and when he spoke aloud, and with an air of command, "Gentlemen, it is the Queen's pleasure that you should follow me," Mary uttered, with something like eagerness, the word "Yes."

All were in motion in an instant, for the black horseman, throwing off a sort of apathy of manner, which his first appearance indicated, spurred his horse to and fro, making him take such active bounds and short turns as shewed the rider master of the animal; and getting the queen's little retinue in some order for marching, he led them to the left, directing his course towards a castle, which, crowning a gentle yet commanding eminence, presented an extensive view over the country beneath, and, in particular, commanded a view of those heights which both armies hastened to occupy, and which it was now apparent must almost instantly be the scene of struggle and dispute.

"Yonder towers," said the Abbot, questioning the sable horseman, "to whom do they belong?—and are they now in the hands of friends?"

"They are untenanted," replied the stranger; "or, at least, they have no hostile inmates.—But urge these youths, Sir Abbot, to make more haste—this is but an evil time to satisfy their idle curiosity, by peering out upon the battle in which they are to take no share."

"The worse luck mine," said Henry Seyton, who overheard him; "I would rather be under my father's banner at this moment than be made Chamberlain of Holyrood, for this my present duty of peaceful ward well and patiently discharged."

"Your place under your father's banner will shortly be right dangerous," said Roland Avenel, who, pressing his horse towards the westward, had still his look reverted to the armies; "for I see yonder body of cavalry, which prexies from the eastward, will reach the village ere Lord Seyton can gain it."

"They are but cavalry," said Seyton, looking attentively; "they cannot hold the village without shot of harquebuss."

"Look more closely," said Roland; "you will see that each of these horsemen who advance so rapidly from Glasgow, carries a footman behind him."

"Now, by Heaven, he speaks well!" said the black cavalier; "one of your two must go carry the news to Lord Seyton and Lord Arbroath, that they hasten not their horsemen on before the foot, but advance more regularly."

"Be that my errand," said Roland, "for I first marked the stratagem of the enemy."

"But, by your leave," said Seyton, "yonder is my father's bannr engaged, and it best becomes me to go to the rescue."

"I will stand by the Queen's decision," said Roland Avenel.

"What new appeal?—what new quarrel?" said Queen Mary—"Are there not in yonder dark host enemies enough to Mary Stuart, but must her very friends turn enemies to each other?"

"Nay, madam," said Roland, "the young Master of Seyton and I did but dispute who should leave your person to do a most needful message to the host. He thought his rank entitled him, and I deemed that the person of least consequence, being myself, were better perilled"—

"Not so," said the Queen; "if one must leave me, be it Seyton."

Henry Seyton bowed till the white plumes on his helmet mixed with the flowing mane of his gallant war-house, then placed himself firm in the saddle, shook his lance aloft with an air of triumph and determination, and striking his horse with the spurs, made towards his father's banner, which was still advancing up the hill, and dashed his steed over every obstacle that occurred in his headlong path.

"My brother! my father!" exclaimed Catherine, with an expression of agonized apprehension—"they are in the midst of peril, and I in safety!"

"Would to God," said Roland, "that I were with them, and could ransom every drop of their blood by two of mine!"

"Do I not know thou does wish it?" said Catherine—"Can a woman say to a man what I have well nigh said to thee, and yet think that he could harbour fear or faintness of heart?—There is that in yon distant sound of approaching battle that pleases me even while it affrights me. I would I were a man, that I might feel that stern delight, without the mixture of terror!"

"Ride up, ride up, Lady Catherine Seyton," cried the Abbot, as they still swept on at a rapid pace, and were now close beneath the walls of the castle—"ride up, and aid Lady Fleming to support the Queen—she gives way more and more."

They halted, and lifted Mary from the saddle, and were about to support her towards the castle, when she said faintly, "Not there—not there—these walls will I never enter more."

"Be a Queen, madam," said the Abbot, "and forget that you are a woman."

"O! I must forget much more," answered the unfortunate Mary, in an under tone, "ere I can look with steady eyes on these well-known scenes!—I must forget the days which I spent here as the bride of the lost—the murthered———"

"This is the Castle of Crookstone," said the Lady Fleming, "in which the Queen held her first court after she was married to Darnley."

"Heaven," said the Abbot, "thy hand is upon us!—Bear yet up, madam—your foes are the foes of Holy Church, and God will this day decide whether Scotland shall be Catholic or heretic."

A heavy and continued fire of cannon and musketry, bore a tremendous burthen to his words, and seemed far more than they to recal the spirits of the Queen.

"To yonder tree," she said, pointing to a yew tree, which grew on a small mount close to the castle; "I know it well—from thence you may see a prospect wide as from the peaks of Schehallion."

And freeing herself from her assistants, she walked with a determined, yet somewhat wild step, up to the stem of the noble yew. The Abbot, Catherine, and Roland Avenel followed her, while Lady Fleming kept back the inferior persons of her train. The black horseman also followed the Queen, waiting on her as closely as the shadow upon the light, but ever remaining at the distance of two or three yards—he folded his arms on his bosom, turned his back to the battle, and seemed solely occupied by gazing on Mary, through the bars of his closed vizor. The Queen regarded him not, but fixed her eyes upon the spreading yew.

"Ay, fair and stately tree," she said, as if at the sight of it she had been rapt away from the present scene, and had overcome the horror which had oppressed her at the first approach to Crookstone, "there thou standest, gay and goodly as ever, though thou hearest the sounds of war, instead of the vows of love. All is gone since I last greeted thee—love and lover—vows and vower—king and kingdom.—How goes the field, my Lord Abbot?—with us I trust—yet what but evil can Mary's eyes witness from this spot!"

Her attendants eagerly bent their eyes on the field of battle, but could discover nothing more than that it was obstinately debated. The small inclosures and cottage gardens in the village, of which they had a full and commanding view, and which lately lay, with their lines of sycamore and ash-trees, so still and quiet in the mild light of a May sun, were now each converted into a line of fire, canopied by smoke; and the sustained and constant report of the musketry and cannon, mingled with the shouts of the meeting combatants, shewed that as yet neither party had given ground.

"Many a soul finds its final departure to heaven or hell, in these awful thunders," said the Abbot; "let those that believe in the Holy Church, join me in orisons for victory in this dreadful combat."

"Not here—not here," said the unfortunate Queen; "pray not here, father, or pray in silence—my mind is too much torn between the past and the present, to dare to approach the heavenly throne—Or, if ye will pray, be it for one whose fondest affections have been her greatest crimes, and who has ceased to be a queen, only because she was a deceived and a tender-hearted woman."

"Were it not well," said Roland, "that I rode somewhat nearer the hosts, and saw the fate of the day?"

"Do so, in the name of God," said the Abbot; "for if our friends are scattered, our flight must be hasty—but beware thou approach not too nigh the conflict; there is more than thine own life depends on thy safe return."

"O, go not too nigh, said Catherine; "but fail not to see how the Seytons fight, and how they bear themselves."

"Fear nothing, I will be on my guard," said Ronald Avenel; and without waiting further answer, rode towards the scene of conflict, keeping, as he rode, the higher and uninclosed ground, and ever looking cautiously around him, for fear of involving himself in some hostile party. As he approached, the shots rung sharp and more sharply on his ear, the shouts came wilder and wilder; and he felt that thick beating of the heart, that mixture of natural apprehension, intense curiosity, and anxiety for the dubious event, which even the bravest experience when they approach alone to a scene of interest and of danger.

At length he drew so close, that from a bank, screened by bushes and underwood, he could distinctly see where the struggle was most keenly maintained. This was in a hollow way, leading to the village, up which the Queen's vanguard had marched with more hasty courage than well-advised conduct, for the purpose of possessing themselves of that post of vantage. But they found the hedges and inclosures already occupied by the enemy, led by the celebrated Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the Earl of Morton; and not small was the loss which they sustained while struggling forward to come to close with the men-at-arms on the other side. But as the Queen's followers were chiefly noblemen and barons,

with their kinsmen and followers, they had pressed onwards, contemning obstacles and danger, and had, when Roland arrived on the ground, met hand to hand at the gorge of the pass with the Regent's vanguard, and endeavoured to bear them out of the village at the spear-point; while their foes, equally determined to keep the advantage which they had attained, struggled with the like obstinacy to drive back the assailants.

Both parties were on foot, and armed in proof; so that, when the long lances of the front ranks were fixed in each other's shields, corslets, and breast-plates, the struggle resembled that of two bulls, who, fixing their frontlets hard against each other, remain in that posture for hours, until the superior strength or obstinacy of the one compels the other to take flight, or bears him down to the earth. Thus locked together in the deadly struggle, which swayed slowly to and fro, as one or other party gained the advantage, those who fell were trampled on alike by friends and foes; those whose weapons were broken retired from the front rank, and had their place supplied by others; while the rearward ranks, unable otherwise to take share in the combat, fired their pistols, and hurled their daggers, and the points and truncheons of the broken weapons, like javelins against the enemy.

"God and the Queen!" resounded from the one party; "God and the King!" thundered from the other, while, in the name of their sovereign, fellow-subjects shed each other's blood, and, in the name of their Creator, defaced his image. Amid the tumult was often heard the voices of the captains, shouting their commands; of leaders and chiefs, crying their gathering words; of groans and shrieks from the falling and the dying.

The strife had lasted nearly an hour. The strength of both parties seemed exhausted; but their rage was unabated, and their obstinacy unsubdued, when Roland, who turned eye and ear to all around him, saw a column of infantry, headed by a few horsemen, wheel round the base of the bank where he had stationed himself, and, levelling their long lances, attack the flank of the Queen's vanguard, closely engaged as they were with the conflict on their front. The very first glance shewed him that the leader who directed this movement was the Knight of Avenel, his ancient master, and the next convinced him that its effect would be decisive. The result of the attack of fresh and unbroken forces upon the flank of those already wearied with a long and obstinate struggle, was, indeed, instantaneous.

The column of the assailants, which had hitherto shewn one dark, dense, and united line of helmets, surmounted with plumage, was at once broken and hurled in confusion down the hill, which they had so long endeavoured to gain. In vain were the leaders heard calling upon their followers to stand to the combat, and seen personally resisting when all resistance was evidently vain. They were slain, or felled to the earth, or hurried backwards by the mingled tide of flight and pursuit. What were Roland's feelings on beholding the rout, and feeling that all that remained for him was to turn bridle, and endeavour to ensure the safety of the Queen's person! Yet, keen as his grief and shame might be, they were both forgotten, when, almost close beneath the bank which he occupied, he saw Henry Seyton forced away from his own party in the tumult, covered with dust and blood, and defending himself desperately against several of the enemy who had gathered around him, attracted by his gay armour. Roland paused not a moment, but pushing his steed down the bank, leaped him amongst the hostile party, dealt three or four blows amongst them, which struck down two, and made the rest stand aloof, then reaching Seyton his hand, he exhorted him to seize fast on his horse's mane.

"We live or die together this day," said he; "keep but fast hold till we are out of the press, and then my horse is yours."

Seyton heard, and exerted his remaining strength, and, by their joint efforts, Roland brought him out of danger, and behind the spot from whence he had witnessed the disastrous conclusion of the fight. But no sooner were they under shelter of the trees, than Seyton let go his hold, and in spite of Roland's efforts to support him, fell at length on the turf. "Trouble yourself no more with me," he said; "this is my first and my last battle—and I have already seen too much of it to wish to see the close. Hasten to save the Queen—and commend me to Catherine—she will never more be mistaken for me nor I for her—the last sword-stroke has made an eternal distinction."

"Let me aid you to mount my horse," said Roland, eagerly, "and you may yet be saved—I can find my own way on foot—turn but my horse's head westward, and he will carry you fleet and easy as the wind."

"I will never mount steed more," said the youth; "farewell—I love thee better dying, than ever I thought to have done while in life—I would that old man's blood were not on my hand—*Sancte Benedicite, ora pro me*—Stand not to look on a dying man, but haste to save the Queen."

These words were spoken with the last effort of his voice, and scarce were they uttered ere the speaker was no more. They recalled Roland to the sense of the duty

which he had well nigh forgotten; but they did not reach his ears only.

"The Queen—where is the Queen?" said Halbert Glendinning, who, followed by two or three horsemen, appeared at this instant. Roland made no answer; but turning his horse, and confiding in his speed, gave him at once rein and spur, and rode over height and hollow towards the Castle of Crookstone. More heavily armed, and mounted upon a horse of less speed, Sir Halbert Glendinning followed with couched lance, calling out as he rode, "Sir, with the holly-branch, halt, and shew your right to bear that badge—fly not thus cowardly, nor dishonour the cognizance thou deservest not to wear!—Halt, sir, coward, or by Heaven, I will strike thee with my lance on the back, and slay thee like a dastard—I am the Knight of Avenel—I am Halbert Glendinning."

But Roland, who had no purpose of encountering his old master, and who besides knew the Queen's safety depended on his making the best speed he could, answered not a word to the defiances and reproaches which Sir Halbert continued to throw out against him; but making the best use of his spurs, rode yet harder than before, and had gained about a hundred yards upon his pursuer, when coming near to the yew-tree where he had left the Queen, he saw them already getting to horse, and cried out as loud as he could, "Foes! foes!—Ride for it, fair ladies—Brave gentlemen, do your devoir to protect them."

So saying, he wheeled his horse, and avoiding the shock of Sir Halbert Glendinning, charged one of his followers, who was nearly on a line with him, so rudely with his lance, that he overthrew horse and man. He then drew his sword and attacked the second, while the black man-at-arms, throwing himself in the way of Glendinning, they rushed on each other so fiercely, that both horses were overthrown, and the riders lay rolling on the plain. Neither was able to arise, for the black horseman was pierced through with Glendinning's lance, and the Knight of Avenel, oppressed with the weight of his own horse, and sorely bruised besides, seemed in little better plight than he whom he had mortally wounded.

"Yield thee, Sir Knight of Avenel, rescue or no rescue," said Roland, who had put a second antagonist out of condition to combat, and hastened to prevent Glendinning from renewing the conflict.

"I may not chuse but yield," said Sir Halbert, "since I can no longer fight; but it shames me to speak such a word to a coward like thee."

"Call me not coward," said Roland, lifting his visor, and helping his prisoner to rise, "since but for old kindness at thy hand, and yet more at thy lady's, I had met thee as a brave man should."

"The favourite page of my wife!" said Sir Halbert, astonished; "Ah! wretched boy, I have heard of thy treason at Lochleven."

"Reproach him not, my brother," said the Abbot; "he was but an agent in the hands of Heaven."

"To horse, to horse!" said Catherine Seyton; "mount and be gone, or we are all lost. I see our gallant army flying for many a league—To horse, my Lord Abbot—To horse, Roland—My gracious Liege, to horse; ere this, we should have ridden a mile."

"Look on these features," said Mary, pointing to the dying knight, who had been unhelmed by some compassionate hand; "look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot farther to save her wretched life."

The reader must have long anticipated the discovery, which the Queen's feelings had made before her eyes confirmed it. It was the features of the unhappy George Douglas, on which Death was stamping his mark.

The scene concluding with Mary's unfortunate embarkation for England is also very impressive: it concludes the principal interest of the novel, and with it we shall conclude this article.

In this dejected mood, but still pursuing her flight with unabated rapidity, the unfortunate Mary, after having been joined by Lord Herries and a few followers, at length halted, for the first time, at the Abbey of Dundrennan, nearly sixty miles distant from the field of battle. In this remote corner of Galloway, the Reformation not having yet been strictly enforced against the monks, a few still lingered in their cells unmolested; and the Prior, with tears and reverence, received the fugitive Queen at the gate of his convent.

"I bring you ruin, my good Father," said the Queen, as she was lifted from her palfrey.

"It is welcome," said the Prior, "if it comes in the rain of duty."

Placed on the ground and supported by her ladies, the Queen looked for an instant at her palfrey, which, jaded and drooping its head, seemed as if it mourned the distresses of its mistress.

"Good Roland," said the Queen, whispering, "let Rosabelle be cared for—ask thy heart, and it will tell thee why I make this little request even in this awful hour."

She was conducted to her apartment, and in the hurried consultations of her attendants, the fatal resolution of the retreat to England was finally adopted. In the morning it received her approbation, and a messenger was dispatched to the English wardens, to pray him for safe-conduct and hospitality, on the part of the Queen of Scotland. On the next day, the Abbot walked

in the garden of the Abbey with Roland, to whom he expressed his disapprobation of the course pursued. "It is madness and ruin," he said; "better commit herself to the savage Highlanders or wild Bordermen, than to the faith of Elizabeth. A woman to a rival woman—a presumptive successor to the keeping of a jealous Queen!—Roland, Herries is true and loyal, but his counsel has ruined his mistress."

* * * * * * *

They soon arrived where the Queen stood, surrounded by her little train, and by her side the Sheriff of Cumberland, a gentleman of the house of Lowther, richly dressed and accompanied by soldiers. The aspect of the Queen exhibited a singular mixture of alacrity and reluctance to depart. Her language and gestures spoke hope and consolation to her attendants, and she seemed desirous to persuade even herself that the step she adopted was secure, and that the assurance she had received of kind reception was altogether satisfactory; but her quivering lip, and unsettled eye, betrayed at once her anguish at departing from Scotland, and her fears of confiding herself to the doubtful faith of England.

"Welcome, my Lord Abbot," said she; "and you, Roland Avenel, we have joyful news for you—our loving sister's officer proffers us, in her name, a safe asylum from the rebels who have driven us from our own—only it grieves me we must here part from you for a short space."

"Part from us, madam!" said the Abbot; "is your welcome in England, then, to commence with the abridgment of your train and dismissal of your counsellors?"

"Take it not thus, good Father," said Mary; "the Warden and the Sheriff, faithful servants of our Royal Sister, deem it necessary to obey her instructions in the present case, even to the letter, and can only admit me with my female attendants. An express will instantly be dispatched from London, assigning me a place of residence; and I will speedily send to all of you whenever my Court shall be formed."

"Your Court formed in England! and while Elizabeth lives and reigns?" said the Abbot—"that will be when we shall see two suns in one heaven!"

"Do not think so," replied the Queen; "we are well assured of our sister's good faith. Elizabeth loves fame—and not all that she has won by her power and her wisdom will equal that which she will acquire by extending her hospitality to a distressed sister!—not all that she may hereafter do of good, wise, and great, would blot out the reproach of abusing our confidence.—Farewell, my page—now my knight—farewell for a brief season. I will dry the tears of Catherine, or I will weep with her till neither of us can weep longer." She held out her hand to Roland, who, flinging himself on his knees, kissed it with much emotion. He was about to render the same homage to Catherine, when the Queen, assuming an air of sprightliness, said, "Her lips, thou foolish boy! and, Catherine, toy it not—these English gentlemen should see, that, even in our cold clime, Beauty knows how to reward Bravery and Fidelity!"

"We are not now to learn the force of Scottish beauty, or the mettle of Scottish valour," said the Sheriff of Cumberland courteously—"I would it were in my power to bid these attendants upon her who is herself the mistress of Scottish beauty, as welcome to England as my poor cares would make them. But our Queen's orders are positive in case of such an emergence, and they must not be disputed by her subject.—May I remind your Majesty that the tide ebbs fast?"

The Sheriff took the Queen's hand, and she had already placed her foot on the gangway, by which she was to enter the skiff, when the Abbot, starting from a trance of grief and astonishment at the words of the Sheriff, rushed into the water, and seized upon her mantle.

"She foresaw it!—she foresaw it!" he exclaimed—"she foresaw your flight into her realm; and, foreseeing it, gave orders you should be thus received. Blinded, deceived, doomed Princess! your fate is sealed, when you quit this strand.—Queen of Scotland, thou shalt not leave thine heritage!" he continued, holding a still firmer grasp upon her mantle; "true men shall turn rebels to thy will, that they may save thee from captivity or death. Fear not the bills and bows whom that gay man has at his beck—we will withstand him by force. O, for the arm of my warlike brother!—Roland Avenel, draw thy sword."

The Queen stood irresolute and frightened; one foot upon the plank, the other on the sand of her native shore, which she was quitting for ever.

"What needs this violence, Sir Priest!" said the Sheriff of Cumberland; "I came hither at your Queen's command, to do her service; and I will depart at her least order, if she rejects such aid as I can offer. No marvel is it if our Queen's wisdom foresaw that such chance as this might happen amidst the turmoils of your unsettled state; and, while willing to afford fair hospitality to her Royal Sister, deemed it wise to prohibit the entrance of a broken army of her followers into the English frontier."

"You hear," said Queen Mary, gently unloosing her robe from the Abbot's grasp, "that we exercise full liberty of choice in leaving this shore; and, questionless, the choice will remain free to us in going to France, or returning to our own dominions, as we shall determine—Besides, it is too late—Your blessing, Father, and God speed thee!"

"May He have mercy on thee, and speed thee also!" said the Abbot, retreating.

"But my soul tells me I look on thee for the last time!"

The sails were hoisted, the oars were plied, the vessel went freshly on her way through the Frith, which divides the shores of Cumberland from those of Galloway; but not till the vessel diminished to the size of a child's frigate, did the doubtful, and dejected, and dismissed followers of the Queen cease to linger on the sands; and long, long could they discern the kerchief of Mary, as she waved the oft-repeated signal of adieu to her faithful adherents, and to the shores of Scotland.

THE COLLECTOR.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.
Merry Wives of Windsor.

No. VII.

Samuel Kiechels, a merchant's son of Ulm, in Suabia, travelled in England, between the years 1585 and 89:—the following are extracts from his published work:—

At Richmond he saw Queen Elizabeth. The yeomen that surrounded her were clad in red cloth, and had roses embroidered in gold on their breasts and backs. They were all "beautiful, tall, strong, and large men, like half giants, as one may not easily see the like elsewhere. Men and women, in passing the Queen, fell down on their knees, exclaiming, with their hands lifted up:—'Gott sauve the Queene!' Even noblemen are kneeling on one knee, when they are speaking to her."

The Lord Mayor's swearing seems then to have taken place in the Tower; but the procession to Westminster, which he minutely describes, was the same as it is now.

Speaking of the London stage, he says, that there are some strange houses, with three galleries, one above the other. As he does not mention the theatres again in all his journeys, it would seem that there were then no regular play-houses in other places, or that he was particularly struck with the three galleries. It happened frequently, he continues, that the players got fifty or sixty dollars at a time, particularly when they played any thing new, when the price was doubled. And they performed every day, although it was forbidden to do so on Fridays and Saturdays.

"The English have no regular executioner; they take for the performance of that office a butcher, and whoever is called upon is obliged to perform it. The culprit, sitting on a cart, has one end of a rope tied to his neck, the other end being fastened to the gallows, the cart proceeds, and he remains hanging; after this his friends and relations are pulling him by his legs to make him die the sooner."

On his leaving England, the news of a Spanish ship that had been captured by Admiral Drake, arrived; in which, as it was reported, there were two millions in gold and silver bars, 50,000 crowns in coined reals, 7000 hides, four boxes with pearls, each of two bushels, with some bags of cochenille. The whole being valued at twenty-five tuns of gold; it was said to be the tribute of Peru of one year and a half.

Of English manners he expresses himself as follows:—"Women are there remarkably beautiful, so as I have scarcely ever seen before, since they do not disguise, paint, or colour themselves, as is done in Italy, or other places; but they are rather clumsy in their style of dress, which is made of beautiful cloth, some having three coats of this material, one above the other. Likewise, when a foreigner or native goes into a gentleman's house, on business, or on being invited, and is received by the master of the house, the lady, or the daughter,—who bid him welcome, in the peculiar terms of their language,—he has a right to take them by the arm, and kiss them; which is the custom of the country, the omitting of which is considered as ill-bred or stupid; a custom which also prevails in the Netherlands."

GENERAL REPORTER.

THE DRAMA.

No. X.

HAYMARKET.—Two new pieces have been brought out here since our last; *The Suicide*, and *Dog Days in Bond Street*. The first of these is stated to have been written by the late George Colman, Esq., and is so far new, at least, that it has not been acted for six and twenty years. Pieces that have been once laid aside, seldom have any pre-eminent claims to be brought forward at a subsequent period; and we have observed that revivals are not often successful. The productions of the comic Muse drop off the stage, either because they have not life and spirit enough in them at first, or because the manners which they represent, and from which they draw materials for satire, have become obsolete and uninteresting. Now it is not likely, either that, in the first case, their wit will have brightened by their having lain mouldering on the shelf for a quarter or for half a century; or, in the latter case, that those peculiar traits of character, or absurdities of demeanour, which were then nearly worn out, will have once more returned in all their exuberance, and "the lusty stealth of nature," to be once more hooted from the scene. The *Suicide* is not deficient in comic humour and bustle; but the chief attraction lies in certain situations and pieces of dramatic patch-work, which were striking enough, perhaps, thirty or forty years back, but have since been worn thread-bare; and indeed are out of modern costume—a tavern brawl, a catch sung in the street at midnight—a fight between the fiddlers or *music*, and the watch—a drunken scene by the principal character (Charles Kemble), which lasts for a quarter of an hour—the trite artifice by which he is made to think he has swallowed poison—and his reformation, and the reconciliation-scene with his friends and his mistress (Mrs. Mardyn), afterwards. These, though we have no doubt they might have told tolerably well in the last age, are at present too gross and improbable to be much relished; nor is the altercation between the poet and the player, in which they bespatter one another so unmercifully, more in modern taste or etiquette. The *liberal professions* have acquired a certain rank in public estimation, and a certain prescriptive prejudice in their favour, which cannot be shocked by raking into their private recesses and secret history, without a violence to decorum, and injury to the interests of *virtù*. This last scene, in which the dialogue is admirably kept up, and re-inforced with stores of scandalous abuse and ready recrimination, is, if we mistake not, borrowed nearly *verbatim* from one of Fielding's novels—we forget which, and have not the volumes to turn to. Old Colman was an expert and judicious poacher in this way; and in his best comedy, *The Jealous Wife*, had a shrewd eye to the same author's History of a Foundling. We must not forget to add, that Charles Kemble, as the Suicide (we cannot recal the name of the character), played the part of a person intoxicated admirably. It was perfectly natural, and yet as little disgusting as possible; or rather it was not disgusting, because it was real nature. It was not merely the coarse, offensive parts that were given; but all the little peculiarities, the delicate shades, the ineffectual attempts at self-possession, the vacant stare, the conscious smile at his own situation, were faithfully copied; it was the gentleman drunk, who still retained, in the overthrow of his faculties, some respect for himself; and he totters into the chair at last, and sinks into a state of stupor (as Cæsar fell, wrapping his mantle round him) gracefully! A Mr. Williams played the *poor poet* in this comedy; and has of late performed several characters of a subordinate kind at the Haymarket—parti-

cularly a drunken, impudent apothecary, in *Pigeons and Crows*, which he does to the life.

The *Dog Days in Bond Street* is said, in the prologue, to be written by a lady, and to be of transatlantic growth. It is lively and passable. It has more bustle than spirit, and more spirit than wit. The incidents do not come very unexpectedly upon us, nor are the intricacies of the plot carried off very artfully, or with much adherence to probability. The *scene-shifting* of the story is its principal recommendation; but we cannot agree with a certain clever critic, that "all this is managed in a way much superior to the generality of these petty comedies." It is, in our judgment, inferior altogether to *Crows and Pigeons*, to the *Green Man*, &c., and even to the *Diamond Ring*. We take this opportunity to correct an important error in our account of this last piece—under the head of topography,—*viz.* that, whereas, in speaking of the delectable and accomplished Master Sam Swipes, we have attributed his favourite residence and chief breeding to the scite of the *Pig and Gridiron*, we ought, in strict conformity to the original classic text, to have dated them from the *Pig and Windmill*. We were more taken with Mrs. Mardyn, in the character of Miss Tresilian, than in that of Lady Cranberry, in the last new piece. We might here say to her, without a compliment—"How pretty you are; we like you better *so!*" Mrs. Mardyn does not hit our taste in the fine lady, and woman of fashion; but we are delighted with her romping characters, and adore her in sentimental ones. She becomes "a doublet and hose" well; and wears the willow with a still more charming grace. How beautiful she is in her mourning habit! how lovely in her smiles and tears! Every look and motion seem to utter the conscious sentiment—"Poor young man! poor dear Mr. Tresilian! how sorry I am for him: what a charming bride he has lost!"—Much has been said on the propriety of introducing the slang character of the Boxing Linen-draper into this otherwise lady-like production; and the song sung by Mr. J. Russell, who personated this sprig of fancy and fashion, produced a great uproar the first night from the conflicting interests of those who wished to have it *encored*, and those who wished to have it damned. The fact is, it was introduced in the wrong place; for there was no obvious reason why Mr. J. Russell, in spite of the significant hints of his dress, should volunteer such a song on his first appearance, till we knew something more of the sprightly and heroic turn of his genius. We are sorry to see a writer whom we respect, and who is in general distinguished both by the profession and practice of liberality, turn round, upon this occasion, to give a hit at the *fancy*; which we, by an implied compact, and by all the principles of the *esprit de corps*, are bound to patronise. "There does appear to us," says the above writer, in allusion to the present subject, "a certain effeminacy in the taste for seeing boxing-matches, for mingling in the mighty talk about other men's bruises, and 'snatching a fearful joy' from a floorer." Now this is smartly put in, but hardly fair. Try it in other cases. Would it be fair to say, that a boy at school shewed a want of spirit, because he was fond of reading of the exploits of Cæsar, or Alexander; or would there not be great injustice in setting down—not to a romantic turn, but—to a want of activity and enterprize, an extraordinary delight in reading books of voyages and travels, in hearing of strange adventures by sea and land? So, if any gentleman with white hands, and no very robust frame, admires the prowess of mightier men than himself, is this invidiously to be ascribed to the conscious diminutiveness of his outward person, not to the bigness of his spirit labouring within? The argument is, that we admire the display of qualities we do not possess, as women admire strength and courage. But why must this analogy be pushed farther? We critics admire the exhibition of wit and humour on the stage. Must it be thrown in our teeth that this is because we are dull, and affect a brilliancy by reflection? If we praise the beauty of a flower, is it to be inferred that we have no smell? Or if we listen with attention to a concert of music, or mingle in the talk about the performance, is it to be supposed that we do it to hide our being deaf?

This would not be a very candid construction: neither do we think it warranted in evidence to assume effeminacy as the proximate cause of "the fearful joy snatched from a floorer."—In general, we should be loth to agree, that the disposition to admire and applaud other men's powers or prowess in any shape, is a proof of weakness or pusillanimity. Desdemona, we are told, "loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies;" but her father, Brabantio, a grave senator of Venice (a lazy, incorrigible drone, you will say,—but that does not appear), also "loved him, oft invited him, still questioned him the story of his life:"—so that this proves nothing either way. The ladies of old attended the tournaments as an indispensable part of the ceremony; the Stellas and the fair Geraldines; but we do not apprehend that their knights, the Surreys or Sir Philip Sidneys, absented themselves when not engaged in the lists, or were indifferent lookers-on. Mr. Kean has *an assault at arms* with Mr. O'Shaugnessey (we ask this gentleman's pardon, if we mis-spell his name), without frightening the ladies; and we do not see why Mr. J. Russell (if he should so fancy) might not put on the gloves for a *set-to* with Tom Belcher, at his benefit, whenever that is, without implicating the manly taste of ours, or the delicate susceptibility of the other sex. "Oh! but the brutal, unfeeling coarseness of boxing!" To be sure, whipping your adversary through the body with a short sword, or stiletto, as we see it often done, or pretended to be done, on the stage, is a much genteeler, and more summary process. Besides, does not the encouragement of boxing, and by consequence, of sparring, as twin-brother to it, conduce to the courage of the lower classes, and to our victories by sea and land, past, present, or to come? And we hope our patriotic principles are known to be no less staunch than our pugilistic ones!—But we have said quite enough on this subject: for we have written fifteen folios of uncut foolscap, and we have the Lyceum, Sadler's Wells, and other matters yet in reserve.

Lyceum.—The celebrated story of Baron Trenck has been brought forward at this theatre. It is amusing enough, without possessing much merit. A light, comick turn has been given to the plot; but (perhaps, from the *effeminacy* of our tastes) we should have preferred retaining the well-known tragic story. "Sweet are the uses of legitimacy:" and this was indeed, a most precious specimen of them. Mr. T. P. Cooke, as the Baron, bore up against the hundred pounds weight of iron attached to him, very manfully; and Miss Carew did all she could to soothe him and the audience with her soft and silver voice. Miss Kelly, however, is the chief attraction of the piece. But that we like better to see ladies in petticoats, we would say, she looks well in a blue silk stocking, and makes a pretty impudent lad. She played exceedingly well, as she always does when she has to perform *smart* characters. The pertness of the chambermaid sits well upon the page, and her swagger is becoming. This lady was lately, also, one of the *Merry Wives of Windsor:* Mrs. Chatterly was the other: Mr. Bartley was the fat knight: and so far all was well. For the rest, we beg to be excused giving an opinion. The success was indifferent: but the manager, like other managers, is of course fond of Shakspeare, and Mr. Bartley is fat.—This little theatre holds up its head, notwithstanding Mr. Elliston's heavy jesting: and, what is more provoking and strange, the summer theatre has, at this time of year, better houses than its blustering rival, the winter one. Yet, when we were there (in mid August) Mr. Kean played Jaffier, and Mr. Elliston Pierre, and Mr. ——— but really we did not know even the names of the other gentlemen, who came forward to give the world assurance that they would act the worthy conspirators of Venice in Otway's well known play. All that we know is, that the heroes who met in Aquilina's house to plot the downfall of the state, looked like so many undertaker's men! Would they had been mutes! But they roared and blustered, and played the lion's part, "an 'twere any nightingale:"—they roared, but "it did no man's heart good to hear them." With the exception of Mr. Kean, and sometimes of Mrs. West—who, however, frequently goes nigh

"to split the ears of the groundlings—" the tragedy was abominably performed; and, until the manager of Drury Lane can both enact tragedy better himself, and find others who can enact it better than his present accomplices, he will be wise in refraining from sarcasm. Perhaps he cannot do better than conclude the golden harvest of his summer season, with the representation of a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and we will be answerable for the appropriate filling up of the *Dramatis Personæ*. Flute the bellows-mender; Snug, the joiner; Quince, the carpenter; Snout, the tailor; Wall, and Moonshine—perhaps, the Great Lessee himself, may volunteer the part of Bottom!

Sadler's Wells.—(*With Mr. Weathercock's leave?—Here Mr. Weathercock bowed assent, and the article proceeds.*)—We hope that all our readers either have enjoyed, or do still enjoy, that compound of mirth and mischief, and painted faces, and trap doors, and tumbling—*a pantomime*. For our own parts, we well remember the time when it was to us the bravest sight the world afforded. We could go at any time, and "take our ease," in the two shilling gallery, or be sure of a hearty welcome in the pit. It was like an inn, but better; for the feast was more inspiriting; and what landlord, what Boniface, was ever like Grimaldi! Here is entertainment for gentle and simple, an ordinary for all comers; and when you have paid your fare, they disdain to stint you. The humour of this broad-set, parti-coloured clown—this Great Capitalist of the Aquatic Stage—this delight of aldermen and butchers' boys—the very heart and soul of children in the holidays—who has expanded the face of kings with unwonted expression—and is worthy to act before Queens in any drollery or extravagance, "within the limits of becoming mirth,"—the humour, we say, of Mr. Grimaldi is genuine.

His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.

We have seen this old favourite endure sea-sickness—steal fish, and put them unguardedly into his pocket—drink fresh table-beer, with the smack left upon his lips—fight, court, lie, equivocate, and recriminate, without saying a word, in a way that would have done honour to the most finished comedian. But his glory has passed away; at least, from us:—for, by favour of Mr. Payne the manager, we have been admitted behind the scenes. We have seen him stripped of that cloak of folly which he wears so well, (for folly has its cloak too, as well as wisdom)—and, we find this portent of our childish wonder, whom we looked at as an Egyptian hieroglyphic—who was as far removed from our ordinary conceptions as one of the signs of the Zodiac, or that queer-faced fellow, the Man in the Moon,—to be even as one of ourselves. Nay, he is less: there is a leaden melancholy in his eye, when he is off the stage, a languor and weight of limb, and a heavy, serious tone in his voice, that is more akin to tragedy than to comedy. Behind the scenes, he is nothing but a steady, elderly man, anxious that the other performers should act what is set down for them respectably, and that the scene-shifter should do his duty: but immediately that it is his turn to appear, his muscles are instantaneously set in motion—they are drawn up as by some mechanical power—his mouth is preternaturally distended, and his limbs resume their elasticity in a moment—like a puppet, animated by secret springs, or, as if a statue of lead had quicksilver poured into it. His life and gaiety remain unimpaired while he is on the stage. You hear the laugh of the pit, and the shouts and screams of the gallery; and all is well: but he returns once more to the side-scene, panting, and listless, and sad. "Where be his jibes now?" He is "quite chop-fallen;" and so is the spectator of this sudden and mortifying change.—It is the same with Bologna, the comely vivacious harlequin. He returns from his task, worn with toil, to lean against a pillar: his mask thrown up, shows the face of a man of fifty, and his voice, gentle and encouraging towards the Columbine of the night, evinces a world of kindness,—yet it but ill accords with the gay and glittering character which it is his fate to assume. We have often thought that a tragedian, stripped of his sceptre and tinsel crown, was not so much

an object of pity, as the comedian, obliged to leave behind him his mask of mirth, and to go to his poor home, clad in the gloomy livery of his woes, while the tongues of hundreds are yet loud in his praise;—many perhaps, envying him the spirits as well as talents, which he has just been displaying with such delightful effect!—We were going, from these instances of mutability, to draw some reflections to the disparagement of the profession of a player, till we recollected that, "All the World's a Stage." We have lately seen faces, in which rank and power had written a history worth pointing with a moral; princesses not looking so young, so gay, or handsome as the columbine at Sadler's Well's; and privy-counsellors as grave as Mr. Grimaldi behind the scenes. Life cannot always retain its newest gloss: the natural progress of things is never from "grave to gay," but always "from lively to severe:" and we remember being struck with the remark of a friend, on seeing a number of Eton boys playing at cricket—"What a pity it was that all those fine-looking lads should become d——d stupid Members of Parliament at last!"

Surrey Theatre.—We have been, for the second time, to see the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and are confirmed in the opinion, that Miss Taylor's representation of Jeanie Deans is one of the most perfect pieces of character we ever saw acted. We do not know whether we ought to be ashamed to confess, that our tears ran all the while;—we seem accountable to our grave glasses for dimming them with such weaknesses. What are called pathetic incidents do not often unlock those sacred sources within us. They flowed for a noble nature suffering; for the unwearied constancy with which the brave girl sustains her difficulties; her toilsome hopeless journies, and impossible-seeming projects:—the awful face of Argyle, and the presence of the Queen Majesty of England—and little seemed to hinder but she would have sustained her Maker's presence likewise, could she have gained admittance thither to have pleaded for a sister's life! It was only a reproachful conscience she could not face.—There is a seeming hardness in the original draught of the character, which we were never reconciled to, till Miss Taylor taught us to understand it better. She is the identical Jeanie Deans; the same obstinate strait-forward person, unrelenting of purpose, turning neither to the right nor the left, following conscience with a dogged resolution. You see you might as well plead to the course of nature to change, as to her to suspend her resolutions,—but then there is such a spirit of quiet martyrdom, such silent suffocating tears, such hope in despair, such humility in heroism, such love amidst obduracy—such yearnings towards Effie, whom she would have saved with her life, but cannot speak two or three false words for—that you feel she could have done nothing else but what she did, or you would have loved her less. We shall read the novel twice the oftener, for her commentary on it. (By the bye, why do they not dramatize Pamela?)—Her best scenes are with the Queen and Argyle: her unconscious deportment, her well-imagined curtseys, her breathless watching of the lips of the great personage unknown, on which hang poor Effie's hopes, her thrilling noble burst of gratitude when it is discovered who it is, are above praise. We wonder whether Sir Walter Scott went to the Surrey Theatre, in his last visit to town. If he did not, he had ill advisers. He is not, we imagine, one of those who *quite* think that "it is place which lessens and sets off!"—Miss Copeland's Madge Wildfire is a deviation from the original. She makes it as pretty as Ophelia; and throws a charm of young tones over her madness, which is at once graceful and touching, fantastic and heart-rending. Her dying is a sweet dismissal. We did not observe in the lady (Mrs. Brooks,) who played the mother of Madge, any similar effort at softening down the character. She did indeed gibbet it up at full length. No attempt at palating the bitter potion, but a full horse-drench of horrid and disgusting ingredients. Her virago is as shocking to the sense as Sycorax. You might see her brought to a stake and burnt, and you would fear her cinders. With the brandished knife in her hand, she is as tremendous as the hell-hag in the "*Auri sacra Fames*" of Teniers. We are thankful that we did not see her in our childhood. She would have rid-

den our pillows. She is equal to a whole *stud* of night-mares. How female nerves can bend up her corporal agents to wield the weapon in the way she does, is to us unaccountable.—Mrs. Brookes is double-parted in this drama. After undergoing this terrible personation, she comes forth as "the canny, sonsie," Mrs. Glass, the Duke's tobacconist. Her sort of humour may be captivating in Argyle's country, but we could do any thing but laugh at it. It seemed no joke. It had the turbulent stamp upon it, and when she danced, it was like a Lapland witch. Nothing so formidable shakes its heels in Tam O'Shanter. The house laughed; and, for what we know, the humour was excessively comic. Perhaps her previous impression, in the terrible line, biassed us. We could not so soon forget our first acquaintance:—there remained

Of the old sea some reverential fear.

The Duke of Argyle has an able representative in Huntley, but we miss our old favourite Cooke. Mrs. T. Dibdin, in the Queen, has had full merit awarded her. Her condescendingness is truly ultra-noble. A Duchess would never have risen to such airs. To see her, you would think the statue of Queen Anne, at St. Paul's, had stepped from its pedestal, Hermione fashion, with the drapery only a little altered.—Mr. Fitzwilliam makes a capital Dumbiedykes, but we wish the character had been left out of the drama, and of the novel too. We do not like such moon-calves about Jeanie Deans. His mournful, but tediously repeated ejaculation of "Jeanie Woman," brought to our mind poor Peter Pastoral (alias Tokely) the true theatrical King of Cockayne—the Inamorato of Daisies and Buttercups—whom Hampstead, and Highgate, and Hornsey, and Shepherd's Bush, and the hazel-thickets of Hackney, "with all their echoes mourn."*

M.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. IX.

At this season, not only has the metropolis closed all its greater musical exhibitions, but the publication of music usually languishes from the same cause—namely, the generality of composers being anxious to give their works to the town in their first bloom, when they are most likely to be seen by the whole throng of fashion and opulence.

At this moment, the professors of eminence are preparing for the provincial meetings; which, for a similar reason, viz. that the town is empty, and the country is full, commonly take place, in the autumn. The first, which happens about the time this article is on the anvil, will be at Gloucester.

The three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, meet triennially, when the festival is assisted by the ablest professors, and the profits are appropriated to the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poor clergy. The second is at Birmingham, and commences on the 5th of October, upon a scale of magnificence scarcely exceeded, perhaps, since the Abbey meeting. Three years ago the plan was first tried, and the enormous amount of 8000*l.* was raised in one week. The receipts are devoted to public charities, and the ad-

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* Poor T—— fell a martyr, like Dicky Suett, and many other choice spirits before him, "of whom the world was not worthy," to the custom of taking something a little stronger than Bohea for their morning's refection. The ladies of his theatre resented this slight done to their favourite beverage so much, that they refused to rehearse with him, unless he corrected his habits.—Poor T—— promised and promised, but the potent spell continued to bind him. At last, the Manager took it up so seriously, that T—— bound himself not to take any thing stronger than the aforesaid beverage *before his dinner-hour*. He went on capitally for some days, but one unfortunate rehearsal he came (the time about eleven in the forenoon) bearing about him such indubitable tokens of having violated his engagement, that Mr. F——t began to expostulate in rather rougher terms than usual. "D—n it, Sir, you have broken your word to me?"—"Not a bit," rejoined T——, "I have dined!"

mirable example set in this way by the Birmingham district, will, no doubt, extend its beneficial influence to the various considerable places of the empire. The conductors have done every thing to render the musical performances rich, complete, and rare. Amongst the novelties to be produced, is Haydn's Oratorio of *the Seasons*, which has been re-modelled to new words, and that fine work will now be heard in a manner to determine its merits. Mozart's *Requiem* is also to be executed upon the same grand scale. All the talents of the kingdom are enlisted, and almost every amateur of distinction is preparing to enjoy the luxuries which will be presented for his gratification. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Corri, and Miss Stephens; Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Begrez; Mr. Bellamy, Signor Ambrogetti, and, if health permits, Mr. Bartleman, will assist. The instrumentalists comprise the most eminent of each kind; and, to complete the excellence, the King has permitted the most important wind instruments from his band, some of which are unknown to the rest of Europe, to be present. The whole is under the conduct of the most consummate judgment and skill: and the directors and stewards are nobility and gentry of the highest rank. Balls, and other amusements are to be intermingled with the delights of music; so that, taking it for all in all, the week will present a series of elegant amusements more complete and refined than is often to be found.

The last provincial meeting takes place at Exeter, the week after the Birmingham meeting; and from the vocalists engaged, it may be expected that the music will be upon a good scale.

Miss Naldi, whose sweet manners, cultivated talents, and pure voice, had begun to attract a wide circle of admirers in England, is now at Paris, and has there entered upon the career of her profession with even more brilliant success. She performed very recently in *Cosi fan tutti*. Her style so captivates the taste of the French, that more universal applause attends her than any late singer has enjoyed. She remains in Paris till January, when she returns to England, and again goes to the capital of France to finish her engagement in July. Rossini's Opera, *Il Turco in Italia*, has been brought out at Paris, with applause. We have seen some of the songs, which are florid, and full of sparkling melody, in the usual style of that lively composer.

Mrs. Salmon has postponed her intention of visiting the Continent.

The industrious and able Mr. Burrowes, has employed himself in transmitting the most interesting and agreeable parts of Rossini's *Tancredi*, into a series of duets, which he publishes in numbers. Two are out, which contain some of the chorusses, songs, and duets, arranged in a very simple style, into easy and pleasing lessons. By such means, Rossini will soon become as well known as Mozart to the English—who, if report says true, might last season, have enjoyed an Opera, composed expressly for the King's Theatre, at the small expence of 100 guineas, but the offer was rejected. The popular air, "*Tu che accendi*," in this work of Mr. Burrowes's, exhibits in a new form the captivation of its melody.

Some portions of *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, an Opera unknown to England, by the same composer, have also been published by Messrs. Birchall, and Co. They are certainly very singular compositions, and contain many passages striking by combination.

Zoraidè è qui t' arresta, is a duet of extraordinary effect, and would of itself alone, stamp upon its author the character of uncommon power to seize the strongest imagery music is susceptible of, and adapt it with a curious felicity to novel purposes in expression.

La Brilliante, a *fantasia concertante*, for the harp and flute, or piano and flute, with a violoncello accompaniment, by Mr. Sola, consists of an introductory movement, in which the flute has a melody, adapted to its soft and gliding character, yet not without some execution; while the others take the subordinate part of accompaniment in such a way, however, as to give them an equal importance. Mr. Sola chooses the air, *My lodging is on the cold ground*, for his subject, which has been varied both by Drouet and Nicholson, if our recollection serve, and sung by Mrs. Salmon. Mr. Sola's variations, though, as the title imports, brilliant, are nevertheless in the most hacknied form—triplets,

quadruplets, dotted notes, and *arpeggio*—"set terms, good set terms," —but repeated *ad nauseam*.

Mr. Naderman has also two *Fantasies* (published separately) constructed upon the same principles, and with about the same success. *O Pescator dell' onda* is the subject of the one; and *When time who steals our years away*, the theme of the other. In truth, they ought both to be called airs, with variations, and an introduction; for to call them by any other name, is only an endeavour to hide the poverty of this mode of making music upon music. To ears not so eternally tortured by the sameness of such things, they may seem bright and agreeable.

A certain painter, who was famous for the delineation of a red lion, but could not well delineate any thing else, was once employed by an honest vintner, to paint him a sign. The artist recommended *the Red Lion*, the vintner was determined to have *the Bush*. To settle the point, so as to accommodate the capacity of the one, and the desires of the other, the *Red Lion* was painted, and under it was written *The sign of the Bush*. This story is brought to our remembrance by a composition entitled *a parody upon De tanti palpiti*. We leave its application to the reader.

Amongst the most useful publications we have lately seen, is *Keith's Musical Vade Mecum*. This little work concentrates preliminary knowledge, simply and clearly expressed, far more, we think, than any book we remember; while its price (five shillings,) its portable form, and its catechetical arrangement, render it peculiarly acceptable to very young beginners. It leaves nothing of theory, indeed, untaught, that is necessary to be understood by the pianoforte player up to a very extended period of instruction; and is so clear that a mother wholly ignorant of the art may safely employ it in forwarding her child through the most dreary parts of the progress. It is, however, to be observed, that the author very consistently confines himself to mere theoretical elements, and aims to convey nothing that belongs to execution. He prepares for the master, spares him the drudgery, and the parent an enormous expence of money and patience. Nor is it that this has not been done before, but seldom, as it appears to us, so completely, or in so small and compact a shape.

Mr. Leoni Lee has published two ballads. *Farewell to the land of my youth*, is in a style between declamation and pathos, and we think it capable of effect. The passages are simple and expressive, and it is well calculated for the powers of amateurs. *If you a Highland laddie meet*, is but very moderate. *The shrine of love*, by Dr. Jay, produces a difficulty of deciding, at the commencement, whether it is a comic or a serious ballad we are about to hear; but the last passages are far above the first, redeem its character, and lift it to the rank of a pretty song.

Forget me not though thus we part, by Mr. Goss, is the least estimable of the list, hardly worth paper and print.

We had lately occasion to notice Mr. Davy's appropriation of one of the national melodies, published by Moore. He has, we lament to perceive, afforded us a fresh occasion for similar reprobation, by having adapted and *spoiled* another of the same collection—We allude to *Flow on thou shining river*, which he has put to lines beginning *The nightingale is singing*. We do not hesitate to characterize this species of plagiarism as shameful and shameless, as perfectly unworthy of a composer or publisher of reputation.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly, a glee, by Walmsley, is an ingenious production, full of imitations, and answers, and keeping up a bustling, but not vulgar interest from the beginning to the close. Its construction is singular and pleasing.

Mr. Bochsa has published the second book of his very valuable and elaborate studies for the harp. Whoever has heard this master will entertain no doubt of his superior power to direct the executive department; and whoever has examined his beautiful and masterly compositions will allow him to be well enabled by the variety of his talents to combine all the elements of instruction, expected to be found in a work of this kind, and necessary to the perfection of the judgment and the hand. Those who have formed these high expectations,

will experience no disappointment on the perusal and practice of his *forty studies.*

Mr. Meves has arranged Mr. Bochsa's favourite *March,* and *Polonaise* for the piano-forte, with ability.

Mr. Ries has put variations to the air *La Biondina in Gondoletta,* in his usual quaint and singular manner. They are difficult of execution; and to our ears he has endeavoured to evade, or to conceal the hacknied forms of writing variations under crude and chromatic passages. There is a canon in the octave closely written, but exhibiting a task more learned than agreeable. The entire composition seems to us more elaborate than pleasing.

Mr. Kiallmark is, at least, a very industrious composer; for a month rarely passes without presenting to us one or more pieces from his pen. His compositions are generally adapted to the talents of middle rate performers; he, however, bestows a brilliancy on passages comparatively easy, which have the double charm of showing apparent difficulty, and yielding amusement. In the divertimento before us, *Kimbolton Castle,* there is too great a resemblance between some of the variations, and those of his preceding lessons; it is in other respects lively and pretty.

Mr. Knapton's *Alexandrina* is in the same easy style. The melody is agreeable, and this attractive quality is well sustained throughout.

Mr. Klose's *Introduction and rondo, à la Hongroise* is of the like description. It has, perhaps, too much sameness. Some of the passages are well adapted for practice, and it is not deficient in melody.

Amongst several paltry compositions from English composers, the best is, perhaps, an adaptation of *Voulez vous danser,* by Mr. Tomlins.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Mutual Instruction.—In the 6th Number of the *Hermes,* there is a long article on the systems of Lancaster and Bell, which contains some valuable information on the progress the new method has made abroad, and a very candid examination of the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems, as compared with each other, and with the ordinary modes of instruction.

The writer allows the validity of one defence of the new method, that something is better than nothing, where children are educated by means of it, who, otherwise, would not be educated at all. But he shows that the education so obtained, is exceedingly defective, compared with that obtained in the ordinary manner.—The new method is also only elegible in point of cheapness for large assemblages of children, as the yearly expence of a school on the new system for seventy children, is calculated at 1063 franks, while, in the village schools of Germany, from 100 to 150 children are taught immediately by one master at nearly the same expence.

We pity, says the German Reviewer, the common people in England, France, Spain, Italy, and Russia, whose instruction and education are so much neglected, that they can only acquire, through the most miserable substitute for instruction, a knowledge of the commonest operations which aid, but do not constitute cultivation.—The condition of our popular schools which do not require such an aid, and the intelligent views of those who have the direction of our seminaries, of whom not one individual qualified to judge, has yet declared himself in favour of the English invention, while many have declared themselves against it, will, it is to be hoped, prevent the introduction of this substitute into Germany.

The preference of the Lancasterian method to Bell's on the Continent, is thus accounted for:

We see that Bell's method has the advantage over Lancaster's, not merely in the principal difference with respect to religious instruction, but also in the greater simplicity of the means, and the greater care as to the written accounts to be given in to the proper authorities. Lancaster's again has the advantage over Bell's of a more artificial and extensive distribution of the operation of instruction, and a more exact method, in the whole process. The one leaves

to the children more liberty in their natural movements—approximates, therefore, more to ordinary teaching, but affords less security for the result of the instruction. The other by its monitorial system, which is more extensively introduced, and distributed according to more correct calculation, secures better a common co-operation of all the parts in producing a general result; as, by distribution into subdivisions, it can bestow more attention on individuals, and yet by the word of command, by a whistle, &c. it can preserve all in regularity. The one system requires more assistance, more attention from the master, the other is more like a machine, which, when once wound up, goes of itself. Supposing the same materials of instruction, and the same attention paid to the execution of the two systems, the progress of the scholar in mechanical qualifications will be more rapid and certain, according to the Lancasterian mode, than according to that of Bell, while by the latter, the developement of the individual's mind, will be less injured, and it is less incompatible with the moral influence of the wisdom of an intelligent teacher on the minds and dispositions of youth. We may easily, therefore, perceive why Lancaster's system should have been so much more generally preferred out of England. As it is a more efficient instrument of tuition, as, by its military precision, it recommends itself more to the maxims of high patrons, and as, by the use of tables instead of books, it is also somewhat cheaper, it could hardly fail to obtain the prize where the Bishops of the English church had no influence.

The Lancasterian system, has, it is said, been carried to a much higher degree of perfection in France, where it is called the system of mutual instruction, than in England.—Is this true? We suspect not.

Sandwich Islands.—A correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, has communicated some particulars respecting these Islands, which, from the recent death of Tameiameia their king, have become an object of considerable interest.—He professes to derive his information from Dr. Adelbert von Chamisso, who, as naturalist, accompanied Captain von Kotzebue, in his circumnavigation, and visited the Islands in question in 1816 and 1817.

No missionaries have ever been in the Sandwich Islands—What is said in the Missionary Register for 1818, as to the heir of the kingdom having been instructed in the principles of Christianity in the school of the foreign mission, at Cornwall, in America, merely proves the address with which a native of Owaihee knows how to give himself an air of importance when out of his country. The real heir of the kingdom, —whose name is Liolio (Reoreo), a son of Tameiameia, and who, on account of his descent by the mother's side, is more elevated, or rather, more holy (*tabu*) than the individual alluded to—showed himself addicted to idleness and drunkenness; and of all the qualities of the old hero, possessed only bravery, which is common to all the natives of Owaihee. The kingdom of Tameiameia must fall to pieces by his death. His great vassals had already shared it among themselves, during his life, and they were ready, the moment his eyes closed, to take formal possession of their respective shares. No European, however powerful as a leader he may be on any of the Islands, need think of ruling over the natives, and, indeed, no such intention has been entertained by any of them. Much less need any European power think of the conquest of these Islands; for even should civil war favour the enterprize, it could have but a very transient success, for the Islanders would never endure a foreign yoke, and they are too powerful to be extirpated. *Tamuri*, the king of Atuei, will regain his former independence. *Kareimoku*, called by the Europeans, *Bill Pitt*, (sprung from the Regal House of Mauwi, spared and adopted by Tameiameia, on the conquest of that Island, aftewards educated and fondly cherished by him, and promoted to the highest dignity and power,) now governor of the Island of Owahu,—the most important of the whole groupe, as it alone possesses a harbour (*Hannaruru*, secured by a castle well provided with artillery,)—has long been ready to take possession of that Island.—Teimotu, of the old royal race of Owaihee, closely connected with Kareimoku, receives Mauwi for his share, and the feeble Liolio will only be able to retain possession by arms of his orginal heritage the Island of Owaihee. Whatever revolutions may happen, the Sandwich Islands will still remain for European navigators what they now are —a staple for their trade; and their avarice will only fan the flames of war, not with a view to conquer the kingdom, which is out of the question, but in order to have a market for arms, by which they can pay for the articles which they may require.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Gothic Architecture.—The study of Gothic Architecture, which has, during the last fifty years, been so assiduously cultivated in England, where it has produced so many treatises, so many theories, and, what is still better, so many exquisite drawings and engravings—has lately exercised the industry of the Germans, who possess many excellent and magnificent specimens of this style. Goethe has endeavoured to analyze its peculiar merits; and has assumed for it the distinctive appellation of *German* Architecture, in like manner as an antiquarian of our own country has wished to denote this peculiar species of building by the epithet *English*. Costenoble has published a work on the Architecture of the middle ages in Germany: and two others are now actually in the course of publication; one by Moller, in a series of outline delineations, both perspective and geometrical: this contains some very fine subjects from the Cathedrals of Ulm and Mayence, the Exchange at the latter place; and St. Catherine's at Oppenheim; together with several plates of details—such as windows, doors, fonts, &c. The other work is entitled, "A Collection of remarkable Buildings erected in Germany during the middle Ages, engraved upon *Stone*, by Domenicus Quaglio, painter at the Court of Bavaria; 6 Nos. royal folio. Munich." In this publication the artist has not confined himself to what is merely historically, or architecturally important; but has in general selected such subjects as are adapted to produce an impression of antiquity, and a romantic and picturesque effect.

He gives us fastnesses and castles piled upon the summits of lofty rocks; magnificently spired churches; subterraneous chapels; lonely cloisters; and views of open squares with old grotesque town-halls. He has, consequently, not confined himself to any particular age, or class of buildings, but delineated them promiscuously. Perfectly well acquainted with both perspective and chiaroscuro, and no less skilful in landscape, he represents the edifices and their sites with all the verity of nature: and, moreover, enlivens his scenery with appropriate groupes, chiefly represented in the costume of the ages to which the architecture belongs. One of the most ancient structures, is the church of St. Werner, or the hospital church at Upper Wesel, on the Rhine. A lad named Werner was killed in 1287, by some fanatical Jews, and was afterwards honoured as a saint, and this church, and another at Bacharach, which is one of the most beautiful productions of German architecture, were erected to his memory; the artist has preferred the less beautiful of the two, on account of its exceedingly fine and picturesque situation.

This little church, or rather chapel, is built over a gateway in the wall of the town, through which we catch a view of the street—while a procession of capuchins and groupes of men, women, and children, are seen passing through the gate—the effect, both of the perspective, and light, and shade, are very masterly in this plate. Among the other subjects, are the chapel of St. Maximus at Salzburg; the interior of St. Margaret's chapel in the Castle at Nuremburg; the old church-yard and parsonage of the minister at Regensburg; the Temple-church at Bacharach; and the Abbey-church, at Kaiserheim. This last, which is a beautiful specimen of the light florid style, was built between 1340 and 1380, and is one of the most elegant in Germany. The central tower is particularly fine, although its spire was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1540. Another splendid and truly extraordinary publication of this description is the fac-simile of the design of the cathedral at Cologne, by Moller the artist, who is engaged on the collection of the architectural antiquities (Denkmahler) of Germany which we have above referred to. The lovers of this species of architecture will also find some interesting papers relative to the subject, by Busching in the *Jahrbucher der Litteratur.*

Deafness.—From observations that have recently been made, it has been suggested, that in cases of deafness, where the disorder is occasioned by the eustachian tube being stopped up, the patient might be cured by descending in a diving bell. Dr. Hamel, who descended in one at Howth, in the vicinity of Dublin, informs us that he suffered, during his re-ascent, a violent sensation of pain within his ear, in consequence of the expansion of air in the exterior cavities: yet, as the air escaped much easier than it entered, owing to the nearly conical form of that duct, he felt at almost every foot of his ascent an air bubble, that passed from his ear into his mouth, and each time afforded him considerable relief. The orifice which connects the eustachian tube with the mouth, forms a kind of valve; it is therefore exceedingly difficult to admit a passage here to the atmospheric air; but within a diving bell this is effected merely by the act of swallowing the saliva; and occasionally a violent report is heard nearly like that of a pistol, which is immediately succeeded by a cessation of the pain.

At Vicola, in the Papal States, an old decrepid woman was lately arrested under the serious charge of *witchcraft.* She had not been discharged at the date of the last accounts.

Lithography.—Mr. Senefelder, the inventor of Lithography, has found the means of dispensing with the stone. He has in-

vented a lithographic paper, fit for all methods of printing.

The following description of a lady of rank in Cairo, in the interior of the Harem, is given by a German traveller.

She is seated on an Ottoman, covered with scarlet cloth, bordered with gold fringe. Her dress consists as follows:—rose-coloured silk pantaloons, yellow boots and red babushes (slippers) over them, under-caftan of striped Aleppo silk, richly embroidered; upper-caftan of dark blue cloth; the head of the turban of common red cloth, but wound round with costly Indian muslins, printed with various colours; a rich diamond ornament * surmounts the red cap, a diamond crescent is placed in front, in the centre of the roll, which is rather higher here than behind, and over this is a bouquet of pinks of the most brilliant jewels, on elastic wires. Garlands of coloured stones are suspended on both sides, and the intervening space is filled with small diamond broaches, in various shapes, but without any symmetry or judgment. Two tassels of pearls are hanging down from the garlands; and diamond ear-rings with various drops finish this costly head-dress. The neck is covered with twelve rows of pearls, and the bracelets are of the same material, only smaller. The fingers are profusely covered with rings. A watch, in an enameled case, studded with pearls, is suspended over the breast by a heavy gold chain, near which is a little pocket, covered with diamonds. Twenty hair-tresses, generally artificial, and fixed to the turban, covered with *magbubs*, (a small gold coin,) or interwoven with pearls or diamonds, hang down over her back. A rich Cashmere shawl wound round the waist, and tied in a knot in front, finishes the dress of a lady, who in general is not very punctual in changing her linen, or any other part of her dress, which, in general, particularly the turban, is kept wearing, until it is either worn out, or literally covered with filth. But of all this finery nothing is seen, when the ladies go out. Wrapt up from head to foot in black silk, they would rather appear like ghosts than living creatures, if their sparkling eyes, which are the only distinguishable part about them, did not sufficiently indicate the contrary. This uniformity of dress, when abroad, it would also seem, very much facilitates the carrying on of intrigues among the Turkish ladies, since they must not be accompanied by any man, and it would be extremely difficult for the most jealous husband to find out his wife in this general disguise in which the Turkish women are seen, like shadows, slowly moving through the streets.

Denmark.—The vaccination in that country is carried on with the greatest success. By a report of the commission, appointed by government to superintend that medical branch, in the year 1818, it appears, that in that year only, the number that had been vaccinated within Denmark Proper, amounted to 27,994; on 22,538 this operation had been performed by regular medical men; on 3,688, by clergymen; and on 1,768 by various individuals. According to a near approximation, the country had lost, within 50 years, from 1749 till 1798, by the small-pox, 2,100,000 individuals. Thus the vaccination which was introduced there in 1802, would have preserved there about 73,000 human beings.

Bonpland, the naturalist, and the fellow-traveller of Humboldt, has established himself, with his family, at Buenos Ayres. He is at present engaged in laying out a garden, in which are many curious and interesting plants. He has discovered a plant in the river, containing a large quantity of *tannin*, with which he purposes forming an establishment on the Parana for the tanning of leather, which he expects will be very profitable to him.

Finnish Literature.—As long as Finland continued united to Sweden, we heard nothing whatever of its literature, since, with the exception of a few religious publications, all that was written appeared either in the Latin or Swedish language, and was considered as belonging to the literature of the latter. Yet since this province has been added to Russia, and may now, with respect to its language, be considered as a distinct country, its literary productions have likewise detached themselves from those of Sweden; and the developement of its culture begins to attract the attention of the rest of Europe. We may justly expect something from a people whose numbers amounted, in 1815, to 4,995,957 persons; who have been for centuries in the possession of a free constitution, and for whose intellectual progress such powerful measures have of late been taken. An institution has been founded at Abo, whose members have the charge of superintending the publication of all works of education, and of visiting all the schools in the province once a year. As apprehensions were entertained that the progress of letters and mental culture would be much retarded by numbers entering at the university without preparatory studies, it was enacted, in January, 1819, that, in future, no one should be permitted to matriculate who could not produce testimonials from his former masters, and prove his capacity by undergoing an examination in those studies which, according to the regulations of the school, are deemed indispensable. The government has, besides,

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* The favourite wife of Murat Bey, at Cairo, had one valued at 40,000 piastres.

done all that was possible within the last six years, in order to facilitate to the students an acquaintance with foreign literature. Frenkel, the printer to the university, imported German works, yet he did not receive sufficient encouragement, German literature being not sufficiently understood. In order, therefore, to remedy this, a literary journal was commenced at Abo, in 1803, for the purpose of noticing foreign as well as domestic publications. This, however, was abandoned in the course of two years. Meyer, the bookseller, was more successful: in 1812, he made a journey into Germany, where he entered into engagements with the most respectable publishers; returned with an extensive stock of the best ancient and modern works, and from this time was employed in diffusing among his countrymen a taste for German literature. The new organization of the Abo university, in 1811, tended also to facilitate the culture of literature, by adding to the funds destined to the library; and even a small collection of books, which was first formed at Borgo, by the efforts of some liberal individuals, now received an accession of property, by which all the recent works published in the country, were procured. Soon after the union of New Finland with that part of the province which had long been under the dominion of Russia, a new printing office was established at Wiborg; and some years subsequently that of the Bible Society at Abo. And, since it is in contemplation to open a press at Helsingfort, it is to be hoped that those obstacles will be removed which have hitherto so greatly impeded and retarded the cultivation and encouragement of letters. The want of a journal had long been felt. That published at Abo, although originally of considerable literary importance, had for some years confined itself to merely political subjects; when at the beginning of the present year, Linsen and Berghom commenced a new periodical work, entitled Mnemosyne, which has been received with great approbation. The numbers which have already appeared, contain many valuable papers upon the history and language of the country: for the attention of many of the Finnish literati has of late been very properly directed to a zealous improvement of their native tongue, and a philosophical developement of its principles. The study of the Russian idiom has likewise been much cultivated since the union of New Finland with that country. Still academical dissertations constitute the more important part of Finnish literature; and these are principally composed in Latin, that is not deficient in elegance.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer who accompanied General Sir Charles Colville in his tour and inspection of the Deckan, containing a description of the memorable Hindu Caves at Ellore, 1st March, 1820:—

"These caves are eighteen miles from Arungabad, and consist of more than twenty excavations in a rocky mountain, which forms a semi-circle of about 2,000 yards. The largest of the caves is called Khylass, or Paradise. It is cut through the solid rock, and no other material is used. The chisel seems to have been the only tool employed. A most beautiful stone temple is formed, adorned, both inside and outside, with figures in basso relievo, and separate figures of the most exact symmetry, representing all the Hindu gods, their conquest of Ceylon, &c. There is a space between the scarped rock and temple with galleries, and a verandah under the former, in which there are fifty gigantic figures, with symbols of their history, &c., forming the whole Hindu Mythology. The dimensions of this cave are 240 feet in length, 140 in breadth, and the scarp 90 feet in height. The temple has a moveable appearance, from elephants, tygers, &c. being cut underneath the floor, which appear to support the whole building; the heads and part of their bodies only being exposed on the outside. Many of the other caves are equally extraordinary. There are flying figures, women, and all the fanciful tales of the Hindus, admirably depicted in stone. There is a miser, about ten feet in height, with his mother, wife and children clinging to his legs, whilst a thief is taking off his treasure. It is a group that might be placed near the Laocoon, and our sculptors might take lessons by a visit to these wonderful caves. There are no natives now in existence equal to any thing of the kind. Some thousands must have been employed; their origin is involved in obscurity. The general report is, that they were made about 1,000 years ago, when the Boodh, or the Brahmin religion was in the greatest splendour, and that they were used for schools, religious rites, &c., and the residence of their priests. There is a profusion and minuteness, elegance, and lightness in the figures, beyond description. The whole of the orders are displayed on the pillars, which are cut out as if to support the rooms inside. No chuman (lime) is used. There is some account of these caves in Colonel Fitzclarence's Travels, and some beautiful and correct views of them by Daniel. They are thought by some superior in magnificence, though in another way, to the Pyramids of Egypt."

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Since our last article under this head, the examining of witnesses in support of the charges against the Queen has been proceeded with before the House of Lords: and on September 7th, the Solicitor-General (the examination being concluded) summed up the evidence in a long speech. He maintained that the credit of the witnesses was unimpeached by any thing that had transpired in cross-examination—a sentiment we believe by no means entertained in the country—and that, unless her Majesty could adduce distinct direct testimony to rebut the statements made by these witnesses, the preamble of the bill must be considered as proved. He insisted that his friend, the Attorney-General, had not exaggerated the facts of their case in his opening speech, and concluded as follows:

It was impossible for him to sit down without alluding to what had been dragged into every cross-examination, and had been rung in their ears, not only from the beginning to the end of this case, but from the first moment any mention was made of the subject, and for the purpose of involving in reproach every individual who took any part in the proceedings. It was quite impossible for the persons at the head of his Majesty's government not to have established some mode of inquiry; it was quite impossible that they should not have inquired into reports in the highest degree derogatory to her Royal Highness, and in general circulation in most parts of Europe. He asked them whether it was not their duty to inquire if those reports were, or were not, true. There was only one mode of doing this: that mode was, to select persons eminent in point of character, of great character for integrity and knowledge, to make that inquiry. Accordingly, as judicious, as proper a selection as could be made, had been adopted. At the head was one known to be a man of the highest respectability—known to possess unimpeachable integrity, and of great skill and knowledge in the laws of his country. He had been at the head of the commission—if commission it was to be called—for the purpose of obtaining, not idle rumour, but evidence of facts, such as could alone be admitted in every court in this country. He asked if any fairer selection could have been made than another gentleman, of whom mention had been made in course of the proceedings, who possessed great practice in the law. A third gentleman, Colonel Brown, he was not acquainted with; but he was told that his character stood as high as that of any of those who had dared to traduce him. Was he justified, then, in saying that it was a duty upon ministers to have instituted an inquiry into the reports circulated? And was he justified in saying that ministers had exercised a sound discretion, liable to no imputation whatever, in selecting persons to conduct the necessary inquiry? He begged pardon, if he had occupied their lordships' time too long. He hoped he had fairly stated the evidence in the case. He had been anxious not to have tortured or discoloured any fact or circumstance. If he had tortured or discoloured in any degree, he regretted it; for he had been desirous only to do his duty, and not to misrepresent; and he hoped he might be allowed, in conclusion, to say, and he said it from the bottom of his heart, and in the utmost sincerity; he sincerely and devoutly wished, not that the evidence should be confounded and perplexed, but his wish was, that it should be the result of this proceeding that her Royal Highness should establish to the satisfaction of their lordships, and every individual in the country, her full and unsullied innocence. Whether this was likely or not, it would be unbecoming in him to offer any opinion. He had only to say, that the preamble of the bill was proved, unless the proof should be impeached by evidence, clear, distinct, and satisfactory, on the part of her Majesty. [Hear, hear—order, order.]

The indecency of the *cheers* with which one of the counsel for the prosecution was greeted by their lordships (the judges), has been severely commented upon.

The counsel for the Crown (for so we suppose we may term them) in this case, had, before closing it, made application for further time, to enable them to bring forward some witnesses, who, when on their way to this country, became alarmed by the news of the rough treatment experienced by some of the Italians on their landing in England, and, in consequence, had returned home in

a hurry. They had since been reassured, it was stated; and were to be expected in four or five days. The Lords, however, refused this application.

A good deal of discussion took place in the House, in regard to the mode to be pursued by the Queen's counsel in their defence. By some questions put to Mr. Brougham, it was made out, that he was likely, after having replied to the speeches of the counsel for the prosecution, to have occasion to demand some suspension of the proceedings, in order to bring forward his proof. A warm debate took place in the Lords; in the course of which it was argued, that it would not be acting fairly towards her Majesty, to refuse her counsel permission to state immediately her defence against the double speeches of her accusers; seeing that any delay which might take place in adducing the proof to support that defence, could only be attributed to the decision of the House refusing the Queen a list of the witnesses against her. The House, however, after a debate, decided that Mr. Brougham should not be permitted to enter on the defence at all, until he was prepared to go on with, and to complete it; and it was finally ordered, that an adjournment should take place till Tuesday, the 3d of October. Lord Lansdowne's speech against the interference of the Lords with the plan to be pursued by the counsel for the defence, made considerable impression. He observed that

If any such interposition as that now before the House was thought necessary, with a view to the supposed interests of justice, it was incumbent on the House to have originated it before his Majesty's Solicitor-General had summed up the evidence on the other side. For what was the object of summing up by a counsel? Here, before he answered this question, he would observe, that his noble friend on the cross-bench (Lord Lauderdale), the noble earl opposite (Liverpool), and the learned lord on the woolsack, who had insisted on this particular course of proceeding, and recommended it by their votes, had all of them, with feelings which it was impossible that minds like theirs would not experience, expressed their earnest wish, hope, and belief, that the evidence adduced at the bar would not be allowed to make an impression on their lordships' minds. At the same time the noble and learned lord, in justice and candour, found himself bound to admit, taking a proper view of human infirmity, that the publication of that evidence must produce a certain degree of impression. The learned lord viewed this circumstance as an evil, and expressed the greatest anxiety that the evidence should not be allowed so to operate; and yet he would ask their lordships what was the effect of the proceeding which was recommended? They had admitted the comments of the Solicitor-General on the pre-determination of adjourning the moment these comments were closed, which was described as the legal, the proper, and the natural mode of proceeding. But what was the wish of the learned Solicitor-General in making these comments? His design evidently was to give a bias to the case, to strengthen that impression which their lordships had deprecated, to point out those parts of the case that were strong, to pass over those that were weak, and to give that direction to the minds of those who heard his statements which would lead to a conviction that the bill was fully supported by the evidence. [Hear.] Their lordships feeling the necessity of adjourning, and wishing to keep clear of any bias or impression, should have selected an earlier period for that purpose. But now an adjournment was proposed when the Solicitor-General had closed his case, which must produce a considerable effect during the period of adjournment. Their lordships had allowed the Solicitor-General, who would have been as able to sum up at a future period as now—they had permitted him to make all his comments on the evidence, for the express purpose of creating an impression, if it did not exist before; and having heard all that he had to say, having heard every thing that could aggravate the circumstances of the case, they exclaimed "This is the proper moment for adjournment," before any observation whatever was made on the other side in consequence of those comments. [Hear, hear.] This was the course which, to his utter astonishment, accustomed as he was to the great candour and fine feeling of the noble earl (Liverpool), that he counselled them to pursue. This was what he termed the most equal balance of justice, this was the most proper moment, in his idea, for suspending proceedings in this case. [Cheers.] It was an equality of balance coming to this—"Hear all the evidence on oath on one side—hear the comments on that evidence—hear every thing that can be brought together to make against that side of the case; and at the very moment when the feeling intended to be raised is wrought up to the highest pitch, then declare that to be the best and the safest moment, in justice to both parties, for suspending the proceedings."

A very curious interference on the part of Lord Lonsdale took place in the midst of these proceedings. His Lordship, one of the staunchest supporters of the Government interest, took occasion to express his hopes, that the *provision of divorce* should be left out of the Bill against the Queen; of consequence implying, that the clause of degradation might be supported. The practical effect of this omission, as it is rumoured, would be, that the King's personal conduct could not be referred to in the course of the discussion; and this of course is very anxiously wished on one side. Many persons, of religious feeling, are understood to be shocked at the idea of effecting a divorce under the peculiar circumstances of the case: and to ease their scruples and gain their support, ministers would, no doubt, gladly sacrifice the clause in question. The impossibility, however, of altering the Bill, in the present stage of the proceedings, seemed generally admitted.

Earl Grey observed, that a more unseasonable proposition than that suggested by the noble lord, who first spoke on the other side, he had never heard. No answer that the noble earl (Liverpool) could have given could have had the effect of warranting such a proposition. (Hear, hear.) It seemed to him to be a proposition to restrain the counsel at the bar within certain limits in their defence. The clause alluded to in the bill could be considered only when the whole case was closed, and the bill came under consideration in a committee. Now it was impossible that any alteration whatever could be proposed or made. The defence was, therefore, to be directed against the whole of the bill, as it stood at present. It was not only a bill of pains and penalties, but a bill of divorce. That was the state of the bill now before their lordships; and to that extent it was the duty of the counsel to direct the evidence for the defence. Ultimately, without giving any opinion of the result of this proceeding, if the proceeding concluded so as that her Majesty should incur pains and penalties, degradation from her high and illustrious situation, he thought, must be the necessary consequence. If she should be degraded from the rank, character, and situation of Queen-consort, she ought not to remain the wife of the Sovereign. Not because it would be a personal relief to divorce, but because it was absurd in terms that one degraded from the rank of Queen should be the consort of the King. A bill degrading the Queen, who was to remain the wife of the King, must be considered a bill degrading the King also. (Hear, hear.) This was not the time for discussing this subject; but if such a proposition should hereafter be made, he should state his objections to it. At present such a question could not be introduced for any useful purpose; it could lead to no practical conclusion; it could have no effect whatever on the character of the bill, but on the course to be pursued by counsel for the defence. He, therefore, must regret that the subject had been introduced on the present occasion.

On the 18th of Sept. the House of Commons met, after their adjournment. The object of the meeting was only understood to be, that, guided by the state of proceedings in the House of Lords, they might fix a day for their next assemblage. Mr. Keith Douglas expressed great regret at the state of the Public Press, and hoped Ministers would take measures to restrain its licentiousness. He referred to the superior ability with which the opposition part of the press was conducted; and hoped "Parliament would not separate without an understanding that his Majesty's Ministers had some measures in contemplation for correcting the licentiousness of the Press."

Mr. Hobhouse moved that "an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying him to prorogue Parliament, thereby to prevent the further progress of measures against his Queen."

Mr. Bennet seconded this motion; he observed that,

All men, he thought, must now feel, that day after day new and increasing dangers were impending over the country by persevering in this measure, and that there was no safety but in retreat. For years ministers had pursued the same system of bringing into odium and contempt the institutions of the country: their last effort was the bill before Parliament, and its introduction would be regretted, by all who loved their country, to the latest hour of their existence. When government found that it was not likely that they should accomplish their whole object, they relinquished the half of it; and the Prime Minister had been heard, in the House of Lords, to declare, that, though her Majesty might be too infamous to be Queen of this country, she was not too infamous to be wife to the King! (Much cheering.) Since the days of the Star-chamber—since the time when Bradshaw sat upon the life of the King—no proceeding, as monstrously unjust as the present, had been heard of.

The evidence was heard—it was enforced in all its bearings, and then the case was stopped—stopped after the beastly, the disgusting, the loathsome evidence which the Attorney-General, to his own disgrace, had thought fit to produce, had been gone through with an odious particularity. Yet this testimony, bad as it was, did not at all come up to the charges, many of which the counsel for the prosecution had not attempted to prove, or even to ask a witness one question regarding them. (Cheers.) Of the allegorical personage who employed the Attorney-General, the house knew nothing: who were their real clients was still kept a mystery; but, to their eternal disgrace, statements were made at which the blood boiled even in the recollection, and which, till the moment he (Mr. Bennet) had listened to them, he did not believe that an English gentleman would have been compelled to hear. Her Majesty was so placed as to have to defend herself against all the acts that could be raked up during six years of travelling in different parts of the world. When this charge was first introduced, from the confident manner in which it was brought forward, he thought it barely possible that some misconduct might be adduced against her. To be sure her Majesty's conduct was calculated to banish all notion of guilt even at the outset: the fearless way in which she laughed to scorn her accusers—the manner in which that heroic woman set her foot upon the shore of England, and, above all, the decisive tone in which she rejected all attempts at mediation between her and her accusers, conclusively satisfied his mind, at the time, of her complete innocence. (Hear, hear.)

The general opinion in the House, however, seemed to be, that the unfortunate business could not *now* be suffered to rest, without being brought to some conclusion.

Mr. Ellice observed, that the evidence against the illustrious person in question had gone forth to the public, accompanied by the statement, summing up, and comments of the law-officers of the crown. To him it appeared that it would be gross injustice not to allow her the opportunity of rebutting it, and of proving what had been asserted, that the charges were the offspring of a foul conspiracy. Upon these grounds he felt obliged to vote against the proposition for now putting an end to the enquiry, although it would give him extreme satisfaction to support any motion that could stop the further proceedings, if that measure was not at the same time an act of injustice towards the illustrious person accused. He would also state his determination, if the bill should unfortunately come down to that house, to oppose the first reading of it, on the principle that bills of such a description ought never to be entertained except in cases where they were essential to the public safety.

The motion made by Mr. Hobhouse was negatived by 66 against 12.

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The public mind still continues very much agitated on this matter. The Queen still receives addresses from all quarters; and one, carried up by an immense mob of sailors, attracted much attention. Her Majesty has presented her picture to the Corporation of the City of London,—and after some discussion it has been accepted, and the Lord Mayor (much against his will) has been ordered to go up with the Address of thanks. A good deal of notice has been directed to the *soldiery*, with reference to this affair; and their sentiments in regard to the Queen have been eagerly watched-for: some regiments, it is said, have shown manifestations of a dispositition sufficient to give government uneasiness.

As a specimen of the *temper* and *good sense* with which the addresses to the Queen are got up, we may quote part of that from the inhabitants of Halifax:

The heart even of a Hottentot would have glowed with admiration at the wisdom, the heroism, and the magnanimity which you diplayed.

* * * * * * *

Although the dearest interests of your Majesty, on your return, seem to be enveloped in gloom, and your royal person assailed with the same vindictive persecution which drove your Majesty to the Continent, and which followed you thither, and traced you, and hunted you, like a beast of prey—console yourself, illustrious Queen of a brave people, that you are in the bosom of a country that looks upon you as its pride, its ornament, and its glory.

* * * * * * *

Could we, the married females of Halifax, hope to escape the censure of the other sex, in daring to offer an opinion on a subject which seems to have puzzled them not a little, we imagine we could suggest a course to your Majesty more consonant with the national character of the English, more agreeable to the spirit of the times, and more in unison with the law of the land, than the bill of pains and penalties which is now pending in the House of Peers.

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By her Majesty's presence being dispensed with in the palace, his Majesty has not only deprived himself of the pleasure of passing many sweet and happy hours in her Majes-

ty's company, but he is also deprived of counsel which possibly might add to the prosperity of the country, as well as tend to the stability of the throne, and the happiness of the people.

* * * * * * *

We beg most respectfully to record our highest possible opinion of your Majesty's strict integrity and untainted innocence; and we look upon it as the highest injustice to your Majesty to deny that *any act of your Majesty's life has not been such as to attract the admiration of the good, to call forth the love of the virtuous, and to engage the esteem, the homage, and the veneration of an admiring people!*

The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow on the Hill, has made himself very notorious by a Letter to Mr. Whitbread, disapproving of meetings in favour of the Queen,—or, as he since explained his meaning,—disapproving of *female* meetings for this purpose. We regret that the clergy do not steer clear of political questions; and that their interference is so often on the side of their temporal interests.

In our next Number we shall have to record the proceedings of the defence.

Three of the persons recently convicted of high treason in Scotland (upwards of twenty in number), have been executed. At York, twenty-two were arraigned, on Monday, September 11th; but we are happy to state, that by an arrangement to which the crown consented, they were all, on expressing their wish so to do, permitted to plead *guilty*; on an understanding that the sentence of the law would not have effect.

From domestic politics we turn to foreign. Portugal has followed the example of Spain and Naples; but of the progress made by the revolution in the former country, we are not as yet well informed. The movement originated at Oporto. At day-break on the 23d of August, the event took place, as stated in the following private letter from Oporto, dated 25th August:

"Every thing having been privately arranged, on the 23d instant, between the civil and military authorities, yesterday, at half-past four, a. m., the castle at the mouth of the Douro announced, by a royal salute, the day destined to give liberty to Portugal.

"At day-break the troops of the line and militia assembled under arms, and the officers proceeded to form a military council, which published two proclamations; at half-past eight they marched to the Prada Nova; and posted themselves in front of the public hall: the governors, bishop, and other authorities having arrived, the proclamations were read in their presence, and it was universally agreed on to establish a provisional government, with power to call the Cortes, for these to form a Constitution: this agreement was sworn to by all. The same was published to the people and troops, who welcomed the intelligence with loud and repeated shouts of 'Long live King John VI.! Long live the Cortes and Constitution!' In the evening the authorities attended the National Theatre, and were greeted with the same acclamations. Every thing was conducted in the greatest harmony and good order. Not a drop of blood spilt, nor even a dissenting voice. All appear content; and every thing is going on as before. The government paper, which had risen to 27 per cent. discount, is now current at 25, and bids fair to go lower, as our cause cannot but prosper.

"The foreign officers in the Portuguese service were all placed under temporary arrest, but treated with the greatest politeness, and paid up to the day. General Blunt is at Ponte de Lima, and two officers have been sent to intimate his arrest to him.

"The oaths of fidelity to the Cortes are pouring in from all the towns and villages in these three provinces."

The exact state of affairs at Lisbon has not been ascertained at the moment of our writing: but the revolutionists, it is supposed, will be successful. The British troops in the Portuguese pay have not been ill-treated, as was reported; but their service has been dispensed with.

Sicily is maintaining a contest with Naples for national independence; but it is hoped that mediation may yet avert a long civil war. Austria, according to the latest accounts, does not mean to employ military aggression against the constitutional Neapolitan government; but she seems desirous to unite the powers of Europe with her, by manifestoes against these popular proceedings.

Some little interruption has been given to the political harmony at Madrid, by what some call the intemperate, and others the intrepid, conduct of General Riego. An order of the ministry had directed the troops under his command (chiefly instrumental in gaining the constitution) to be disbanded; and to the

execution of this order the General demurred,—coming to Madrid, to make representations on the subject to the King. A disturbance took place at the theatre, in consequence of a song said to have been prompted from his box, and the tranquillity of Madrid was endangered. General Riego has been exiled from the capital.

The French Peers are occupied with the preliminary proceedings against the conspirators recently arrested. By a royal ordinance, the King has disbanded the National Guard of Brest, and dismissed some of the public functionaries in that city, for their failure to support the magistrates, and to repress the outrages of the populace, on a late occasion. Several officers of the Legion of the Seine, forming part of the garrison of Cambray, had been implicated in the plot for overthrowing the Bourbon government; and, being disappointed in their attempts to corrupt the soldiery, had betaken themselves to flight. One captain and two subalterns, however, were arrested, and were to appear before the Court of Peers.

The Abbé de Pradt, formerly archbishop of Malines, has been prosecuted before the Court of Assize for a seditious libel against the Government, written in defence of the old Election Law. The Abbé made a speech on the occasion, which, together with his condescension in submitting to the law of the land, was highly applauded by his own counsel, and more substantially recompensed by the verdict of the jury, who pronounced in favour of his reverence a verdict of not guilty.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

AGRICULTURE.

From the 22d day of August last, to the end of that month, it rained incessantly throughout the greater part of this country, menacing the farmer with the utter destruction of his seed crops.—Providence, however, had otherwise ordained it. From the 1st of September to the date of this article, it has been almost invariably fine, and the consequences most propitious. In the northern districts the harvest began on the 28th ult. and it is supposed that more wheat has been better got in and stacked in the ensuing three weeks than has ever been known in the memory of the oldest agriculturist. In the midland counties complaints have been made of the mildew, but generally it is acknowledged that bread corn yields more than an average crop. Barley is abundant, and of good quality throughout, as are oats, and both getting in fast. Beans are much better than were expected; and even turnips, which in the absence of rain promised but indifferently, have, on the whole, improved. Fruit of all sorts never were more abundant, nor in the present times at so cheap a rate. Some exception, however, must be made in respect of the cyder apple, which is but a scanty crop in Hampshire, Worcestershire, and throughout the county of Gloucestershire. Hops have turned out much better than was predicted, and the duty is laid at from 80 to 90,000*l.* It is somewhat singular, notwithstanding the opening of the ports for the importation of oats, that grain still averages from 22*s.* to 25*s.* the quarter, but then not a tenth part of the cargoes are arrived which have actually been purchased on the continent of Europe. Pasture is in general very short. At the great cattle fairs of the season a considerable diminution has taken place in the price of fat cattle and sheep; lean beasts, however, for stock, brought high prices.

In Scotland, notwithstanding that the mean temperature of the atmosphere during the month of August last, was full six degrees lower than that of August, 1819, still little or no injury has been sustained by the farmer, at least in the lowland districts. The rain which fell in August was 2¾ inches. In Perth, and the neighbouring counties, the wheats have been nearly gotten in, in good condition; and it is thought an average crop. Other grains, relatively with wheat, are later than usual. Oats have fallen very short. Barley has suffered in the Highlands from the frosts, as have potatoes severely. On the whole, however, we are happy to state, that every

report from that country corresponds in stating that, on the whole, the corn-grower has no just cause of complaint.

The accounts from Ireland are very flattering. Potatoes, the staple article of the poor man's subsistence, never promised fairer. New wheat of that country, far superior to any usually brought to the London market, sold last week (18th inst.) at 65*s.* the quarter. Much indignation prevails there on the opening the ports. Previously to the 15th of August last, great sales were made of Irish oats at Mark-lane. Since that period all importation of that grain from Ireland has been nearly at an end—a circumstance which falls cruelly upon a poor country where the rent is extravagantly high, and made for the most part by sales of that grain. Some relief, however, it is hoped, will be extended to the Irish agriculturist, by the permission at present afforded of importing Irish spirits to this country, free of duty, always provided that they are not of higher proof than that of British spirits distilled from corn.

Few prices are quoted for wool: it is stated, however, that it is generally considered to be upon the advance.

The beautiful phenomenon of the harvest moon, so beneficial to the farmer at a season when the reaping and gathering in the fruits of the earth is of such vital importance, is this year very propitious. This is the fifth year of a series of ten in which it is more resplendent than in the preceding term of nine years; that is to say, it is larger, and more brilliant from 1816 to 1825, inclusive. From astronomical laws it will be less so from 1826 to 1828, inclusive.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(*London, September* 23.)

In conformity with our original declaration we have, in our preliminary observations to our commercial articles, taken frequent occasion to advert to such occurrences in foreign countries as seemed likely to affect the trading interests of the United Kingdom. When we spoke in our last Number of the probable influence of liberal ideas in our commercial relations with Spain, we did not imagine that, while we held the pen, a revolution was at hand in the adjoining kingdom of Portugal, our manifold and most important relations with which cannot fail of being affected to a great extent, by such a change in the political state of that country as now seems to be inevitable. Whatever may be the result, we cannot help flattering ourselves that the time is not very remote, when all the great commercial nations of the world will be convinced of the advantage of adopting (gradually, of course) a more liberal system of mutual intercourse. The advocates of the prohibitory system, in Germany, are evidently losing ground before the unanswerable arguments of their opponents. We have seen the language of the Spanish government on the subject, with which the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons agrees, in declaring almost in the same words, that "every restriction on the freedom of trade is in itself, independently of all other considerations, an evil." With respect to France, we almost fear we must say with the poet, "*Aye, there's the rub.*"

Coffee.—There have been various fluctuations in the coffee market during the month that has elapsed since the date of our last report; the general result appears, however, to be an improvement of about 2*s.* per cwt. since August 25th in the West India consumptions. In the last week of August the demand subsided, so that the prices about the 29th ran from 2*s.* to 3*s.* lower than the week preceding. The holders, however, did not much press sales, and the principal part of the coffee held on speculation being in the hands of great houses, it was not to be expected that any considerable decline could take place, especially as the deliveries for export, and the consequent reduction of the stock on hand, were unprecedentedly large. The first week of September the market improved considerably, both in the demand and prices; the advance being from 2*s.* to 3*s.* per cwt. A public sale of 294 casks, chiefly Jamaica, on the 5th, attracted much attention; the whole went off with spirit, and, with a few exceptions, at better prices. Some parcels of good middling at 142*s.*, and fine middling, in considerable parcels, at 146*s.* and 147*s.* On the 8th there were two public sales of Jamaica: the whole sold with briskness, and the advance of 2*s* a 3*s.* was fully maintained. Between this and the 15th so large a quantity was brought to sale that the market gave way 2*s.* a 3*s.* per cwt.; large parcels of St. Domingo being sold at 130*s.* 6*d.* The market recovered afterwards, and large parcels of St. Domingo and Brazil, with some Demerara and Berbice, brought forward in two public sales on the 15th, sold with great spirit: 132*s.* was offered and refused for St. Domingo: and after the sale 132*s.* 6*d.* was offered but also refused. The accounts from the Hanse Towns and Holland, especially the former, were so favourable: those from Hamburgh stating a rise of 2*s.* a 3*s.* per cwt., and prices higher than they had been for many years, with an increasing demand, that the public sale on the 19th was uncommonly well attended. It consisted of 318 casks and 35 bags, which went off so

as fully to recover from the preceding depression. Very large parcels of fine ordinary Jamaica sold at 132*s.*; fine ordinary and ordinary middling, 133*s.* a 135*s.*; middling, 138*s.*; and for good middling, 139*s.* was offered; and the whole of that description was then taken in at very high prices: good ordinary Jamaica sold at 128*s.*, and a small parcel of good ordinary Demarara at 133*s.* 6*d.* India coffee brought to sale met with no offers; pale Java was withdrawn at 138*s.* a 139*s.*; ordinary Ceylon and Samarang, 127*s.* The demand and the prices of coffee have since again given way; the public sales this week have gone off without spirit, and a reduction of 1*s.* a 2*s.* per cwt. has been submitted to; very extensive parcels of St. Domingo (1600 bags) being sold at 129*s.* 6*d.*, 130*s.* 6*d.*, and 131*s.* 6*d.*, chiefly at 130*s.* 6*d.*; good ordinary Jamaica sold at 126*s.* 6*d.* and 127*s.*; fine ordinary, 129*s.* and 130*s.* The public sale of yesterday consisted entirely of Jamaica descriptions, chiefly good ordinary; the whole sold with considerable spirit; good ordinary, 127*s.* and 127*s.* 6*d.*; fine ordinary, 129*s.* 6*d.* and 130*s.* After the public sale, it may be stated, there is much more demand, but the prices are without variation: there is, however, every appearance of a revival in the request, and we think there is decidedly more disposition amongst the buyers to purchase than during any day this week.

Sugar.—The sugar market has, on the whole, been very languid for this month past, and notwithstanding some fluctuations, the average has not reached the lowest statement of the four weeks' report in our last. The demand has been pretty steady, but not extensive. There has been some improvement latterly both in the request and the prices. The importers of sugar look with much interest to the extensive deliveries from the warehouse this year compared with last season, and the probability of a great deficiency in the supply at the end of the year. Several premature statements of the imports this year have been given, but they appear to be very incorrect.

The demand for Muscovados during the week has been considerable, and the prices may be quoted rather higher on account of the revival in the request; the market has however been, in some measure, checked by the declaration of large sales of sugar at the India House. There has been a steady and considerable demand for refined goods, and on account of the very limited supply, the holders are firm in their demands; the chief purchases are lumps.—Molasses are steady. By public sale on Wednesday, 500 chests Havannah sugar were advertised; but on account of the languid demand, they were withdrawn previous to the hour of sale. The request for foreign sugars appears to have subsided.

Average prices of raw sugar, by Gazette;

Aug. 26,	35*s.*	8¼*d.*
Sept. 2,	35*s.*	11*d.*
9,	35*s.*	5½*d.*
16,	35*s.*	11*d.*
23,	35*s.*	5¾*d.*

East-India Company's Sales.

Indigo.—The sale at the India House began 29th August and finished 12th September, it consisted of 10,240 chests. The fine and good indigos sold from 1*s.* a 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb., the good middling and middling qualities about 9*d.* per lb., and the inferior from 6*d.* a 9*d.* per lb. lower than the last sale's prices. The whole quantity bought in by the proprietors does not exceed 800 to 1000 chests. The prices were:

Fine Blue and Violet	7*s.* 3*d.*	a 7*s.* 8*d.*
Fine Purple and Violet	7*s.* 0*d.*	7*s.* 3*d.*
Good ditto	6*s.* 9*d.*	7*s.* 0*d.*
Fine and good Violet	6*s.* 6*d.*	6*s.* 9*d.*
Middling ditto	6*s.* 0*d.*	6*s.* 6d.
Fine and good Violet and Copper	6*s.* 0*d.*	6*s.* 3*d.*
Fine and good Copper	5*s.* 6*d.*	6*s.* 0*d.*
Good ordinary ditto	4*s.* 9*d.*	5*s.* 3*d.*
Ordinary and low	3*s.* 3*d.*	4*s.* 3*d.*
Fine Madrass	None.	
Good ditto	6*s.* 0*d.*	6*s.* 6*d.*
Ordinary ditto	4*s.* 6*d.*	5*s.* 6*d.*
No Manilla.		

The decline in price was probably owing to the sale being much more considerable than was anticipated, an addition of 3000 chests having been declared but a short time before it commenced.

Tea.—At the tea sale, which began on 5th September, Bohea sold 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per lb. higher than at the preceding sales. Congou, common, nearly at the former rates; the fine sorts, 1*d.* to 2*d.* per lb. lower.

Spices, &c.—The demand for Spices has been very languid. Pimento has been sold at a reduction, very good quality only realising 9*d.* a 9¼*d.* The India Company have declared another sale of Spices for the 13th November:—130,000lbs. Cinnamon; 50,000lbs. Cloves; 35,000lbs. Mace; 100,000lbs. Nutmegs; 1000lbs. Oil of Mace; 1000 tons Saltpetre.

Oils.—The accounts of the fisheries having been successively more and more favourable during this year, the prices of oil have gradually declined, but not so much as might have been anticipated. The produce of the fishery being nearly 16,000 tuns of oil. The moderate price gives reason to expect a great trade, and the enquiries for Greenland oil are considerable, both for exportation and home consumption.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There is a very general enquiry for rum, particularly for export; the request has also been, in some measure, improved by the government contract for 100,000 gallons; the

purchases are rather extensive, the prices are without variation. The demand for brandy has subsided; few or no sales are reported.

Tobacco.—There has been very little doing in tobacco this month.

Baltic Produce—Tallow.—The demand for foreign tallow has been limited, and as the arrivals are very extensive, a further fall of 6*d.* a 1*s.* per cwt. has taken place, and at the reduction there are few sales. The town market is to-day quoted 61*s.* 6*d.* which is the same as last week. The demand for *Hemp* has considerably revived, and the prices are full 10*s.* higher. This is partly owing to the general improvement of trade, and the heavy market which had continued so long, and partly, perhaps, to rumours of intended naval armaments, which have led to some speculation. In *Flax* little has been doing.

Corn.—We have no particular remarks to offer on the corn trade this month. The arrivals and averages will be found as usual in our Tables. In general, it appears that only the finest descriptions of grain maintain their prices; all others are declining. The reduction in the price of oats, though considerable, is, perhaps, not yet so great as was anticipated from the opening of the ports.

Cotton.—The cotton market has been in a very depressed state for some weeks. The purchases from 15th August to 19th September hardly exceeded 2500 bags. The following are the particulars of the last 1500 bags previous to 19th September, viz. 100 Pernams, 15½*d.*; 200 Boweds, 12*d.* to 12½*d.*; 60 Berbice, fair quality, 13*d.* fine, 14⅝*d.*; 40 fair Carriacou, 13*d.*; 450 Carthagena, 10¾*d.* to 10⅞*d.*, all duty paid: the following in bond; 160 Bengals, 6⅜*d.* to 6⅝*d.*; and 460 Surats, 6½*d.* to 8¼*d.*: of the latter, the greater part was taken for exportation. The accounts from Liverpool have chiefly tended to check the demand, especially the news that a sale of 13,000 bags was advertised for Friday the 15th. The Liverpool market was of course still more affected. The accounts from Liverpool of the 16th state, however, that the public sales were very numerously attended, and went off very steadily, the prices of Bowed's having recovered what they had previously lost. The sales for four weeks previous to the 16th amounted to nearly 24,000 bags. and the arrivals to 21,000 bags. The latest accounts state the market there to be very heavy. The market here still remains in a very depressed state; the demand, which was very limited, has entirely subsided, owing to a large sale declared by the East India Company. The purchases for the week ending yesterday are only,...Bengals, 220 bags 6⅜*d.* a 7¼*d.*
Surats, 140..... 6¼*d.* a 8½*d*

In our Eighth Number we gave a comparative statement of the cotton-wool imported in the first six months of 1819, and of the same period of 1820; we here subjoin a statement for the first eight months of these two years.

Statement of Cotton-Wool in 1820, *compared with first Eight Months in* 1819.

From whence	1820	1819	Increase	Decrease
Brazil and Portugal	118199	85565	32634	——
East Indies	53073	147479	——	94406
North America	280589	182923	97666	——
West Indies and Spanish Colonies	9080	6202	2871	——
Demerara, Berbice, and Surinam	13255	14571	——	1316
France and Holland	1273	74	1199	——
Smyrna	765	658	107	——
Ireland	2031	216	1815	——
	478265	437688	136299	95722
			Increase	136299
			Decrease	95722
			Total Increase	40577

The increase of importation has been proportionably greater in the two last months; those in the first six being about 25,000 bags, and 15,000 in the two last. We again have to notice the immense increase of importation from North America, and the Brazils, and the decrease from the East Indies. This decrease has almost arisen in the importation in the Port of London, which is 86,000 bags; and the increase has been in the importations into Liverpool and Glasgow, especially Liverpool.

Foreign Commerce.

Archangel, 11th *August.*—Linseed has been in great demand: the last price paid was 32 roubles, and it is now entirely cleared off. In other respects trade has been very dull; but as many ships have arrived within these few days we hope that business will soon become more brisk.

Riga, 25*th August.*—*Flax* much on demand; Cut Badstub and Risten are difficult to be had at the quotations. Marienburg crown 50 r.; ditto cut 45 r. Thiesenhausen and Drusiana Rakitzer, white 47½ r. to 48 r.; grey, 45 to 46 r.; cut Badstub, white, 42½ r.; grey, 39 r.; Ristenthreeband, 35½ r.; Tow, 15 r. *Hemp* main-

tains its prices. Clean Polish, 113 r.; ditto Ukraine, 106 r.; Polish outshot, 93 r.; Ukr. ditto, 80.; Pol. Pass. 83; Ukr. ditto, 69 r.; Torse, 48 to 49 r. *Hemp oil*, 118 r. asked, 115 offered.—*Seeds*. crushing linseed is held at 21 to 25 r.; but there is less doing than hitherto; 8 r. have been agreed to for new linseed to be delivered in the middle of September; but only 7½ r. are now offered on this condition.—*Corn*. The harvest seems not to be good in Courland, either in quantity or quality: the accounts from the interior of Russia are likewise such as not to favour the expectation of a good harvest: the wet having done much damage. Little, however, is doing in all kinds of grain. Among our imported articles coffee maintains its price, our supply having been but moderate; price, 41 to 47 copecs per lb., according to quality. Of sugars, especially raw, we have had large supplies, and more are expected; this has depressed the prices.

St. Petersburg, 25*th August*.—*Tallow*, yellow candle, 166 r.; white ditto, 158 r.; common soap, 150 r.—*Flax*, 12 head, 150 r.; 9 head, 128 to 130 r.—*Hemp*, clean, 88 to 92; outshot, 73 to 78 r. Other export articles dull of sale and declining in price.

Little business has been doing in colonial and other imported articles since the purchases for the fair have ended.

Danzig, 5*th September*.—*Corn*. The demand for wheat remains very limited, 400 fl. were lately paid for a parcel of high mixed. The prices of rye and barley cannot be stated as there is no demand whatever. Since the importation of oats is free in England several parcels have been purchased at 140 to 150 florins. Hamburgh and English refined sugars have been bought for exportation at 17 fl. 18 fl. and 18 fl. 10; and fine ordinary coffee at 46 gr.

Copenhagen, 2*d September*.—Since the opening of the English ports for oats, this article has been in great demand here. Our stock is, at this moment, small, but we shall soon have a fresh supply, especially as the harvest in all Zealand is better than it has been in the memory of the oldest people.

Hamburgh, 16*th September*.—*Coffee*. The demand extremely brisk, in consequence of orders from the interior; for fine and good ordinary St. Domingo, 14½ to 14¾; good ordinary Jamaica, 14½; good middling, 15, has been paid, but no more can be obtained at those prices. Cheribon in casks sold at 14¾, and 15 was asked for good qualities in bags: nothing done in the finer descriptions except a small parcel of Berbice, for which 16*d*. have been paid.—*Sugars*. The demand for raw sugars has become more brisk; white, especially fine and dry, even of good middling quality, is so far cleared off that the orders not yet executed are, with difficulty, completed, and seldom in one parcel. Some sales of middling, and fine Brazil brown, have taken place at 8⅝ on an average; and several hundred chests of brown Havannah at 8¾ to 9; English lumps are more sought after, but not dearer; good middling may be had at 11*d*.; crushed without demand.—*Tea*. Fine Congo Souchong, Haysanchin, and Hyson, are in great request; young Hyson, or Utzim, is almost entirely cleared off.—*Cotton*. The chief demand is for Bengals and Surats. The market is well supplied.

Amsterdam, 12*th Sept*.—The failure of the houses of Justus de Bruyn and Co., and of J. H. Van Wolframsdorff, both of Dordrecht, whose chief business was in corn and rape oil; and the apprehension that these bankruptcies may be followed by others, both there and at Antwerp, have had a very injurious effect on our corn trade, and caused a general decline in the prices.

Genoa, 9*th Sept*.—There is very little doing in all the branches of trade.—*Sugars* sold merely for consumption, and with some facilities.—*Coffee* nearly the same, but, however, it is less neglected, and the prices keep up.—*Hides* in request; 2000 have been sold at 120 livres the cantaro.—*Corn* lower, our stock being considerable. The only considerable sale this week is a parcel of Odessa wheat at 21 livres per emine: it has been embarked ostensibly for Naples, but the real destination is probably Palermo, as also of two other cargoes.

Trieste, 8*th Sept*.—Little has been doing here lately, but it is probable that much business might be done if we had arrivals of coffee, cocoa, Brazil hides, Pimento, and clayed sugars, our stock being very small. The first arrivals may be expected to go off rapidly, and leave room for those which may come after, so as to keep up an activity in our market not common in autumn.—*Corn* may be expected to rise though little is doing; the best wheat 5½ fl.; Maize steady at 3½ fl.; oats and rye scarce, and above 3 fl. might be had for them.—*Oil* has fallen, and seems likely to fall still lower; Apulia, 34 fl.; Provence and Genoa, 41 fl., without request. An extraordinary storm of hail on the 1st inst. has done unexampled damage in all Frioul. The vines have suffered dreadfully, so that the produce is expected to be 70,000 milleroles less than it would have been: wine has risen in consequence from 15 to 20 per cent.

Odessa, 10*th Aug*.—The wheat harvest is said to be but indifferent in all the countries which supply our market, and the quality does not seem to be good; it is probable the evil is exaggerated. However, the orders from France and Italy contribute to raise the price; good wheat is difficult to be procured, and not to be had under 18½ r. to 18¾ r. per chetwert.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mrs. Hutton is preparing a second volume of "The Tour of Africa," which will embrace the Southern Portion: a third volume will complete the circuit.

Mr. Swainson is about to publish the first number of his Zoological Illustrations.

Dr. Sir A. B. Faulkner has in the press a Treatise on the Plague; with Observations on its Prevention, Character, and Treatment.

Archdeacon Pott is preparing a volume of Sermons on the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England.

Mr. E. Morgan, surgeon, will soon publish, Practical Observations on the Nature and Cure of Dropsies and Diseases of the Skin, illustrated by several cases.

Sir R. K. Porter has in the press, Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, &c. in 1817-18-19-20, with Engravings of Antiquities.

Mr. Edward Grainger, jun. is preparing a Concise System of Anatomy, for the Use of Medical Students.

The Rev. J. B. Hollingworth is printing Lectures on the Apostles' Creed, delivered in the Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate.

Traits and Trials, a Novel, in two volumes, will soon appear.

The Life of William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, compiled principally from original and scarce Documents, is preparing for publication.

Outlines of Midwifery: developing its Principles and Practice, with illustrative lithographic Engravings, in 1 vol. 12mo. principally designed for Students; by J. T. Conquest, M. D. F. L. S., will appear early in the present month.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers, Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow, has in the press a volume of Discourses on "The Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life." 8vo.

Mr. Godwin will shortly publish a new work under the title—"Of Population; an Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind: being an Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that Subject."

Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, has in the press, Framingham, and its Agriculture; a Treatise designed to show the Utility of applying the New System of Agriculture to small Farms.

The Book of Nature Laid Open, in a popular Survey of the Phenomena and Constitution of the Universe, and the Appearances of Nature during each Month in the Year: by the Rev. W. Hutton, M.A., is now preparing for publication.

Mr. W. G. Rogers will publish, early in October, an Engraving of the Warwick Vase, in the Lithographic Manner.

Shortly will be published, the First Number of a Progressive Series of Ornamental Sketches, original and selected; drawn on Stone, by W. G. Rogers.

A new Edition of an Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, by Thomas H. Horne, M. A., in four large 8vo. volumes, is now in the press. As the *third* volume will consist principally of New matter, it is intended to print an extra number of that volume, for the accommodation of the purchasers of the former edition.

Mr. Ackerman announces for publication, by subscription, a Picturesque Tour of the Seine, from Paris to the Sea, embracing the greater part of Normandy, with twenty coloured engravings.

Mr. Ackerman has also in the press the Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife, with coloured Plates; uniform with the two former Tours of Dr. Syntax.

An Account of the most memorable Battles and Sieges since the Fall of Troy; classed and arranged to afford a View of their respective Consequences on the moral Condition of Mankind, by G. Haliton, M.A. is nearly ready for publication.

The History of the Zodians, an Ancient People, from the Foundation to the final Extinction of that Nation, by the author of "The Travels and Observations of Hareach, the Wandering Jew," will appear in a few days.

The Visits of Hareach, the Wandering Jew, to the most Celebrated Characters that have appeared in the World since the Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, by the Rev. T. Clark, is now printing, and nearly ready.

Sir James E. Smith is about to publish a Grammar of Botany, with plates, 8vo.

The Village of Mariendorpt, a Romance, by Miss Anna Maria Porter, 3 vols. 12mo., will appear in a few days.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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Arcadius de Accentibus e Codd. Parisiensis. primum, edidit E. H. Barkerus, 8vo. ib. 1820. 14*s.*

Benedict. Observationes in Sophoclis Septem Tragœdias. 8vo. ib. 1820. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *charta script.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

——— *charta opt.* 14*s.*

Blumenbach Decas sexta Collectionis suæ Craniorum diversarum Gentium illustrata. 4to. Gotting. 1820. 4*s.*

Codices, Arabicos, Persicos, Turcicos, Bibliotheca Cæsareo Regio Palatina Vindobonensis recens. I. Von Hammer. folio, Vindob. 1820. 12*s.*

Icones Plantarum Selectarum Horti Regii Botanici Berolinensis cum Descript. et Colendi Ratione. Autoribus H. F. Link et F. Otto. 4to. Fasc. 1. Berol. 1820. 12*s.*

Meckeli Tabulæ Anatomico-Pathologicæ, &c. folio. Fass. 2. Lips. 1820. 1*l.* 13*s.*

Reuss Repertorium Commentationum à Societatibus Litt. editarum, &c. 4to. vol. 14. Gotting. 1820. 18*s.*

Commentationes Societat. Reg. Scientiarum Gottingensis recentiores. 4to. vol. 4. ad A. 1816–18. Gotting. 1820. 1*l.* 16*s.*

Reichenbach Monographia Generis Aconit. Iconibus omnium Speicer. Color. ill. Latine et Germanice. Folio, vol. 1. Lips. 1820. 1*l.* 16*s.*

Schleussner Novus Thesaurus Philologico-criticus, sive Lexicon in LXX et reliquos Interpret. Græcos ac Scriptores Apocryphos Veteris Testamenti post Bielium et alios. 8vo. vol. 1 et 2. Lips. 1820. 1*l.* 10*s.*

——— *charta, script.* 1*l.* 16*s.*

——— *charta, opt.* 2*l.* 2*s.*

GERMAN.

Bode Astronomisches Iahrbuch für das Iahr. 1822. 8vo. Berl. 1819. 12*s.*

Wachler Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der deutschen Nationalliteratur. 2 bde. 8vo. Frankf. 1820. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Maximilian (Prinz von Neuwied) Reise nach Brasilien in den Jahren, 1815 bis 1817. 4to. vol. 1. mit folio Atlas von Kupfern und Karten. Frankf. 1820. 4*l.* 4*s.*

——— Dasselbe Werk bessere Ausgabe. 6*l.* 6*s.*

Niebelungen Lied (der) zum erstenmal in der altesten Gestalt aus der St. Galler Urschrift herausgegeben dursh F. H. von-der Hagen. 8vo. Bresl. 1820. 18*s.*

Heldenbuch (das) von Iran, aus dem Schah Nameh des Ferdussi von I. Gorres. 2 bde. 8vo. mit il Kupf. Berl. 1820. 1*l.* 16*s.*

Horn Umrisse zur Geschichte und Kritik der schönen Literatur Deutschlands bis 1818. 8vo. ib. 1819. 9*s.*

Herder Erinnerungen aus seinem Leben, herausgegeben von I. G. Müller. 2 bde. 8vo. Tübing. 1820. 1*l.* 10*s.*

Retschs 26 Umrisse zu Goethes Faust, mit Erklarungen der Kupfer in engl. und deutsch. Text. 4to. ib. 1819. 13*s.*

Fouqué Lodoiska ein Roman. 3 bde. 8vo. Leipsig, 1820. 1*l.* 1*s*

——— Ida ein Roman. 3 bde. 8vo. Berl. 1820. 1*l.* 7*s.*

——— der Leibeigne. Schauspiel. 8vo. ib. 1820. 8*s.*

——— Fragmente aus dem Leben der heutigen Welt. 8vo. ib. 1820. 8*s.*

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. John Johnson, B.B. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, has been nominated to the donative of Sandford, Oxfordshire.—The Rev. J. Rudge, D.D. of Bimehouse, is appointed by Prince Leopold to be his Royal Highness's Chaplain.—The Rev. Jeremy Day, M. A. to the rectory of Hethersett, with Canteloff, Norfolk.—The Rev. Edward Ward, late curate of Westbury, Chaplain to Lord Rossmore.—The Rev. Thomas Calvert, B.D. Norrisian Professor of Divinity, in the University of Cambridge, to the rectory of Wimslow, in the diocese of Chester, the same being vacant by an act of Simony.—The Bishop of Lincoln has appointed the Rev. Henry Kaye Bonney, rector of Cliffe, and one of the prebends of Lincoln Cathedral, his Lordship's examining Chaplain.—The Rev. Thomas Schreiber, to the rectory of Bradwell, near the Sea, Essex.—The Rev. Thomas Wynne, to the living of St. Nicholas, in Hereford.—The Rev. Charles Kendrick Prescot, to the rectory of Stockport, in the room of his late father.—The Rev. James Fox, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, is appointed domestic Chaplain to Viscount Galway.—The Rev. William Hardwicke, rector of Outwell, in Norfolk, is appointed domestic chaplain to Lord Gwydir.—The Rev. John Thornhill, M. A. to the rectory of Middleton, in Teasdale, in the county of Durham.—The Rev. John Holmes, A. M. to the rectory of St. Nicholas with All Saints' annexed, in Southelmham, Suffolk.—The Rev. George Oliver, of Grimsby, has been appointed domestic Chaplain to Lord Kensington.—The Rev. T. F. Ford Bowes, of Foxhalls, has been appointed Chaplain to the King.—The Rev. Henry Chaloner, B. A. chaplain to the Duke of Sussex, to the vicarage of Alne.—The Rev. Thomas Turner Roe, to the rectory of Benington, Lincolnshire.—The Hon. and Right Rev. George Pelham, D. D. late Bishop of Exeter, is elected Bishop of Lincoln, by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, agreeably to his Majesty's royal recommendation to them directed for that purpose.—The Rev. Henry Blunt, vicar of Clare, one of the chaplains of his Grace the Duke of Richmond.—Dr. Carey is to vacate the vicarage of Sutton on the Forest, and the Hon. Mr. Pellew, son of Lord Exmouth, is to be the new vicar. (York Gazette).—The Rev. Frederic Leathes, B. A. to the rectories of Great and Little Livermere, Suffolk.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—Aug. 5.

Bird, Henry, Bristol, cheese-factor. Att. Dix, 10, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Browne, Wm. Henry, late of London, but now of Bristol, broker. Atts. Price, Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Edwards, William, Battle, Sussex, toyman. Att. Benton, Union-street, Southwark. C.
Greaves, Joseph, Birmingham, victualler. Att. Smith, 31, Basinghall-street, London. C.
Harrison, Henry, and Bernard Cowvan, merchants, Lawrence-Pountney-lane, London. Atts. Tilson and Preton, 29, Coleman-street. T.
Hilton, Christopher, Over Darwen, near Blackburn, Lancashire, whitster. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Metcalf, Chancery-lane. C.
King, George, Norwich, brandy-merchant. Atts. Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Moule, Benjamin, Stone, Staffordshire, innkeeper. Att. Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Redhead, Tyras, Ulverston, Lancashire, mercer. Atts. Baxter and Bowker, 9, Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Royle, John Few, Pall-mall, Middlesex, fancy-paper manufacturer. Atts. Tottie, Richardson, and Gaunt, Poultry, London, and at Leeds. T.
Stevens, Richards, Banstead, Surrey, cordwainer, shopkeeper. Att. Reed, Mark-lane. T.
Williams, Edward, Edmonton, Middlesex, grocer. Att. Gellibrand, Austin-friars. T.

Gazette—Aug. 8.

Hully, Christopher, Lancaster, twine manufacturer. Atts. Bell and Broderick, Bow Churchyard, London. C.
Ring, Sarah, Bristol, earthenware and glass dealer. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Toller, Edward, Godmanchester, Huntingdonshire, corn merchant. Att. Clennell, Staple's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Aug. 12.

Machan, Luke, Sheffield, millwright. Att. Capes, 9, Gray's-inn, London. C.
May, Edmund, and John May, Bristol, schoolmasters. Att. Williams, Red-Lion-square, London. C.
Mills, Humphrey, parish of Collumpton, Devonshire, fellmonger. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
Neal, Charles, Brimscombe, in Minchin Hampton, Gloucestershire, engineer. Atts. Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
Rollingson, William, Sutton-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, victualler. Att. Froggatt, 4, Harecourt, Temple, London. C.
Taylor, John Thomas, Merton, Surrey, silk manufacturer. Att. Edmonds, 19, Skinner-street, Snow-hill. T.
Wright, Charles, Hackney, Middlesex, victualler. Att. Pope, Old Bethlem. T.

Gazette—Aug. 15.

Armitage, Joseph, Birmingham, saw-maker. Atts. Bousfield and Williams, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, London. C.
Coupland, Robert Wilsford, Bridlington-quay, Bridlington, Yorkshire, linen-draper. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Faulkner, Thomas, Hayes-court, Leicester-square, Middlesex, straw-hat manufacturer. Atts. Courteen and Robinson, Walbrook, London. T.
Goldsworthy, William, Sun Tavern-fields, Middlesex, rope-maker. Att. Heard, Hooper's-square, Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields. T.
Gunby, John, Birmingham, sword-maker. Atts. Sandys, Horton, Roarke, Sandys, and Sandys, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London. C.
Jacobs, Isaac, Bristol, glass-manufacturer. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Milthorp, John, Pot Ovens, Yorkshire, clothier. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, London. C.
Newbold, James, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, butcher. Att. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Rudd, Charles, Lawflat, Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. Att. Chippendale, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London. C.
Smith, Richard Atkin, Sheffield, grocer. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Taylor, Hugh, Manchester, and Edmund Taylor, Blackley, Lancashire, calico printers. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Wood, William, Holm Farm, Wetherby, Yorkshire, cattle-jobber. Att. Wiglesworth, 5, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Aug. 19.

Corfield, Wm. Norwich, tanner. Att. Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
Ellis, Charles, Birmingham, plater. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Fotheringham, Wm. Alex. Dewar, Plymouth-dock, merchant. Att. Makinson, Middle-Temple, London. C.
Isaacs, Isaac, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Blackstock and Bunce, London. C.
Sampson, Samuel, Size-lane, London, auctioneer. Atts. Tilson and Preston, 29, Coleman-street. T.
Samson, Thomas, Lynn, Norfolk, coach-maker. Att. Robins, 36, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
Warburton, Thomas, Northwich, Cheshire, and George Parsons, Liverpool, sail-makers. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Wroots, Robert, Sleaford, Lincolnshire, draper. Atts. Windle, Perkins, and Frampton, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Aug. 22.

Bennet, James, Chester, druggest. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Cowl, Wm. Lark-hall, parish of Weston Colville, Cambridgeshire, dealer. Atts. Toone and Monkhouse, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
Eyes, Edward, Liverpool, dealer. Atts. Lowes and Cowburn, Temple, London. C.
Payant, Wm. Manchester, wine-merchant. Atts. Appleby and Serjeant, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Stott, Wm. Liverpool, linen-draper. Atts. Lowe, and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Warner, Sam. Ashford, Kent, ship-owner. Atts. Grimaldi and Stables, Copthall-court, London. T.

Gazette—Aug. 26.

Alway, Thomas, Tetherinton, Gloucestershire, farmer. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Birch, Thomas, Broseley, Salop, ironmaster. Att. Luckett, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, London. T.
Corfield, Charles Woolley, Norwich, currier. Att. Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
Garland, Matthew, Moses Magnus, and Benjamin Benjamin, Bunhill-row, Middlesex, merchants. Atts. Evit and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories, London. T.
Hair, John, Sun-street, London, tobacconist. Att. Gellibrand, 10, Austin-friars, London. T.
Hutton, George, Birmingham, dealer in pictures. Att. James, Ely-place, Holborn, London. C.
Jones, Richard Archard, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, linen-draper. Att. Nelson, 7, Barnard's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
Jones, Wm. Holywell, Flintshire, tobacconist. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
Reid, David, Princes-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, silk manufacturer. Atts. Barrow and Vincents, Basinghall-street, London. T.
Summerland, Timothy, Bristol, iron-founder. Att. Heelis, 11, Staple-inn, Holborn, London. C.
Tollervey, Edward, Wesbourne, Sussex, miller. Att. Kirkman, Cloak-lane, London. T.
Weaver, George, Abchurch-lane, London, merchant. Att. Edye, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. T.

Gazette—Aug. 29.

Bolt, John, and George Jones, Bath, grocers. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, London. C.

Briggs, John, Lakenham, Norwich, victualler. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
Hall, Charles Butler, and Thomas Aldridge, Barbican, London, linen-drapers. Att. Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.
Parker, James, Little St. Mary Axe, London, painter. Atts. Clutton and Carter, High-street, Southwark. T.
Wall, Wm. Oxford, carver. Att. Tomes, 49, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.

Gazette—Sept. 2.

Cruickshank, Wm. London-street, London, and of Demerara, in the West Indies, merchant. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, and Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street, London. T.
Drummond, James Patrick, London-street, London, and of Demerara, in the West Indies, merchants. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, and Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street, London. T.
Evans, Thos., Weamon-row, Birmingham, builder. Att. Smith, 31, Basinghall-street, London. C.
Wilson, Wm. Charles, London-street, London, and of Demerara, in the West Indies, merchant. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, and Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street, London. T.

Gazette—Sept. 5.

Greaves, John, Nottingham, grocer. Att. Taylor, Field-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Larlham, Wm. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, coach-master. Att. Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Aug. 5 to Sept. 5.

Buchanan, Walter, flesher and cattle dealer, Glasgow.
Hamilton, Daniel, and John Hamilton, brick-makers, Glasgow.
Macdonald, Donald, grain and victual-dealer, at Monar.
Macdougal, John, merchant, Glasgow.
Moffatt, John, jun. hosier, Glasgow.
Smith, Thomas, mason and builder, Glasgow.
Collins, James, and Edward Collins, paper-manufacturers, Glasgow.
Gould, Alexander, builder, Muthill, near Crieff.
M'Gregor, James, cattle-dealer, Kinclaven.
Carruthers, David, cattle-dealer, Raggiewhat, Dumfries-shire.
Lawson, Alexander, merchant, Glasgow.
Macvicar, Alexander, brick-maker, Glasgow.
Ritchie, David, merchant, Arbroath.
Brown, John, merchant, Leith, Robert Ballingall, merchant, Rotterdam, and William Ballingall, merchant, Glasgow.
Oswald, William, and Robert Jackson, merchants, Leith.
Wright, Malcom, merchant, Paisley.
Cumming, George, merchant, Inverness.
Geddes, George, merchant, Stromness.
Bullock, John, lime-merchant, Campsie.
Mackintosh, Wm. merchant, Glasgow.
Pettigrew, John, merchant, Glasgow.
Pringle, James, tanner, Haddington.
Alves, James, merchant, Cupar, Fife.
Turnbull, Thomas, carpet-manufacturer, Hawick.
Menzies, James, fish-curer, Glasgow.
Brown, Archibald, and Wm. Sommerville, curriers, Glasgow.
Robertson, James, baker, Edinburgh.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 20. At Apley Park, Somersetshire, the lady of T. Whitmore, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
21. At Langley Farm, Kent, the hon. Mrs. Colville, a daughter.
23. At Willey-place, Farnham, the lady of Charles Grant, Esq. a daughter.
— At Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, the lady of Sir J. Gordon Sinclair, Bart. a son and heir.
24. At Nun Monkton, the lady of the hon. Henry Butler, a daughter.
28. At his Lordship's house, in Piccadilly, the Countess of Roseberry, a daughter.
29. At Framfield-place, the hon. Mrs. Donovan, a daughter.
Sept. 2. At Brook-house, Cheshunt, the lady of J. H. Fysh, Esq. a daughter.
6. At the seat of Sir H. Halford, Leicestershire, the lady of F. Coventry, Esq. a son.
7. At Hendon, the lady of W. W. Prescott, Esq. a daughter.
— At Twinstead-hall, Essex, the lady of Sir G. Denys, Bart. a daughter.
8. At Waterstock, Oxfordshire, the lady of W. H. Ashhurst, Esq. a son.
— In Montague-place, Russell-square, the lady of R. V. Richards, Esq. a daughter.
11. At Sarratts, Herts, the lady of T. Tyringham Barnard, Esq. a daughter.
13. At Upton-house, Essex, the lady of J. H. Pelly, Esq. a son.
14. In Bath, the hon. lady Elizabeth Baker, a son.
15. Mrs. Charles Wakefield, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, a daughter.
— At South-lodge Canons, the lady of Wm. Buck, Esq. a daughter.
16. In York-place, the lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. a son.
19. At Great Hallingbury Parsonage, Essex, the lady of the Rev. C. Spencer Bourchier, twins.
— The lady of R. Walmisley, Esq. of the Parliament office, a son, her ninth child.

IN SCOTLAND.

In Edinburgh, the hon. lady Ann Fraser, a son.
——— the lady of Capt. Houston Stewart, a son and heir.
At Rockville, East Lothian, the lady of Sir T. Trowbridge, Bart. a daughter.
At Leith Mount, the lady of J. Mackenzie, Esq. a son.
At Thistle-court, Mrs. Wm. Henry Murray, a son.
At Kilbryde Castle, lady Campbell, a son.
In Edinburgh, Mrs. Adolphus Ross, a son.

IN IRELAND.

At the Glebe-house, Kiltorner, county of Galway, the lady of the Rev. E. Hartigan, a daughter.
At Glentown, near Cork, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir T. Brisbane, K. C. B. a daughter.
At Ballygiblin, the lady of W. W. Becher, Esq. M. P. a son; the child died the following day.
In Dublin, the lady of Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq. Ballynahinch, county of Clare, a son and heir.
At Fortland, county of Cavan, the lady of J. Courtney Cottingham, a son.
At Tourin, the lady of R. Musgrave, Esq. High Sheriff of the county of Waterford, a son and heir.
At Garrybunden, county of Carlow, the lady of Sir T. Butler, Bart. a son.
At Heathfield, county of Limerick, the lady of E. Lloyd, Esq. a son and heir.
In Drogheda, the lady of James German, Esq. a son.

ABROAD.

At Lausanne, lady Georgiana Quin, a son.
At Boulogne, the lady of H. Cowper, Esq. a son.
At Calais, the lady of Robert Gunn, of Mount Kennedy, Ireland, a daughter.
At Paris, the lady of W. R. Willis, of Willsgrove, county of Roscommon, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 21. At Aynho, Northamptonshire, the Rev. J. Drake, of North Church, Herts, to Lucy Ann, second daughter of the Rev. T. Fawcett, rector of Aynho and Greens Norton in that county.
— At Deene Park, Northamptonshire, H. C. Sturt, Esq. of Critchill, Dorset, to lady Charlotte Penelope Brudenell, third daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.
24. At Ripon, Charles Oxley, Esq. to Miss Waddilove, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon.
25. At Camberwell, the Rev. J. A. Busfield, D. D. to Miss C. M. Jewin, of Park-place, Upper Baker-street.
26. At Bishopwearmouth, J. W. C. Robinson, Esq. to Mrs. F. H. Berkeley, relict of Dr. C. J. Berkeley, and youngest daughter of the late Sir Jas. Pennyman, Bart. of Ormesby-hall.

— At Babworth, Nottinghamshire, the hon. and Rev. Henry Bridgeman, fourth son of the Earl of Bradford, to Louisa, second daughter of the hon. J. Bridgeman Simpson, of Babworth.
— At Lewisham, H. J. De Silva, Esq. of Devonshire-square, to Louisa, daughter of Chas. Pratt, Esq. of Lewisham Hill.
27. At Hastings, Capt. Wilson to Miss Harrison of Montague-place, Montague-square; and at the same time and place, W. Henley, Esq. to Miss H. Harrison.
— The Rev. H. Randolph, vicar of Marcham, Berks, to Mary, second daughter of the late P. D. Burridge, Esq. of Stoke-house, Somerset.
28. Lieut.-Col. Hulse, of Cossington, Leicestershire, to Frances, third daughter of the late J. Minver, Esq. of Sinson, Berks.
30. At Chelsea, H. Rush, Esq. of Heckfield, Hants, to Dame Eliz. D. Cope, widow of Sir D. Cope, Bart. of Bramshill, in the same county.
— Thomas Green, Esq. of Slyne and Cottenham, Lancashire, to Henrietta, third daughter of Sir H. Russel, Bart.
31. At Kenton, Devon, M. Francis, second son of D. Gordon, Esq. Dulwich-hill, to Caroline, fifth daughter of the Rev. J. Swete, of Oxton-house, Devon.
Sept. 2. Wm. Kershaw, Esq. of London, to Louisa, C. Durand, youngest daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Guernsey.
— At Kendal, Wm. Westall, Esq. of the Royal Academy, to Ann, youngest daughter of the Rev. R. Sedgwick, of Dent.
3. At Christ Church, Surrey, Benj. Shaw, Esq. of Lower Brook-street, to Mrs. E. Lowe, of Albion-place, Blackfriars.
4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Rear Admiral Sir C. Ogle, of Wortby, Hants, Bart. to Letitia, daughter of Sir Wm. Burroughs, Bart.
— At Quarles, Norfolk, E. Heagren Gibbs, Esq. to Miss Green, of Fakenham.
5. At Padworth, Berks, Alfred Smith, Esq. of Steanbridge house, Gloucestershire, to Harriet, fourth daughter of Wm. Stephens, Esq. of Padworth.
— At Allhallows, Barking, G. Pocock, Esq. of York-street, Portman-square, to Miss S. Kelley, first cousin of the Earl of Morley.
7. At Southampton, St. John Chiverton Charleton, Esq. of Apley Castle, Salop, to Jane Sophia, only daughter of T. Merrick, Esq. of Bush-hall, Pembrokeshire.
— At Heacham, Norfolk, J. MacGachen, Esq. to Ann, daughter of the late T. Dew, Esq. of Whitney Court, Herefordshire, and Portland-place, London.
9. At Great Malvern, E. Collingwood, Esq. of Dessington-hall, Northumberland, to Miss Calcroft, only daughter and heiress of the late General Calcroft.
11. At Halstead, Essex, Wm. P. Honeywood, Esq. M. P. of Mark's-hall, to Priscilla, eldest daughter of C. Hanbury, Esq. of Sloe-farm, in that county.
12. The Rev. T. Arnold, M. A. of Laleham, Middlesex, to Mary, third daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, of Fledborough, Nottinghamshire.
— At Hampstead, Major A. Langton, youngest son of the late B. Langton, Esq. to Marianne Eliz. eldest daughter of the late Rev. E. Drewe, of Broadembury, Devonshire.
13. George Pocock, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Frances, daughter of the late C. Ashwell, Esq. of the Island of Grenada.
14. Charles Rugg, Esq. to Rebecca, third daughter of the Rev. J. Simons, LL.B. rector of Paul's Cray, Kent.
6. At St. George's Hanover-square, Lord Fred. Campbell, to lady Mary Lowther, second daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale.
— At Hackney, Wm. Minithorpe, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. J. Minithorpe, late of Bolton-hall, Yorkshire, to Eliza, daughter of the late T. Pomeroy, Esq. of Hackney.
— At Islington, W. H. Poland, Esq. of Compton-terrace, to Sophia, daughter of the late Mr. J. G. Poland.
19. At St. George's, Mr. J. Nash, Surgeon, to Jane Amelia, daughter of Robert Stevens, Esq. of Edmondton.
— At Hodnet, Shropshire, A. Vincent Corbet, Esq. eldest son of Sir A. Corbet, of Acton Reynolds, to Miss Hill, daughter of the late Col. Hill, and grand-daughter of Sir J. Hill, of Hawkstone, in the same county.
20. At Mitcham, the Rev. J. D. M. Mitchell, rector of Quinton, Northamptonshire, to Miss Mary Ann Sprigg, of Blandford.
21. At St. James's Church, by the Lord Bishop of Bangor, Wm. H. Magendie, Esq. his Lordship's eldest son, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Alex. Marsden, of Clifford-street.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Westerhall, in Annandale, Major Weyland, of the 16th Light Dragoons, and son of J. Weyland, Esq. of Woodeaton, Oxfordshire, to lady Johnstone.
At Aberdeen, Alex. Dunlop, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh, to Margaret Clementina, youngest daughter of the late J. Gordon, Esq. Banff.
At Teddie, in Perthshire, J. Graham, Esq. to Isabella, second daughter of the late Capt. Robert Campbell, of Rippendavie.
At Edinburgh, J. Jeffery, Esq. to Elizabeth Helen, eldest daughter of Dr. J. Hunter, Professor of Logic in the University of St. Andrew.
At Daley-house, Edinburgh, J. Douglas, Esq. of Cavers, to Emma, daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie, of Southesk, Bart.
At Flatt, Liddisdale, Roxburghshire, R. Elliott, Esq. of Redheugh and Tarras, to Jessie, eldest daughter of J. Elliott, Esq.
At Musselburgh, the Rev. J. Taylor.
At Edinburgh, J. Clark, M. D. to Barbara, only daughter of the late Rev. J. Stephen, LL.D. rector of Christ Church, New Providence.
At Hartfield-house, J. Macdonald, Esq. of Balranald, and younger of Lyndale, to Miss Jane Mackenzie, of Hartfield.
At the Mause of Tough, Wm. Scott, Esq. Campfield, to Miss Ann Urquhart.

IN IRELAND.

At Rathfainham, G. E. Bevan, Esq. R. N. to Clarissa, daughter of J. Hozier, Esq. of Ballysallagh, county of Carlow, and grand-daughter of Lord Ventry.

ABROAD.

At Paris, Earl Poulett, to Charlotte, daughter of the hon. W. Portman, and niece of Lord Dormer.
At Bagnères de Bejorre, South of France, R. Sayer, Esq. to Frances, second daughter of G. H. Errington, late of Cotton-hall, Staffordshire.
At St. Christopher's, Charles Hamilton Mills, Esq. eldest son of G. Galway Mills, Esq. to Frances Jane, daughter of the hon. B. Brown Davis, Esq. of that Island.
At Bengal, Feb. 2, Lieut.-General Hoge, to Mary Ann, widow of Major Burton, and eldest daughter of Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, Professor of Oriental Languages at the College of Fort William.
At Guernsey, F. P. Hutchinson, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of Charles Le Merchant, Esq. of Beaumont-lodge, in that Island.

DIED.

21. Mr. John A. Newman, late Keeper of his Majesty's Goal of Newgate.
— At Bath, Major General Sir G. T. Calcraft.
22. At Wandsworth Common, aged 24, H. Goodbehere, Esquire, son and heir of the late Sam. Goodbehere, Esq. Alderman of London.
23. Suddenly, at his house in London, aged 72, Francis Pender, Esq. of Hardenhuish-House, Wilts, Vice-Admiral of the Red.
— At Castle Semple-house, John Harvey, Esq. formerly President of his Majesty's Council at Grenada, aged 66.
24. In Cadogan-place, aged 24, G. Stainforth, Esq. B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.
— At Brant Broughton, Lincolnshire, the Rev. R. Sutton, rector of that place, and of Great Cates, in that county; also Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Southwell.
10. In Gerrard-street, Soho, the Rev. S. Lyon, for many years Hebrew Teacher to the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Eaton College.
— In Soho-square, C. Trehawney Brereton, Esq. aged 63, formerly M. P. for St. Michaels, and Lieut.-Col. of the Coldstream Guards.
25. Aged 64, the Rt. Hon. Lord Stawell. His lordship was only son of the Rt. Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in

1779, married Mary, second daughter of Viscount Curzon, and by her, who died in 1804, had a son, who died in his infancy, and one daughter, married to the present Lord Sherbourne. The title is extinct.

27. At Plympstock, in his 68th year, Rowley Bulteel, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the White.
— At Carlisle, aged 65, Mr. Jollie, proprietor of the Carlisle Journal.
28. At Fulham Palace, G. Gordon Howley, youngest son of the Lord Bishop of London.
30. At Old, Northamptonshire, Mrs. Barclay Allardice, wife of Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. of Ury, Kincardineshire.
31. At his house, Coker-court, Somerset, William Helyar, Esq.
— At Kentish Town, Major Edward Watkins, of his Majesty's 65th regt. of foot.

Sept. 1. At Castle Carey, Somerset, John Payto Verney Lord Willoughby de Broke, in his 59th year. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, the Hon. Henry Verney.
2. At Stonehouse, Sam. Hood Lindzee, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the Blue. He fell from his horse in a fit of apoplexy and never spoke afterwards.
3. At Hastings, in his 72d year, Joseph Delafield, Esq. of Camden-hill, Kensington.
— At the Church-house, Leatherhead, the Hon. Charlotte Beauclerk, fourth daughter of the late Lord Henry Beauclerk.
4. At Peckham, Timothy Browne, Esq. formerly a banker. He dropped down suddenly whilst his servant was bringing him a change of apparel in which he was to go up with an Address to her Majesty.
— At Close-house, Northumberland, Miss Sotheran, daughter of the late Wm. Sotheran, Esq. of Darrington-hall, and sister of Adm. Sotheran, M. P.
5. At Stretton, the seat of Robert Marsham, Esq. Sir Edward Bacon, of Ravenham in Norfolk, Premier Baronet of England.
— At Hackney, Mrs. Jesser, 83.
6. In Hamilton-place, the Rt. Hon. Sarah, Countess of Shannon.
— In St. James's-place, James Ferguson of Pitfour, Esq. M. P. for Aberdeenshire.
8. In his 39th year, Mr. Rae, late of Drury-lane Theatre. The preceding week Mr. Surgeon Bell performed a severe operation upon him, with his accustomed ability and success, and which was sustained by Mr. Rae with heroic fortitude. From previous long suffering and consequent debility, together with the violence of the operation, he sunk under it.
9. At his seat, Ketton near Darlington, aged 66, the Rev. Henry Hardinge, LL. B. rector of Stanhope, in that county, and father of Captain Hardinge, of the St. Fiorenzo Frigate, who gloriously fell in the hour of victory.
— At West-hill, Battersea-rise, in his 86th year, James Young, Esq.
— In Upper Queen's-buildings, Brompton, in his 72d year, John Holmes, Esq.
— At Baylis, near Windsor, in her 70th year, the Dowager Marchioness of Thomond. Her ladyship was niece of the late celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds.
10. At Chichester, in his 80th year, John Quantock, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of Peace, and a Deputy-Lieut. of the county of Sussex.
— At Goughall, Ireland, Gurney Barclay, Esq. of Tavistock-square, London.
11. At Cheltenham, Admiral Sir Home Riggs Popham, K. C. B. He had but recently returned from his command on the Jamaica station, where he lost his daughter and his health. Few men had seen more service or displayed more talent.
— At his house, near Bolton, Lancashire, the Rev. James Folds, at the advanced age of 92 years.
— At Walham-green, the Rev. Leonard Chappelow, of Hill-street, Berkely-square, 75.
12. In Kentish-town, in his 85th year, Thomas Layton, Esq.
— In Grosvenor-square, Richard Thompson, Esq. of Eskrick, Yorkshire.
13. At Southampton, Sir Francis Holburne, Bart. brother to the late, and uncle to the present Earl of Harewood.
14. In Montague-place, Lady Massey.
16. At Gloucester-terrace, Hoxton, W. F. Eld, Esq. 68.
— At Edmonton, the Rev. Wm. Shaw, 68.
17. In Harley-street, Philip Cipriani, Esq. one of the chief clerks in the Treasury.
19. At Plymouth, R. A. Nelson, Esq. Secretary of the Navy.
— At Great Berkhampstead, in his 67th year, Augustus Pechell, Esq. Receiver-General of his Majesty's Customs.

IN SCOTLAND.

Whilst on a tour between Edinburgh and Stirling, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Beaumont Busby, Dean of Rochester.
At Paisley, Hugh Thomas, Esq. a gentleman of piety and benevolence. Among other bequests, he has left 1000l. for public benevolent purposes.
At Aberdeen, Mr. Thomas Power, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.
At Muirkirk, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Rutherford.
At Glasgow, Charles Wilsone, Esq.
At Clova, Lady Niven Lumsden, of Auchindoir.
At Castle Semple-house, John Harvey, Esq. of Castle Semple, 66.
At the Manse of Kincardine, the Rev. Alex. M'Bean, Minister of that parish.
At Edinburgh, John Livington Campbell, Esq. of Achalader.
——, John Livingstone, of Shortridge-head, Esq.
At Lathrisk, Charles Maitland, Esq. one of his Majesty's Deputy-Lieut. for Fifeshire.

IN IRELAND.

At Glasnevin, Thomas Dix, Esq. Capt. in the 57th regt.
At Newtown Park avenue, Mrs. Griffith, widow of Richard Griffith, Esq. and daughter of the late Chief Baron Burgh.
At Leiras, county of Cork, Philip Oliver Ellard, Esq.
At Carrick-on-Suir, the Rev. Wm. O'Brien.
At Waterford, Mrs. Ramsey, relict of Alderman Ramsey, 69.
At Ranelagh, Dublin, aged 23, Mrs. W. O'Rourke, formerly Miss Ford, of the Theatre Royal, Crow-street.
At Castle Biggs, county of Tipperary, William O'Meagher, Esq. Barrister-at-law, 27.
At Grange, county of Dublin, Mrs. Beggs, wife of Francis Beggs, Esq.

ABROAD.

At Baden, Aug. 14. John, eldest son of the Hon. John Spencer, and grandson of the late Duke of Marlborough.
In France, Georgiana Sarah, fourth daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Lechmere.
On his passage from Penang to Bombay, in his 48th year, the Rev. Richard Jackson, one of the Chaplains on that Establishment, and son of the late vicar of Christ-church, Hants.
At Brussels, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ewen Baillie, Bart. 77.—Major Gen. Sir Wm. Nicholson, Bart.
At Astrachan, aged 26, E. J. Peters, Esq. late of the 7th Hussars, and son of H. Peters, Esq. of Betchworth Castle.
At his Plantation, East Florida, L. Toddie, Esq.
In Tobago, James Scobey, Esq. Master of the Ordnance department.
At Trieste, Col. Simpson, of the Royal Imperial Marines.
In Fort William, aged 61, Major Gen. J. Garstin, commanding the corps of Engineers.
At Geneva, Capt. Stephen Gordon, of the 5th Dragoon Guards.
——, Henry, fourth son of James Du Pre, Esq. of Wilton Park, Bucks, aged 6 years and 7 months.
At Mons Sous Vaudery, near Geneva, Kean Osborne, Esq. of Upper Harley-street, and of Jamaica.
At Blackriver, David Hutchinson, Esq. of Coffee Grove, in the parish of Manchester, Jamaica.
At Paris, Wm. T. Sandiford, Esq. formerly Major on the Bombay Establishment, and Aid-de-Camp to General Abercromby during the Mysore War.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S.

Aug.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
1	M.	64	29·333	67	SW	Fine
	A.	71	29·375	57	SW	Fine
2	M.	61	29·620	63	W by S	Fine
	A.	70	29·643	52	W by S	Fine
3	M.	66	29·533	72	SW	Cloudy
	A.	68	29·500	70	SSW	Showery
4	M.	64	29·286	90	SW by S	Showery
	A.	70	29·389	65	W by S	Fine
5	M.	60	29·368	68	W by S	Fine
	A.	64	29·280	59	W by S	Showery
6	M.	59	29·252	91	SW by S	Rain
	A.	62	29·150	88	SSW	Rain
7	M.	61	29·277	71	W by N	Cloudy
	A.	63	29·373	63	WNW	Showery
8	M.	57	29·528	77	SSW	Fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
9	M.	61	29·500	65	WSW	Fine
	A.	69	29·568	50	W	Fine
10	M.	58	29·813	76	W	Fine
	A.	71	29·830	54	WNW	Fine
11	M.	62	29·838	73	N	Very fine
	A.	71	29·820	58	W by S	Fine
12	M.	62	29·740	68	WNW	Clear
	A.	68	29·736	54	Var.	Fine
13	M.	60	29·664	63	NNE	Fine
	A.	69	29·623	52	Var.	Very fine
14	M.	62	29·540	66	WSW	Very fine
	A.	72	29·508	47	SSW	Very fine
15	M.	60	29·430	73	SW by S	Cloudy
	A.	71	29·418	59	SW by W	Cloudy
16	M.	65	29·340	75	SW	Rain
	A.	71	29·347	61	W by S	Cloudy
17	M.	66	29·346	74	SW	Showery
	A.	67	29·332	70	WSW	Cloudy
18	M.	60	29·400	65	NNE	Cloudy
	A.	67	29·393	53	SW	Fine
19	M.	58	29·268	62	NE	Fine
	A.	60	29·264	62	W	Rain, thun.
20	M.	55	29·400	71	NW	Very fine
	A.	60	29·409	56	Var.	Fine
21	M.	54	29·375	81	E by S	Rain
	A.	58	29·344	70	E	Showery
22	M.	55	29·329	64	NE	Cloudy
	A.	60	29·357	55	NE	Cloudy
23	M.	53	29·694	66	N by E	Cloudy
	A.	59	29·653	58	NNE	Cloudy
24	M.	—	29·700	62	SW	Fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
25	M.	—	—	—	—	—
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
26	M.	—	—	—	—	—
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
27	M.	—	—	—	—	—
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
28	M.	—	—	—	—	—
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
29	M.	54	29·179	74	WSW	Fine
	A.	61	29·228	55	W by N	Fine
30	M.	54	29·428	67	WNW	Clear
	A.	62	29·454	52	Var.	Cloudy
31	M.	54	29·600	74	NE by E	Fine
	A.	55	29·604	84	NE	Hail, thun.

Rain, by the pluviameter, between noon the 1st of August, and noon the 1st of September, 1·992 inch. Evaporation, during the same period, 4·820 inches.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 27 Sept.	Hamburg. 19 Sept.	Amsterdam 15 Sept.	Vienna. 6 Sept.	Genoa. 9 Sept.	Berlin. 12 Sept.	Naples. 24 Aug.	Leipsig. 11 Sept.	Bremen. 14 Sept.
London.....	25·55	36·9½	40·8	10	30·13	7	604	6·17½	623-24
Paris.....	—	25 13/16	56⅛	117½	95⅞	81⅞	23·70	79	17 7/16
Hamburg...	184½	—	35	146¼	44¼	152½	44	147½	135¼
Amsterdam.	56⅞	105⅝	—	138½	90¾	144¾	50·20	139¼	128¼
Vienna	252	147½	14¼	—	61¼	103½	60·30	100¼	—
Franckfort..	2½	148	35½	100¼	—	103¼	—	99¾	109¼
Augsburg...	251½	147¾	35½	99½	60⅔	103¼	59·70	99¾	—
Genoa.....	477	81⅝	89¼	61	—	—	19·65	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	147⅝	—	—	—	103½	—	—	109¾
Leghorn	509	87½	95½	57⅜	122½	—	121·75	—	—
Lisbon	573	36	39⅞	—	892	—	50·90	—	—
Cadiz.....	14·75	87⅞	95½	—	453	—	118	—	—
Naples	421	—	79	—	101¼	—	—	—	—
Bilbao	14·80	87⅞	95½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15·5	88½	96¾	—	648	—	118·25	—	—
Porto.....	573	36	39½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Sept.	Nuremberg 14 Sept.	Christiania 4 Sept.	Petersburg. 25 Aug.	Riga. 28 Aug.	Stockholm. 29 Aug.	Madrid. 10 Sept.	Lisbon. 28 Aug.
London	153	fl. 10.8	6 Sp. 68·6	10	10	12·16	36	50
Paris	79¼	fr. 118½	30 Sp.	107½		23½	15	555
Hamburg....	147	147½	140	9¼	9 5/32	129	90½	37½
Amsterdam .	140	139¾	130	10⅛	10 5/32	121	98½	41
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	888

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Aug. 24 to Sept. 24.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-6	12-7
Ditto at sight	12-3	12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-7	12-8
Antwerp	12-8	12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-6	37-7
Altona, 2½ U	37-7	37-8
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-70	25-80
Ditto 2 U	26	26-10
Bourdeaux	26	26-10
Frankfort on the Main Ex. M.	—	156
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M		10-15
Trieste ditto		10-15
Madrid, effective	34½	34
Cadiz, effective	34¼	34
Bilboa		34¼
Barcelona		33½
Seville		33¾
Gibraltar		30
Leghorn		46¾
Genoa		43¾
Venice, Ital. Liv.		27-60
Malta		45
Naples	39-38	38¾
Palermo, per. oz.		115
Lisbon	49	48½
Oporto	49¼	48¾
Rio Janeiro		54
Bahia		58
Dublin		7
Cork		8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	6	3	16	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 5¾d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 11*d.* the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton. in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£0	0	0 to	0	0	0
Champions	3	10	0 to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	10	0 to	3	0	0
Apples	0	0	0 to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Aug. 19.		Aug. 26.		Sept. 2.		Sept. 9.		Sept. 16.	
Wheat	73	5	72	9	72	2	71	0	69	3
Rye	44	3	44	0	42	2	41	9	40	6
Barley	36	5	36	7	36	3	34	1	34	2
Oats	27	4	27	2	26	1	24	6	23	7
Beans	43	9	44	2	44	8	44	2	43	8
Peas	46	0	45	8	43	9	42	3	42	7

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Aug. 24. to Sept. 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	26,237	4,040	44,630	74,907
Barley	4,304	1,524	750	6,578
Oats	21,503	5,885	132,461	159,949
Rye	109	—	—	109
Beans	3,025	—	440	3,465
Pease	3,846	—	—	3,846
Malt	8,718	Qrs.; Flour 35,081 Sacks.		

Foreign Flour 13,273 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45*s.*	to	84*s.*
Sussex, ditto	60*s.*	to	74*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Bags	60*s.*	to	80*s.*
Kent, New Pockets	74*s.*	to	102*s.*
Sussex, ditto	70*s.*	to	90*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Farnham, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Pockets	74*s.*	to	90*s.*

Average Price per Load of

Hay.			*Clover.*			*Straw.*		
£.	s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£.	s.	£. s.
			Smithfield.					
3	0	to 4 4	5 0 to 6	0	1 8	to 1	13	
			Whitechapel.					
3	10	to 4 8	5 0 to 6	15	1 8	to 1	14	
			St. James's.					
3	10	to 4 10	4 0 to 0	0	1 2	to 1	16	

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—	Beef	3*s.* 2*d.*	to	4*s.* 2*d.*
	Mutton	3*s.* 6*d.*	to	4*s.* 6*d.*
	Veal	4*s.* 4*d.*	to	6*s.* 4*d.*
	Pork	4*s.* 8*d.*	to	6*s.* 8*d.*
	Lamb	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	5*s.* 4*d.*
Leadenhall.—	Beef	3*s.* 2*d.*	to	4*s.* 4*d.*
	Mutton	3*s.* 6*d.*	to	4*s.* 6*d.*
	Veal	4*s.* 0*d.*	to	6*s.* 0*d.*
	Pork	4*s.* 8*d.*	to	7*s.* 4*d.*
	Lamb	4*s.* 4*d.*	to	5*s.* 8*d.*

Cattle sold at Smithfield from July 23, *to* Aug. 24, *both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,690	2640	139,320	1,740

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Aug. 11 to Sept. 8.

	Aug. 11.				Aug. 25.				Sept. 4.				Sept. 8.			
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Newcastle	31	6	to 39	0	32	9	to 39	6	30	6	to 41	0	34	3	to 41	0
Sunderland	34	6	to 40	9	34	0	to 40	6	0	0	to 0	0	42	9	to 0	0

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Sept. 21st, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Canals.	
350	100	—	Andover	5
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6
54,000*l.*	—	3	Do. Bonds	40
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided)	550
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	100
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90
—	100	8	Chesterfield	120
500	100	44	Coventry	999
4546	100	—	Croydon	3 7 6
600	100	6	Derby	112
2060¾	100	3	Dudley	62
3575¾	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester	70
—	100	58	Erewash	1000
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	500
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	—
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	53
11,815¾	100	9	Grand Junction	210
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	55
48,800*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	90
2849½	100	—	Grand Union	32
20,640*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	94
3096	100	—	Grand Western	4
749	150	7	Grantham	126
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13
25,328	—	18	Kennet and Avon	18
11,699½	—	1	Lancaster	27
2879¾	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool	280
545	—	14	Leicester	295
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83
—	—	119	Loughborough	2400
250	—	11	Melton Mowbray	—
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	147
43,526*l.*	100	5	Do. Debentures	92
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70
247	—	25	Neath	350
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—
500	100	12	Nottingham	—
1720	100	32	Oxford	630
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	66
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel	—
12,294*l.*	—	—	Regent's	30
5631	100	2	Rochdale	40
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160
—	100	7 10	Shropshire	140
771	50	—	Somerset Coal	—
100	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire.	640
300	145	10	Stourbridge	205
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	17
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495
533	100	12	Swansea	—
350	100	—	Tavistock	90
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway	25
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1950
1000	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham	210
1000½	50			
980	100	10 10	Warwick and Napton	205
14,283	—	—	Wilts and Berks	7
126	105	5	Wisbeach	60
6000	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham	23
			Docks.	
2209	146	—	Bristol	98
—	—	5	Do. Notes	
3132½	100	3	Commercial	60
450,000*l.*	—	10	East-India,	164
1038	100	—	East Country	15
3,114,000*l.*	—	4	London	88
1,200,000*l.*	—	10	West-India	168 10

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Bridges.	
2912	100	—	Southwark	—
4443	40	—	Do. new	18
3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18 10
54,000*l.*	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	90
5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 10
5000	60	—	——— Annuities of 8*l.*	28
5000	40	—	——— Annuities of 7*l.*	22 10
60,000*l.*	—	5	——— Bonds	—
			Roads.	
300	100	—	Barking	35
1000	100	5	Commercial	163
—	100	5	——— East-India Branch	100
492	100	1 15	Great Dover Street	31
2993	50	—	Highgate Archway	6
1000	—	1	Croydon Railway	12
1000	—	—	Surrey Do.	10
3762	50	1	Severn and Wye	20
			Water Works.	
3800	100	—	East London	59
4500	50	1 5	Grand Junction	40 10
2000	100	—	Kent	25
1500	—	2 10	London Bridge	50
800	100	—	South London	21
7540	—	2	West Middlesex	44
1360	100	—	York Buildings	20
			Insurances.	
2000	500	2 10	Albion	40
25,000	50	6	Atlas	4 12 6
—	—	40	Bath	575
300	1000	25	Birmingham	350
—	250	3	British	59
4000	100	2 10	County	40
20,000	50	5	Eagle	2 12
50,000	20	1	European	20
1,000,000*l.*	100	6	Globe	116 10
40,000	50	5	Hope	3 5
2400	500	4 10	Imperial	75
3900	25	1 4	London Fire	23
31,000	25	1	London Ship	19
2500	100	14	Provident	16 10
100,000	20	2	Rock	1 19
745,100*l.*	—	10	Royal Exchange	229
—	—	8 10	Sun Fire	—
4000	100	10	Sun Life	23
1500	200	1 4	Union	33
			Gas Lights.	
8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	59 10
4000	50	1 12	Do. New Shares	27 10
1000	100	7	City Gas Light Company	95
1000	100	3	Do. New	45
2500	20	16	Bath Gas	17
1500	20	—	Brighton Gas	12
1000	20	2	Bristol	28
			Literary Institutions.	
1000	75gs	—	London	39
700	25gs	—	Russel	11 11
700	30gs	—	Surrey	8
			Miscellaneous.	
1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart	20
1397	100	2 10	British Copper Company	50
2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery	
3447	50	—	Do.	8 10
2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	5 10
		4	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	19
		3	Do. 2d. Class	71 10
		5	City Bonds	61 10
				98

Daily Price of Stocks, from 24th August to 23d September.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Exchequ. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Aug.															
24	220	68½	67¾ ⅞	77	—	103	18 1/16	--	—	216	—	—	—	5p	68
25	221	68⅝ ⅜	68 7¾	77	87	103⅛	18 1/16	67⅜	—	216	22	—	—	5	68
26	221	68⅝ ½	67⅞ 8	77	87	103¼	18 1/16	—	—	—	22	—	67⅝	5	68
28	221	68⅝ ½	68 7¾	77	87	103¼	18 1/16	—	1d	—	—	—	—	5	68
29	221	68⅜ ½	67⅝ ⅞	76⅞	87	103¼	18 1/16	—	—	215½	22	—	—	5	68¼
30	221	68½ ¼	67⅞ ⅝	77	87	103¼	18 1/16	67¼	1½	—	22	—	—	5	68¼
31	221	68¼ ⅜	67¼ ½	76¾	87	103⅓	18 1/16	—	1¾	—	22	—	—	5	68
Sep.															
1	221½	68½ ¼	67¾ ⅝	76⅞	87	103⅛	18 1/16	67⅛	1⅞	—	22	74¾	—	4	68⅛
2	*Hol.*												—		
4	222	68⅜ ¼	67⅝ ¾	—	86⅞	103⅛	18 1/16	—	—	—	22	—	—	4	68
5	221½	68¼ ⅜	67½ ¾	77	86⅞	103¼	—	—	1½	216	22	74⅝	—	4	68⅛
6	Shut	Shut	67⅞ ⅝	77⅓	Shut	103¼	Shut	67¼	—	—	22	75⅜	—	4	68⅛
7	—	—	67⅝ ¾	77	—	103¼	—	67¼	1½	—	20	—	—	3	68⅛
8	—	—	68¾ ⅝	77	—	103¼	—	67¼	1½	—	20	—	—	3	68⅛
9	—	—	67⅝ ¾	77⅛	—	103¼	—	—	—	—	20	—	—	3	68⅛
11	—	—	67¾ ½	77	—	103⅓	—	67	1⅝	—	19	—	—	3	68
12	—	—	67½ ¼	76¾	—	103⅛	—	66½	2⅛	214	19	—	67⅜	2	67⅞
13	—	—	67½ ¼	—	—	103⅛	—	66⅞	2¼	215	—	—	—	3	67¼
14	—	—	67⅜ 7	Shut	—	103⅛	—	—	2¾	215	20	74⅝	—	3	67¾
15	—	—	67⅛ 6½	—	—	103	—	66	3½	214½	20	—	—	3	67½
16	—	—	66¾ ½	—	—	102⅞	—	—	—	214	20	—	—	5	67
18	—	—	66¼ 5¾	—	—	102⅝	—	—	4¾	213	20	—	—	4	66½
19	—	—	66⅜ ⅛	—	—	102¾	—	—	4½	—	20	—	66½	4	66⅝
20	—	—	66¼ ⅝	—	—	102¾	—	65⅞	3¾	213½	21	—	—	5	66⅞
21	—	—	66¼ ½	—	—	102½	—	—	3¾	—	21	—	—	5	66⅝
22	—	—	66⅛ ⅜	—	—	102¾	—	—	3¼	213½	21	—	—	5	66¾
23	—	—	66⅝ ½	—	—	102⅜	—	—	3⅜	—	21	—	—	4	66¾

IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Shares.	Government Debenture 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Debenture 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government Debenture 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock, 4 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water Debentures.
Aug.											
31	205½	74⅛	74⅜	—	—	102⅝	102⅝	—	—	—	—
Sept.											
4	—	74¾	74½	—	—	102⅛	—	—	—	—	—
5	205¼	74¾	74½	—	80	102⅓	102¼	—	—	—	—
7	205½	75	74½	—	—	102⅓	102⅜	—	—	—	—
8	—	74⅞	74½	—	80½	102⅜	102⅜	—	—	—	—
11	205½	74⅞	74½	—	—	102¼	102¼	—	—	—	97¼
12	—	74¾	74⅜	—	—	102¼	102¾	—	—	—	—
14	—	74¼	74	—	80	102⅜	102¼	—	—	—	—
15	205	—	73½	—	—	102⅜	102¼	—	—	—	—
18	—	73	73	—	80¼	101¾	101¾	—	—	—	—

Prices of the **FRENCH FUNDS,** *From Aug.* 21, *to Sept.* 19.

1820	5 per Cent. consols fr.	c.	Bank Shares. fr.	c.
Aug.				
21	77	90	1375	—
24	78	75	1370	—
28	78	55	1360	—
Sept.				
2	77	55	1335	—
4	77	60	1340	—
9	74	15	1360	—
12	74	20	1360	—
19	75	40	1365	—

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON. Aug. 29	Sept. 1	5	8	12	15	22	NEW YORK. Aug. 9	15
7 per cent	—	—	107	107	107	107	—	108¼	108½
Bank Shares	23·10	23·10	24·5	24 —	24 —	24 —	24 —	104¼	104¼
Louisiana	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	—
New 6 per cent	106	106	104	106	104	106	106	107¼	107½
3 per cent	70	70	70	70	70	70	69½	70¾	71
5 per cent	103	103	103	103	103	102	101½	102	102

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XI. NOVEMBER, 1820. Vol. II.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.———SHAKSPEARE.

WE are truly rich in prepared articles for our next Number: 1st. We have a *chef-d'œuvre* of a *Table-Talk*—the best yet, we think: 2d. We have a very nicely got-up paper,—which is to be followed by another quite as good,—containing some original letters of Foote, Garrick, &c.,—with a curious document, or two, illustrative of dramatic history: 3d. A Rough Diamond,—an article which, to call it by its title, is to mislead. *Exmouth Wrestling* are the words that stand at its head: but it contains every thing, even to a *wood cut.* It commences with a word in favour of holidays: from hence it takes occasion to allude to Hackney coachmen and Newspaper Editors, who never have any: drops a word passingly in praise of Brentford: recommends punctuality to a tailor; gets into a stage coach and out again, (strange to say) without an accident: affirms that the writer was *induced* to pass a fortnight at Exmouth—and——but we must not shew too much for fear of palling curiosity.—Seriously, however, it is a clever paper.—Then the Editor writes privately to THE LION that he is now at work on the *Examiner versus Shakspeare;* on Croker's Translation of the *bon homme*—a most singular selection of Mr. Croker's; on *American Literature* (which may or may not appear). The reader will be pleased to observe that *Helvellyn,* in this Number, is a very beautiful little Poem; and we promise another—very good also—though much longer, and not by the same writer—entitled *Osmyn, a Persian Tale.*

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of noticing an Essay, which nevertheless we have not ventured to insert, entitled "*Woman the true Source of Human Happiness.*" The writer bids us ask "the love-lorn youth," if it is not so: and the love-lorn youth says *yes,*—heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh from his breaking heart. The writer then asks, "what can be traced in the grandeur of the heavens, what is there to be found in the *star-proof* immensity of *unbodied* space, that can give back the raptures so often felt, and the idolised beauty so often adored, in the fondest and fairest object of our captivated affections?"—To this the reply must be—*nothing* in either the one or the other. No man can reasonably expect to dance with his sweetheart amongst shooting stars, or to enjoy a honey moon in a comet's tail, or to have a love-letter sent him with the post mark on the cover—"UNBODIED SPACE"—scarcely legible. Does it then follow that the writer is correct in the conclusion which he thus summarily but distinctly states?—"to describe happiness, *therefore,* is only, in other words to describe woman." It *may* be so—as batchelors we *hope* it is so—but we dare not affirm it so positively as our correspondent.

Our *Friend* shall not pass unnoticed in our next Number. The lines from the Hop Garden are very sweet.

We shall find a corner for *one* of *C. W.*'s Sonnets in our next: but we are rather surprised he should have offered them to us, (that is to say if he be a reader of our Magazine.) The Critical Notice of Keats's last volume (No. 9) was almost entirely devoted to an attempt at shewing the inconsistency, and, as it strikes us, extreme weakness of the querulousness which forms the sentiment of *C. W.*'s second piece. By the bye, we we may as well give it

here,—the LION, like "the late Mr. Daube,"* having almost entirely appropriated his HEAD to disputes and discussions. Unanimity would destroy him: a "faultless monster" would worry to death the King of Beasts.

SONNET.

IT turns the heart's blood bitter to behold
How homage, wealth, and honours are applied;
How one man stoops to lift another's pride;
How some will worship brutes, if built of gold;
How Vice is purchased and sweet Virtue sold;
How Worth is crush'd, and Baseness dignified;
How what doth most exalt, men most deride;
And nothing is as all things were of old.
The world is in its age, yet is less fit
To die and to dissolve, and bear that ire
Which must flash round it once, and wither it
Into the dust of its funereal fire—
Vile, wallowing worm, that hath nor heart nor sighs,
But for base things,—nor will to dare, nor wing to rise! C. W.

That there is much suffering in the world, and that the fortunes of many are inadequate to their merits, it would shew folly or insensibility to deny. Miserable examples of the inequality and perversity of men's lots are every day apparent: but, in this respect, we apprehend, the *world is very much as it was of old:* and we also believe that people quite as often mistake their talents as find them slighted. The world against an individual, in judgment on himself, is quite as likely to be right as he is. The most distressing cases are those where the sensibility is greater than the power; the tendency beyond the means. The public then judging by what they see, and the candidate by what he feels, disappointment must be the result; and, in such instances, it falls hard and heavy on sanguine hopes, and youthful aspirations. Complaint, however, though it may be natural, should be repressed as worse than useless: it will only feed the fever of the mind that must torment and destroy unless allayed. The LION, however, begs pardon for prosing; and to atone will conclude with poetry.

Oh would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,
It would frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.

We shall endeavour to pay some attention to the important subject of *Juvenile Delinquency* in our next number. The Reports of the Committee for investigating the causes of its alarming increase, and of the Committee of the Society for the improvement of Prison Discipline, are important documents, which, without a violation of his duty, no Editor of a Periodical Work can leave unnoticed. Such neglect would indeed form a shameful contrast to the philanthropy that animates the exertions of these worthy associations. The mischief, however, is, that lighter and more obtrusive subjects almost unavoidably engross his time, at least,—if not his thoughts. His post is an awkward one, and has strong claims on the compassion of good Christians.

Maria, may we jump suddenly from the subject of *Juvenile Delinquency* to your more than inuendo? The LION'S HEAD has had its heart in its mouth ever since the receipt of your note—for really it does not know whether it is expected to *disavow* or *acquiesce.* It is ready, however, to do either according to orders.

W. K. will see we have *made use* of his paper; and we trust he will excuse the liberty we have taken with the communication. We had long been regarding the subject as one calling much for notice.

---

* N'avez vous pas connu feu Monsieur Daube?
Q'une ardeur pour la dispute éveilla avant l'aube!

Several Poetical Communications are under consideration.

T of Marlow tells us his notions, and we have told him ours.

Leo is for once proud of his *Keepers*—though he would be sorry to be thought so surly as they have shown themselves in their Article on the *Reekie Magazine.** Be it for them to roar indignation: his forte, he feels, lies in the softer tones, which have won him a correspondence with the gentler sex, have made even rejection agreeable to unfortunate authors, and subjected him (he is proud to say) to a charge of making love by insinuation. In respect of the last circumstance, he flatters himself, that he stands alone amongst his species.—He begs also to acknowledge several invitations to dinner, sent in pure friendliness excited by these Notices; but The Lion seldom goes into company, and never but to *tea.* He finds wine heating,—and, during his connection with the Magazine, deems it prudent to abstain from butcher's-meat. He begs, however, not to be confounded with the Lion of the *Old Monthly.*—But why is The Lion of *the London* proud? He will modestly say why. For himself, he is neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but he admires prophecy, and more particularly he does so when his keepers manifest themselves distinguished by the gift. Many people can argue, and most people can reproach, but very few people indeed can predict. What ought to be said then in commendation of those who can do all three? Surely, at the very least, "expressive *silence* ought to muse their praise." Now the article on the *Reekie Magazine* seems to The Lion to include this rare union:—it reasons (well or ill); it reproaches (justly or unjustly)—and, folded in its tail, lurk both the spirit and the substance of prophecy: for, lo and behold! a new Number of the *smoked* Publication has just come to hand—strong as *kipper*—in time for The Lion, though too late for his keepers,—and there we find already actually *done*—achieved—all that the aforesaid tail anticipated the *Reekie* folk would certainly do! Can any thing be more truly surprising! To be smoked before birth is treatment against which even hog's-flesh would indignantly protest!

We shall be happy to insert in our next Number *the Address of the* Five Gentlemen *who have an eye to their country's interests.* Yet it appears to us, we must say, that *one eye* amongst five people, so directed, is little enough in all conscience. Have they not ten, besides spectacles, turned towards their own affairs? It is, however, but due to these *Five Gentlemen* to state, that their address leaves us with a notion of their resemblance to the celebrated *Miss Roe*—

She had but one eye—but that was a *piercer!*

---

* *Reekie* is an expressive Scotch word for smoked. It also means the capital of Scotland. Hence nothing can be more proper than to entitle the work in question the *Reekie Magazine*, for it is published in Edinburgh, and has been smoked in London. We hope to learn, on the return of our travellers from the North, that the loungers in the streets of Edinburgh are overheard talking to each other in a style something like this:—"Well, the *Reekies* have been at the *Cockneys* again! Soot-bags against Dandies! Filth the favourite. The Fortunate Youth seems to improve at Abbotsford. He is stronger than ever in Criticism this month:—under the head Fine Arts, we hear of Haydon's '*greasy hair*,' and in his strictures on poetry he tells us Keats *walked the hospitals!* Scotland may well be proud of this *reeky* school of reviewing: it forms a new era in her literature."

THE

London Magazine.

N° XI. NOVEMBER, 1820. Vol. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

THE LITERATURE OF THE NURSERY.

——— where is passed the glory and the dream!

In the days of unbreeched infancy, the imagination revels on the most substantial food. The child builds puddings in the air, instead of castles. In his dreams he contemplates imposing shapes--figures of gingerbread, arrayed in golden decorations—the *beau idéal* of stall-attractions, that shine more brightly on his fancy than the contents of the mines of Eldorado! What a place is the ideal London of the provincial enthusiast in petticoats! Palaces of apple-dumplings; spires of *allecampane;* pavements of pancakes, expand before him! He is gloating over the glory of grease and sugar, seen in his mind's eye, when, judging by his external orbs of vision, he would be pronounced to be occupied with his catechism. Urchins of moderate desires may set up a queen-cake as the boundary of their wishes; or, at most, in a sanguine moment, may represent to themselves the possibility of realizing Mr. Horner's Christmas dish; but the poetical fry, the ambitious spirits of five and six, give a wider range to their reveries, a bolder direction to their hopes. They fix their affections and their thoughts at once on a pastry-cook's shop; and it becomes to them what America was to Sir Walter Raleigh—a fairy land, an Atalantis, Utopia, the *summum bonum*, the goal of life's race, the vale of Avoca! The snowy surface of a twelfth-cake—(grander far than the snowy summits of the Himla chain,)—presents to these a field of chequered and opulent delight, that dazzles the senses, and converts the mind of the youthful observer into a magic lanthorn, reflecting a long succession of sweet and luscious magnificence. There are gilt coaches, drawn by sleek horses, alike sublime to the sight and taste! Potentates, whose crowns are studded with plums, and whose sceptres are of lemon peel! Ships of cinnamon, bridges built of almonds, castles of curdled cream, and shepherds and shepherdesses of sugar candy! And all these are to be eaten as well as looked at! What interest this single consideration gives to the picture! The lips instinctively lick themselves as the gay prospect opens. Wordsworth talks in raptures of five sparrow's eggs as "a vision of *delight*;" if they be so, it must be admitted that five tartlets form a vision of *ecstacy!*

A period, however, at length arrives, when this palateable pageantry begins to pall upon the sense: we no longer love lollypop as we have been wont: if we still occasionally ogle an orange, it is only under the immediate and near temptation of the wheel-barrow. The appetite is now more cunning than keen; we

become rather *connoisseurs* than cravers, and have *sang froid* enough to discover that plums and pears are not so delicate as peaches. It is then, under the languor of satiety, that the youthful imagination seeks new *stimuli;* and the delicacies of the library,—particularly if their binding be calculated to raise old recollections, and gently agitate former desires by its resemblance to the contents of the gingerbread stall,—supply powerful attractions. This is an era that generally remains included within the limits of the memory of the man—and we ourselves feel that we may describe it with the fulness which memory warrants. What enchanting details lurked under the variegated cover of Mother Goose! How exquisite the perfume of Mother Bunch's darling nose-gay! Our literary horizon in those days was peopled with dragons, was lit up with chariots of fire, and beautified with magical rainbows! The landscape before us was ever fresh, ever graceful, ever changing. Now Blue-beard swept by—a stern image of mysterious and ferocious pomp—composed of Persian Satrap and Grand Turk—with all the parade of camels and slaves, and waving banners in his train. At the next moment, we would be attempting to penetrate the high and tangled woods in which the Sleeping Beauty lay concealed.—Then how sweet it was to accompany poor little Red-riding-hood, on her walk by village lanes, girded with hedges—not without taking a wistful peep at the "cheese-cakes," and the "little pot of butter," in the basket which she bore on her left arm! Those niceties were for her old grandmother; but her grandmother never enriched her toast out of the pot which little Red-riding-hood carried! The deceitful monster's fatal reply to the innocent ejaculation—"*Grandmama what great teeth you have got!*"—continued to startle us at every reading, with undimished effect, as if we had heard the gnash of the ravenous seizure, and the crackling of the unfortunate child's bones!—We used to gaze on Cinderella's face, where she sat amongst the cinders, as if it were a lily in a wilderness of foul weeds: but our greatest favourite, if we recollect rightly, was the description of the feats of the White Cat—her delightful hunting array, and all the attractions of the Feline Court.—This we consider still as a truly elegant tale. What reader is not charmed by the silent attentions of the lovely mouser, her anxious care of the beautiful prince, and the exquisite fricasee of "the fattest mice imaginable!" The exordium of each of these histories is of sublime simplicity, calculated to rouse the attention, which has seldom or ever reason to complain of disappointment. "*Once upon a Time,*"—"*In the Reign of King Arthur,*"—or, better still, "*In Days of yore!*"—Who has not longed for the cap of Fortunatus, still more than for his purse?—Who has not reverenced batter-pudding for having given that needful shelter to the hero Thumb, which the royal oak afforded to Charles of blessed memory? The bean-stalk is still with us an object of veneration, as we walk in the fields, because of its connection with the famous legend of Jack. We may, we believe, boast of having seen the most favoured specimens of the present generation of cats; but we candidly confess we have never had the good fortune to meet with one individual whose talents and carriage were at all comparable to his of the "*Boots.*" There is nothing we think, in Dante or Cobbett, more tremendous than his threat uttered to the trembling reapers:—"Good people! if you do not tell the king, who will shortly pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my master, the marquis of Carabas, *you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat!*"—And yet how insinuatingly respectful was the same blusterer to the unsuspicious Ogre, who treated him "as civilly as an ogre could do,"—and of whom puss in return made a meal! The consummation of this interesting history is worthy of its noble course: the master of the cat married a princess, and the "cat became a great lord,—nor ever after pursued rats and mice *but for his amusement!*"

We must crave permission to proceed a little further; for really there is more pleasure to us in the names of past delights, than in most of the realities by which we are surrounded. Fortunio, and her band of seven, with their expressive titles, should never be forgotten. Master Strong-

back, who thought he had not deserved salt to his broth, unless he had carried wood enough before breakfast to load a couple of waggons; sharp-sighted Master Marksman, who used to bind up his eyes when he shot at partridges, lest he should kill more than he wished; quick-hearing Master Fine Ear, to whom the world was a whispering gallery; Master Grugeon, whose stomach was capable of carrying "six inside;" Thirsty Tippler, Thunder-throated Boisterer, — and Lightfoot who tied his legs when he went to hunt, that he might not outrun his game! It is in this tale that we find the following magnificent description of an ogre:—"Galifron is a giant as high as a steeple; he devours men as an ape eats nuts; when he goes into the country he carries cannons in his pockets to use as pistols!"

Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive! or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

What is well worthy of admiration in the above is the accuracy with which the giant disposes his vowels: but the horrible intimation of these mysterious monosyllables will never, in after life, leave tingling on the ears of those who have heard them pronounced with becoming solemnity in their infancy.—Let us wind up the series with Tom Thumb;—he of whom his poetical historian thus speaks:—

An oak leaf he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by spiders spun,
With doublet wove of thistle's down,
His trowsers up with points were done,
His stockings, of apple-rinds, they tie
With eye-lash pluckt from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tann'd—the hair within.

The glory of his life, and the sorrow of his death, are yet fresh in the recollections of all who are likely to read this article: we shall therefore now close these notices with recommending a volume of delicious tales published by our friend Ben. Tabart—the contents of which have the true old smack, and are dear to us as are the recollections of our bull's-eyes and humming-tops.

Recommending this volume puts us in mind that we have many others to quarrel with. Innovation has made fearful progress in the child's library; and to no purpose, we verily think, but a bad one. In saying this, we do not allude to spelling-books, compendiums of history, and extracts of the sciences: for the graver studies of youthful readers, good provision is now made,—and when they have advanced a little beyond the stage of childhood, they find a considerable improvement in the contents of their bookshelves, from past times. The lore of the nursery, however, we must contend, has gone retrograde: the imaginations of its inmates have coarse and poisonous food now collected for them, in comparison with the hoards of other days. A decent nurse would now blush with shame to repeat what is daily put into the hands of her charges to read! This subject well deserves a little consideration. And first for some specimens, which let the reader contrast with the fair idealities before touched upon.

Harris and Son, we are sorry to say, seem to be great offenders.—What excuse can they offer to the rising, and risen generations, for publishing that vile book called—"Peter Piper's Practical Principles?" It affects to teach the alphabet; and we are inclined to speak with respect of that excellent manner of enforcing the knowledge of the letters to a child's mind, by identifying them with familiar objects of a visible and tangible description, which was in vogue in better times than the present—that is to say, when we held our horn-books in our hands. A was then an Apple; B was a Book; C was a Cat; D was a Duck; and so forth:—but these brief illustrations are now thought too simple, and they have been superseded by such degrading trash as follows:—

L l.

Lanky Laurence lost his lass and lobster:
Did Lanky Laurence lose his lass and lobster?
If Lanky Laurence lost his lass and lobster,
Where are the lass and lobster Lanky Laurence lost?

A delicate morsel of nick-names, gallantry, and gluttony to enrich a child's mind with! Lanky Laurence is a convenient compound term, prepared ready for application to a thin sub-

ject at school, and very likely to lead to kicked shins and bloody noses.—The lass and lobster may at first stand in need of a commentary, but that no doubt will be industriously sought for, till nothing remains obscure.—One more example, as the thing is so choice.

C. c.

Captain Crackskull crack'd a Catchpoll's Cockscomb:
Did Captain Crackskull crack a Catchpoll's Cockscomb?
If Captain Crackskull crack'd a Catchpoll's Cockscomb,
Where's the Catchpoll's Cockscomb Captain Crackskull crack'd?

Somebody has remarked that the value of particular turns of expression in poetry depends not so much upon what they distinctly specify to the reader's understanding, as on what they suggest to his imagination, and present to his curiosity. It is by this rule that we are to pronounce on the merit of the above: the ingenuous child will be led through an edifying train of information, and presented with much stimulating food for reflection, in those endeavours, which it may be certainly calculated upon it will make, to master all that belongs, in any way, to Captain Crackskull's history. The trade of the Catchpoll, the habits of the officer, the glory of his exploit, may each stand at the head of a distinct chapter, and will each admit of much fulness of illustration!

"The Dandy's Ball" is to be carried to the honour of Mr. Marshall, who is removed to Fleet-street, from Aldermary church-yard. We wish he had remained where he was, and continued to deal only in those articles by which his name and his place of residence were first rendered famous. On Mr. Marshall's counter there were wont to be seen only such innocently amusing histories, as that of the "Man of Thessaly," and of "Mother Hubbard." Now, alas, in Fleet-street--near to Carlisle's repository—not that we mean to insinuate there is any connection between the shops—we detect nonsense, buffoonery, and ribaldry, on the first pages of his "Christmas Presents for Good Children." Such are the preparations made for exercising the naturally keen curiosity of a child's mind! The book we have just mentioned, is evidently got up for the nursery: its price is eighteen-pence, and its glaring coloured prints assist the corrupting tendency of the composition. We shall quote from its opening; and let that decide whether it be worthy to have displaced the gentle "White Cat," "Beauty and the Beast," the good "Cinderella," and the Family of Mr. Allworthy.

Mr. Pillblister,
And Betsy his sister,
Determined on giving a treat,
Gay *Dandies* they call
To a supper and ball
At their house in Great Camomile-street.

Mr. Padum delighted,
For he was invited,
Began to consider his dress;
His shirt was not clean
Nor fit to be seen
So he wash'd it, he could not do less.

Here's the stays from the tailor,
For Mr. Macnailor:
Oh Jeffery! lace it quite tight:
I'll hold by the post,
That no time may be lost;
At the ball I'll outshine all to night.

* * * * * * *

A hole in my stocking,
Now, how very shocking,
Cries poor Mr. Mopstaff enraged;
It is always my fate
To be so very late,
When at Mr. Pillblister's engaged.

* * * * * *

When the dancing began
To their places some ran,
But when they came to the saloon,
So stiffened and tight
As for dancing that night,
They might as well rise to the moon.

And so on, in an equally exemplary strain, through all the variety of slang terms, and ringing the changes on all the diverse topics of street vulgarity! Scarcely a theme of scandal, and of gross heartless derision, that is not taken up and presented to "the young idea" to ruminate upon:—many of the allusions are near akin to positive licentiousness, and all of them are connected with the vices, follies, affectations, and infirmities of worn out society, in its worst specimens,—from the contaminating knowledge of which the child's mind should if possible be preserved. When the scandals of the drawing-room become the sports of the nursery; when fathers and mothers present their children with caricatures of their own foibles and ri-

diculous pretensions, there only wants the government to assist the debasement of manners, by some such public spectacle of infamy and ignominy, in elevated station, as has been now exhibited in the Upper House of Parliament, to render the future destiny of the nation pretty nearly certain.

"The Dandies Ball," is followed by "the Dandies Wedding,"—a still more unsuitable composition—if that be possible. It is quite clear that this class of works has now got into new and totally unworthy hands. No familiarity with, or love for, children, no acquaintance with their ways and tastes, can be discerned in these publications. Nobody who sympathises with the nursery could have written them; whereas the beauty of its old legends consists in this, that the child's imagination, feelings, capacities, natural pleasures, are reflected in them, as a face is reflected in a looking-glass. On hearing them we picture to ourselves the intent eyes, the serious countenances, the half-opened mouths, of the lilliputian circle; or we hear its loud shout of laughter, rising above the extended voice of the chuckling nurse. But of the persons who get up the pieces we have just been describing, it may too certainly be said —"you have no children, butchers!" They are most probably the same who bring out the political caricatures, and personal lampoons of the day:—they are evidently hands employed to get up something grotesque for the dealers in such articles, likely to be popular during the present appetite for gross excitement: something saleable, on the principle that the French snuff boxes in the shop windows sell. If ——— and ——— were not too busy for Blackwood's magazine, and the Edinburgh chair of Moral Philosophy, we should suspect them of being concerned in the manufacture of these things. They are evidently done by men ready to do any thing.

It will be said that the intention of the fabricators of these rhymes was to satirize the coxcomical clerks and apothecaries of the city of London: but what has the nursery to do with these? What to do with the stays of dandies, and dandy courtships? Are such worldly ridicules fit to be put into the hands of innocent children—of mere infants? Are we to teach them to lisp *derision*, that most selfish of all the human feelings; that deadener of every noble and virtuous principle; that pity-killer in the human breast? The love of ridicule leads most directly to heartlessness; and, when indulged in an inordinate degree, it will generally be found as crafty as it is callous—a mere screen for mercenary motives, a cold-blooded deception, in which pleasantry or principle is but the pretence, pocket-picking the design. In some of the magazines and reviews—this is too clearly seen to require exposure: but to the contents of our nursery libraries, sufficient attention has not hitherto been given. The child is taught by them to laugh at what he should not understand, or at what he ought to pity:—at folly, at idleness, at profligacy, at poverty! He does laugh; and some may be simple enough to think he soon forgets that at which he has laughed; but the mind of a child stores up every striking image, good or bad, which is presented to it. His character is gradually formed under the repeated impressions made by the objects with which his thoughts and fancy are brought in contact. What then are we to expect of a generation, who have become familiar with their alphabet by early associating each of its letters with sheer ribaldry!

For ourselves, we must confess, we regret the change that has taken place altogether, and with respect to matters that may be fairly deemed of less importance than the moral tendency of the writings put before children—and yet not of little consequence neither. When our primers, and story-books were enclosed in firm, compact, gilt covers, assurance seemed given externally, that there were golden stores within; but we cannot help regarding, as omens of sinister import, the flaming yellow, orange, green, and crimson wrappers, set off with a grotesque figure of punch, or a zany, or a dandy, that are now in vogue. Those were good times, when the child regarded his book as a serious and precious affair,—valuable as gold, —pure and bright as the metal with which it was ornamented: it was then an object of veneration;—but now, in its mountebank dress, it is treated with a familiarity that breeds contempt. It is a toy, a painted bauble; the amusement of a week in its perfect state,—and of a day when its gau-

dy glaring prints,—that vitiate the taste as much as the buffoonery of the letter-press corrupts the disposition of the youthful readers,—have been cut out to be stuck against walls and windows, and to be swept away by the house maid in the morning.

A word too of these said prints. The nursery songs and stories, to have their proper effect, should be permitted, like the common law, to depend solely on tradition. They are now, however, we grieve to say, printed, and even illustrated in every variety of way. It is therefore nearly all over with the common legends of the nursery: written out, they are no longer sacred. When people can read in a book, "*here we go up, up, up;—and here we go down, down, downy;*" or "*I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,*" one may be as sure that they have lost their empire in their proper sphere, as that the songs of the Highland bards are no longer sung by the Highlanders, since Macpherson translated and printed Ossian. The moment modern criticism can be brought to bear on the solemn traditions of a people, their power of inspiration may be pronounced to have become extinct. But the graphic illustrations have given the mortal blow to the charm. Mother Hubbard and her dog were beings of too ideal a cast to be visibly represented without losing, like Falstaff, the greater part of their efficacy. Then, again, what sort of prints are they, that the child is now called upon to admire? The glaring colours of the wood-cuts with which the favourite stories of our childhood (when it is thought worth while to reprint them), are now decorated, form a striking contrast to the dark, shadowy figures, with which they used formerly to be accompanied. Whatever mere artists may say, we are sure to have all true poets, and lovers of poetry, with us, when we affirm, that these old-fashioned affairs,—however occasionally clumsy and irregular,—possessed a higher character, and created a deeper interest, than the flashy pictures now presented to the notice of juvenile amateurs. There was a sense of mystery conveyed by the undefined, cloudy shapes and countenances, that formerly looked forth from the page of a dull grey. The story was then inseparably connected with the picture, and the picture with the story. Now they may be separated: the picture is now a fine thing by itself. We well remember, still, the impression made on our fancy by the dim delineations in our old copy of the affecting history of the Babes in the Wood! We still recollect the feelings excited by the dark, grim figure of the wicked uncle, sitting by the bedside of his dying brother and sister! The ink with which it was printed had run into a blot, in the blackness of which the human lineaments and shape were just discernible; and thus was aptly and forcibly typified to the child's imagination, the foulness of his heart, and the atrocity of his infernal conduct. Then the dying parents lay in white—a faint outline indicated their feeble bodies,—and the bed-clothes, too, were left in white—emblems rather than representations—while all the rest of the apartment, where death and guilt presided, was sunk in an awe-inspiring gloom. The staring prints in the children's books, now sold, do not make either an equally forcible or equally desirable impression upon children. It is the pretty *picture*, not the pretty story, that now chiefly interests; and thus the interest of each is lessened. Formerly, the cut required much explanation; and reference was laboriously made, through the mother or nurse, to the reading, in order to satisfy the curiosity excited by its sublime indistinctness. The embellishment never went before the meaning,—never anticipated it,—but rather rested modestly and decently a little way behind,—as a servant in attendance, ready to aid, but never forestalling.

Besides the serious evils to the dispositions of the heart resulting from this system of meretricious display, it demands strong reprobation as necessarily forming a false and vulgar taste in the child's mind. Accustomed to the gaudy glare of its picture book, it is rendered unable to distinguish the true from the false, the delicate from the coarse, the affected from the real. The infant observer is thus taught to look with disappointment on the breast of the robin, when he becomes acquainted with that bird for the first time: he exclaims, sulkily, "it is not so red, and pretty, as the one in my book!"—A more useful and pleasing present cannot be made to a child

than an illustrated description of animals, provided the prints are executed with a due regard to the modesty of nature: provided the lion is represented fairly in his own tawny skin—not in an orange-colour dress, his present fashionable *costume.* The consequence of the present practice is, that, when the child is shewn a real lion, he reckons him but a poor ugly animal, not half so fine a shew as he had been taught to expect. A sickly, bad taste in mature age is the natural result of these overcharged displays to youth: they affect the whole train of thinking and feeling throughout after life; for nature never can have her due and delightful effect on any mind that is not allowed to grow up in just allegiance to her power.

We make no apology for having dwelt at some length on this subject: it is a very important one, and the evils we have been exposing are but too closely connected with many national indications of a very discouraging nature. What can be done to the advanced boy, to eradicate the poison now instilled into the child by these sneering, trifling, worthless productions—distributed as "*Christmas and New Year's Gifts for good little boys and girls?*" These sow tares betimes, where our utmost assiduity should be employed to plant good seed. Una, and her milk-white Lamb, properly arranged for children; the Babes in the Wood; Beauty, with her white Rose, and the Gentle Beast; the good Cinderella; little Red-riding-hood; the amiable White Cat—are tales that never fail to interest, to delight, and make a lasting and good impression on the child's mind. "Here lurks no treason; here no envy swells; here grow no damned grudges." Let not, then, these pity-inspiring pieces be displaced by such pestiferous trash as we have been reprobating. Pity, and the interest we take in the sorrows and hazards of others, are the feelings it most behoves us to cherish in the breasts of children. They are the surest foundation on which to rear a noble, kind, intrepid character: but their very germs must be eradicated under the influence of gross lampoons, couched in language adapted to engage a child's attention, and to render his thoughts and his fancy familiar with the vices, follies, and absurdities of mature age. The parent who has carelessly permitted the principles of the nursery to be contaminated with these profligate productions of the present day, will afterwards exclaim in vain to the child—"would that the fountain of thy mind were clear again!" It will then be too late: the heartless ridicule-loving spirit will have taken root too firmly to be ever extirpated; and the child itself, ruined by these innovations in the literature of the nursery, will have but too much reason to reproach its parents in the words of Orlando—"give me the allottery left me by *testament:* with *that* I might go buy my fortunes."

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,* such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his school-fellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden pig-

* Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

gins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the peas soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat-days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays, (strong as *caro equina,*) with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton crags on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rear, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates) cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride,) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest, of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and aukwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holyday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early home-stead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holydays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves,* when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were pennyless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them! —How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards night-fall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets *objectless*—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the pa-

tron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callous overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder.—The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruellest penalties, forbad the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered —— at Nevis, I think, or St. Kits, —— some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio, and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures, was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

TO FEED OUR MIND WITH IDLE PORTRAITURE.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *goul*, and held in equal detestation. * * * * suffered under the imputation.

———'twas said,
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these *disreputable morsels*, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were dis-

coverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building (such as there exist specimens of in Chancery-lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism) with open door, and a common stair-case. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Halhaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time,) with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers, or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest couple come to decay, —whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expence of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!—The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory.—I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence.—As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in ascance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitdue:—and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weakn erves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.* This was the penalty for the second offence.—Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late "watchet weeds" careful-

* One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the Governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.—This fancy of dungeons for children, was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul) methinks, I could willingly "spit upon his stony gaberdine."

ly effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia;* not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous *disguising circumstances*, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than *in* them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrennees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders, (just enough to disturb a fly), was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it "like a dancer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem, than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us now and then, but often staid away whole days from us, and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sundials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles;* or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English,"—and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian;* but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He

was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some Episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry.* His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror, allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holyday."

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was crampt to barbarism. His Easter Anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.† — He would laugh, aye, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*——or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle. —He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of differing omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer.—I. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" —Nothing was more common than to see him make a head-long entry into the school-room, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah," (his favourite adjuration) "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—"*and I* WILL *too*." —In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not

* Cowley.

† In this and every thing B. was the Antipodes of his co-adjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the Chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.—B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation*.

calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W— having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forwarned.* This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the *oral,* or *declaratory,* struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the Country Spectator doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death bed—"Poor I. B.!—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.—First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T——e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors!—You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate subappearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. O it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitia,* or some tale of *Antique Friendship,* which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!—Co-Grecian with S. was Th——, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th——— was a tall dark saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. —Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta) a scholar and a gentleman, in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the Country Spectator,) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe.—M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker, might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverend for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming.—Next to M. (if not senior to him,) was Richards, author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian.—Then followed poor S———, ill-fated M———! of these the Muse is silent.

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer, through the Cloisters, stand still, intranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts) or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar ——— while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*—"Many were the wit-combats," (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller,) between him and C. V. Le G——, "which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man of war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the Eng-

lish man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the Nireus *formosus* of the school,) in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "*bl*——," for a gentler greeting—"*bless thy handsome face!*"

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G——e and F——; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca:—Le G——, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F—— dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine frank-hearted, Fr——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T——, mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

ELIA.

OLD STORIES.

No. III.

THE PAGE FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

THE times of feudal power were very different from the present. There were then more violence and more generosity: life was less secure, and it was more richly illustrated: female honour was more often violated, and it was more devotedly defended: desperate wrongs were committed through greed, and desperate enterprises were undertaken in magnanimous disinterestedness:—the lights of the picture were brighter, and its shades were darker than now: the world had then bolder features; it wore a sterner and more imposing aspect, and the poets found themselves in their element amidst daily events.

Then shone not the sun of the age of gold,
Gladdening the rivers that calmly rolled;
While love had no fear, and beauty no sigh,
And the wish and the joy for ever were nigh;
When the mind free from care, as the hands from toil,
Lay shrunk and still, as the snake in its coil.
——'Twas the hurricane cloud, and the lightening gleam,
Darkening and kindling the torrent's stream;
And the howl of the woods when the wind is high;
And the terror of birds at the eagle's cry;
And the groan of the heart, by misery stricken;
And the spring of the soul when dangers thicken;
And the strength of passion when rigour denies;
And the constancy which suffering tries;
And lady's love, which to speak is fate;
And a glance of the eye telling deadly hate;
Then pride, and power, and woe, and alarm,
Hung o'er the earth like a thunder storm,
Grand to behold, though with peril fraught,
And rousing zeal, and summoning thought.

From these wild times do we take our story; which is one of an affectionate heart, broken by love, gratitude, and fidelity. These, indeed, are enough to break any heart that seeks to oppose them to the events of life: they give the malice of fortune too great a purchase over human nature—a purchase which no mortal strength can withstand.

Lewis, Duke of Liegnitz, was in his youth fond of travel; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master, than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journies, he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked,—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion,—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady, he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his chamberlain; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bed-side, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew his own death from his lord's safety: he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed: but they had not the same fortunate result. The Chamberlain died; but, before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at school, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen; and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming "so may God grant my last hour to be as serene as thine!" "He is the last branch of our race," uttered the Chamberlain, feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death: "receive him from me as a solemn legacy: he is virtuous and affectionate, and will exercise towards you, and your family, the fidelity that has ever distinguished his ancestors." A few moments afterwards, the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend, and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe, for his travels no longer seemed to relish of pleasure. He made his entry on his domains amidst the rejoicings of his vassals,—and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast as he heard their shouts, and saw their antic manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit, —for sojourning amongst strangers, and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition; and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors,—as the best natures at that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying Chamberlain: one of his courtiers was soon dispatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he appointed to be one of his pages. —Henry, the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen; his shape tall and slender; his face fine and manly; his mind richly accomplished, and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite; the ornament of the ducal court; the most gallant of the princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments, at which the knights might distinguish themselves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious, indeed, was the boon!—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms. The minstrels used to sing in her praise the following ballad, which, in consequence, became fashionable at court.

BALLAD.

Fair Etha's love will be hard to win
By prince, lord, duke, or knight;
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,
And oh her beauty is bright!
Yet surely her woman's heart doth beat—
At least so tell her eyes—
When warm, and blushing, and smiling sweet,
She gives the tournament prize.

And who would not dare to break a lance,
When Etha holds the meed?
And who, to receive her tender glance,
Would think it much to bleed?
Yet Etha's love will be hard to win
By prince, lord, duke, or knight;
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,
And oh her beauty is bright!

Full many a youth, of proud degree,
Her peerlessness proclaims;
The mirror of grace and of courtesy,
She shines 'mongst high-born dames.
Fair Etha's love will be hard to win
By prince, lord, duke, or knight;
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,
And oh her beauty is bright!

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage: but Henry, the Duke's Page, was more stricken by the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set her the example;—and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband:—but was it not the Page's misfortune to be so distinguished?—Too surely it was; for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret, and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin. Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse, the hopelessness of his love was a torture felt by him above all the rest; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And, thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth shewed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, Page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament, that thou wouldst be master of?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded, and held his peace. "Have I lost thy confidence then?" said the Duke: "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee? Have I not always shewn myself thy friend, rather than thy Lord?"—"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer—"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your Grace: I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable, very miserable. Oh my Lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief—but rather drive me from your presence; recall your favours—yet leave me your compassion—I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of frenzy; and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring,

the Page went out on the rampart of the castle,—and, believing himself to be unobserved, he sat down beneath a lofty pine, while to his lute he sung the following stanzas:—

SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,
  While echo wakes alone!
To your deep shade I fly,
  To loose my bosom's groan.
'Tis love consumes my peace;
  Yet though it tears this breast,
I would not it should cease,
  Nor would I it were blest.
Ah no! ah no! ah no!
(*Echo*)—Ah no!

A sigh, a tear deny,
  Should I my passion speak!
But when I silent die,
  Let gentle sorrow break
From forth thy lips so pure,
  Dear mistress of my soul—
For love will not endure
  That duty should controul.
Ah no! ah no! ah no!
(*Echo*)—Ah no!

So sung the Page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of that sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplishments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused over them; yet forbore to question his Page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends to whose pleasures he might administer—while he gratified their kindness by his presence. "Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?" said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Her's was a smile in which all that is rich in woman's nature was concentrated; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstacy, and smite high and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the Page,—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes;—to Henry's conception, it was as if the regard of divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look: it shook him to the very depths of his nature: it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choking sob,—and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors, to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

LAMENT.

The hollows of yon mountains tempt mine eye,
  That seeks in vain to rest on what is near;
I follow with my soul the birds that fly,
  But they are strong of wing, and disappear:
I gaze upon the moon—but it is clear,
And mocks the darkness of my misery.

I listen to the forest's voice: it swells
  When the wind comes to wrestle with the pines;
But this of nature's strength and grandeur tells,
  And I am weak, and sick—my soul declines:
How fair on heaven's face yon planet shines!
While my life dims; its lustre grief dispels.

Why are the glory and the beauty now,—
  I saw upon the earth,—thus fled away?
The spirit's transport, that lit up my brow
  When forth I sallied, in the face of day,
Shining in arms, or clad for gallant play,—
Why doth it droop, even as a broken bough?

'Tis past! the dream, the foolish dream is past!
  I waken to the night,—dark, cold, and lone:
Suddenly waken'd, my poor heart, aghast,
  Would fain the black reality disown:
The ray, that on my early fortunes shone,
Hath wither'd them—as falling lightnings blast.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said,—"the cause of this youth's melancholy, I think, I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund:—her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow."

"Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say," replied the Duchess:—"if it be love that is the cause of your Page's melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration,—for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he allow himself to doubt of a favorable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive and reward his affection."

"Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter," rejoined the Duke; "for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show."

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart,—that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised. It appeared to her, that she was regarded with inclination by the Duke's Page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed, that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony where she usually sat with the Duchess,—and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropt from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband; who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated; contriving at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were esteemed) should be left behind,—thus giving them good opportunity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever-assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear: "Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy." The Page was thunderstruck: her words thrilled through him: he could scarcely stand; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed

with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon,—and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess's departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings.—Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord,—could he forget it? Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the Baths. "Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful Page,"—exclaimed the Duke, with an arch smile, as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker:—"the gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—Approach, then, and thank your fair advocate here: the Duchess I mean: she it was who did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken; and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a common-place reply,—and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the Page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set out for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress's carriage, on a beautiful horse, which she had given to him that day twelve-month. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparkled in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The Page's steed seemed determined that day to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint,—yet all the while proud of his rider's sway, and never for one instant escaping, or seeking to escape, from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess,—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced,—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, rivetted her attention. She could not take her looks from them; and once or twice she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared to expose his rider to peril. The Page, on these occasions, bowed gracefully but seriously towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges,—which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the Knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind; and in these the Page distinguished himself, as he was wont;—few could compete with him, either in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained: it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him, who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower—overlooking the precipice on the brink of which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand: that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress; drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won, from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt,—but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue were too great.

At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprize. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending; and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror mingled, the adventurous youth gained the summit,—and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled with wine; a shout from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila. "He is about to utter the name of Agnes," said the Duchess to one of her Ladies—and as she said this, she sighed. "He has done a dangerous feat for her," she added.—Henry raised the cup in his right hand;—the sun was setting,—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exertion of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of Heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

"I DRINK," exclaimed he, with a loud voice—"TO MY MISTRESS—TO HER WHOM I LOVE—TO ETHA, DUCHESS of LEIGNITZ—WIFE OF MY MOST HONOURED AND ESTEEMED MASTER, THE DUKE—WHOM I HAVE EVER SERVED WITH FIDELITY—AND TO WHOM IN THE MOMENT OF DEATH I DECLARE MY GRATITUDE."

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head—for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprung forward, exclaiming "IN THE NAME OF GOD! HOLD!" A loud cry of *Jesu Maria* was the next instant set up by the whole multitude,—and the body of the unfortunate Page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle wall!

Deep sobs, and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, "TO HIS POOR SOUL MAY GOD HAVE MERCY!"—"To his poor soul may God have mercy," was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd, as with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word "*mercy*." The Duke ordered the remains of his Page to be collected for burial in the Ducal vault at Leignitz; and masses were celebrated at Warmbrunn for the soul of the departed.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING LEEDS.

OH! smoked city! dull and dirty Leeds!
Thou mayst be well for trade, and eke for wealth,
And thou mayst cleanse thyself, at times—by stealth,
Like men who do, but never own, good deeds;
And thou mayst be a place where commerce feeds
Hundreds of hungry mouths, both girls and boys;
And thou mayst show how spinning thread hath joys
Beyond the vicious pleasures Idlesse breeds.

—Of Leeds I this deny not; but if e'er
Again, at any hour of morn, noon, night,
My soul or body be caught lingering there,
Unless hard driven for cash, or else by fright,
May I ne'er kiss my lady's red lip bright!
This, by her beauty and my hopes, I swear.

T.

HELVELLYN.

Helvellyn! blue Helvellyn! hill of hills!
Giant amongst the giants! lift thy head
Broad in the sunlight:—no loose vapour dims
Thy barren grandeur; but with front severe,
Calm, proud, and unabash'd, thou look'st upon
The heights around—the lake and meadows green,
Whereon the herded cattle, tiny things,
Like flowers upon the summer landscape, lie:
Behind thee cometh quick the evening pale,
Whilst in the West an amphitheatre
Of crags (such as the Deluge might have washed
In vain,) against the golden face of Heaven
Turns its dark shoulder, and insults the day.

With no imposing air, no needless state,
Thou risest, blue Helvellyn!—no strange point
Lends thee distinction, nor fantastic shape
Marks thee a thing whereon the mind must rest;
But in thine own broad height, peerless and vast—
Leviathan of mountains! thou art seen
Fairly ascending, amidst crags and hills
The mightiest one,—associate of the sky!

* * * * * * *

I see thee again, from these bleak sullen moors,
Boundless and bare,—long, dreary, wintry wastes,
Where the red waters lie stagnant, amidst
Black rocks, and treacherous moss, and rushes white
With age or wither'd by the bitter blast:—
Thou lookest out on thy huge limbs that lie
Sleeping far—far beneath; and on the plains
Below, and Heaven which scarcely o'er thy head
Lifts its blue arch; and on the driven clouds
That loiter round thee, or impetuous burst
About thy summit with all their stormy showers.

Here, in thy lonely state, thou livest on
Through days, and years, and ages,—still the same,
Unshaken, undecaying; not alone
A thing material haply, for within
Thy heart a secret spirit may now abide;
The same that fills thy veins in spring with green,
And hangs around thee long the summer thyme;
And when the winds of Autumn moan away
Solemn and sad, from thy supremest brow
Poureth the white stream bright and beautiful.

—The winds—are they thy music? (who shall say
Thou hearest not!)—Thy echoes, which restore
The rolling thunder fainting fast away,
From death to a second life, seem now, methinks,
Not mere percussions of the common air,
But intimations high of a mightier sense—
Of some communicable soul that speaks
From the most inward earth, abroad to men
And mountains, bird and beast, and air and Heaven.

W.

THE FAIREST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O! WHAT may man the fairest deem?
And purest from all mortal stain?
For this alone were worthy theme
Of Poesy's eolian strain:
To the *fairest* my lyre should homage pay;
To *that* be devoted my warmest lay.

And first on the Rose I gaz'd with delight,
As its beauty own'd the power of spring;
While the roving Zephyr it seem'd to invite
In its sweets to bathe his fanning wing:
Yet upon its stem the fair Rose beareth
The thorn, whose keen point Prudence feareth.

Next I the Mountain Cedar view'd,
When in pride the heavens themselves it brav'd;
A head 'bove all it nobly shew'd,
And firm were its roots though its foliage wav'd:
Yet autumn too surely strips its leaves;
And winter comes, and the Cedar grieves.

The Lake it seemed a sheet of gold,
While the Sun was in glory descending;
And, oh! with what rapture then did I behold
The tints of the sky with the radiance blending:
Yet hath water, nor light, nor fairy dyes—
It is but the mirror to western skies.

The Star shone fair in the azure deep,
A symbol to man of a brighter state,
Where love shall hereafter its festals keep,
Escap'd from the thralls of earthly fate:
Oh! loveliest sure that beaming star!
But, alas! for my wishes too far, too far.

And yet if it may not be the Rose,
Nor the lofty Cedar, towering in pride,—
Nor the fiery lake at day-light's close,
Nor the stars that sparkle o'er heaven wide;
Oh! what is there fairer left behind,
That mortal man may hope to find?

"From thy anxious, idle search refrain;
The fairest on earth belongs to thee;
No longer seek what to seek were vain,
For little is given to man to see:
Oh hope not here to obtain a bliss,
Surpassing thy mistress's rapturous kiss.

"The thornless Rose on her cheek blooms fair
In her eye is the Star, with love that beams,
Like the golden Lake floats her amber hair,
Her form like the graceful Cedar seems;
And the graces fade never where Love hath breath'd,
Nor wither the flowers his hand hath wreath'd."

IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA,

AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY, BY ALEXANDER MANZONI.

Milan, 1820.*

To combine historical truth with the necessary exercise of the poet's imagination; the rapidity and incessant progress of action, with a rich developement of noble sentiment; to characterise with self-evident truth the period and the persons to which the events of his story had reference —such was the difficult task which the author of *Il Conte di Carmagnola* undertook to perform, and which, we do not fear to assert, has been performed by him with more than common dexterity. The records of the time presented the interesting life of a great Captain, from the period at which, having escaped the outrages and treacheries of a perfidious prince, to whom he had rendered important benefits, he became the head of the Venetian armies, and conducted them with admirable success—up to the moment when the unjust and ungrateful suspicions of those very Venetians, dragged to a violent public death, the hero who had been faithful and brave in vain, and whose hard fate excited the unavailing sorrow of all Italy.

The poet has not confined himself rigorously to the minutest incidents of this history; and it was not incumbent on him to do so; he lay under no obligation to follow servilely the steps of the annalist. Signor Manzoni bore in mind that he exercised an exalted art; and, strong in the privileges of his ministry, resolved to consult, above every thing else, the cravings of the human fancy.

Let us ask ourselves what are the principal points that remain fixed in the mind, after having perused the narrative of this portion of Italian history? Which are the particulars we please ourselves with dwelling upon, as if we had been actual eye-witnesses of the events? In the first place, there is the flight of Carmagnola to Venice—who appears as a fugitive, yet all at once becomes the arbitrator of its senatorial decisions, in one of the gravest deliberations of state. Then we see him shining as the great warrior, fighting and triumphing,—conquering his enemies by the potency within his breast. Afterwards the suspicions, which an infamous policy gave rise to, in the breasts of his new and benefited friends, move, like clouds, over the disk of his glory. Then the plots, and dark conspiracies of men who planned in secret the ruin of the faithful leader;—and at last the full developement of the work of iniquity, and the deportment of the hero under his unexpected and undeserved calamities.

Conformably to the above distribution of the subject, is the division of the action through the five acts of this tragedy; so that every act contains a grand picture;—a contrivance well calculated to display, without confusion or violence, a complicated and numerous series of events,—and to fix them clearly in the memory. The poet also has had the consummate skill and judgment to attach his several pictures, the one to the other, so as to form a whole: each is connected with that which precedes, and that which follows; and they all together concur in producing a true unity of action and of end—the purpose being to show the horrible return which a great man received for the benefits which he had lavished upon an ungrateful and tyrannical aristocracy.

To the judicious simplicity preserved in the general division of the historical facts through the acts, is owing, in a great measure, another estimable and uncommon quality which this tragedy possesses. We allude to its containing not one useless or weak scene—not one which is not interwoven, in some way, with the others. All are respectively striking and important for their own proper beauty; and this beauty consists principally in the vigorous expression of passion and of character.

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* See Introductory Remarks on Italian Tragedy, Lond. Mag. No. IX. p. 284.

The author knows how to speak the language of generosity and of friendship; of magnanimous resentment; of conjugal, filial, and paternal love; of female consternation and grief;—nor is he ignorant of the natural expressions adopted by envious ambition, and proud tyranny. In the persons of the Doge, the commissaries of the Venetian camp, and the Head of the council of Ten, we see illustrated the result of those moral habits that flow from a corrupt government, as from a source, being inspired by the public offices and avocations which subsist in such a system. *Vice versa,* the author has had courage and genius enough to display, in the character of a patrician, (a friend of the count) one of the most interesting and touching of social portraits: in him we see delineated the unhappiness, the inward suffering, of men whose noble and intrepid dispositions exist in perpetual contrast and opposition to the general perversity, profligacy, and voluntary debasement of their fellow-countrymen. In the principal personage of the drama, Signor Manzoni has displayed a magnanimous warrior, generous and compassionate to the vanquished; full naturally of truth and gentle affections—yet not entirely free from those crimes which seem to be inseparable from politics—full of sensibility, but never overcome by misfortune.

It might be supposed, that a composition, containing so much and such varied representation, would, according to the modern custom,—particularly of the German stage,—reach to an excessive length: it, however, consists of only 1870 lines. If Signor Manzoni emulates Schiller and Goethe in the vastness of his plan, and the native freedom of its execution, he may also contend with the French tragedians for brevity and economy of versification. He has not attained, nor ought he to have sought, the laconic manner of Alfieri. His extreme conciseness is only possible, and only to be admired, in treating the most simple arguments; but surely this quality cannot be deemed requisite (not even by the theatrical tastes of the Italians) for all dramatic works whatever.

Let us now bestow some attention on the separate acts of this fine tragedy.

Act First.

The scene opens with a solemn convocation of the Venetian senate to deliberate upon the question of peace or war, with the Duke of Milan. After the first few verses, Carmagnola becomes the great object of the attention of the spectators. A recent attempt of the Duke against the life of the Count; the certainty that this valiant soldier can never again be reconciled to his atrocious and ungrateful enemy; the opportunity, therefore, which the republic now has of availing itself of so redoubtable a sword, and such consummate judgment,—these are the themes which the Doge dwells upon, in endeavouring to lead the votes to war. The Count being introduced into the august assembly, his military prudence, and the authority of his arguments, leave no doubt in the minds of the senators, of the course they should take. Dismissed with praises and expressions of public gratitude—it not being permitted to a stranger to be present at the discussions and scrutinies of the senate—he remains nevertheless the object of every thought: his conduct offers a wide field for the enthusiastic admiration of the good; while his merit invites the hatred of the envious, and the hope of all those who pray that the state may find a saviour in its urgent perils. But not the weighty projects of politics; with the expectation of approaching triumphs; and the thought of soon having the power to repair the outrages received from an ungrateful prince,—can occupy entirely the soul of the hero. The feeling of his own dignity predominates in his mind; and, before opening his mouth to the council on other subjects, he obeys the suggestion of honour, by endeavouring to clear himself, to the senators, of every imputation of ingratitude or inconstancy towards his former master. "*Io sono al punto,*" he exclaims with feeling and dignity—

Io sono al punto in cui non posso a voi
Esser grato e fedel, s'io non divengo
Nemico all'uom che mio Signor fu un tempo.
S'io credessi che ad esso il più sottile
Vincolo di dover mi leghi ancora,
L'ombra onorata delle vostre insigne
Fuggir vorrei,—viver nell' ozio oscuro
Vorrei, prima che romperlo, e me stesso
Far vile agli occhi miei. Dubbio veruno

Sul partito che scelsi, in cor non sento,
Perch 'egli è giusto ed onorato: il solo
Timor mi pesa del giudizio altrui.
* * * * * * *
* * * in periglio sono
Di riportar—forza è pur dirlo—il brutto
Nome d'ingrato,—l'insoffribil nome
Di traditor. So che dei grandi è l'uso
Valersi d'opra ch'essi stiman rea;
E profondere a quei che l'ha compita
Premj e disprezzo, il so; ma io non sono
Nato a questo; e il maggior premio ch'io bramo—
Il solo—egli è la vostra stima, e quella
D'ogni cortese; e—arditamente il dico—
Sento di meritarla. Attesto il vostro
Sapiente giudicio, O Senatori,
Che d'ogni obbligo sciolto inverso il Duca
Mi tengo, e il sono. Se volesse alcuno
Dei beneficj che fra noi son corsi
Pareggiar le ragioni, è noto al mondo
Qual rimarrebbe il debitor dei due.—
Ma di ciò nulla: io fui fedele al Duca
Fin ch'io fui seco; e nol lasciai che quando
Ei mi v'astrinse, &c. &c. &c.

He continues bringing to mind (in a strain of rapid powerful poetry), his past actions—after the manner of a great man conscious of his own merit, yet free from boasting. After the departure of Carmagnola from the senate, the discussions terminate with the acclamations of many of the senators, who demand the division of the votes.

The next scene is in the house of the Count; and contains an excellent monologue, expressive of the feelings of this famous chief, at the moment when he hopes to recommence a new career of glory. The senator Marco, the bosom friend of Carmagnola, soon makes his appearance, impatient to bring to him the announcement of his good fortune. "*War is resolved upon, and you are appointed commander,*" he exclaims. The Count, filled with dignified joy, and grateful towards the republic, swears to consecrate to it the remainder of his life. Marco exults at the prospect of the future triumphs of his friend; but, at the same time, he is agitated with fears, in consequence of the dangers to which this friend, as he foresees, will certainly expose himself, through that pride and grandeur of soul which cause him imprudently to disregard the machinations of the malevolent, and the snares of his secret enemies—

Al par di tutti
I generosi, che giovando altrui,
Nocquer sempre a se stessi, e superate
Tutte le vie delle più dure imprese,
Caddero a un passo poi, che facilmente
L'ultimo de' mortali avria variato.

This new trait was necessary to the right understanding, and appreciating all the interest of the character of Carmagnola; and the poet takes advantage of it to get up most opportunely an original scene, adorned with high moral feeling, and gentle affectionate eloquence. We shall copy the following verses which allude to the domestic tenderness of this interesting soldier; a tenderness which is fully developed at the end of the tragedy. Marco, in giving salutary counsels to his friend, thus terminates his affectionate discourse:

Che dirò più? Vuoi che una corda io tocchi
Che ancor più addentro nel tuo cor risuoni?
Pensa alla moglie tua, pensa alla figlia
A cui tu se' sola speranza: il cielo
Diè loro un' alma per senir la gioja,
Un' alma che sospira i di sereni,
Ma che nulla può far per conquistarli:
Tu il puoi per esse—e lo vorrai, &c.

The superb eloquence of the debate in the senate; the noble naturalness of the dialogue in the scene between Marco and the Count; the facility with which the reasons for the war are developed in this act; the condition of the Milanese state; and the secret effeminacy of the Venetian government—every thing, in fine, which was necessary in order that the audience, or the reader, should follow, without interruption, the progress of events up to the catastrophe, —may be here found, giving evidence of the inventive genius of Signor Manzoni, and at the same time of his complete practical mastery in the dramatic art.

Act Second.

The political advice and personal promises of the warrior having been heard, he commences his part as commander of the Venetian troops. We now contemplate him amidst the tumult of arms,—in front of the enemy, —a conqueror through his own proper talents. The famous day of Maclodio constitutes the chief subject of the second act; nor will it seem that a better selection could have been made, if we consider the circumstances narrated in history. The military wisdom of Carmagnola was here shown in reducing the enemy to the alternative of fighting under evi-

dent disadvantages, or of retiring with shame and loss;—his new and improved tactics enabling him, at the same time, to make sure of the victory, and to count on a great triumph. But a battle cannot be represented in a sufficiently decorous manner on the stage, and the author did not wish to supply the deficiency by the means of narration; he has therefore chosen to exhibit the two camps, one after the other, at the moment of engagement. Hesitations, waverings, and discords amongst the generals,—arising from the understood impossibility of avoiding battle without sacrificing the interests of the state, and the reputation of the army,—or of meeting it without running the risk of almost inevitable ruin,—are the clear prognostics of the approaching discomfiture of the Milanese troops. The courage of the chiefs avails nothing; the ferocity and impatience of the soldiers grieve and alarm the most tried and skilful amongst their leaders. "*Udii,*" exclaims Torello, one of the Milanese generals—

Udii le grida del furor, le grida
Della fiducia e del coraggio; e il viso
Rivolsi altrove, onde nessun dei prodi
Vi leggesse il pensier che, mal mio grado,
Vi si pingeva:—era il pensier che false
Son quelle gioje, e brevi; era il pensiero
Del valor che si perde," &c.

The Venetian camp afforded quite a different spectacle from the foregoing. There, the will of a great man, who commanded events, and individuals,—who was beloved, as a brother soldier, from the highest to the lowest of his army, and obeyed with devotedness, as a conqueror,—was visibly paramount, preserving order, and giving confidence. No uncertainty, no timorous caution was exhibited by Carmagnola:—he was, himself, alone, the soul, the fortune of his camp.

When informed of the movements of the enemy, the Count calls together the heads of his army, and addresses them with assurances of certain victory. He then gives the word to the soldiers with military brevity:—

——— Andiam compagni!
Si resista al prim' urto: il resto è certo.

Act Third.

From the recent triumph arise the first rancours of Venetian ambition against Carmagnola, which are the forerunners of his ruin. He refuses to advance the victorious army towards the capital of the Duca Visconti,—being aware of the dangers of intemperate haste,—before having made himself master of the fortresses still in the possession of the enemy. One of the Venetian commissaries, already irritated by the firmness of Carmagnola, intimates to him that he is determined to oppose what he terms a "barefaced perfidy"—viz. the gift of liberty made by the count to the prisoners of war, who are seen flocking out in crowds from their quarters. "Thou knowest well," replies the frank and faithful officer, "this is an ancient courtesy of war,—a custom dear to the soldier, which it would not become me to violate. These brave men, now freed by the generosity of my fellow soldiers, are no longer bound to our enemies' banners: they are at their own disposal, and may seek their fortune where they will: such is the law of war." It is not accidentally or unnecessarily that the poet dwells upon this historical incident; it has furnished him with a theme for beautiful sentiment, and powerful passion. It is not accidentally that our author—of whom no one can justly affirm that he has falsified the character of the time, or misrepresented the unhappy condition of the Italian soldiery of the fifteenth century—it is not accidentally, we say, that he has thus brought principally forward, amongst other minor considerations of a less poetical cast—derived, in part at least, from the chivalresque brotherhood existing between the combatants,—this nobler and more amiable motive, which was, in fact, nothing but a gallant impulse produced by the still existing recollections of knighthood.

Signor Manzoni is also an expert painter of baseness and of crime: he knows how to put them in action with energy, and to mark them with the truth of nature. But his favourite subjects are the softer emotions, and actions of virtue: these seem to us to be the elements of humanity most congenial to his heart—elements amidst which he expatiates with delight.

The conqueror, Carmagnola, commands that some of the prisoners of war, who have not yet heard their

freedom pronounced, may be brought before him; and he dismisses them himself with a military salute.

Addio; seguite
La vostra sorte; e s'ella ancor vi porta
Sotto un' insegna che mi sia nemica—
Ebben,—ci rivedremo!

At the moment when all are about to depart, he casts his eyes upon the grandson of one of the Milanese generals—(Angelo Pergola). The capture of this young man is likewise a fact recorded in history.

Il Conte. O giovanetto!
Tu del volgo non sei; l'abito, e il volto
Ancor più chiaro il dice; e ti confondi
Cogli altri, e taci?
Pergola Figlio. O Capitano, i vinti
Non han nulla da dir.
Il Conte. Questa fortuna
Porti così, che ben ti mostri degno
D'una miglior. Quale e, il tuo nome?
Pergola Figlio. Un nome
Cui crescer pregio assai difficil fia—
Che un grande obbligo impone a chi lo porta—
Pergola è il nome mio.
Il Conte. Che? Tu sei figlio
Di quel valente?
Pergola Figlio. Io il son.
Il Conte. Vieni, ed abbraccia
L'antico amico di tuo padre. Io era
Quale or tu sei, quando il conobbi in prima—
Tu mi rammenti i lieti giorni—i giorni
Delle speranze. E tu far cor.—Fortuna
Più giocondi principj a me concesse;
Ma le promesse sue sono pei prodi;
E tosto o tardi essa le adempie. Il padre
Per me saluta, o giovanetto, e digli
Ch'io non tel chiesi,—ma che certo io sono
Ch'ei non volea questa bataglia.
Pergolo Figlio. Ah! certo
Non la volea; ma fur parole al vento.
Il Conte. Non ti doler; del capitano è l'onta
Della sconfitta, e sempre ben comincia
Chi da forte combatte ov'ei fu posto.
Vien meco; ai Duci io vo' mostrarti: io voglio
Renderti la tua spada.
(lo piglia per mano ai commissarj.)
Addio, Signori!
Giammai pietoso coi nemici vostri
Io non sarò, *che dopo averli vinti.*

The Venetian commissaries remain alone on the scene, and soon give vent to their compressed envy, and consult on the most convenient means of drawing into their snares, this powerful chief, whom they cannot attack openly. In the conference between these two instruments of the Venetian government, we may trace compendiously the whole code of those vile subtleties, of those false trusts, those dissimulations of every species, those slow but sure roads to vengeance,—for examples of which the political history of Venice will be for ever memorable.

Act Fourth.

This act is perhaps the most artificially and elaborately constructed of all the others; and certainly it is the one in which we observe most exquisitely preserved, what Schlegel calls *Dramatic Perspective*—that is the art of representing briefly, distinctly, and naturally, events distant from the scene, both in regard to time and place, without either fatiguing the attention or offending the imagination of the spectators. The liberation of the Milanese prisoners, and the first discontents of the Venetian commissaries, were separated from the recall and seizure of the Count by a considerable period of time; and, as we have before observed, there intervened many deeds of arms, and diverse diplomatic treaties between the republic of Venice and the Duke of Milan. It was convenient to pass over the most part of these events in silence; but it was necessary to indicate those facts which served the enemies of Carmagnola as a pretext to ruin him: it was necessary to present an idea of the plots, and dark stratagems, organised in Venice against this great general:—to show how the talents and zeal, of that senator who was his sincere friend, were rendered abortive in his cause: to discover the government jealous and suspicious of such friendship; and to give an idea of the cunning which it employed to get rid of the inconvenient opposition of a virtuous man.

These not very easy conditions of his subject, Signor Manzoni fulfils, without having recurrence either to the subterfuge of soliloquy, or to idle dialogues held solely for the information of the pit. Instead of these he has got up a scene full of action, and highly characteristic of the Venetian aristocracy.

Marco, the senator, and friend of the Count, is cited before the head of the council of Ten, who, at the time of the murder of Carmagnola, discharged the office of State Inquisitors. He finds himself in the presence of Marino, one of these chiefs:

who thus addresses him.—"Vi si destina un incarico lungi di qui: se questo sia un segno di fiducia ve lo dirà la vostra coscienza."—He is immediately assailed by more direct reproofs: "la patria è un nome sacrosanto; ma non deve proferirlo, senza tremare, chi resta amico de' nemici di essa."—"Renderò conto, e lo bramo, di tutte le azioni mie:"—such is the reply of the innocent man. "Le azioni vostre," retorts Marino, "sono note più a noi che a voi: il tempo ha forse cancellate dalla memoria vostra molte cose; mai il nostro libro non dimentica nulla ..... darete ragione di voi quando vi sarà chiesta: ..... per ora non vogliamo interrogare che un giorno solo della vostra vita."—These indications of menace; these interruptions of the chain of ideas contained in the replies of the accused, are inquisitorial artifices, intended to embarrass the thoughts, obscure the recollections, and shake with vague alarm the soul of the wretched victim, who already feels himself weak, because he knows himself isolated and distant from assistance.

Marino proceeds, recalling to mind things which had long passed; and here we have the history of Carmagnola's life, as general of the republic, condensed into charges against him, and brought forward to implicate his friend, who, on each occasion, had shown himself his zealous admirer, or strenuous apologist. The ease and dexterity with which this recital is managed; the simplicity of Marco's answers, showing-off the energy of innocence, and the anxiety of friendship; and the perspicacity of the statement with reference to the spectator or reader, who is thus let into the most complicated part of the story,—are above all praise. Finally, the inquisitor makes known to the unworthily treated Venetian nobleman, that he is charged to set off immediately for the army, now engaged before Thessalonica, and that the nature of his commission will be explained to him when he arrives at his destination. This decree he is told to consider as dictated by clemency; and thus the friend of Carmagnola is effectually removed out of the way of rendering him assistance in his troubles.

Marco cannot resist, nor refuse to obey such a command. Then Marino, the leader of the state inquisitors, intimates to him in a menacing manner the great secret,—having first exacted from him a solemn oath of secrecy. Observing the honest Marco hesitating on the occasion, he reveals to him that the order recalling the count is already on its journey.—"If he obeys promptly, he shall find, on his arrival at Venice, justice—perhaps clemency: but if he delays, or gives sign of suspicion, lay your account with this, and profit by the intimation—the order is already given, that he does not leave our hands with life. Two heads, therefore, now depend on your silence."

What could an unfortunate man do, who was already himself under the trammels of despotic power? No courageous sacrifice whatever could save his friend. Any resistance might have a fatal end. It was not by accident that the crafty tyrant proffered the word *clemency*. Even although Marco might have more than doubts of the good faith with which it was used, could a friend of Carmagnola venture, under such circumstances, to pay no attention to it? If he did so, would he not be accused of being the cause of his friend's destruction, should that event take place? Marco accordingly gives his oath; but the generosity of his disposition causes him to take the alarm, after having so done: he is not satisfied with his honest intentions: he becomes his own calumniator, as it were; reproaches himself for a deficiency of presence of mind in a trying moment. It was cowardly, he thinks, to have sworn. He reproaches himself for imaginary faults, upbraids himself for the terrors to which he was a prey—as if these terrors had been criminal. This singular moral situation gives occasion for a soliloquy worthy of Shakspeare; in which is expressed a lively series of tormenting reflections. We shall merely cite the few last lines.

Terra ov'io nacqui, addio, per sempre!—
Io spero
Che ti morrò lontano—e pria che nulla
Sappia di te—lo spero—infra i perigli,
Certo per sua pietade, il ciel m'invia.—
Io non morrò per te. Che tu sii grande
E gloriosa, che m'importa? Anch' io
Due gran tesori avea—la mia virtude,
Ed un amico—e tu m'hai tolto entrambi.

The idea that this man courts danger and is going to meet it, power-

fully excites our sympathy in his favour. If he does not rise in our estimation under misfortune, he, at least, offers the spectacle of oppressed probity—a spectacle which is doubly pathetic, when the sum of oppression overpowers the moral strength of the individual it bears upon, yet without perverting his principles. And such is the character and situation of Marco; while to Carmagnola it is reserved to excite those sublime emotions which heroism kindles in the mind, by a display of sensibility coupled with a strength of soul superior to misfortune.

In the last scene of this act, Carmagnola receives the invitation to return to Venice; an event already expected in consequence of Marino's speech, in which it was mentioned that the order for his return was already on the way. The faithful chief does not delay his departure from the camp, and he is accompanied by Gonzaga, one of the captains of his army; this last circumstance also is taken from history.

Act Fifth.

The first scene exhibits the council of ten—and the Doge, who now, for the last time, feigns to be friendly to the Count. Carmagnola, with all the candour of truth, and full of zeal, thinks of nothing but of benefiting by his military knowledge, these worthless wretches, who appear to consult him upon the peace to be concluded with the Duke of Milan, but who have already sworn in their hearts to ruin the person in whom they seem to confide, and of whom they ask advice! Here the poet had a proper opportunity of placing in contrast the noble carelessness of probity, with the contemptible caution of treachery.

At the beginning, the dialogue turns upon the supposed project of peace; and we are led almost to say, that the artful conspirators delay to reveal their purpose till they shall be assured that the guard of the betrayed captain is at a distance. History, in fact, makes mention of this guard, and observes, that on this occasion it was dismissed under pretext that the conference would be protracted to a great length. But the perfidious council soon changes its language; following always the character of cowardly cruelty, from trifling it proceeds to more grave reproofs; till, at last, the Doge, casting aside all dissimulation, dares to call the man, from whom the state had received nothing but splended benefits, *a traitor*. The reply of the hero is highly eloquent;—yet it is not the eloquence of a rhetorician, but of the soul, in the most serious moments of life:

Io traditor! comincio
A comprendervi alfin: pur troppo altrui
Creder non volli.—Io traditor! ma questo
Titolo infame infino a me non giunge:
Ei non è mio; chil' hamertato il tenga:
Ditemi stolto—il soffrirò; che il merto:
Tale è il mio posto qui; ma con null'altro
Il cangerei, ch'egli è il più degno ancora.

* * * * * *

Ma via—poichè gettato
E il finto volto del sorriso ormai—
Sia lode al ciel!—siamo in un campo almeno
Che anch'io conosco.--A voi parlare or tocca;
E difendermi a me: dite quai sono
I tradimenti miei?
Il Doge. Gli udirete or ora
Dal collegio segreto.
Il Conte. Io lo ricuso:
Quel ch'io feci per voi, tutto lo feci
Alla luce del sol; renderne conto
Fra insidiose tenebre non voglio,

* * * * * *

Il Doge. Passato è il tempo di voler.
Il Conte. Quì dunque
Mi si fa forza? le mie guardie!
(*Alzando la voce ed avviandosi per uscire.*)
Il Doge. Sono
Lunge di qui—Soldati!
(*Entrano gli Sgherri del consiglio dei Dieci.*)

* * * * * *

Il Doge. Sia tratto
Al tribunal segreto ———

Carmagnola does not fear death; but he is not indifferent to misfortune:—a stoical character would not have suited the poet, nor would it have been so well adapted for the stage. Without condescending to an unmanly defence of his actions, but preserving that superiority which, on every occasion distinguished him,—continuing likewise to be a counsellor to others,—our hero, with proud constancy, and with the accents of an innocent man, dwells on these reasons of sound policy, alone sufficient to have ensured him justice and safety, if either had been still possible. "Think," said he, "of the monstrous infamy with which you are about to cover yourselves: think of the execration of Italy, and of all Europe: of the disdain and distrust of the military

bands—and of those you will have yet need in your future wars—yes,—you, execrated of all! Recollect yourselves—I was not born your subject: but I was born amongst a warlike people, accustomed to consider the honour of a fellow citizen as part of the property of the state:—this people will not take quietly the outrage you are about to perpetrate." (The latter words contain a happy allusion to the anedote relative to the Lega di Cambrai, of which we made mention in the former part of this article.) "You must be deceived by some one, —your enemy as well as mine: you cannot in your hearts really believe me a traitor. It is yet time ——

Il Doge. E tardi.
Quando il delitto meditaste, e baldo
Affrontavate chi dovea punirlo,
Tempo era allor d'antiveggenza.
Il Conte. Indegno!
Tu forse osasti di pensar che un prode
Pei giorni suoi treamava. Ah! tu vedrai
Come si muor. Va; quando l'ultim' ora
Ti coglierà sul vil tuo letto, incontro
Non le starai con quella fronte, al certo,
Che a questa infame, a cui mi traggi, io reco.

Up to the present time we have seen in the hero of the piece a great man, acting on the political stage of the world: but now, to perfect the grand picture, it is necessary to present the deepest ruminations, and most touched feelings of Carmagnola, at the moment when he is about to face an inevitable and unjust death. It is necessary to describe his affectionate solicitude, and dignified grief, in his last adieus to the dearest of his relations;—to paint the consternation, the weeping affliction of his wife and daughter! We are thus introduced to a sphere of ideas of a more sublime and serious nature, and at the same time more congenial to our hearts;—for to few men is given the occasion to exercise warlike virtue, or to influence the government of states,—but all are subject to experience the darts of misfortune, and the sensations of extreme grief. In the management of this last part of his subject, Signor Manzoni has proved equal to himself.

In the second scene of this last act, he begins to introduce the wife of Carmagnola—Antonietta Visconte, and Matilda their daughter, who, ignorant of the calamity which had fallen on them, watch through the whole of the night, invoking the moment which is to restore to their embraces a husband and a father. These unfortunate women abandon themselves to that interchange of cheerful thoughts, of tender recollections, of anxiety, and of joy, which hope and affectionate solicitude naturally inspire in their hearts. The delay of the Count is interpreted by them as a favourable omen: the protracted conference between him and the council of Ten, they look upon as a certain indication, that peace will be concluded with the Duke of Milan. The sweet passages in which these false presentiments of felicity are conveyed, suggest the celebrated passage in Macbeth, where the king arrives at the Castle of the perfidious host, who is to betray him.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendant bed, and procreant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd the air
Is delicate.—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene IV.*

Antonietta and Matilda are exquisite conceptions. They manifest, with the propriety of truth, the genuine feminine character. We see in them the habit of timid anxiety, and a proneness to complaint, under the consciousness of the perils to which the destiny of war exposed the object of their most tender love, combined (as it ought to be) with a secret pride and delight in belonging to so brilliant, so powerful, so glorious a hero. These two females are so poetically interesting, in consequence of their noble and gentle affections, and are so extremely welcome when they appear, that we cannot help thinking the author has erred in not sooner bringing us acquainted with them. Why did he reserve their appearance for the last fugitive moment of the catastrophe? Why did he not, in some anterior act, introduce a scene,

in which their gentleness, and domestic affections, might have tempered the severity of politics, and warlike events? Yet this accusation against Signor Manzoni tacitly comprehends an eulogium:—it speaks well for a poet to be told, that his poem might have been a little longer.

The dialogue of Antonietta and Matilda is interrupted by the arrival of Gonzaga, from whom they at last learn the unexpected and overwhelming calamity that has befallen them. The Count is already condemned, and vain would be even the slightest hope of softening by prayers, by arguments, or by tears, the ministers of the tyrannical act, whose names and persons, according to history, were never divulged. To these unhappy women the sad comfort of once more seeing a father and a husband, is all that is conceded; they set forward, therefore, weeping, to the prison, accompanied by Gonzaga. The interval between this and the last scene is occupied by the following soliloquy of the Count. Such is its beauty that we cannot refrain from giving it at length.

A quest'ora il sapranno.—O perchè almeno
Lunge da lor non muojo.—Orrendo, è vero,
Lor giungerìa l'annunzio: ma varcata
L'ora solenne del dolor saria;—
E addesso innanzi ella ci sta:—bisogna
Gustarla a sorsi, e insieme!—O campi aperti!
O sol diffuso! O strepito dell'armi!
O gioja dei perigli! O trombe! O grida
Dei combattenti! O mio destrier! Fra voi
Era bello morir.—Ma—ripugnante
Vo dunque incontro al mio destin, forzato
Siccome un reo, spargendo in sulla via
Voti impotenti, e misere querele!—
E Marco, anch'ei m'avria tradito! Oh vile
Sospetto! Oh dubbio! Oh potess'io deporlo
Pria di morir!—ma no—che val di nuovo
Affacciarsi alla vita, e indietro ancora
Volgere il guardo ove non lice il passo?
E tu Filippo, ne godrai! Che importa?
Io le provai—quest'empie gioje—anch'io:
Quel che vagliano or so.—Ma rivederle! *
Ma il lor gemiti udir! L'ultimo addio
Da quelle voci udir! Fra quelle braccia
Ritrovarmi, e—staccarmene—per sempre!
Eccole! O Dio, manda del ciel sovr'esse
Un guardo di pietà.

To make our readers acquainted with the highly pathetic dialogue which follows, it would be necessary to transcribe it entirely also. Suffice it to say, that the words of the hero breathe courage, sensibility, conjugal and paternal love; the sentiments of the women express entire devotion, and the overwhelming depression of grief in every accent, in every exclamation:—we have nothing to wish for with respect to them, except that Matilda should have been allowed to speak a little more. Energetic and characteristic is the adieu of the Count to Gonzaga, in confiding to him these unfortunates.

The tragedy finishes with the appearance of the guards destined to conduct the innocent warrior to the scaffold. The women fall insensible to the ground: the Count exclaims as he is departing,

O Dio pietoso, tu le involi a questo
Crudel momento; io ti ringrazio—Amico,
Tu le soccori, a questo infausto loco
Le togli; e quando rivedran la luce
Di lor—che nulla da temer più resta.

The erection of a scaffold on the stage not being allowable, it was impossible to exhibit to the spectators the historical catastrophe in all its truth. But when the last scene, substituted by the poet, is exhibited with picturesque action, it cannot fail in scenic effect, nor in pathetic dignity.

We shall finish our article by giving at length, in the original, a chorus, which is inserted between the second and third acts of the tragedy (solely for the reader, it being omitted in representation) in which the author abandons himself to those moral reflections suggested to him by his reason and sensibility, as constituting the most important point of view to which the mind can elevate itself, in referring to the events of his drama.

Some of the most illustrious writers of tragedy—such as Schiller, Alfieri, and Voltaire—have permitted themselves to endow their heroes with the political and philosophical systems proper to themselves; making these said heroes speak on the scene as the writers would have been inclined to do in their own persons, in their cabinets. The Signor Manzoni has not thought himself authorized to do exactly this: he has contented himself with a small by-corner, separated from the action of his piece, to express his own sentiments. In the lyrical effusion to which we now al-

* His wife and daughter.

lude, and which we are about to quote, the author deplores, not merely the discords of the Italians in the fifteenth century, and their internal wars, waged between various provinces—wars to which the slavery of this fine but unhappy country may be traced—but also--though more briefly—the general injustice of nations one towards another—the fruitful source of evils to all. The chorus, so composed, might, and probably would, have clashed unpleasantly with the sympathies of the audience excited by the warlike scenes of the play; but in the study this inconvenience need not be feared. The following verses are esteemed, by the best Italian judges, as forming one of the most admirable lyrical compositions, that Italian poetry can boast of possessing, during the whole course of the long literary honours of the country.

CORO.

S' ode a destra uno squillo di tromba;
A sinistra risponde uno squillo:
D' ambo i lati calpesto rimbomba
Da cavalli e da fanti il terren.
Quinci spunta per l' aria un vessillo;
Quindi un altro s' avanza spiegato:
Ecco appare un drappello schierato;
Ecco un altro che incontro gli vien.

Già di mezzo sparito è il terreno;
Già le spade rispingon le spade;
L' un dell' altro le immerge nel seno;
Gronda il sangue; raddoppia il ferir.—
Chi son essi? Alle belle contrade
Qual ne venne straniero a far guerra?
Qual è quei che ha giurato la terra
Dove nacque far salva, o morir?—

D' una terra son tutti: un linguaggio
Parlan tutti: fratelli li dice
Lo straniero: il comune liguaggio
A ognun d' essi dal volto traspar.
Questa terra fu a tutti nudrice,
Questa terra di sangue ora intrisa,
Che natura dall' altre ha divisa,
E ricinta coll' alpe e col mar.

Ahi! Qual d' essi il sacrilego brando
Trasse il primo il fratello a ferire?
Oh terror! Del conflitto esecrando
La cagione esecranda qual è?—
Non la sanno: a dar morte, a morire
Qui senz' ira ognun d' essi è venuto;
E venduto ad un duce venduto,
Con lui pugna, e non chiede il perchè.

Ahi sventura! Ma spose non hanno,
Non han madri gli stolti guerrieri?
Perchè tutte i lor cari non vanno
Dall' ignobile campo a strappar?
E i vegliardi che ai casti pensieri
Della tomba già schiudon la mente,
Chè non tentan la turba furente
Con prudenti parole placar?—

Come assiso talvolta il villano
Sulla porta del cheto abituro,
Segna il nembo che scende lontano
Sovra i campi che arati ei non ha;
Così udresti ciascun che sicuro
Vede lungi le armate coorti,
Raccontar le migliaja de' morti
E la piéta dell' arse città.

Là, pendenti dal labbro materno
Vedi i figli, che imparano intenti
A distinguer con nome di scherno
Quei che andranno ad uccider un dì;
Qui, le donne alle veglie lucenti
Dei monili far pompa e dei cinti,
Che alle donne diserte dei vinti
Il marito o l' amante rapì.—

Ahi sventura! sventura! sventura!
Già la terra è coperta d' uccisi;
Tutta è sangue la vasta pianura;
Cresce il grido, raddoppia il furor.
Ma negli ordini manchi e divisi
Mal si regge, già cede una schiera;
Già nel volgo che vincer dispera,
Della vita rinasce l' amor.

Come il grano lanciato dal pieno
Ventilabro nell' aria si spande;
Tale intorno per l' ampio terreno
Si sparpagliano i vinti guerrier.
Ma improvvise terribili bande
Ai fuggenti s' affaccian sul calle;
Ma si senton più presso alle spalle
Scalpitare il temuto destrier.

Cadon trepidi a piè dei nemici,
Rendon l' arme, si danno prigioni:
Il clamor delle turbe vittrici
Copre i lai del tapino che muor.
Un corriero è salito in arcioni;
Prende un foglio, il ripone, s' avvia,
Sferza, sprona, divora la via;
Ogni villa si desta al romor.

Perchè tutti sul pesto cammino
Dalle case, dai campi accorrete?
Ognun chiede con ansia al vicino,
Che gioconda novella recò?
Donde ei venga, infelici, il sapete,
E sperate che gioja favelli?
I fratelli hanno ucciso i fratelli:
Questa orrenda novella vi do.

Odo intorno festevoli gridi;
S' orna il tempio, e risuona del canto;
Già s' innalzan dai cuori omicidi
Grazie ed inni che abbomina il ciel.—
Giù dal cerchio dell' alpi frattanto
Lo straniero gli sguardi rivolve;
Vede i forti che mordon la polve,
E li conta con gioja crudel.—

Affrettatevi, empite le schiere,
Sospendete i trionfi ed i giuochi,
Ritornate alle vostre bandiere:
Lo straniero discende; egli è qui.
Vincitor! Siete deboli e pochi?
Ma per questo a sfidarvi ei discende;
E voglioso a quei campi v' attende
Ove il vostro fratello perì.—

Tu che angusta a' tuoi figli parevi;
Tu che in pace nutrirli non sai,
Fatal terra, gli estrani ricevi:
Tal giudicio comincia per te.
Un nemico che offeso non hai,
A tue mense insultando s' asside;
Degli stolti le spoglie divide;
Toglie il brando di mano a' tuoi re.

Stolto anch' esso! Beata fu mai
Gente alcuna per sangue ed oltraggio?
Solo al vinto non toccano i guai;
Torna in pianto dell' empio il gioir.
Ben talor nel superbo viaggio
Non l' abbatte l' eterna vendetta;
Ma lo segna; ma veglia ed aspetta;
Ma lo coglie all' estremo sospir.

Tutti fatti a sembianza d' un Solo;
Figli tutti d' un solo Riscatto,
In qual ora, in qual parte del suolo
Trascorriamo quest' aura vital.
Siam fratelli; siam stretti ad un patto:
Maladetto colui che lo infrange,
Che s' innalza sul fiacco che piange,
Che contrista uno spirto immortal!

We hope to give in our next Number an English version of these spirited stanzas, which, with the other citations, given in the course of this article, render any praise of ours superfluous to Italian readers.

We shall only observe, in conclusion, relatively to the tragic style of this author, that no traces are to be discovered in it of imitation. He does not seem at all to follow the steps of Alfieri, or of others who merit the praise they have received. It is his merit—a merit belonging to himself alone, amongst Italian poets, to have taken up rather that deep moral strain of sentiment, which has distinguished the northern schools of literature. He emulates the German and the English poets; and in this noble task he owes it to his good taste and poetical power, that he is never seduced to sacrifice truth of thought and circumstances to empty rhetorical flourishing,—what is too often called in Italy—and even by writers of some rank—*elegance of language, and poetical diction.*

It will be a great advantage for Italian literature, if the poets of that country will profit by the example thus set them, to quit for ever that monotony of poetical language and sentiment, which has descended by traditionary rules, and has been repeated now *ad nauseam:* if they will learn from him to give new dignity to poetry by increasing the importance of its elements,—frankly associating it with the natural ideas of the period, with the opinions that form the moral and political wealth of Europe.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

They do but jest—POISON IN JEST—no offence i' the world!

We shall be very serious, we foresee, in this article; and we think it right to warn the reader accordingly. With a strong conviction that what we are about to do, ought to be done—that, in fact, it is discreditable to the character of the literary censorship of the country, that it has remained so long undone—we nevertheless take the instrument of justice in our hands with considerable reluctance, and—(unaffectedly we say it)—with a regret, caused rather by a sense of the heaviness of the offences we are about to chastise, than any notion of difficulty or danger attending, in this instance, the task of retribution.

Our readers, we trust, will not for a moment imagine, that we could be silly enough to use this sort of language in claiming their attention, had we nothing in view but a squabble between rival magazines;—a retort to a joke, or reply to an attack, directed against ourselves;—an appeal to posterity, Baldwin *versus* Blackwood;—Europe adjured by *Weathercock* against *Wastle!*—This would indeed be a "flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb." What weighs upon our minds, at present, concerns literature generally, more than any magazine in particular. Our principal quarry is a higher one than either the New Monthly, or the Old Monthly, or the European, or the Gentleman's—or Blackwood's, which is *not* the Gentleman's.* Very weak and short indeed, have been the few edi-

* This is borrowing an arrow from the quiver of another—a dead shot—who ought to have saved us this trouble, and then we shouldn't have pilfered from him. As it is, we hope he will excuse our making free with what he can so well spare.

torial hits made at us by the periodical work whose title stands at the head of this article. It has, to be sure, in a recent number, with rather more point, as it concerns us, than usual, called our Editor "*Scot*," and our contributors "*beasts*;" and this pleasantry, it must be admitted, is stinging enough, for woe betide *any* SCOTT who permits himself to become too closely connected with *magazine brutalities!* He is sure to have good cause given him to repent the degrading association—and this is a truth which, we doubt not, will be still more apparent in the sequel.

Our present business, however, has nothing to do with this sort of sparring—it is of a much more serious nature. Our strictures will, it is true, be directed, almost exclusively, to the conduct pursued by the chief writers in Blackwood's Magazine; but the reason of this is, that their work forms the most foul and livid spot, indicative of an accursed taint in the literature of the day. Were it not that the poisonous infection, having insidiously commenced in cases the lurking mischief of which either went unnoticed or was disregarded,—has now become of the most virulent and fiery corruption, threatening plague on all sides, and extending disease to the noblest and most vital parts—were it not that this most loathsome nuisance is no longer apologised for, or concealed, but is vaunted and paraded with brazen insolence, supported by the meanest hypocrisy—were it not that the contagious influence must necessarily continue to spread its contamination, by means of the mercenary and malevolent elements in human nature, if shame and indignation be not, without further delay, powerfully roused against its progress, by appealing, in good faith, to honourable and manly dispositions,—and awakening the careless and unsuspicious to a sense of the profligacy of that which they may have been considering in the light of mere amusement—were it not, we say, for these considerations, all of them connected with the most important interests of literature and society, we certainly should not have deemed it incumbent on us to interfere at all with Mr. Blackwood's notorious publication. We should, but for these, have left him, undisturbed by any remarks of ours, to settle the balance sheet of his magazine with his worthy Editors: to set off a second edition demanded, against a caning received;—an extra sale of a calumnious number, against the sum paid to the calumniated individual;—the salary of a professorship, against the disgrace of a series of ungrateful and unjust personalities, levelled at professors, clergymen, and benefactors;—a respectable connexion, against the forfeiture of respectability in society.

In an early number of the London Magazine, we alluded to the work in question, in a tone certainly less serious and severe than our present language: yet in that article we made it sufficiently manifest, as we have reason to know, to the consciousness of Blackwood's Men, that what it has pleased themselves to term (thus giving the word to certain credulous people, who, on such subjects, can only speak as they are prompted), their "foibles," their "youthful indiscretions," hey-day irregularities,—only required to be seized hold of by an arm of moderate power, to be shaken out of this flimsy disguise, and stand exposed before the world as designing treacheries and sordid scandals. We confess, indeed, that, when we wrote the article referred to, we were not totally uninfluenced by the juggling system of these individuals. We had read many able critical papers in their work, particularly on poetical subjects,—and we really had no conception,—or at least were most unwilling to believe,—that a regular plan of fraud had been concocted, at the very outset of the magazine: a plan to excite interest in the public mind, and realise profit to the unworthy perpetrators, by a series of cunning impositions—involving in their course the sacrifice of every feeling belonging to the writer of real principle, the violation of some of the most sacred rules of honourable intercourse in society, the disfigurement and disgrace of literature, by rendering it an accomplice in low remorseless outrages on reputation, and on truth. The hint of one of the most fundamental parts of this plan, we now find, was borrowed from the accounts that often appear in the newspapers, of the ingenious manner in which names and characters can be varied, without any corresponding

change of persons, when the object is to live by one's wits. The tradesman who purchases goods in Cheapside, is not only the gentleman of fortune who receives them in Baker-street, but also the wealthy merchant of the Minories, who vouches, on his own knowledge, for the goodness of the parties, and for the honour of the whole transaction! Beat up the empty counting-house, and you find the clever fellows decamped to their west-end establishment: by the time the police officers are on their traces here, *les drôles* have vanished again—they are now dry cautious men of business on 'Change! Exactly after this fashion did Blackwood's Men set forth; and on this example have they consistently acted. Z has made his virulent and lying attack on character and feeling; and Mr. Wastle has been of opinion that Z went too far; and Peter's Letters have expressed the regrets and contrition of Blackwood's Editors, for having been betrayed into unguarded personalities--and have claimed indulgence for the excesses of young and generous spirits;—and all this has been listened to by the public,—and we have ourselves been willing to think that distinctions were to be made, and have hesitated to attach the stigma of radical baseness to the management of the work generally.—There is no longer, however, any doubt, that Z, and Wastle, and Peter, and the contrite Editors, are often the self-same individual, and always of the same gang; that Z is the Editors, taking advantage of the foulest malevolence, and angriest passions of party; that Wastle is the Editors, trimming off a little of the coarseness of this piece of profligacy; that Peter is the Editors, puffing their own magazine in the style of the quack-doctor's stage, and professing contrition while hatching fresh offences! We understand that their pitiful subterfuge against the ignominy which every mind of common manliness must be inclined to attach to these mercenary artifices, is to laugh them off as jokes—hoaxes on public credulity—pleasantries for the solace of Mr. Blackwood—nuts to crack for the Dilettanti. Mr. Hardy Vaux, in his interesting history, transmitted from New South Wales, informs us that many a hearty chuckle was heard amidst the "*family*" circle, of an evening, as the tricks of the day were recounted:—pocket handkerchiefs were classed with puns, but a watch, or a diamond ring, was a genuine piece of wit—and a counterfeited tale, by which the *flats* had been *done*, was sufficient to secure for a rascal the unaffected admiration of the company.

To this feature, however, in the tactics of Blackwood's Men, it is worth while to bestow a little closer attention. Let us contemplate it in some particular instances. The first article of their first number,* was an evidently nefarious assault on Coleridge, in the course of which all the bounds of legitimate criticism were overpassed, and the defects of the author made the ground of slander against the man. A mock energy of language was assumed in this paper, characteristic of the hypocrisy and dishonesty of its motive,—and which was sufficient to prove, to a tolerable judge of such matters, that it was any thing but the genuine offspring of the writer's feelings and opinions. This paper is well known to have been written by Blackwood's First Hand; and it was coolly designed to attract attention as a specimen of the sharp and stimulating materials of which the magazine was, for the future, to be composed. The Edinburgh Review had rapidly risen to a large sale by its severity; but to be severe far beyond the limits of justice, so as pleasantly to tickle the love of mischief which is so generally felt, without departing from the language of a gentleman, or forfeiting the character of one, demands a fine tact, and very consummate ability. The Edinburgh Review, with rare, but often perverted talent, has done this: but Blackwood's Magazine has never once been able to do it. It has never contained a severe article, that has not, at the same time, been a dirty one: the pungency has never been of the fair sterling quality, like that of the real cogniac, but of a filthy, and cheating nature, like that of the trash they sell in the common liquor-shops under the name of brandy—which is seasoned

* No. VII. of Blackwood's Magazine. The first six numbers were conducted by other Editors.

with burning poison to recommend it to the diseased tastes of drabs and dustmen. This first article on Coleridge accuses him of "unblushing falsehood,"—of "grinning and idiot self-complacency,"—of "having got dead drunk;"—it does more than insinuate that he has wickedly abandoned his wife and children—and sneers at one of the finest poems, of its class, in the English language, in mere subserviency to the vulgar understandings and appetites, which this venal reviler is aiming to please. The article in question bears no signature; it appears foremost in the first number of these people's management: it is therefore to be considered as the unfurling of their banners,—and let it be contrasted with the several sarcastic notices of Coleridge in the Edinburgh Review, by any one who wishes to observe the difference between satire and abuse; between the critic who desires to torment the author, and the malevolent traducer whose object is to injure the man.

Since this article appeared, Coleridge has been, just as extravagantly, PRAISED in Blackwood—*and avowedly too by the conductors of the Magazine!* In the same way, Wordsworth has been outrageously vilified, and zealously defended by the same individual,—one of these conductors! Nay, we have seen in the same number lampoons on this poet, and high commendations of his genius—and we have had occasion personally to hear the poet express his calm contempt for both!

The abuse of Coleridge was sure to stimulate the attention of common readers, in the existing prevalence of a diseased, jaded, but spiteful temper amongst the mere talkers on literary subjects—to whom an infusion of bitter personality in their reading, is as necessary, to enable them to get through with it, as are curry and cayenne to worn out *gastronomes*. The praise of Coleridge that followed was intended, first, to gain a contributor; secondly, to excite curiosity by the contrast; thirdly, to afford the Magazine—what it has really possessed—an advantage over the abject fashionable criticism of the day on poetical subjects. The mixture was altogether calculated to give poignancy to the publication; and it was one of Mr. Wordsworth's professed private friends, who undertook to perform in the double capacity of traducer and panegyrist, in regard to that eminent author. Supposing for a moment that the reports in circulation on this subject are partially incorrect—and that the separate parts of this labour have been divided in the hands of the colleagues—that it has been arranged between them, where, and how, each shall hit the other—the one acting as defamer, the other as eulogist—we would ask if such a connection is not, evidently, on its face, unprincipled and sordid? The love and veneration professed by the author of the Angler's Tent for his host and companion, would be incompatible with such a compact, were they honourably professed.* An Editor, of course, does not hold himself responsible for the soundness of all the opinions that may appear in the work under his management, if it be of so open and miscellaneous a nature as a magazine; but if the Editorship be a conjunct one, *it*, at least, ought to be cemented by coincidence of sentiment

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* The following are lines written by one of these men on the gifted person just named:—

> To thee, MY Wordsworth! whose inspired song
> Comes forth in pomp from Nature's inner shrine,
> To thee, by birth-right, such high themes belong;
> The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine!
> One lowlier simple strain of human love be mine.

Now we know, for an absolute fact—and could, were it necessary, cite time, place, and persons—that this man, who has so written, is in the habit of acting the miserable mimic of the individual he thus solemnly celebrates—and that not in good humoured, though distasteful mirth—but with the evident design of holding up the object of his mimicry to ridicule—accompanying the real or pretended imitation with ribaldry of his own invention. There is therefore good reason to believe, (as is generally reported), that he is the author of the indecent lampoons on this great poet, that have appeared in the work of which he is one of the principal conductors—Such are his *low simple strains of human love!* They are indeed very LOW.

on all the higher public questions, directly affecting personal reputation and principle. Such niceties, however, it would be needless to discuss in the present case: it is generally and loudly affirmed, and has never been contradicted, that these virulent attacks and violent commendations, are allowed to fall into the same hands, or are divided between the colleagues, indifferently, as it may happen; while, by a scandalous juggling of signatures and characters, a *mystification* has been kept up for dishonest purposes, and under cowardly motives. It was in their first number that Z.'s first article appeared—a striking feature in their adopted system of calumny—as well as the Chaldee Manuscript; there is, therefore, strong evidence of its falling within their organized plan, though they have since chosen to speak of the articles of Z. as *communications*. In the same number, too, as a note to the pretended correspondent's vindication of Wordsworth, we have the announcement of a paper on the Editor of the Edinburgh Review—a *soi-disant* translation from the German—which is ascertained to have been written by *themselves*. If such disguises may sometimes be innocently employed, to give variety, infuse life, and create interest in a periodical work,—it can only be when their employment stands palpably exempt from any charge of moral deception,—when the object is entirely literary, and has no reference whatever to personal considerations. But here we have two men, whose habits of life are notoriously free—not to use a stronger word—and whose real opinions are known to be loose and sceptical,—starting a publication, in which, systematically and of aforethought, the most licentious personal abuse was to be the lure for one class of readers, and the veriest hypocritical whine, on matters of religion and politics, the bait for another;—in which the violation of decency was to render it *piquant*, and the affectation of piety render it persuasive, and servility to power render it profitable;—which should be made to circulate amongst the spiteful and ill-tempered by its venom; amongst the interested by its baseness; amongst the simple by its cant and quackery! It is in furtherance of this honourable design, that they have assumed the externals of harlequinade and buffoonery; that false names have been taken; false recommendations and characters forged. The language of pleasantry has been employed to advance the deep-laid schemes of a grovelling selfishness, and to feather the darts of a wicked malignity. And now we ask, if this is a system that ought longer to be permitted to triumph, or even escape with impunity? If it be not high time that these POISONERS IN JEST should have their career arrested, or at least their infamy proclaimed, by some one prepared to hold them at defiance in every way? The only security mankind have against the perpetration of the most desolating and degrading mischiefs, by unprincipled and spiteful individuals, is, that wickedness always proves a source of weakness when it is firmly met—that, although it may for a time inflict considerable pain and injury, it becomes, in a moment, a warning to deter, a spectacle to disgust, when honesty and resolution are aroused to wrestle with it on close ground. Until the exposure be completely made, stupidity in many cases, and bad feelings perhaps in more, procure it a certain countenance: people are often glad to the heart to see a thing done, which they would not for the world themselves do: it pleases numbers that callous mercenary men should inflict uneasiness at the expense of their own characters;—many private spites, and party prejudices are thus gratified in a cheap way. But when the infamy of the thing is laid bare to the day; when the system has been routed out to its foulest nooks; grappled with in particulars; uncovered even to the blackness of its heart,—its discredit is found infinitely to overbalance any satisfaction it can afford, and no one can henceforth exult in its effects, without making up his mind to share its ignominy.

But these men have expressed their contrition. Yes, we know they have,—as well as that their publisher has admitted the falsehood of their abuse, by paying an atonement to injured character. From their first number, so often referred to, they withdrew the *Chaldee Manuscript*, with expressions of "regret," on the part of the Editor, that it had given offence "to

individuals *justly entitled to esteem and regard;*"—and, in the subsequent numbers of their work, up to the present day, they have perseveringly followed up this offence, by repeated outrages against the same individuals, written by the same beings who made this apology!—These men afterwards got up their "Peter's Letters"—in which Coleridge is praised by the very individual who had abused him in Blackwood—and here contrition is professed in the name of the Editors, and praise lavished on them—and all *by the Editor's themselves*, who, since the publication of these Letters, have reiterated and aggravated every crime of which they had, under their *alias*, made recantation! But the most ludicrous examples of the penitence of Blackwood's Magazine have been furnished by Mr. Blackwood himself. This gentleman has been a very *Jane Shore* in the agonies of his remorse:—he has figured, in his letters, as Ebony in a white sheet, bewailing the licentiousness of his magazine, and refusing to be comforted. Modesty, we have always understood, is the infirmity, and sensibility the failing, of this *Reekie* bookseller: hence it has happened that the malignity of Z, and the ingratitude of the Chaldee manuscript, have affected him very seriously! He has even been in the habit of anticipating each fresh outrage, and inditing deprecatory epistles, to lessen the shock of what was about to appear! Nothing can be imagined more fervent, and apparently heartfelt, than his disavowals of regarding with approbation, or even acquiescence, these attacks on private character—solely attributable, as he states, to the satirical turn of his Editors, and of each of which he considers himself the victim, almost as much as the person attacked! Indeed with such delicate nerves, as we have good reason to believe Mr. Blackwood possesses, we cannot but conclude that his situation is a very disagreeable one; and our only wonder is, that he makes no effort to escape, either from its torture—which a man of resolution might perhaps bear—or from its disgrace, which to an honest man would be intolerable.

These mock penitences, and commiseration of the injured—are borrowed from as respectable a source as the *alias* feature in the Blackwood system. It is a common trick with the pickpockets in the streets, to profess great interest in the misfortune of the person they have just knocked down and plundered:—the very rascals who have struck him from behind, and filched his watch from his fob, will come round in his face, to pity and to pat him—with their mouths full of asseverations against the roguery and cruelty of the outrage of which he has been the victim. Blackwood's Men cannot be complimented with the invention of this manœuvre. Peter Morris, the hypocrite in front, and Christopher North, the ruffian behind, are but varieties of the same personage, copied from the practice of a profession, which is certainly more respectable than that of calumniator, though not quite so safe. Then honest *Reekie* comes in as the smooth *receiver*—who is very sorry for the gentleman's loss; vows to heaven that he desires no dealings but such as are in the way of fair trade—and is ready with all his heart to give up the article, or pay its value, if the aggrieved individual should demand it roughly, or talk about consequences! In all this, however, they *do but jest—there is no offence i' the world!*

That their conduct has been generally thought criminal enough to require reformation, will be admitted to be true by every one who has ever heard of the character of their work; and, we believe that, for a long time, it was pretty commonly expected that they would, one day or other, set about it:—it was not thought possible that all they said of contrition and regret should be mere artful falsehood. Yet the delusion would have been sooner dissipated, if it had not been assisted, (in good faith we are willing to think) by the casual declarations, expressing hope and belief, of respectable persons who professed to know something of the feelings and views of the faulty parties. How connections arise in private life, and partialities originate in the accidents of social intercourse, and the coincidence of party opinions, as well as in the meeting of personal interests, we need not inquire: ill-assorted and deplorable unions are often to be observed in the world, which excite general regret and wonder, but with the secret of which all but persons devoid of delicacy would wish to avoid in-

tering. For our own parts, we feel no hesitation to declare, that when we understood that Sir WALTER SCOTT, during his last visit to London, had spoken freely of the improprieties of the Magazine in question—coupling his disapprobation with something very like an assurance that its cause would for the future be removed—we very gladly and frankly accepted his testimony as valid, knowing that his opportunities of acquiring information on this subject were as excellent, as, in our view at least, his interest in ascertaining the fact was strong. The notice, however, of this circumstance brings us to what our readers will no doubt agree with us in thinking the most important part of the present article; and to the consideration which has chiefly induced us to engage in this work of chastisement and exposure.

The honour of the literature of the present day we consider as now at stake: some marked and serious innovations have been recently made in its usages, and the taste naturally belonging to the artificial state of our society, has a tendency to coalesce with the self-interest of writers, to give these exceptions the weight of examples—a circumstance which there will be much cause to deplore, should the influence extend widely, and lead to the formation of a class in our literary productions. But before we proceed further on this subject, we must digress into some introductory observations.

The author of the Scotch Novels is doubtless to be regarded, taking his works in their mass, as the brightest ornament of his country's modern literary history; and, supposing him to be the gentleman whose name could scarcely have continued to be so long and so generally affixed to them by the public voice, were the public notion in this respect an erroneous one, we may challenge, we think, any period, and any place, to match us so alert, so vigorous, so elastic, so unfailing an intellectual spirit. In keenness of faculty, and intense enjoyment of the picturesque variety of life, we certainly do not know his equal. His power of observation, and his vivacious sense of the past and the present, cause us, when we are engaged in his compositions, to feel as if we were making healthy and animating excursions into the wide high-grounds of nature. It is not reverie, it is not imagination, it is not reasoning, or sensibility, or mere description that so engages us in these compositions; but it is an intimate, and lively, and exhilarating communication with the most interesting phenomena of the world;—an ardent and robust, (if we may so speak) coursing down of natural objects, and a vast and noble range of natural scenery. With him we

Try what the open, what the covert yield:

we set off with him to stretch our curiosity and sympathy to their fullest strain, excited by his inspiring tally-ho; and all that is foul, morbid, or effeminate in our habits or constitutions, is likely to be worked out under the invigorating influence of such gallant exercise.

We are, however, only repeating what we have already said of this bewitching writer, in a paper entirely devoted to his most popular productions.* Regarding him, however, as holding forth the most honourable example which the present day affords, of literature exercising its functions in a manly, sensible, unaffected style; free from bitterness, gloom, sickliness, whimsies, cant, and intolerance—all besetting faults of the time—we cannot let slip any opportunity of offering him our sincere homage, and expressing the admiration due to him as the author of our period, who will form the pinnacle of its genius in the sight of our posterity; whose name will be "familiar as household words" in their mouths; whose delightful works will furnish the fascination of the fireside, and topics of cheerful and social converse, when the discords and profligacies of the living generation are laid quiet and forgotten in their tombs. In the age of Byron, of Shelley, of Hunt, of Wilson, we owe—(and momentous is the obligation)—to the author of the Scotch Novels, our chief, perhaps our only assurance, that the literature of the present era will not be indelibly branded hereafter with a diseased, false, affected, profligate, whining, and hypocritical character. Most of

* *Living Authors*, No. I. inserted in our first Number.

the persons we have mentioned by name are men of genius—all of them are men of eminent talent; but all of them are men destitute of true intellectual dignity—all and each are sectarians and egotists in literature—wonders of the day rather than lights for all time. The mawkishness of Wilson's poetry betrays its hypocrisy; it shows the want of genuine sentiment; its pretensions are to religious sensibility—but the composition rather seems *larded* with cant, than to be of a really religious quality. The hollow-heartedness of the writer escapes to observation in a fault of his style. Hunt permits a *smallness of soul* to be apparent in all he does: he cannot, or dare not, grapple with the real elements of human nature: his philosophy is as petty as his taste—and poisonous in a worse way. He would convert life into child's play, in which sweetmeats represent every thing desirable, and a surfeit is the *summum bonum.** Instead of being malevolently inclined, he is really of an amiable disposition; but he is very vain, and totally destitute of magnanimity—and hence it has happened, that he has quite as often outraged merit, misrepresented character, and calumniated motive, as any of the public writers who are known to be either venal or malignant. Shelley is a visionary, with a weak head and a rich imagination: and Byron, who has far more internal strength than any of those we have mentioned, is for ever playing tricks either with himself or the public;—his demoniac energy, like that of the Pythia, is either wrought-up by his own will, or altogether assumed as a deception. We incline to the former supposition. The author of the Scotch Novels appears amongst these perverters, as if charged to restore to literature its health and grace,—to place it again on its fair footing in society, legitimately associated with good manners, common sense, and sound principle. If he really be,—as it is now almost fair to take for granted,—the respectable and eminent person to whom general report gives these productions, we may safely affirm, that, while Sir Walter Scott greatly increases his fame as a writer by this addition to his known works, the author of the Scotch Novels merges in one whose previous reputation in literature, and honourable bearing in the world, are calculated to render the discovery highly agreeable. The vivacity, keenness, intelligence, and easy elegance of Sir Walter's mind, as manifested in his poems, and other avowed publications, become sublimated into genius of a high standard in the merits of the novels;—but the *kind* is not altered,—the *degree* only is increased. By the recent honour he has received from the crown, our country and age may be considered illustrated; for never, since the first origin of titles, has this distinction more obviously waited on rare and eminent qualities. There is, moreover, a peculiar happiness characterising this grant, with reference to the period, the title, and the individual. The first is honoured by the intellectual nature of the merit which has been selected for illustration; while the old associations of the knightly title, are refreshed and brightened-up in our minds, by the chivalrous cast of that taste, those talents, and even personal habits, which unite in the character of Sir Walter Scott.

We have the greatest pleasure in dwelling upon these particulars, and that must be our excuse for the length of this digression. Humble as our testimony is, in the scale of evidence to the fame of this eminent man, it is at least sincerely offered, and we would wish it to appear zealously expressed. On the present occasion in particular, we entertain this wish, for we are about to touch on matters of a less agreeable nature. Amongst the many sterling claims to public attention, and legitimate means of exciting public interest, which Sir Walter Scott possesses, he is pleased (supposing him to be the author of the Scotch Novels), to employ one of a less valid kind—namely *mystery as to the authorship.* The question remains a perpetual puzzle; and in some respects it may be said to become more puzzling, in proportion as it seems more certain who the writer really is. This sort of concealment has been often practised by authors; and it may either be

* A most extraordinary, and, we really must say, *atrocious* assertion relative to *Shakspeare's* feelings, which appeared very lately in the Examiner, shall be subjected to particular notice in our next Number.

highly fit and necessary or—perfectly indifferent as far as any principle is concerned—or distasteful—or altogether improper. There are no circumstances connected with the present concealment that could warrant us to call it improper; but, however accountable it might have been at first, it now *appears* quite unaccountable, except by alleging motives which we should be sorry to believe occupied a paramount place in so gifted a mind. As the stratagem of a trader in books, though it may be innocent, it is at least no longer dignified; and, while we are far from sorry that it was for some time kept up, as giving an agreeable zest to our expectation and admiration, it has now degenerated into either mere trifling, or mere trick.

For ourselves, however, we certainly should have allowed gratitude for the works produced, to stifle the expression of this opinion as to the manner of their appearance, were it not that the trick in question is a bad precedent—that it has proved a mischievous example, and is of a nature to be turned to unworthy purposes in meaner and more sordid hands. The example given by the author of the Scotch Novels in this respect, is leading to a fashion of hoaxing and masquerade, in regard to authorship, which must degrade, and is degrading, the character of our literature, by favouring licentiousness rather than independence, and affording at once covert and temptation to odious violations of decorum. Writing anonymously is, generally speaking, very different from writing in a false name and capacity; and this the author in question may urge in his own behalf: but, in this particular instance, the withholding of his name is practising what, in the jargon of the day, may be termed a *mystification* on the public—for the authorship of the works is keenly discussed—it is treated as a riddle—different names are specified as the solution—the common features therefore of anonymous cases are not to be found in this. The perplexity alluded to fans the interest of the novel; and the book itself scarcely excites so much curiosity as the question who is the author?

Persons of grovelling and bad intentions were likely to see the advantage that might be taken of this new source of interest, both as a means of raising popular attention at a cheaper rate than by cleverness alone, and also as furnishing a mode of escaping from that responsibility which attaches to the writer who assumes no feigned character or title. It surely is—we are sure it *ought* to be—a severe mortification to the author of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolks," that his Book has formed the archetype, or exemplar, to "Peter's Letters,"—a publication sinning, both in its design and execution, against the rules of decency and the principles of honour. Of all low-minded expedients to gain success for talent, we know of none more sordid or more mischievous, than that of gratifying the paltry and nefarious curiosity which hovers round the enclosures of private life—prying and spying at loop holes and unguarded openings, anxious to discover something within the domestic fence, to purloin some morsel for ravenous scandal to glut itself upon, or foolish loquacity to amuse itself with. This is indeed dirty catering; it is an offence at once against morals, and against literature, degrading the latter as surely as it corrupts the former. Unfortunate and worn-out indeed, is the state of society, when this device to attract attention becomes general and popular: the source of intellectual pleasures may then be considered as poisoned; the bad passions of human nature are then let loose,—not in grandeur and terror,—not as wild beasts to excite notions of sublimity while they ravage,—but as vermin,—little, venomous, over-running,—to infest, to soil, to sting, and to disgust.—The work called "Peter's Letters," has given the most notorious and profligate example of this felon conspiracy against the dignity of literature, and the order and peace of society: and in regard to that publication the word *conspiracy* is used with peculiar propriety,—for it has not even to plead that it bears evidence throughout of the sincerity and consistency of a single individual's opinions, offered honestly in point of conviction, however wicked and injurious their scope and effect. No—it has been formed by means of a coalition of baseness: two unprincipled men have agreed in it to club their stores of personal allusions,—each to bring in his quota of stimulating materials of this de-

scription,—mingling fabrications with facts,—false or fanciful tales with real anecdotes,—portraits with caricatures,—descriptions with misrepresentations,—fulsome praise with black calumny,—while, in regard to all matters of real opinion, all that would form the moral, or application of the narrative, they have each been ready to sacrifice to the other—if it be correct to speak of a sacrifice of principle where no principle exists. These men have availed themselves of the dinner parties, tea-drinkings, and assemblies of their neighbours, in the way that the romance writer sometimes avails himself of the records of history: in one page we find religious cant, in another drunken ribaldry, in another the small scandal of the tea-table, in another the most rancorous malignity, in another ungenerous caricature offered as portrait, in another facts that prove the treachery of the compilers.

The authors of this book are the principal writers in Blackwood's Magazine; and the outrages of one publication have been transferred to the other; each has vouched for the other's probity and talent; and the only question seems now to be, whether this system of fraud and scandal is to be suffered to establish itself, with the most insolent pretensions to justice and respectability, and under countenance calculated to raise presumptions in its favour!

We certainly deem ourselves authorized—nay called upon—to put this question distinctly to Sir Walter Scott: and our reasons, we think, are of sufficient force, to exonerate us from the charge of acting illiberally or impertinently in so doing. In the first place, it would scarcely be too much to say, that Sir Walter has, to a certain extent, identified himself with these men, and their scandalous publication, by the excessive zeal of his late endeavours to secure for one of them an appointment of momentous trust, and honorable name,—with which the very hopes, as well as the reputation of his native land, are most materially involved;—the holder of which should not only be free from crime, but far above suspicion—not only decently moral in his walk and conversation, but aloof from all degrading associations with freedoms and levities that partake of the nature of indecorums—that is to say, unless it be one of our modern discoveries that the preceptor may be a perpetually present burlesque on his maxims, without injuring the efficacy of the latter on the mind of the student. If it should be thought by any rather too severe thus to call Sir Walter publicly to account, for an act, which he no doubt would represent as one of private kindness,—our answer is, that the present is a very peculiar case, and must be regarded in its own remarkable features. If Sir Walter Scott has been elevated to a situation of perfectly unexampled celebrity and influence, by the unanimous applauses of all who are in any way concerned in the distribution of the honors of intellect, and in awarding literary fame, he must be content, along with what is pleasant and profitable in this distinction, to bear its responsibility. His name has become national property; his conduct, therefore, may have an immediate and direct influence on his nation's interests and reputation. Scotland owes him much; but surely he does not owe less to Scotland; he owes her gratitude, and above all he owes her strict fidelity in all those actions which are likely to have authority with his countrymen in consequence of the admiration his talents have excited in their breasts. To fail them in these, from any motive whatever, is giving but sorry return to them for their confidence. The election of a Professor to the Metropolitan University of Scotland, was an affair in which the interference of Sir Walter Scott could not but be highly important, both to himself and the public. He is not a common man, and, the occasion was not a common one. That it was not so esteemed, may be inferred from the fact, that the vacant chair was respectfully tendered to Sir James Mackintosh; an individual of high consideration in society, and unquestioned eminence in intellectual and scholastic attainments. As the presiding distributor of justice and the blessings of British law to our Asiatic subjects, and as one of the most eloquent of British senators, Sir James has acquired a fame in Europe which would have reflected back its lustre on the University, had he accepted the invitation to enter amongst its professors. But the University of

Edinburgh has not been so lucky; —instead of the late Chief Judge at Bombay, at present a member of the British Parliament, it has added to its Academical strength—whom?—ONE OF BLACKWOOD'S MEN—a co-Editor of a slanderous periodical work! And Sir Walter Scott has exerted himself, with might and main, to procure this election!! Let us look at some of the circumstances connected with it, and with the recommendation in question. Blackwood's Magazine wages war, with envenomed rancour, against the respectability and feelings of one, at least, of the professors of the Edinburgh University. We forbear to mention the gentleman's name, because we do not wish to help the malignity we are exposing. Not a number of the work appears, that does not contain some bitter personality, levelled against this distinguished man of science, who is hauled out *by name*, with coarse indecency, and glaring defiance of all the laws of civilized criticism. Has Sir Walter Scott done well in exerting himself to send the traducer to sit by the side of the traduced, inevitably to excite emotions of disrespect and derision in the minds of the students, and to cast scandal, by so unsuitable an approximation, on the University itself? Has his country no reason to reproach him for this? Then, again, we would ask him, if there is one man now living, who has benefited more by the good-will and liberal behaviour of his critical neighbours, and almost of all who have had opportunities of making him the object of animadversion, than himself? That this is much to his own credit we are the foremost to state;—his great talents and respectable character have fairly claimed the praise he has received;—but we may venture to say that it is also to the credit of others; and if *we* remember the first circumstance, *he* ought not to forget the latter. We apprehend, therefore, that, considering the matter in a general point of view, Sir Walter Scott was called upon, more than most people, to avoid countenancing the degradation of criticism by abuse, and to show abhorrence of the practice of mingling it up with rancour and personality, seeing that he has been so much a gainer, in every way, in consequence of these qualities lying dormant in regard to himself. But, unless we are much mistaken indeed, there are peculiarities here, too, that ought to have weighed more strongly than they appear to have done on the mind of Sir Walter Scott, when it was suggested to him to become the zealous espouser of Blackwood's cause—for so we interpret his conduct in regard to the professorship. His principal publisher, and his most effective critic (criticism being in his case synonymous with praise) have been both grossly injured in Blackwood's Magazine: they have been treated in it with detestable unfairness—insidiously as well as malignantly. We pretend not to estimate the amount of any obligation which Sir Walter may owe to these gentlemen: perhaps he may think he owes none, and we do not mean to affirm he does—but we do mean to say, that, if slander be always hateful, it becomes still more repugnant to persons of well-constituted minds, when it is levelled against those whose honour and liberality they have experienced, and with whom they have maintained habits of familiar communication.

We make these remarks with great reluctance; but the truth is, it has now become impossible any longer to avoid proceeding to extremities in this case. Blackwood's Magazine, as it has been, and is conducted, is a nuisance that must be abated; and one of the first steps necessary to be taken is to look about and see from what quarters it derives a countenance and assistance calculated to further the imposition it practises on the public. Sir Walter Scott's testimony in its favour is no trifling advantage; and many, who have suffered by that infamous work, have helped to increase that advantage, by dwelling, with complacency, on the eminent qualities that give weight to the evidence in question. Perhaps, therefore, they may have been doing quite as much injury to literature and society, in one respect, by their praises, as honour in another. Be that as it may, however, it is necessary we should know how the case really stands. In Blackwood's Magazine they allude sneeringly to the *wives* and *children* of the writers they attack. Does Sir Walter Scott countenance this practice, and would he think

reprisals fair? They forge letters, bearing well-known names, to throw ridicule on the objects of their severity. Is Sir Walter Scott prepared to see this done against themselves, without complaining, should by chance *his* name be employed, and private circumstances be taken advantage of to give point to the correspondence? In Blackwood's Magazine they speak of one person as having "*greasy hair*," another as being "*pimpled*," another as being "*dim-eyed*," another as clumsy and awkward? What does Sir Walter Scott think of these personal courtesies? Do they give grace to his recommendation in the instance of the Professorship? We repeat, that, if a man of character and genius will lend his great influence to strengthen a particular work, he must be held responsible for its qualities—society requires this security, and we are determined to enforce it.

But lest it should be thought that we have not, as yet, fully established a right to make this direct appeal to a person so distinguished in society and in letters, we must proceed a step further, and plainly ask whether we are, or are not, *to consider Sir Walter Scott as aiding in the Magazine in question?* Blackwood's hints, the other day, in London, justify us in putting this interrogatory. Nay, more, Sir Walter has himself been lately in London, and we now find a series of papers in Blackwood, in which certain London parties and prayer-meetings, with the names of individuals, are exposed very much in the culpable manner of "Peter Morris," though with a more delicate hand. A breakfast at Mr. Wilberforce's figures in these descriptions; a dinner, we believe, at Mr. Charles Grant's, &c. &c. The diminutive person of the former gentleman, his religious tendencies, and religious associates, are introduced in a way to give the air of portrait to the sketch: but surely a man of honour, and of good company, can never have been guilty of the enormous indecorum of availing himself of the attentions which he owes to his talents and reputation, to bestow poignancy and attraction on a scandalous Magazine, at the expense of the most sacred of those obligations which a gentleman implicitly contracts, when he steps over an hospitable threshold! This would be another and further step towards the degradation of literature, and the disgrace of the literary character, forcibly demanding vehement and instant interference. We forbear to say more on this subject, because we feel that we have great power in our hands. It may be necessary to return to it; but let us hope not. We must persist, however, in holding the voluntary contributor, and zealous recommender, answerable for the work; and the principles on which we do so are fair and undeniable.

We shall very soon allude specifically to the treatment which Hunt, Haydon, Keats, &c. &c. &c. have experienced from Blackwood's Magazine: and, while stating how far we differ, in many respects, from certain of these individuals, we shall nevertheless expose the excessive falsehood of what we see is now attempted to be maintained by Sir Walter Scott's FRIENDS—viz. that their attacks on these persons just-named, have been restrained within the limits of fair criticism—that they have not manifested any "personal feelings towards them, good or bad"—that they have only "*expressed simple, undisguised, and impartial opinions concerning the merits and demerits of men they never saw; nor thought of for one moment, otherwise than as in their capacity of authors.*"

We shall prove that they have never offered one word of genuine criticism on the productions of these persons: that they have done nothing but abuse their *faces, dress, professions,* and *conduct*: that in no one instance have they written concerning them under the influence of any better feelings than those of personal rancour, or sordid greed: that, in fact, every single syllable they here say, in deference to what they feel to be a growing sentiment against their publication, IS FALSE—glaringly, grossly false—that they must know it to be false—and that they introduce it by a falsehood just as palpable as it is paltry.

They may try to get over this in their usual style,—making coarse burlesque the cover for mean untruth:—in the cunning of their knavery, they may seek to give the semblance of mirth to the explanations wrung from the consciousness of their exposed infamy,—hoping thus to turn attention away from the insufficiency of

their justification:—they may practise the tricks of mountebanks as a diversion from the charge of having forfeited the character of gentlemen:—they may assume the broad, vaunting language of the professed motley-coated fool, in the mercenary spirit of the vile nostrum-vender:—by gaily uttering outrageous exaggerations they may seriously seek to give currency to insidious falsehoods, and under pretence of a merry banter insinuate a sordid dealer's cheating puff:—they may ring the changes, in short, on all the devices left to men destitute of principle, when truth can no longer avail them, and they have no remaining ally but impudence—but they will do all this in real mortification, and deep bitterness of heart,—for they must know that such an article as this is a *branding* one.—It may not be quoted in their hearing in society, but it will be recollected at their entrance, and thought of silently as they are interchanging salutations with the company. *All men will now know them*—call them "shrewd knaves, but *unhappy*,"—and the conviction of this will lie for the future cold and corpse-like on their pleasantry. They had better, therefore, "turn their jests out of service, and talk in good earnest." We have at least set them the example.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH OF FRANCE.

As in the settlement of the French constitution the state of the Reformed Church will naturally come under discussion, it may be interesting to give some detail of its present legal existence.

The place which the Church of England holds, at the head of the Reformed, naturally suggests sympathy, in this country, with the struggles of its brotherhood in France. But the history of that oppressed piety is of intrinsic value to those who would estimate the salient, imperishable resistance, that can be infused into human weakness by the righteous cause.

It is probable that England had no precedency over France in protesting against the superstitions of Rome. We can discover, even in the confusion of all history, down to the eleventh century, traces of a Reformed Church in every country of Europe. Wherever there was knowledge there was reformation. With the decay of national intelligence the power of Romish superstition flowed back—and buried the mind of the land under a depth of oppressive ceremony, and sullen ignorance, from which a large portion of the continent has never been able to emerge. The political circumstances of France, her ambition of superiority in all things, good and evil, her military mind, and her early independence of the immediate power of the Popedom, placed her in the finest position of all European states for mental supremacy. She stood for her hour upon the intellectual meridian, in the central point, between sunset and sunrise. Her religious purity followed her intellectual eminence. France was the first country in which the Reformation took its rank among the acknowledged and mightier influences of kingdoms, and found itself environed by nobles and princes. The Count of Thoulouse, almost an independent sovereign, raised its banner, and the tearing down of that banner cost a long and desperate war, the devastation of the South. But the Reformed Church in France was not to be finally undone. It was revived again; the partial knowledge of the nation ensured its existence, where a more general extent of free thought would have established its victory. In Italy it had perished;—the lavish superstition, and hopeless ignorance of the multitude, had borne down its wing, and it dropped in that more than Avernian gulph. In England it had risen above the vapour, and lived in the light. In France it still laboured, though with an encumbered pinion, but its strength was not exhausted. With some analogy to the life of its great founder, Religion toiled on in travail and neglect, but still giving sublime evidence of a power above man, and full of the promise of its future kingdom.

The ruin of the Count of Thoulouse gave the Reformed Church of France a temporary overthrow, but it rose again under the influence of the Church of Geneva; and Calvin, then

clothed in the authority almost of an Apostle, was its legislator. It struggled under alternate personal contempt, and military tyranny in the reign of Francis I:—it struggled under rapacity, bigotry, and folly, in that of Henry II:—but it grew in this reign; it assumed an authentic and public form; and the Protestants reckoned among their congregations some of the most illustrious names of the nobility.

On the 25th of May, 1559, a day still consecrated by the Reformed, the first General Assembly of their Church was held. The rapidity of their proceedings forms a striking contrast to the tardiness of the Romish General Councils. They were not assembled to disguise the truth, but to declare it in concord, and in sincerity. In four days they drew up their Confession of Faith, and their Form of Church Government. In twelve years after, this Confession was renewed at Rochelle—with signatures which show the rank attained by the Protestants, even in the dominions of the "Eldest son of the Church." The Confession of Rochelle was signed by Jeanne d'Albert, Queen of Navarre; by her celebrated son, afterwards Henry IV; by the Prince of Conde; by the Count of Nassau—by a crowd of others, Seigneurs, Magistrates, and Churchmen. This Code consisted of Forty Articles, and was of the following nature:—

Wherever there are so many Protestants as to form a Congregation, and to provide for a Minister, there is a Church.

The Minister is received only upon examination of his Morals and Doctrine before the Provincial Synod, or the Conference, consisting of at least Seven Ministers.

Ordination is to be given in the Church to which the Minister is called, and his duties are to preach, to administer the Sacrament, and to attend to the religious habits of his people.

Respect on the part of the people is due to the Minister, but he is to assume no authority over them. The greatest among them is to be but a servant.

The Minister's office is for life. He is to be assisted by laymen, called Elders and Deacons, whose office is temporary.

The Elders are to attend with the Ministers to the order, and support, and the government of the Church. The Deacons are to collect the alms, and to watch over the poor.

The Assembly of the Ministers, Elders, and Deacons, forms, in each Church, the Consistory, which takes cognizance of all matters of piety, scandal, and penalty in that Church.

All the Churches are equal in rank, all united, and all governed by the common authority of the Conferences and the Synods, provincial and national.

The Conferences are appointed by the Provincial Synods in Districts, according to the convenience of assembling. They are to be formed of Ministers and Elders deputed from the Churches of the District, to meet at least twice a year, and to apply themselves to take cognizance of the general advancement of piety.

The Provincial Synods are formed, like the Conferences, by Deputation. They are to meet at least once a year, and all their resolutions are to be laid before the National Synods, which are to pronounce in the last resort on ecclesiastical matters.

The National Synods are formed by Deputation of Ministers and Laymen from all the Churches, and are to assemble according to circumstances. Their decisions are to be the ultimate rule of the faithful.

All those Assemblies, whether Conference, or Provincial, or National Synod, elect a President and Secretary, whose office expires with the meeting.

This simple Code, which bears so strong an affinity to that of the Scottish Church, was the original law of French Protestantism. The natural change of times, and the perpetual difficulties which crowded round a Church, in sight of the jealous and dominant superstition of Rome, encreased the number of the articles; till, at the last National Synod of Loudun, in 1660, the forty had swelled to two hundred and twenty-two.

Henry II. was the bloody persecutor of the Church. The miserable education of the French kings made the prospect equally desperate under Francis II. But a man of learning and piety interposed—L'Hopital was Chancellor of France: his spirit was tolerant, and, after a long struggle with the folly and the fury of a bi-

gotted Court, and a people fierce with Popery, he abolished the Inquisition; a triumph worthy of immortality. The history of the Church is, from this period, mingled with the political history of France. The simplicity, purity, and wisdom of Protestantism had made a deep impression on the public mind. The superstitions of Rome had established their strong hold in the extremes of society: they were powerful on the throne, and with the populace; but between those limits lay a great debateable land, which, if not wholly possessed, was traversed freely by the truth. A new and splendid influence had already been let loose through political Europe, like the immediate impression of a superior will. The spirit of investigation, of public right, and of manly knowledge was pervading the nations. It was the great travail of the world before the birth of civil and religious freedom. Commerce had created a new race to fill up the desart, that was stretched between the ignorant power of the King, and the ignorant slavery of the subject. Between those desolate and iron banks, a mighty stream of life and strength had begun to roll; and Protestantism was borne in triumph through the centre of the national system.

Charles IX. ascended the throne; like Nero he began his reign with mercy;—L'Hopital was still the tutelar genius of the Reformation, and of France. The famous Assembly, of the year 1561, was held—and the edict of St. Germains gave a Constitution to the Reformed Church. This edict established liberty of worship; the admission to all public employments; the right of taxing themselves for the support of their clergy and their poor; and the power of holding their assemblies, under the sole restriction of their being held in the presence of a Commissioner appointed by the King. This was the victory of reason and religion: but it was the beginning of sorrows. The elements of ruin were loose in France. The old veneration for the throne had perished in the contempt for the weakness and profligacy of the court; and in its day of trouble it had no refuge in the people. The Aristocracy of France had arrived at that position which gives an ambitious nobility the most formidable command of evil. The great feudal Lordships, the Princedoms of France had been mutilated, but the pride of the Baron was still martial, arrogant, and thirsty for power. Their petty and universal struggles were more dangerous to the national peace than the wars of their ancient sovereignty. A skirmish and a family alliance completed the round of the old baronial feuds, and the kingdom remained undisturbed by the obscure hostilities of a remote province. But what was once done summarily and by force, was now more fatally wrought out by intrigue. Faction poisoned the waters of the land, and the whole population was made sick. Power, even to the crown of France, was the object of the leaders on both sides: popular names were blazoned on the banners of both, but the King and the people were equally contemplated as the prize, and the slave of the conquerors.

The whole force of the kingdom now stood arrayed and restless for battle. Religion gave the signal, and like armies that waited to begin their attack in a thunder-storm, they rushed together, each appealing to the omen from Heaven. Modern history has had, till within our day, no equal to the desolation of the wars of the league. Religion helmeted is Religion no more; but there were seen even in the midst of that blind and bloody hurtling of human passion, the forms of holiness, and charity, and devoted faith, moving like impassive spirits through the ranks, binding up many a dreary wound, and turning many a dying eye to Heaven. The principle of evil was there, counteracting and inflaming, but it was forced to lurk in subtlety, and the pretence of zeal;—our day has shown it startling up in its native shape of infidelity,—dilated Satan. The ostensible heads of the opposition to religious liberty were the Duke of Guise, Marshal St. Andre, and the Constable de Montmorency. They bore a name not unsuited by its Roman recollections to their ambition and their cruelty—"*The Triumvirate.*" But the league had a more elevated head. The out-pouring of the wrath upon France was known to the world, like the vial of the Apocalypse, by the trumpet and the thunders, and the deluge of blood and fire; but the hand

that poured it was wrapped in clouds. The invisible chief of this grand conspiracy against God and man was Philip II. of Spain; a solitary mind of dark and bloody thoughts, a crowned and self-tormented fiend.

The war of the league had intervals of pacification.—The first of those was due to L'Hopital—a man to whom France ought to raise a pyramid, if the glory of turning a country to humanity were not more glorious than all the pyramids. The edict of 1562 was passed at Amboise. It was suddenly violated by Catherine de Medicis, Regent, sustained by a new conspiracy of the Princes of Lorraine, the Duke of Bavay, the Pope, and the King of Spain. Conde and Coligny resumed the command of the Reformed. They advanced to the walls of Paris, and the edict of 1568 was passed, confirming all their former privileges. This edict also was violated, and war raged again. As in the common course of continued revolutions, the national mind now became rapidly more debased, cruel, and faithless. The generous rivalry of arms was gone; it was now the fierce struggle of robbers over the corpse that they mutually defaced and tore. It was a combination of all the means of destruction, and made malignant by all the bitterness of individual rage. The torrent did not burst upon a district, and, after having swept away the surface in its wrath, subside, and quit the soil; it was an evil innundation, that made the whole land stagnant, and rotten to its roots. France was a mighty swamp of treachery, where there was not a sound spot for the plant of the foot. War was still abroad, and brave and noble hearts were trampled down in the field, but the bloodiest war was in night, and silence, in the dungeon, by the bedside. Almost without exception all the great original leaders of the war were assassinated. The night of the 24th of August, 1572—the night of Saint Bartholomew—has left the stain of blood on France for ever. In those struggles the hope of freedom to the nation perished. The Royal authority was invaded by the universal tempest, and overwhelmed. The King stood on a fragment of his privilege, that was hourly crumbling away, in weakness and despair stretching out his hands to the leaders, who, like mighty corsairs, successively rolled past him, on that swell of popular tumult—and ready to take chains on his hands, if by so doing he could ensure safety. Conde was murdered after the battle of Jarnac. Henri the Bearnais was then next made chieftain: experience had taught him, that there was no safety but in the drawn sword, and he took the throne of France, and peace, by storm.

The Edict of Nantes, April 1598, was the result of this successful struggle. Acknowledging the Roman Catholic as the paramount religion, and demanding for it, on the part of the Reformed, respect to its rites, and the payment of tithes, it established for the Reformed,—

The public exercise of worship in all places where it had been exercised up to the end of August, 1597.

The general use of the powers and means for supporting this exercise.

The holding of Consistories and Synods according to their own pleasure.

A grant of forty thousand crowns a year from the Treasury, with the right to raise money among themselves for their public necessities.

The privileges of their clergy, and the subsistence of their Colleges, and places of education, with the right of being received into the Catholic colleges.

The possessions of all the privileges of Citizenship, and admission to all employments.

Chambers in the parliaments, with an equal number of Protestant and Catholic judges.

The reception of their poor, sick, or well, into the national hospitals.

As a surety, the Reformed were to hold several places of strength for eight years.

This Edict was registered in 1599, and France rested from carnage. All history bears evidence against the fruitlessness of persecution. But the war of the League stands forth, with the most striking testimony since the Apostolic day, of the total inefficiency of human power to extirpate religious conviction. Continental Europe was raised in arms against protestantism: for nearly forty years its life seemed to be continually crushed out by the tread of armies; but they might as well have attempted to trample out the productive power of the earth;

the very bloodshed seemed to give a new fertility to the great moral principle—the moment the actual pressure and inroad had passed away, the spot of the battle and the burning was covered once more with the glorious vegetation of free consciences, and resolved piety.

Until the assassination of Henri IV. in 1610, the Reformed were at peace, and in the full enjoyment of the privileges which they had so gallantly conquered. But from that period they were disquieted again. A minority, an intriguing court, which felt the liberty of the subject as an encroachment on the licence of its stern and dissolute despotism,—the malignity of the Popedom which never relaxed, and never will relax its hatred of free judgment--the haughty rage of Spain, which had felt every concession to the Reformed like a wound through the armour of its sullen and hereditary pride—all combined to produce a new hostility against the Protestant church. It was taken by surprise; the sword had rusted in the hands of its nobles. This was the most disastrous of all its wars. Rochelle, the bulwark of the cause, was taken, after a memorable siege, and peace was made at Alais, in June 1629. The loss in negociation was but slight for the close of a succession of disasters. The Edict of Nantes was renewed, with but a few subtractions from its ample privileges: those were chiefly, the prohibition of the conferences and synodal meetings without the royal permission, and the presence of a royal commissioner, who was however to be a protestant; and the prohibition of all assemblies, general, or private, for political purposes. Louis XIII. kept his promises;—Louis XIV. broke the treaty. This man seems to have been made the representative of the spirit of French monarchy, as Napoleon was of French republicanism. With Napoleon the empire of republicanism grew and died—a dazzling, fearful, and brief structure, rising in defiance of heaven and man—rising "like an exhalation," a pandemonium—and, as suddenly as it rose, dissolving away into clouds and emptiness. Louis sat within a mighty fabrication that had been the work of centuries; like an Indian deity, surrounded with the overloaded monuments, and images, of old tyranny and old superstition,—at once enshrined and enthroned, a helpless and moveless idol,—but sanctioning by his presence many a scene of torture, bloodshed, and pollution. This man, at once a bigot and a profligate, revoked the edict of Nantes, in October 1685, for his atonement with his conscience. The revocation plunged a large portion of France into sudden and desperate misery. This was the first shake of the monarchy. The spirit of Napoleon and his government, fierce, subtle, all-devouring, living only on inexorable animosity against the hopes of the earth, required to be annihilated at once: its strength was too fatal to be left for moral experiment, and it was crushed by what looked less like mortal energy, than the descended power of providence. The vices of the formal, feeble, and inflated mind of Louis came more within human conviction; and the monarchy was suffered to give the gradual lesson of kingdoms;—the dying figure was subdued by the tardy disease that in its progress might compel the eye, and add to the restorative knowledge of the world;—it was not smitten into a cinder by a flash from Heaven. War raged through France, but its character was distinct from that of the old equal contest of the League. It was no longer the splendid lifting of banner against banner, equally rich with emblems of princely blood and ancient achievement. The monarchy had absorbed the nobility. France was divided into two vast portions; in the one the throne stood, surrounded with all the pomps of kingly luxury; and seeing the great Baronial powers chained in its menagerie, or pasturing about the borders of the royal chase. All beyond this stately limit was given over to barrenness and barbarism—to the nameless race of *roturiers* and peasantry—taking no share in the dignities of the state, nearly forgotten in the muster roll of its civilization. The Monarchy was France. It was upon the helpless and obscure population that the revocation of the edict of Nantes fell; and it was the fall of a whirlwind; the first shock found all passive, the whole community was flung up, rent in sunder, and dissipated at once. The manufacturing wealth of the country was whirled away to all the bordering kingdoms,

never to return. But with the first relaxation of this violence, the Reformed looked round for shelter in their own land; and in their fastnesses of wood and mountain, girded themselves for final battle. The broken country in the south-east of France was the principal seat of this contest, which was carried on with the obstinacy of bigotry on the one side, and with the exhaustless intrepidity of religious valour on the other. Of all war, civil war is the most deadly; and its most deadly character is assumed when it is roused by intolerance. The wound is given by the soul, and enters into the soul. The battle is less of bodies than of exasperated minds. In the plains, the Reformed were swept before the regular discipline of the King's troops; but they took refuge among the hills, and then began the revenge. The royal army plunged into the defiles, like hunters after the deer, but they often roused the lion. Their superb strength was wasted and broken down in the obscure, cheerless, murderous hostility of a peasant war. The details of those struggles are the same in all periods. Bloody skirmishes, battle round every hill. The warfare continuing after the fight is done; the darker inventions of civil life swelling the train of battle. The gibbet following the sword; yet all this array of devastation, baffled and driven back in its assaults upon the central, sacred seat of their religion.—A wall of fire round the altar—desolation, poverty, and danger, only pressing the worshippers closer round the foot of the shrine. But all in the war of the Cevennes was not worthy to be forgotten; it had its heroes; minds made for command, springing up like meteors from their obscurity; brilliant and powerful intellects, created into light and power by the fierce friction of their rude elements; chieftains from the spade and the vinehook, displaying before they sank and perished, the glorious resources that nature has in reserve for the evil day. France began at length to feel the exhaustion of this contest; its duration of nine years attracted the notice of foreign powers; and on a memorial, presented by the celebrated Vauban, even the bigotry of Louis, now in his old age, and the slave of mistresses and confessors, inclined to pacification. As a first step, the heirs of the protestant fugitives were allowed, on becoming Catholic, to enter into possession. His decease broke off the treaty, and the Reformed remained under a civil death. Louis XVI. a man whose gentle nature resisted the spirit of his church, gave them a legal existence. The Revolution came, and in its hatred swept away all religion. The Consular government, in its contempt, allowed all forms of religion as of equal authority. Napoleon, at once Mahometan, Papist, and Atheist, was the informing and representative mind of his code of indifference. His object was power, and it was unimportant to him whether the stream came pure from the dews of heaven, or was forced up from the stagnation and impurity of the earth, if he could gather it into a mass of strength to break down the bulwarks of nations. On the 2d of April, 1802, a code, entitled *Organic Articles*, was established for the Reformed. Strong reclamations were made against this act by the Consistories, but ineffectually; and it is still the rule of their government. The fifth article of the Charter has determined that all men shall have equal liberty of religion, and that all forms of religion shall have the same protection from the laws. In conformity with this statute, the Protestants now re-demand their ancient religious constitution, technically called the Discipline. Their chief complaints are; that the Organic Articles allow a Consistorial Church only to every six thousand souls, while the Discipline allowed one, wherever there could be found enough for a congregation:

that the Articles allow only of elders. The Discipline had deacons:

that the Consistories according to the Articles are chosen according to regulations of public contribution and other political objects—chosen of a narrow number and for a brief duration, contrary to the Discipline:

that the location of the pastors, and the decision on their conduct, is usurped by the government:

that the decision of questions of faith is given over to the Council of State:

that the old union and correspondence of the Reformed Churches is broken up by the Articles:

that the Synods of Arrondise-

ment which were to have been in some measure the remedy for those wrongs, have never been summoned.

The present temper of the French monarchy is lenient, and the Reformed are unmolested. The disturbances which occurred in the south, a few years since, were the mere result of factious politics, and personal revenge. They were equally disowned by the government and the Reformed Church. But the mind of popery is hostile to religious freedom, and ages may be wasted in the commerce of memorials. In religion, as in politics, the true ground for liberty is knowledge. Let the Protestant Church devote itself to the national education; to the extension of manly knowledge among the mindless and profligate population of France: let them establish village libraries, and give the people a taste for the reading of not merely religious books, but all by which the human mind can be furnished and invigorated, and they may cease their supplications. They will in a few years, have not a court, but a nation for their judges—not a jurisdiction which in its purest spirit must be liable to human obliquities, but a mighty tribunal made up of all ranks—the assembled mind of their country, whose wisdom is above passion, and whose voice is only less than the voice of heaven.

VENUS DE MEDICIS.

Parent of Gods and Men! Immortal Queen
Of Love, pervading Earth, beheld in Heaven—
Venus, not vainly unto thee were given
Thine attributes; though ages since have been,
And Gods and Men have perish'd on the scene
Where thou wert once a Goddess,—still thou art,
Whate'er thy name, the worship of the heart.
Child of the Soul, never or dimly seen
In mortal semblance—perfect Beauty, still
The Spirit pants for thee, and still before
Thy image, which the mighty ancient's skill
Hew'd into life, e'en now, as then of yore,
Myriads bow down, in wonder deep and still,
And with entranced soul, and throbbing heart adore.

LINES

Written in Santa Croce, at the Tomb of Alfieri, erected by the Countess of Albany, his Wife.

Poet of Asti, at thy tomb I bow;
Oh man of passions high, and feelings fine,
Which were thy torment; bitter lot was thine,
To combat with thy fellow-men—'tis past, and now
Thy soul may deign well pleased to look below;
For o'er thy bust Italia doth incline
Her tower-crowned head,—and there, as to a shrine,
Who feel like thee her glory and her woe,
Frequent repair; and she who loved thee best—
She whom thou loved'st,—whose gently powerful breath,
Like Heaven's own voice o'er ocean, could arrest
Thy spirit—she, still warm and pure of faith,
Raised this thy tomb; and there, with throbbing breast,
Him whom she loved in life—laments in death.

TO ———

I know thee not, bright creature, ne'er shall know;
Thy course and mine lie far and far away;
Yet Heaven this once hath given me to survey
Those charms that seldom may be seen below.
We part as soon as met; but where I go
Thy form shall ever be; along thy way
Heaven (if that Heaven be just), its mildest ray
Shall shed unclouded; but though pain and woe
Thy cheek consume not, Time will have his prey,
And I may see and know thee not again.
But what lives in the mind shall not decay;
And thus shall mine thy form divine retain
In all the brightness of youth's dawning day—
When thou may'st be no more, and Earth laments in vain.

A PROMENADE ON THE PRADO AT MADRID.

The clock has already struck four,—the siesta is now finished; let us therefore hasten to the Puerta de los Recoletos, where the beautiful Prado lies before us, extended a quarter of a mile. Even beneath the shade of these aged elms and chesnut trees, we yet feel the heat of the sun;—we are, besides, somewhat too early for the company, and may, therefore, as well wander down the Promenade at our leisure—and then intermix among the walkers, and make our observations upon the various characters we behold. Here and there we may perceive some indolent fellows lying upon their faces, and stretched out upon, and beneath, the stone benches. Now and then a *regidor* (police officer) wakes some of the slumberers by the touch of his cane, in order to remove them from the seats which are destined for the beau-monde of Madrid. About this time the water carts begin to appear in the walks, and sprinkle the sandy ground, to prevent the dust from incommoding the passengers, and enveloping them in a rising cloud.

The farther we advance beyond the Franciscan Convent, the wider do the walks become,—while a spring of water in the vicinity imparts a cooling freshness to the air. In the centre of a noble bason stands a figure of Cybele, drawn by a yoke of lions, from whose manes falls the light spray of water, that glitters in the beams of the sun. The majestic avenue expands itself, as we approach the Alcala gate, to five rows of trees:—here too we find both a multitude of stone seats, and several hundred light straw chairs with backs, which are arranged in rows, for the gratuitous accommodation of the visitors of this place of resort. Opposite to the street of Alcala, is situated the old royal palace of Buen Retiro,—which, although it is far from striking either through its architecture or situation, is nevertheless exceedingly imposing, in consequence of its monstrous extent. On the left hand, we meet with another bason, in which stands a majestic Neptune with his elevated trident, drawn by dolphins, who emit torrents of water from their nostrils. In this part of the promenade, the various streams of passengers unite so as to form a crowd; and here too is indisputably the finest situation of any upon the whole extent of the Prado. The Botanic-Garden fills the air with the most delicious perfumes,—while, through its pallisades, are seen, in all their luxuriance, the rarest exotic plants refreshing the sight with their beauty. Further on, a fountain, decorated with statues of the Seasons, cools the atmosphere by a fine drizzling shower, on which the beams of the sun cast all the hues of the rainbow. Besides the three fountains we have mentioned, there are two

others to be found in the course of our walk. One is astonished at meeting with such fresh trees and luxuriant foliage, upon a soil so little favourable to vegetation, as the dry sand on which Madrid is situated;—yet when we notice the artificial hollows scooped out around every tree and supplied with water from the fountains, the enigma is at once solved,—since we perceive, that it is to those we are indebted for the cooling freshness of the atmosphere. When we have passed the street of St. Jerome, the walk begins to contract: before us stands the beautiful Atocha Gate;—on one side the convent of our Lady with its noble garden of olives; and then the enraptured eye roves over the Paseo de las Delicias, and its intersecting walks, as far as the flowery banks of the purling Manzanares.

Yet we must not tarry here too long, admiring the natural charms that present themselves to our view. It is time to hasten in search of character; and for this purpose let us mingle among the groups that are to be found before the Duke of Alba's palace; in front of the venerable *Retiro*; or between the St. Jerome and Alcala streets. The benches and chairs are now all occupied. Throngs, composed of persons of every description, roll, like the billows of the ocean, towards the shade beneath the elm trees. Uniforms of all varieties are seen intermingled amongst grave merchants and tradesmen, who come hither for the purpose of indulging in conversation, in which they are interrupted by the buzz proceeding from swarms of professed and privileged idlers. In one place we may perceive a couple of monks, wrapped up in their dusky garments, and seated in silence upon a stone bench,—the other end of which is occupied by two *fashionables*, who are discussing the last bull-fight, and who interlard their discourse with many a *carao*. Elderly citizens are seen with their mantles thrown across the left shoulder, in spite of the intense heat of the sun; while the younger ones pass by us in spensers. And now for our glasses to examine the ladies. There goes a charming young creature, modestly pacing down the walk, wrapped up in an elegant veil, and attended by an elderly duenna. Further on, two nymphs of less reserved appearance, trip along with large bunches of flowers in their hands, which they wantonly whirl around. Groups of well-dressed women have arranged themselves in semicircles upon the chairs, behind which the gentlemen are stationed. It is in this rich parterre that we meet with the most beautiful flowers which this metropolis can produce; while, here and there, we may observe among them a fair Andalusian, more charming still.

A stolen glance, cast from beneath a half lifted veil, addresses itself in the language of the heart, to a youth, who, buried in an amorous reverie, is leaning in the adjacent walk with his back against one of the elms. The Argus eyes of the watchful matron relax their vigilance, for she is now engaged in deep discourse with her neighbour upon some most interesting topics—the subjects discussed in this *Conversazione al fresco*, being, to the full, as important as those which occupy the fair votaries of a northern tea-table. The men, in the mean time, whether arrayed in the ecclesiastical or lay-costume, examine this gay flower-bed with the penetrating look of connoisseurs; for it is here that coquetry (although, by the bye, the Spanish language, in other respects so rich, has no distinctive term for this noble science) exerts all its arts,—vanity all its manœuvres. Here a captivating little foot and ancle, just discover themselves *by chance*;—there the mantilla,—formed of a long piece of fine muslin, that is thrown over the head, crosses the bosom, and then falls down on each side,—displays its magic powers, and achieves those wonders which used formerly to be produced by the once favoured, but now banished fan. When exercised by one who is a mistress of the art, the mantilla is sure to arrest the attention of the passengers: from beneath its half-expanded veil, propitious glances are thrown at the favoured lover;—contracted in closer folds, it envelopes its wearer in a mysterious obscurity, that cannot be pierced—it betrays a blush in a most advantageous manner,—yet, at the same time, serves to conceal an em-

barrassing confusion, while the fair hands of the owner are busied in adjusting the folds.

In the midst of this multitude employed in gallantry, or some one of the pursuits of pleasure, are many who are intent only on gain. Itinerant sellers of articles of luxury raise their cries, some being melodious and others harsh, which thus form a chaos of sounds. Melons, limones, naranjas, figas, dulces, aqua-fresca, limonada, flores, cigarras, fuego, &c. &c. re-echo on every side. Young lads, or pretty damsels, offer you sliced melons, oranges, pomegranates, figs, sweetmeats, and nosegays tastefully disposed in elegant baskets; while athletic Gallicians carry about water for sale in large pitchers, and for a single octavo refresh many a parched tongue. Scarcely is the cigar-merchant passed, but he is succeeded by a ragged boy, who carries a small lamp,—and, continually exclaiming "*Qui quiere fuego?*" (who wants fire?) will furnish you with a light for so trifling a coin as a maravedi.

The broad carriage-way, separated from the walks set apart for the use of foot-passengers, is now gradually filled with vehicles of every description. These, on Sundays and festivals particularly, form a continued procession, driving up one side of the Prado, until they turn round in the circular place before the Convent of the Recollects, and so return to the Atocha Gate. This scene is by no means one of the least entertaining: here may be seen an old-fashioned, heavy, worm-eaten coach, overloaded with monstrous gilt ornaments; this is the antique family equipage of some Hidalgo. Next appears as plendid English phaeton, whose snorting impatient Andalusian steeds are detained by the tardy pace of the four jaded mules, with bells at their necks, by which the neighbouring carriage is drawn, and which a caricature figure of a coachman attempts in vain to urge on by his incessant *Arra Mula!* Horsemen, as various in their appearance as the carriages, surround the motley procession: the stately prancing Navarre stallion appears to glance contemptuously at the starved rosinante of a second Quixote, and while splendid liveries excite the admiration of the gazing spectators, many a clumsy, grotesque, Sancho Panza, stuck up behind a vehicle as odd as himself, excites the mirth of the young and fashionable *elegants*.

The sun is now fast descending behind the Guadarana mountains:—the carriages begin to disperse; the dashing of the fountains is more distinctly heard; the aromatic perfumes from the Botanic Garden, borne along by the cool evening gale, emit a more sensible and delicious fragrance; the heavens already expand their starry canopy of deepest azure across the Prado; and the silvery orb of the moon breaks through the thick branches of the elm trees, casting a paly splendour on the solemn shadowy walks.

The strict duenna has now conducted home her fair charge, through streets where no sound is heard, except where some *seguidillas* have been gently whispered, here and there, from balconies:—nor is the fair one herself sorry to exchange the bustle abroad for the social circle at home,—in the midst of which, some inspired youth chaunts his warm strains to the guitar or mandoline. About this hour, little parties form dances round some lofty elm, while the castagnets beat time to their lively motions. The evening breeze begins to blow more keenly over Buen Retiro: the ladies wrap themselves up closer in their mantillas, and the crowd gradually disperses itself.—It is at this time, that poor creatures, who have obtained a few octavos by begging during the day,—and labourers whose hard destiny allows them no better shelter than the open sky,—succeed to the gay world of fashion:—they are seen gliding along through the deserted walks: ill covered by their ragged cloaks, they lie down to sleep upon the benches and seats, which have just been occupied by the most blooming beauties and most elegant beaux of Madrid.

THE FISHERMAN'S REBELLION.

Mr. Editor,—Now that the public attention has been so powerfully engaged by the unexpected revolution at Naples, a brief narrative of those extraordinary revolutionary movements, which took place in that city, in the year 1647, generally called *Il tumulto di Mas' Aniello*, may, perhaps, not be found uninteresting. The following notices have been taken from a very scarce and curious work, written by a person who was an eye-witness to the principal facts, and published in the year after their occurrence. I met with the book, by chance, in an obscure bookseller's shop at Naples; and, struck by its manner, no less than by its matter, I purchased it.

M.

IL TUMULTO DI MAS' ANIELLO.

Under the government of the Spanish Viceroy, the Duke d'Arcos, the Neapolitan people were condemned to feel, in all its force, the oppressive influence of foreign dominion: their wealth was drained away by frequent impositions, which, notwithstanding the privileges granted by the Emperor Charles V. to his *fedelissimo Popolo Napolitano*, had continually increased from his time; and the numerous levies, when aggregated, made, indeed, a frightful mass. The government also extorted large sums, every year, from this impoverished nation, to send to their master, the Spanish monarch, under the specious title of *presents*. These were much like the gifts, which our Henry VIII. obtained from his terrified Parliament. As the wants of the Spanish nation increased, the Neapolitans became utterly impoverished;* but the sapient viceroys made no account of the wretchedness of the people, and determined to struggle with them, to the division of the last ducat. Nearly every necessary of life was already grievously taxed; the price of bread was trebled, and there was scarcely any money in circulation. In 1646, the government, wishing to make a fresh *donation*, imposed a new *gabella*, or duty, on all fruits and vegetables: this was, as it were, taking away the very staff of life from the lower classes of that crowded city. Numbers of them, consequently, perished for want, or languished in the midst of plenty; for nature was still as kind, and productive as ever. The patience and forbearance of the people were at length exhausted; and they were ready to make any effort, to relieve themselves from such intolerable suffering. "Ad extremum sunt Populi exitium, cum extrema onera eis imponuntur," as my author observes from Tacitus. As yet, however, no one offered himself as leader; and their only efforts were prayers, supplications, and tears, poured out to the viceroy, whenever he appeared abroad, but which he heard, saw, and forgot. From prayers they proceeded to menaces; and one Saturday, as he was proceeding to celebrate a religious festival at the church of La Madonna del Carmine, they so beset and terrified his Excellency, that, from pure fear, he gave them his promise, to take away, entirely, the detested gabella. There was no appearance that this promise would be performed; the rage and indignation of the people increased, and, just at this period, they heard of the public tumult and struggle in Sicily, by means of which the Sicilians had entirely shaken off the burdensome imposition: this inspired them with envy and courage to do the like; and Naples became a scene of discord and fury. The viceroy began to feel the most serious alarm, and would, perhaps, have willingly abolished the tax; but some of the wealthy inhabitants of Naples, had, at various times, advanced money to the government, and by that means, had become the proprietors of the impost. The interests of these persons were manifestly opposed to the interests of the people; and the viceroy could only propose to dispense with the gabella on fruits and vegetables, by laying another duty equivalent to it, on corn and oil. These articles already laboured under an insupport-

* In nineteen years, namely, from 1628 to 1647, these *donativi* to Philip III, and Philip IV, amounted to 100,000,000 ducats.

able burden, and such a proposition, therefore, matured and added vigour to the disaffection of the people.

They now only wanted a leader: this leader was soon found—but let me introduce him in my author's own words.

In the *Quartiere del Mercato* * of Naples, there dwelt a young man; he was twenty-four years old, and married; full of wit and drollery; of a middling stature; and rather thin than fat; his eyes were black; he had two little brown mustachios; he wore neither shoes nor stockings; his dress was composed of short linen trowsers, a thick shirt, and a sailor's red cap on his head; but his aspect was beautiful and animated, and as vivacious as possible, *and this has been shown by the effects.* His business was to catch little fish with a rod and line; and to buy fish, and carry them to sell in some parts of his quarter of the town, which business is, in Naples, called *Pescivendali.* His name was TOMASO ANELLO D'AMALFI; in the Neapolitan idiom called *Mas' Aniello.*

This was just the man to lead the fishermen and lazzaroni of Naples; a philosophic patriot would never have gained their hearts; and, besides, there were certain circumstances and superstitions, connected with this person, which assured them of success. Beneath the window of a house in which he dwelt, was an old fountain, ornamented with the name and arms of the imperial benefactor of Naples, Charles V—and Mas' Aniello (perhaps he knew not why) had been accustomed to say, in his joking humours,—that he was destined to restore and renew in his city, the favours and privileges granted to it, by the benignity of that august monarch. A coincidence of names, however, had more effect on the mind of the populace. A hundred years precisely had now elapsed, since a rising took place in Naples, to resist the introduction of the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, which the bigotted Philip II. wished to establish in the year 1547; and this tumult *was headed by a person of the name of Mas' Aniello,* a native of the Sorrentine coast.

At the time when the viceroy proposed to substitute a duty on corn and oil, in lieu of the gabella on fruits and vegetables, Mas' Aniello's fish were taken from him in the market-place; the alleged reason being, that he had not paid the duty. Full of rage, he hurried away, at the moment of this insult, to a church in the neighbourhood of his residence, where Perrone, a celebrated captain of banditti, had, with one of his companions, taken refuge. When these men, observing the disturbed appearance of our fisherman, asked him, what ailed him? Mas' Aniello, answered furiously, "that he would either be hung, or *set the city to rights.*" At this they laughed, but Mas' Aniello was not a man to be trifled with: "Do not laugh," said he, "had I two or three of my humour, by heaven I would shew what I could do!" "What, what would you do?" cried they. "Will you be with me?" said Mas' Aniello; "and, why not?" answered they. "Pledge me then your faith, and you shall soon see what you have to do." They pledged their faith, and Mas' Aniello departed.

Leaving the church, he went round to all the fruit-sellers in the neighbourhood, and earnestly begged them to meet in the market-place, and to declare with united voices, that they would no longer continue their trade in fruit while the gabella continued. On the following day, they nearly all assembled, but the representative of the city, being informed of their intentions, and fearing a tumult, went in person to the market, and made a verbal concession, which induced the mob to retire. Mas' Aniello, though disappointed this time, was not disheartened; he continued to go round the city, exclaiming, "*down with the gabella.*" Numbers naturally collected around him; and from these he selected a great many children, whom he thus instructed; "Say as I say. Let oil be sold at a *bajoco* the measure; meat at six grains *il rotolo;* cheese at twenty-two grains *il rotolo;* wine at two grains the bottle, &c." † When they had well learnt this lesson, he sent them to cry it all over Naples; and even in the face of the viceroy.

My author here makes the follow-

* The residence of the lowest orders of the Neapolitan populace, somewhat like our Wapping or St. Giles.

† A bajoco is about a farthing English. A grain is rather less than a halfpenny. A rotolo is about thirty ounces.

ing observation; "at present, we pay exactly those prices, which Mas' Aniello taught the children to demand."

Many people ridiculed Mas' Aniello, and sought to make him abandon his scheme; but he replied to them, "let me alone; let me go on, and you will see the event;" and, in fact, in a short time, he had enlisted in his puerile troops, above 2,000 youths, and had armed them with sticks. On the 7th of July, it is usual to celebrate a festival,* in the chapel of S. Maria della Grazia, situated in the market. This festival is commonly attended by an immense number of young persons; who were accustomed, when the religious part of the ceremony was over, to amuse themselves by attacking with sticks, and fruit converted into missiles, a little wooden castle, which was built for the purpose. The moment arrived, but in the place where their ammunition was usually lying in heaps on the ground, there was, now, nothing but a little stale fruit, which had been left unsold on the preceding day. A riot took place in consequence, the gabella being considered the cause of this disappointment. The representative of the city again made his appearance, but this time he got seriously pelted, and was compelled to retreat to the Church del Carmine.

The mob continued to increase; the spacious piazza del Mercato was crowded, and on all sides there were heard cries of "*long live the King of Spain, and perish the bad government!*" Mas' Aniello added to the strength of his troop, by distributing among them iron pikes, pieces of paling, and other weapons, which they took from the fortifications of the Carmine. He then jumped on a high table, which was in the market-place, and addressed the populace. As his speech was extremely characteristic, it may be as well to give it in the words of my author.

Joy, dear companions and brothers! Give thanks to God, and to the glorious Virgin of the Carmine, for the hour which has now arrived of your deliverance. This poor unshod man, *(himself)* like a new Moses, who saved the children of Israel, will redeem you from the burden of the gabella, newly imposed; and from the tyranny and insatiable avarice of strangers, which have eternally oppressed you. A fisherman—for such was Peter—delivered from the slavery of Satan, and placed in the liberty of Christ, a Rome,—and with Rome, a world: and another fisherman, who is Mas' Aniello, will, in the place of rigorous exactions, give you the entire enjoyment of the original abundance of Naples, and of the kingdom. From this day, you will be free from the yoke, which has weighed you down. For myself, I care not; I may be torn to pieces; my head may be cut from my body, with a sharp iron, and may be raised up in this piazza as the leader of a revolution; but I shall die contented and glorious; assured that my blood and my life have been useful to my country.

This speech inflamed the minds of the people, who were, indeed, already fully disposed to undertake any thing their favourite might suggest. Then, "*for a beginning,*" as my author says, they set fire to the office of the gabella, which was in the market-place, and burnt it to ashes, with all the books, writings, and furniture, which it contained. This being performed, they walked forwards into the body of the city, and as they proceeded, their numbers rapidly and powerfully increased. They spread themselves into the different quarters of the town, and set fire to every office of customs, burning, as before, every thing within, not preserving even the arms, and leaving untouched, large quantities of money, which had been deposited in those places. Looking upon these things, says my author, "as the quintessence of their blood, they consecrated them indiscriminately to the fury of the flames." When they arrived at the palace, and mustered under the windows of the viceroy, their number was above ten thousand. This immense multitude now demanded to be relieved, not only from the gabella on fruit, but from every other heavy tax, and especially from the imposition on corn. His Excellency, exceedingly alarmed by their numbers and clamour, presented himself at a balcony, and solemnly assured them they should be satisfied; that the gabella on fruit should be entirely taken off, and a part of that on the corn. But the time had come, when the people were no longer to be appeased. The cry was general, "*long live the*

* This festival is still continued.

King of Spain, and perish, perish the bad government!"—and, now, declaring their determination to be relieved from all gabelle, they rushed forward in thousands, to force their way into the palace, and to speak to the viceroy face to face. The Spanish and German guard could not resist the pressure of the angry multitude; but were soon put to flight, and crowds entered the palace. When they reached the door of his Excellency's apartment, finding it well secured within, they began, with pikes and various arms, which they had taken from the soldiers, to force an entrance. The viceroy, thus exposed to imminent danger, attempted to fly to the neighbouring church of San Luigi de' Padri; but before he departed, he addressed the people from a balcony, and threw papers among them, signed by his own hand, which had the royal seal attached to them; in which the duty on fruit was removed, and that on the corn reduced. The people, however, still demanded that he should descend to speak to them, *faccia a faccia;* and, as he endeavoured to pass unnoticed to the church, he was discovered by the mob,—some of the principals of whom entered his carriage with drawn swords, and with dreadful threats insisted on his yielding to their demands. Fearing for his life, his Excellency gave them his sacred promise, that all the obnoxious taxes should be removed. No sooner did the populace hear this, than their revilings and threats, were changed into shouts of applause, and protestations of gratitude. They called the viceroy their saviour, and kissed his hands with respect; some prostrated themselves on the earth, and others embraced his knees. At this moment, his Excellency scattered some hundreds of sequins among them, which he had brought for that purpose; and when numbers of them pressed forward, anxious to collect the glittering coin, their ruler, with a considerable quantity of Spanish cavaliers and soldiers, fled into the church, which was now close at hand.

Indignant at this escape, the mob were proceeding to extremities with the church. They had broken down the outer gate, and had nearly effected an entrance, when the Cardinal Filomarino, archbishop of the city, a personage venerated by the populace, arrived at the spot, and endeavoured to appease the tumult. A calm of a few moments succeeded his arrival: the archbishop descended from his carriage, and placed himself before the inner door of the church; no one then offered to strike another blow, but all besought their beloved pastor to unite his endeavours with theirs, in order to obtain relief from their miseries. Another paper, signed by the viceroy, was put into the hands of the archbishop; upon receiving which he ascended his carriage, and holding it up, as a lure to the people, proceeded along the street Toledo, drawing the chief part of the mob after him. But their rage and disappointment knew no bounds, when the archbishop read this document, for it was found to fall far short of their demands, and of the promises of the viceroy when he was in their power. They returned to attack the church; but his Excellency got over the walls into another religious house, and then putting himself into an old sedan chair, which was found there, he was carried by some of his Spanish attendants to the Castle of Sant Elmo.

When it was found that the viceroy had escaped from the convent, the people divided into many parties, and ran through every part of the city, burning obnoxious houses, forcing the arms from the soldiers, and breaking open all the prisons, except three, which they respected on account of being royal prisons. The Prince of Bisignano, a nobleman of distinction, and a great and old favourite of the people, hoped, by placing himself at their head, to prevent, in some measure, the dreadful ravages they were committing; but on making the attempt, he found that all his efforts were fruitless, and he retired. The people then declared Mas' Aniello their chief, leader, and captain. "The scene that ensued," says my author, "was so dreadful, that I cannot think of it without trembling. The loud bells of the city were ringing to arms; the blast of trumpets, the rolling of drums, the discharge of musquetry, and the tumultuous shouts of the people, resounded on every side."

On the approach of night, the tumult was so dreadful, that some of the religious orders issued in procession, to restrain the rage of the people, and to implore the divine assist-

ance. Two hours after sun-set, the viceroy, escorted by a strong troop, passed with all possible secresy, from the Castle of Sant Elmo, to the Castel Nuovo; which he surrounded with the most numerous, and best appointed part of his soldiers. He then published another conciliatory proclamation, which, however, produced no effect. By the orders of Mas' Aniello, many parties were now put on guard, to prevent a surprise from the military.

On the next morning, similar scenes of confusion took place, but the people were highly gratified on observing, that fruit was sold in immense quantities in the market, without *gabella;* and that the weight of the loaf was increased from twenty-two to thirty-two ounces. The viceroy sent a deputation to wait on Mas' Aniello, informing him that all he had asked was granted. This declaration came too late; the people had discovered their strength, and now insisted on a renewal of all the privileges granted to them by the Emperor Charles V.: they even demanded that the castle of Sant Elmo, should be given into their hands. His Excellency sent another deputation, composed of the chief of the Neapolitan nobility, but to these the people returned a similar answer, still insisting on a renewal of their privileges; especially demanding, that in future no gabella should be levied, without the consent of the representative of the city, and the concurrence and approbation of the Church of Rome.

The viceroy having failed in all his measures hitherto, now had recourse to superstition for help: he gave the archbishop directions to administer the sacrament in all the churches, and to exhibit the miraculous blood, and the sacred head of the glorious Protector of Naples, San Gennaro: but this also failed of effect, for the people immediately expressed their conviction that San Gennaro *was for them*—"he is on *our side!*" was the cry.

The persons of greatest weight, after Mas' Aniello, were the bandit Perrone, before-mentioned, and an old priest, named Giulio Genovino, who had been the representative of the people, in the time of the Duca Ossuno, and who had long been their sturdy defender, and a sufferer in their cause. These two drew up a list of more than sixty persons, who had derived a profit from farming the gabella, and the multitude had orders to proceed against them, to burn or destroy every thing which they possessed; but on no account to appropriate to their own use, any thing which might be found. Several of the mob were very promptly executed for disobeying their orders, in the last particular: and now those who had been unmerciful and grasping in their exactions, "had their blood lavished like water, as a punishment for their avarice and cruelty." Mas' Aniello now gave orders, that every person who had arms or ammunition, should deliver them up for the defence of the city: by this means, a great number of carbines, musquets, and arquebuses, were obtained. In the house of a Genevese army contractor, they found 4,000 musquets; and from the house of a merchant, they took nine pieces of cannon; nine others they took from two armed vessels; and all these they planted at the entrances of the principal streets of the city.

In the evening, the archbishop had again recourse to processions; but Mas' Aniello told him, that, although he was very grateful to him for the holy trouble which he took, he must beg that, for the future, the priests should be kept within doors; as, otherwise, those venerable men might meet with very unpleasant accidents, in the present disorderly condition of the people. At the same time, he would be most happy, he said, that they should continue their prayers and supplications, for the peace and happiness of the city, *in their respective sanctuaries.* The archbishop thought it would be well to comply with such reasonable advice; and accordingly prayers were put up in the churches from that time, until the period of Mas' Aniello's death. The next day, the same confusion prevailed; but one thing deserves particular remark: in the house of one of those persons, who had become obnoxious to public resentment, two little barrels of sequins were found;—these the mob immediately deposited in the royal bank, *for the use of the King.* It chanced, that the original charter of two of the most important privileges, granted to the city of Naples by Charles and Ferdinand, fell into their hands; these they sent to the Castel Nuovo, in order

that they might be signed and acknowledged by the viceroy; but when, after waiting patiently for some hours, they saw no symptoms of compliance, and had even reason to fear that they should not recover the charters themselves, they resolved to obtain possession of the Torre del Campanile, a place of some strength, defended by about sixty Spanish soldiers; and also of the Church of San Lorenzo, in which the archives of the city were deposited. About ten thousand persons instantly employed themselves in these undertakings: they soon compelled the soldiers to capitulate; and with the two places they obtained about eighteen pieces of cannon, which were distributed by Mas' Aniello, so as to defend his party, in the most important points: he then ordered the prisoners to be well fed, and set at liberty.

It was observed that, among the most active of the combatants, and in the most awful scenes of destruction, many women, and even children, appeared; of whom some fought in the ranks, and others supplied the men with ammunition.

The viceroy was shut up in the castle, without provisions; a felucca, which he sent to the opposite coast for supplies, fell into the hands of the people; and he was thus reduced to a state of utter weakness and despair. He was, consequently, obliged to put the charter of the privilege granted by Charles V., accompanied with a promise, written in his own hand, to observe every article which it contained, into the hands of the archbishop, who was dispatched to the Piazza del Mercato, to treat with the people. When the archbishop read this instrument, and the annexed promise, a sentiment of joy diffused itself among the people; but it soon gave place to distrust and suspicion. With loud cries they reviled and threatened the sacred ambassador for endeavouring to deceive them, with a falsified copy of the charter. His Eminence, finding himself in danger, addressed himself, with great affability, to Mas' Aniello, requesting to know the cause of this sudden disturbance? Mas' Aniello replied, "they say your Eminence wishes to betray us; but I, who know your Eminence's virtues, will believe no such thing, but will defend you against their fury, at the expense of my life; therefore do not fear!" It was soon agreed, that the archbishop should deliver the documents into the hands of some person of the popular party, who was capable of judging of their authenticity. The priest, Giulio Genovino, was the one fixed upon; the examination, which lasted all night, was carried on in the presence of the Archbishop, Mas' Aniello, and several others; and in the morning the papers were declared to be valid. But the people, however glad to receive the charter, were still distrustful, and would place no faith in the promises of the viceroy. They were, moreover, in great wrath, respecting a certain passage in his declaration, in which he assured them, he would procure his majesty's pardon, for the acts of *rebellion* which they had committed. "We have been guilty of no rebellion," cried they, "we are all most faithful vassals of the king; we have risen only to obtain the privileges which were granted to us by his majesty's glorious predecessors, Charles and Ferdinand." The archbishop, seeing that the hour of pacification had not yet arrived, retired to his palace, and the people, considering themselves insulted and betrayed, determined to proceed to extremities. On the same day, some considerable bodies of Spanish and German troops marched upon the city, from the neighbouring garrisons, but were all overpowered and disarmed; and the people remained undisputed masters of the metropolis. About noon, Mas' Aniello issued an order, that wherever the portraits of the King and Queen of Spain were found, they should be put out of the windows of the house, under rich canopies, and that the arms of the people should be piled beneath them.

Another negociation was begun the next day, by the archbishop, in the Church del Carmine; but it was interrupted in a very tragical manner. More than five hundred banditti, who had been collected together by Perrone, Mas' Aniello's associate, entered the city by the gate del Carmine; saying they had come for the service of the people: they were well mounted and armed. The shrewd and active Mas' Aniello was not long in making important discoveries; Perrone was found to be a traitor, and in fact seven arquebusses were fired at

Mas' Aniello, while he was conversing with Perrone upon the best method of disposing of the troops, although he was then standing on sacred ground, and in the midst of ten thousand people; "but," says my author, "he was not wounded, and some balls which struck on the bosom of his shirt, fell to the ground, without doing him any harm; which circumstance was considered as a miracle performed in his favour by the Madonna del Carmine, whose portrait hung at his breast." The people immediately attacked those traitors, and a dreadful slaughter ensued; their blood flowed in streams before the grand altar, in the sacristy, and at the very feet of the archbishop. Perrone was taken alive by Mas' Aniello; and on being put to the torture, he confessed that he, and his troop, had been employed by the Duke of Mattaloni to kill, not only the fisherman and his associates, but also, by a mine which was already dug, and charged with twenty-eight barrels of gunpowder, to blow up all that part of the city; and even the Convent del Carmine, under which building there was another mine well supplied. For this massacre and destruction, when accomplished, he was to receive the sum of 15,000 scudi; a promissory note for that amount, given by the duke, was found on his person. After this confession, he and his brother were beheaded; and their heads, stuck upon poles, were exhibited in the market-place.

Among the banditti taken alive, was one, who, on being led out to execution, offered, on condition that his life was spared, to reveal plots of still greater horror and magnitude than those which had been confessed. The condition was agreed to, and he disclosed that, on the following night, numerous troops of horse were to have come and joined the five hundred banditti, already mentioned, and by their united operations, not only the above mines were to have been fired, but also others of enormous extent, (under the Piazza del Mercato), which contained in the whole above fifteen thousand lbs. of powder. The momoment of explosion was fixed at *tre ore di notte;* when the greatest number of the people would be assembled together, according to the orders of Mas' Aniello, to guard against any nocturnal assault. "If," says my author, with admirable *sang froid*, "this scheme had succeeded, about a hundred and fifty thousand persons, men, women, and children, would have been blown into the air, besides the numerous edifices, sacred and profane, situated thereabout." Mas' Aniello immediately ordered that the places should be explored; the plan, he said, was too infernal for conception; but all that had been asserted was verified by the search. From another bandit it was learned, that the reservoirs and canals, which supplied the most populous part of the city with water, were to be poisoned; and, on examination, some of them were found to be already vitiated.

The horrid rage, and the dreadful thirst for revenge, occasioned by the discovery of these plots, may be imagined. The people ran like furies to revenge themselves on their enemies, and retaliated on them with a remorseless and indiscriminating barbarity. The Duke of Mattaloni had taken refuge in the church of Sant Efremo; but no place, however holy, could give sanctuary to such an enemy, or arrest for a moment the deadly wrath of the populace. They broke its ponderous doors to splinters, and, rushing in, sought in every corner for the object of their hate. The duke, however, had the good fortune to escape out of the convent; he hurried through the city in the dress of a Capuchin Friar; got to one of the barriers, where a swift steed awaited him, and, vaulting into the saddle, galloped off with the utmost speed towards Benevento. A cruel fate, however, awaited his brother, who had taken refuge in the monastery of Santa Maria della Nova: he fell into the hands of the people, and was dragged to the Piazza del Ceriglio; all his prayers for mercy, and all his offers of immense sums for the ransom of his life, were disregarded;—a young butcher cut off his head with a large knife.

The people, suspecting the viceroy to have been deeply engaged in those plots, determined to treat him without any ceremony: he was already deprived of provision; they now cut off the aqueducts, which supplied the castle with water. His Excellency, in this terrible situation, wrote a letter to the Archbishop, begging him to treat again with the people, and to

say, that he (the viceroy) solemnly swore to deliver up every one of the conspirators, that might fall into his hands: but this assertion, did not entirely remove the suspicions of the people. Mas' Aniello now became more than ever the object of popular adoration; he had but to give orders and thousands rushed to obey them: he directed that the whole city should remain under arms to prevent a surprise from the banditti, who had joined themselves with some Spanish and German troops; and he used every precaution, which the most consummate talent and prudence could have suggested. He proclaimed the Duke of Mattaloni a traitor to his King and country; and offered a reward of 30,000 scudi to any person who should produce him, dead or alive; and then, dispatching thousands of desperate characters, among whom was one of his brothers, in search of their intended victim, the Duke,—he concluded the important business of this day.

My author begins his account of the fifth day of the tumult, by expressing his surprise that "so much could be effected by a poor fisher-boy, and that such multitudes of armed and irritated people could proceed in such good order, under his command, injuring none but those who had oppressed and had sought to betray and destroy them,—and, in this up-turning of right and property, without appropriating any thing to their individual advantage."

The first order issued on this day was, that, under pain of death, every man should lay aside his cloak, mantle, scarf, or any part of dress under which arms might be concealed. Here my author remarks, very seriously, that it was a most strange thing to see Dominicans and Carmelites, Canons, Jesuits, and all sorts of priests; even the Bishops and Archbishops, walking about stripped of the most important and sightly part of their apparel. This order extended to the women, who were directed to leave off their cloaks, aprons, &c. and to wear their petticoats shorter than usual; so that, if they carried arms beneath them, they might be detected with facility. The leader then turned his attention to the fortifying of the streets; he ordered trenches to be dug, and had his artillery mounted on carriages, that they might be moved with ease to any place of need: he commanded the nobility, and persons of property, to deliver up all the arms and ammunition they had in their possession, and to send as many of their servants as they could spare, to assist in the defence of the people. On this morning Mas' Aniello also fixed the prices, at which provisions were to be sold.

The viceroy, despairing of effecting any thing by other means, wrote to the Archbishop, and gave him full authority and competence to adjust a compromise with the people, on whatever conditions he might be able to obtain. The people asked nothing more, and would accept of nothing less, than they had already demanded; the Archbishop acceded to every thing, and the Viceroy signed the treaty on the terms proposed. About four o'clock the Cardinal Archbishop proceeded with his splendid suite to read the treaty in the church del Carmine. Mas' Aniello stood near the Archbishop, while it was read. He had worn until now his fisherman's dress, but to day he appeared in a rich habit covered with silver. When the reading was finished, the veteran patriot Genovino, addressed the people from a pulpit, and desired them to return thanks to God, and the blessed Virgin del Carmine, for their deliverance: he then began to sing the Te Deum. A band of musical instruments, accompanied by the organ, performed that impressive anthem, and immense numbers of people joined in it with tears of gratitude.

Genovino must have felt much himself; he had been confined nineteen years in a wretched prison, for having been implicated in an attempt made during the government of the Duke of Ossuna to obtain the same privileges for which they had now been struggling; and he was now eighty years old!

When the Te Deum was ended, Mas' Aniello, mounted on a beautiful charger, and with a naked sword in his hand, preceded the carriage of the Archbishop towards the palace, where, according to agreement, he was to have an interview with the Viceroy. The numbers that followed him, and the shouts of applause and congratulation that rose on all sides, were astonishing. When the procession arrived in the square be-

fore Castello Nuovo, just by the Fontana Medina, the Captain of the Viceroy's guard advanced on horseback, but unarmed, to meet it; saluting Mas' Aniello, he bade him welcome to the palace, where his Excellency (he said) with great pleasure expected his arrival. Mas' Aniello returned his salutation, with much gravity and decorum, and then, making signs to the people not to move a step more forward, and to remain silent, he stood up in his stirrups, and addressed them. His speech is rather too long to be translated: he begins by congratulating the people on their happy deliverance, and then desires them to say after him, who are their masters—"God!" the people shouted "God." The Madonna del Carmine." The Madonna del Carmine, cried they. "King Philip; Cardinal Archbishop Filomarina; the Duke of Arcos!" They in each case instantly echoed his words. He then drew from his breast the original charters granted by Ferdinand and Charles the Fifth, and signed by the Viceroy the Duke of Arcos, and the council of state—continuing in a louder voice,

> Now we are free, and relieved from all the burdens that oppressed us. For myself, I pretend to nothing, and wish for nothing but your good; and this his Eminence the Archbishop (who offered me two hundred dollars per month for life, provided I left your cause and proceeded no farther) well knows. I should never have quitted my poor sailor's rags, even for a moment, had I not been compelled to do so by the Archbishop, under pain of precept, and the thunder of excommunication. Having fished up the public liberty out of the stormy sea of this afflicted city, I shall return to fish, and sell my fish as before, not reserving for myself or my house so much as a rag of cloth. The only thing I beg of you is, that, when I am dead, and gone from among you, you will every one of you say an Ave Maria for the peace of my soul: say will you promise me this?—will you not?—will you not?

It would be difficult to match the pathetic eloquence of this address by any thing that history records; and its dignity is equal to its pathos. The people shouted "they would—they would!" but hoped the masses would not be needed for a hundred years to come. Mas' Aniello then advised them not to lay down their arms until they received a confirmation of their privileges and their treaty from the King of Spain; and by no means to trust the nobles, who were traitors and enemies to the people. "On this subject," adds my author, "he dwelt a long time and used such irreverend language, that out of decency I do not his repeat words." He then added, "I am going to negotiate with his Excellency: you will see me again in an hour, or at furthest by to-morrow morning; but if I am betrayed, and do not appear among you by that time, set fire to the whole city. Will you promise me this?" "Yes: Yes!" shouted the populace, "and we will surely do it."

When Mas' Aniello had finished his address, he requested the Archbishop to bless the people: his Eminence readily complied, and putting his head out of the carriage, with two motions of the cross on each side, bestowed his pastoral benediction. Mas' Aniello then rode on, and entered the palace through a crowd of soldiers, followed by the Archbishop, who was accompanied in his carriage by Genovino, Mas' Aniello's brother, and Arpaja the new representative (eletto) of the people. They were met by the Viceroy at the foot of the great staircase: the Cardinal introduced Mas' Aniello, who threw himself at the feet of his Excellency, which he kissed in the name of the people, thanking him for the grace he had bestowed upon them, and assuring him that he might dispose of his life as he thought fit. The Viceroy with great cordiality assisted him to rise; told him he had never considered him as a criminal, and that he should for the future esteem him as a friend. "It is even asserted by some," says my author, with much caution, and a certain air of scepticism, "that his Excellency embraced the fisher boy several times."

The viceroy then retired, with Mas' Aniello and the Archbishop, to a private apartment, where they remained a considerable time, reasoning together on the affairs of the city. While there, they heard a dreadful noise from the people without, who, alarmed at Mas' Aniello's long stay, began to suspect that some harm had befallen him. To remove this suspicion, he appeared at a balcony accompanied by the Viceroy and the Cardinal, and, holding out his hand, cried out "here I am, safe and free! "Peace, peace!"

The populace joyfully echoed the word peace, and the bells of the neighbouring churches began to ring; but on Mas' Aniello's complaining of this, they were immediately silenced. To show the Viceroy the absolute command which he had over the people, he gave several extraordinary proofs of it; a word, the finger pressed on the lips, the least gesture, was enough to produce the most unanimous and instantaneous obedience.

It was agreed at this interview, that the treaty should be printed, and that the Viceroy and his ministers should, on the next Saturday, go in person to the Cathedral, and, after it was read, solemnly swear to observe every article which it contained, and to use all their efforts to have it confirmed by the King. The Viceroy gave orders to the Commissary-general to obey Mas' Aniello, who was now created Captain-general of the city, in all things; and when Mas' Aniello took leave, his Excellency gave the powerful plebeian a rich gold chain worth 3000 scudi. Mas' Aniello would have refused this last compliment, but the Archbishop insisted on his accepting of it. The next morning Mas' Aniello appeared in public, giving orders, and passing judgment in his usual sailor's dress. As a judge, he was violent, but seldom unjust; he frequently exhibited great perspicacity; and he was not unfrequently mild and merciful; excepting always when the friends or family of Mattaloni were concerned, in which case he was uniformly severe. He sent the Viceroy a plentiful supply of provisions, and placed immense sums, which had fallen into his hands, in the royal treasury. The Viceroy and his wife sent, in return, many costly presents, such as rich robes and gold chains: "a circumstance," says my author, "which in future ages will scarcely be believed; but which is yet most historically true." On the next day, which was the Saturday appointed, the treaty was read in great form by the Secretary-general of the Neapolitan nation: the Viceroy and his ministers swore to observe it, and to procure its confirmation from his Majesty the King of Spain; after which the Te Deum was sung, and then Mas' Aniello began a long speech, in which he declared the uprightness of his intentions, and mentioned his determination of returning to his original occupation, as soon as the confirmation should arrive from Spain; but till then he was resolved to keep all the power which he had obtained. Printed copies of the treaty were posted up in all the public places in the city. The joy of the people was excessive, and with the imprudence natural to an unthinking mob, they would have thrown aside their weapons, but this Mas' Aniello strictly prohibited, commanding every man to be in arms, as before, for the public safety.

From this day, the glory of Mas' Aniello grew dim: he began to feel the intoxicating nature of his situation: his head seemed to turn giddy, and his prudence forsook him: his orders, no longer wise and decisive, were frequently countermanded; from a firm but humble democrat, he became all at once a fierce and imperious tyrant. His judgments were frequently capricious and bloody; in short, he seemed no longer the same man, and even his brother-in-law was heard to say, that Mas' Aniello *had gone mad;* and that, if he did not desist from so many executions and conflagrations, he would himself assassinate him. On Sunday evening Mas' Aniello appeared to be completely delirious; all his words and actions were those of a madman: here my author says, "it was the *opinion of most people* that his intellects had been deranged by a drugged liquor, given him for that purpose by the Viceroy." On Monday, the mad tricks he played had in them much of the comic and ridiculous, but more of the frightful and tragical. Heads were struck off in dozens at his approach; he treated the first noblemen of the land with the greatest indignity, and quarrelled with, and even beat, his coadjutors, the able Arpaja, and the venerable Genovino. In the evening, he complained of a dreadful pain in his head, saying a fire was burning his brain, and he threw himself, dressed as he was, into the sea; when he came out he was secured, put in irons and conducted to his house. On the same evening, Genovino and Arpaja, despairing of his recovery, entirely abandoned him, and retiring to the Castello Nuovo concerted a plan with the Viceroy, to deprive Mas' Aniello of his power, and to make him prisoner for life. Before they proceeded to

attempt at alienating the people from him, they stipulated that his life should be spared on account of the good he had done: and that the treaty which he had made should be punctually observed.

The next morning was the festival of the Virgin of Carmine: Mas' Aniello, who had just broken loose from his irons, entered that crowded church a few minutes before the Archbishop, who was, on that day, to celebrate grand mass. When the Archbishop entered, Mas' Aniello approached him, crying in a tone of despair, "I see the people begin to forsake me, and wish to betray me: be it so; I only desire for mine and for the people's consolation, that a solemn procession, in which the Viceroy, his Ministers, and the Authorities of the city may form a part, should be made on this day to the shrine of this most holy Virgin. Having to die, I shall in this manner die contentedly."

When the Cardinal was proceeding to perform the religious ceremonies, Mas' Aniello ascended a pulpit, and, taking a crucifix in his hand, conjured the people to remember all that he had done for them, and not to abandon him. He spoke for some time in a very sane manner, and seemed to have recovered his former eloquence and reason; but, on seeing the eyes of the people either averted, or turned on him with anger and contempt, and that even his body guards were forsaking him, he lost all command of himself, and burst out into delirious ravings. The Cardinal, who was thus interrupted in his services, dispatched some monks to make Mas' Aniello descend: he offered no resistance, indeed he was incapable of making any, for he had exhausted himself, and large drops of sweat were rolling down his face. By the order of the Archbishop he was carried to the dormitory of the monks and laid upon a bed.

The religious ceremonies were finished, and the Archbishop retired from the church to his palace. In the meantime Mas' Aniello, having changed his dress, which was wet with perspiration, went from the dormitory into a little saloon that had a balcony overlooking the sea; he was leaning over this to catch the cooling air, when some gentlemen, accompanied by a great number of armed men, entered the church, crying "Long live the King of Spain, and let no one under pain of death obey Mas' Aniello any longer!"—From the church they passed into the cloisters, pretending to wish to negotiate with Mas' Aniello. When he heard his name called, he came undauntedly forward to meet them, exclaiming, "Here I am, my friends." In that moment four arquebuses, each loaded with ten square balls, were discharged at the fated victim,—who, uttering the words, "ungrateful traitors!" rolled a corpse at the feet of his assassins. A butcher, who was passing by, was called in to cut off his head; which, having placed on a spear, the murderers entered the church where above eight thousand people were assembled, and thence they went into the market-place, crying "Mas' Aniello is dead—long live the King of Spain,—and let no one mention the name of Mas' Aniello."

The spectacle of the bleeding head of their leader, and the discharge of a few arms without ball, were sufficient to disperse that mob which had for ten days been absolute masters of the city: they retired without so much as striking a blow to avenge the death of a man who had procured them such immense benefits.

The body of Mas' Aniello was thrown into one of the fosses of the city, and his brothers and sisters, wife, mother, and every relative found in Naples, were taken prisoners, and confined in the castle; to ingratiate himself with the people, the Viceroy, however, very soon gave orders for their release.

On the evening of the same day in which Mas' Aniello was killed, the Viceroy had the privileges of Charles the fifth again read with much solemnity in the market-place, and again swore strictly to observe every article of them, as well as of the treaty he had made. The people were contented, and in the cries of long live the King of Spain, and the Duke of Arcos, and with the prospect of cheap bread, fruit and oil, *forgot the ill-fated Mas' Aniello, almost before his body was cold.*

CROLY'S ANGEL OF THE WORLD.*

There is a wild, and at the same time, a wilful power, visible in the contents of this volume, the effects of which are very striking. It is a kind of power in which *may* originate high and ennobling poetry; and which, on the other hand, *may* produce the mere semblance of poetry, decked out in a gorgeous attire of words and phrases:—its result may also be a blending of these two together, which shall, in some measure, neutralise the peculiar qualities of both: adding to the value of the one what it takes from that of the other—lifting mere words from the level to which they belong, and bringing down high poetry from the elevation at which it ought to remain—thus forming a compound, which, like Mahomet's coffin, is suspended between heaven and earth, without belonging to either.

We state it as a characteristic of the kind of power in question, that it has a tendency to produce these results; and, accordingly, we find them all in the volume before us:—high poetry, embodied in simple expressions--gorgeous phrases, clothing and giving apparent substance to mere shadows.—These blend together and form a mental picture, the contemplation of which is certainly highly stimulating. Yet we would caution Mr. Croly, in the most friendly spirit, to give due care and cultivation to the gifts which have been bestowed upon him: *with* these they may and will produce flowers worthy to bloom in the Eden of imagination; but *without* these, they will inevitably start up into a luxuriant overgrowth of parasite weeds, which will not only cling round the real flowers that may grow in their neighbourhood, and drag them to the ground, but will at once impoverish and poison the naturally rich soil from which they spring.

To come at once to the two tales before us,—they certainly evince very considerable talents for poetry—particularly SEBASTIAN,—which we like better than the ANGEL OF THE WORLD—though it is probable that in this particular we differ from the author himself.—In both the tales, however, there is, joined to an indistinctness of purpose, and what we could almost believe to be a *studied* obscurity of manner and expression,—great affluence of thought and language, and vast force and facility both of conception and execution.

The subject of the tale which stands first in the volume, was, we venture to think, chosen entirely on account of facilities it offered for the *display* of the writer's powers;—for, as a story, it is without any of those qualities that are of themselves calculated to attract and fix the reader's attention. It is taken from a fiction of Mohammed's, intended to show the ill effects of wine. We shall give specimens as we proceed in describing the story. The scene is in Arabia; the time, the first day of the first year of the Hegira. The opening of the poem may be taken as a fair example of its general style—at once gorgeous, picturesque, and poetical.

There's glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal,
When on their temples bursts the morning sun!
There's glory on thy silver-tower'd wall,
Proud Ispahan, beneath his burning noon!
There's glory—when his golden course is done,
Proud Istamboul, upon thy waters blue!
But fall'n Damascus, thine was beauty's throne,
In morn, and noon, and evening's purple dew,
Of all from Ocean's marge to mighty Himmalu.

East of the city stands a lofty mount,
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in sunder;
And through the fragments rolls a little fount,
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and thunder:
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder;
For there are flowers unnumber'd blossoming,
With but the bare and calcined marble under;
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,
No such perfumes as in that mountain's rocky ring.

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* 1 Vol. 8vo. London: Warren, Bond-street, 1820.

Upon this mount the Angel of The World had fixed his throne of judgment; sent thither by the Prophet to await the hour

That saw in dust Arabia's idols hurl'd—
Then to the skies again his wing should be unfurl'd.

This consummation has at length arrived:

The sun was slowly sinking to the west,
Pavilion'd with a thousand glorious dyes;
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest;
Along the mountain's soft declivities,
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,
Like incense, to that sweet departing sun;
Low sank the city's hum, the shepherd's cries:
A moment, and the lingering disk was gone;
A moment, and th' impatient Angel's task was done.

Surely there are great delicacy and beauty in this last quotation. The Angel, impatient of his prolonged sojourn upon the earth, now prepares to take flight to his native skies. We may instance the last of the following stanzas as displaying more richness of imagination, and delicacy of fancy, than any other of the poem. The language and versification, too, are worthy of the thoughts and images, which they aid and illustrate. The first also is very sweet,

Oft had he gazed upon that lovely vale,
But never gazed with gladness such as now;
When on Damascus' roofs and turrets pale
He saw the solemn sunlight's fainter glow,
He heard the Imauns' sacred voice below
Swell like a silver trumpet on the air,
The vintagers' sweet song, the camels' low,
As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by pair,
Flinging long giant shadows in the sunset glare.

He raised his sceptre, and a rush of plumes
Shook the thick dew-drops from the roses' dyes;
And, as embodying of their waked perfumes,
A sudden crowd of forms, with lightning eyes,
And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Paradise,
Circled the bower of beauty on the wing,
And the rich air was fill'd with symphonies
Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,
That slowly rose, and o'er the Mount hung hovering.

The angel is now on the point of departing; his wings are spread for flight; when a female pilgrim appears on the steps of his pavilion, and he delays his departure for a moment, to hear her tale. It is a tale of woe; the angel pities and relieves her; and is again about to depart—when she lifts her veil; and then his temptations and dangers begin. The whole of the description which follows, though without much originality, is highly creditable to the writer's taste. It is very elegantly written.

The weeper raised the veil: a ruby lip
First dawn'd: then glow'd the young cheek's deeper hue,
Yet delicate as roses when they dip
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.
Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue;
Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,
That turned to golden as the light wind threw
Their clusters in the western golden glare,
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze
Was at his look dropp'd instant on the ground;
But o'er her cheek of beauty rushed a blaze,
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound,
As if the soul had felt some sudden wound.
He looked again; the cheek was deadly pale;
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound;
Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,
And one still press'd her heart—that sigh told all its tale.

She stoop'd and from the thicket pluck'd a flower,
Kiss'd it with eager lip, then with faint hand
Laid it upon the bright step of the bower;
Such was the ancient custom of the land.
Her sighs were richer than the rose they fann'd,
The breezes swept it to the Angel's feet;
Yet even that sweet boon, 'twas Heaven's command,
He must not touch, from her tho' doubly sweet,
No earthly gift must stain that hallow'd judgment-seat.

The angel, however, permits him-

self to transgress the rule: he takes the flower, and receives the first warning against his guilty weakness. It is given in the form of an image or vision, which he sees in the waves of a *Mirage* that occurs at the moment. This, and the other warnings which take place at intervals of the story, are made the vehicle for very striking descriptions of several of the extraordinary phenomena which occur in eastern climes, viz. this of the mirage, and also the Simoom, the Aurora Borealis, &c.—To continue the story,—

The Angel's heart was thrill'd—but that touch'd flow'r,
Now opening, breathed such fragrance subtly sweet,
That he still held it,—felt it overpower
His soul——he ventured not her eye to meet,
But gazed upon the small unsandal'd feet
That shone like silver on the floor of rose.
At length he raised his glance;—the veil's light net
Had floated backwards from her pencil'd brows,
Her eye was fix'd in melancholy, mild repose.

A simple Syrian lyre was on her breast,
And on her lip the voice hung murmuring
An evening hymn, which from the mountain's crest
The Angel oft had heard the shepherds sing.
She paused,—her white hand floated o'er the string,
Like the Aurelia o'er the hyacinth's bell,
Like lilies waving in the airs of Spring,
Then woke its inmost soul's enchanting swell.
The thunder nearer roll'd:—the Angel heard no peal.

He heard not even the strain, tho' it had changed
From the calm sweetness of the holy hymn:
His thoughts from depth to depth unconscious ranged,
Yet all within was dizzy, strange, and dim;
A mist seem'd spreading between Heaven and him;
He sat absorb'd in dreams;——a searching tone
Came on his ear, oh how her dark eyes swim
Who breath'd that echo of a heart undone,
The song of early joys, delicious, dear, and gone!

This is very sweet, delicate, and pathetic poetry;—but it vexes us to see it wasted away upon beings towards whom we can feel no sympathy;—upon a demon whom we ought to hate, and an angel whom we cannot love. In fact, this total absence of human interest is the capital defect of the poem. After this, occur some excellent descriptive passages, picturing the surrounding scenery as viewed from the mountain on which they stand. These are succeeded by the Angel's second step towards guilt.—

——————A sudden thought
Struck to his dreaming heart that made it heave:
Was he not *there* in Paradise?

Might he not be happy even on earth with *her?* And could he be happy even in heaven *without* her?—this calls forth the second warning in the form of the Simoom and sandstorm, which are very vividly described. The Angel recognizes these repeated warnings, but is unable to resist the witcheries of the enchantress. At length, she offers him wine—forbidden wine. He drinks; and then comes the last warning, in the shape of the Aurora Borealis, in the midst of which a form appears, in the sky:—

It opens, but who sits upon that throne?
The Angel knew the punisher of sin.
Check'd on his lip the self-upbraiding groan,
Strain'd with wild arms his love, and joy'd to be undone.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek
He gave a glance, then sunk his hurried eye,
And press'd it closer on her dazzling neck:
But even in that swift gaze he could espy
A look that made his heart's blood backwards fly.
Was it a dream?—there echoed in his ear
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that fear,
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still,
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning car;
But thro' his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,
To see its solemn, stern, unearthly glare;
She stood a statue of sublime despair,
But on her lip sat scorn.—His spirits froze,—

His footstep reel'd,—his wan lip gasp'd for air;
She felt his throb,—and o'er him stoop'd with brows
As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of rose.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing, with the eye
Of famine gazing on the poison'd food
That it must feed on, or abstaining die.

Still the Angel will not quit the object of his guilty love; and at last she persuades him, that by revealing to her certain mystic words, they may both be saved from the wrath of the Avenger. He knows that this is "the sin of sins;" and yet the effects of the fatal draught, conspiring with her form and voice, tempt him—and he repeats them. In an instant all is over:—

He spake the words of might—the thunder gave reply!
Away! Away! the sky is one black cloud,
Shooting the lightnings down in spire on spire.

* * * * * *

——— He closed his eyes.
A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone
Of the last trump,—he glanc'd upon the skies,
He saw what shook his soul with sorrow, shame, surprise.

Th' Enchantress stood before him; two broad plumes
Spread from her shoulders on the burthen'd air;
Her face was glorious still, but love's young blooms
Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair;
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair;
And, as she look'd upon her prostrate prize,
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor glare,
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size;
'Twas Eblis, king of Hell's relentless sovereignties!

The guilty Angel is condemned to continue an exile from his native heaven, "till Earth is Paradise;" and the poem ends–but without our learning very distinctly what immediately becomes of this victim of weakness and temptation.

We have thus, in going through the story of this poem, suffered it in a great measure to describe itself. It is but justice to ourselves to add, that we have, both for our own and the reader's gratification, contrived to select what appear to us to be the best and most characteristic passages; and we have no doubt they will appear to the reader fully to bear out all we have said in favour of the author's powers.

Sebastian, the second poem in this volume, is a tale of high romance; and though told even more obscurely than the first, is yet much more valuable, both as an evidence of the author's general powers, and as a medium for the introduction of much more of various and interesting scenery, and of human character and passion. The opening is at once graceful and vigorous.

Thou land of love and loveliness, what dreams
Of pomp, and beauty, and old chivalry
Haunt the green borders of thy mighty streams,
Imperial Spain! Years and long ages fly,
Leaving the palace and the mountain tower
Buried beneath their purple bed of rose;
But still thy morn in dewy brightness glows,
Still falls thy eve the same enchanted hour;
The same pure splendour lightens from thy moon,
Rolling along that boundless upper flood,
Whose waves are clouds, her solemn-moving throne.
And prouder still, the heart is unsubdued
That made thee from the cuirass'd Roman wring
With naked hands his jewell'd coronal;
And tore the sceptre from the Moslem king,
Sending him, from Granada's ivory hall,
To make with fox and wolf his rocky lair,
And perish in the Alpuxarras bare.

The tale commences by a description of the pomp and pageantry attendant on the solemn ceremony of dedicating the daughter of a Spanish noble to heaven.

A white flag floated from the convent tower,
And soon were busy hands in every bower,
Culling the lily and the eglantine,
In their first dews, to wreathe round stall and shrine;
And soon peal'd out, in rich and distant thunder,
The tolling of the convent's far-famed bell,
Filling the air above, around, and under,
With the deep music of its mighty swell
For on this high and holy day, at noon,
Princely Sidonia's daughter was to wear
The robe, that, like the shroud, when once put on,
Leaves the wild heart no more to hope or fear.

The cavalcade, as it approaches from the gates of Valencia to the convent, situated on a mountain in the neighbourhood, is vividly and richly pictured forth. Immediately that the

rites are concluded, the scene changes to the palace of Sidonia, where his other daughter is about to wed Sebastian.

Now down the mountain's side, that splendid wave
Of beauty and bright chivalry is rushing,
To where Sidonia's palace gates are flushing
In the red setting of the summer sun.

In the midst of the festivities attendant on the preparations for these nuptials, the lady's steed takes fright, and she is killed!—This is a strange and rather revolting incident. Indeed it will occur to the reader, that all this part of the poem is awkwardly introduced; and it is, besides, perfectly gratuitous, and unnecessary to the after purposes of the story.

It appears that Sebastian had not loved Maria;—and after a cold and formal tribute of tears to her grave, he departs to join the war that was then raging between Charles of Austria, and the grandson of Louis XIV. who were struggling for the succession to the Spanish crown. The effects of this war on the face of Spain are described in lines of great pathos and elegance.

Her heaven and earth were changed; the crystal well
Was now a grave, a purple pit of slain;
The hamlet was a waste, the forest cell
Was now the pining peasant's chilling lair;
Along the thymy slope, where gentle eyes
Oft watched the rising of the evening star,
Signal of love, and lover's melodies,
Now shot at eve the burning chapel's glare.

Sebastian collects his father's followers, and eagerly takes part in these wars, until the evening of a meditated attack on Granada.

——— On that last eve
There was a banquet in Valverdé's halls,
The city's noblest name.

At this banquet he encounters a mysterious being in a moorish garb, who, after attracting and fixing his attention, escapes through the crowd and is lost. The following passage, though not without defects, is undoubtedly given in a highly poetical spirit.

Sebastian wander'd forth; the garden air
Rush'd on his cheek, nor cool'd the fever there;
He gasp'd for breath. A sparry fountain shot
Its waters in the moonlight: by its grot
He stood, as if the sounds his heart would lull,
His face, so sad, so pale, so beautiful,
Fix'd on the moon, that in her zenith height
Pour'd on his naked brow a flood of light:
Shrined, moveless, silent, in the splendid beam,
He look'd the marble Genius of the stream.
Silence all round; but when the night wind sway'd,
Or some roused bird dash'd fluttering thro' the shade,
For those he had no ear; the starry vault,
The grove, the fount, but fed one whelming thought,
Time, fate, the earth, the glorious heaven above,
Breathed but one mighty dream,—that dream was love.

The following is, perhaps, still finer in itself; but the turn of thought is not original. It describes the effect produced in Sebastian's spirit by a supposed gleam of hope.

Delicious fantasy! the thought was balm;
His heart, his eye in sudden rapture swam.
Nature was charm'd to him. He could have talk'd
With every star, that in its glory walk'd.
Hope had put life in all unliving things;
He hung above the fountain's rippling springs,
And heard them echo joy; the bud unbranch'd
That his light pressure on the streamlet launch'd,
Bounded in joy; his deep and burning sigh
Rose thro' the vine-leaves that gave sweet reply.
A sudden meteor sail'd across the heaven,
He hail'd its sign; to him, to him 'twas given,
Omen of joy, bright promise of bright years.

Sebastian is waked from this ecstacy by the sound of a sudden bugle.

He started from his dream. The yellow dawn
Wander'd along night's borders, like the fawn,
First venturing from its dappled mother's side.

He joins the battle long wished for, but now no longer welcome—storms the gates of Granada—and is borne away wounded. He is attended by a young peasant who had followed the camp, and quickly recovers from his wounds.

One evening as the sun was setting sweet,
Making its rays a coronet for the hill,

he has wandered forth beneath the walls of the Alhambra, when his attention is attracted by a voice which sings some touching lines. The minstrel is no where to be seen; and,

vexed and bewildered, Sebastian enters the walls of the Alhambra.—In this part of the poem there occurs some very powerful and splendid writing.

In this particular style of composition it might be difficult to point out, any where in modern poetry, two finer passages than the following:—

Palace of beauty! where the Moorish Lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.
Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days,
When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,
The "thousand," milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king;
And thro' thy portals pour'd the gorgeous flood
Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir, hastening,
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.
Lovely thy morn,—thy evening lovelier still,
When at the waking of the first blue star
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;
It summon'd all thy beauty from repose,
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
That breathes to African or Indian sky.
Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone,
Pure lily, that its virgin head low waved
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would come,
Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,
That see, and shrink,—and yet *will* seek their doom:
Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,
Hushing the tumult of the festival,
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball rear'd,
And told of eastern glories.
* * * * * *
Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun
That had no rival, and no second?—gone!
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.
Where is thy horn of battle? that but blown
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne;
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall;
Brought every charger barded from the stall,
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore;
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.
Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain
Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore,
Thy course was bright, bold, treach'rous, —and 'tis o'er,
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne.

There is a proud, pompous, and at the same time, melancholy flow in the versification of these passages, which blends very harmoniously with the feelings and associations called forth by the thoughts and imagery,—and they cannot fail to give a strong impression of the writer's powers.

To pursue the story:—

Sebastian wandered on; he had no thought,
No eye for earthly glories; *had that spot*
Been Paradise he would have wandered on.

Twice, in threading the mighty mazes of that palace, he encounters the form of which he is in search; and as often losing it again, returns to his sleepless couch. Here a rather confused and indistinct colloquy takes place between Sebastian and his peasant attendant; during which we have the first notice that Floranthe, who had taken the veil at the commencement of the story, had left her convent immediately after the fatal catastrophe of her sister, and had not since been heard of. It had been reported, that she had left it accompanied by a page as a paramour; and the attendant of Sebastian, in order to shield her from this obloquy, now confesses that *he* was that page; and endeavours to excite Sebastian's sympathy towards her. But Sebastian expresses himself indignantly respecting her conduct, and the colloquy ends. The next morning the page is missing, and is seen no more; and Sebastian on revisiting the palace of Sidonia, finds that the daughter of that Nobleman had returned.

She came in purity, but came to die.

The reader must have already anticipated that Floranthe, the page, and the Moorish unknown, are one and the same.—While relating, or rather, confessing her story, (secretly, with her dying breath, as she believes) she is overheard by Sebastian, who recognises "his lost, his lovely, his beloved."—The lady recovers; and the tale now ends by the lovers being, contrary to our expectations, united and made happy.

Upon the whole, we close these poems with a very favourable impression of the writer's talents. He is evidently a person of a most elegant and accomplished mind, who feels

that he cannot better *display* his elegancies and accomplishments than by writing poetry: and when we add, that this is the *reason* of his choosing so to employ himself, we do not say it invidiously, or with any view to detract from, or qualify, the praises with which we have accompanied the foregoing extracts; but merely as the least obnoxious mode of expressing, that the evidences of *display* perhaps abound in them a little too much.

STOKE HILLS.

It may be lovely from the height
  Of Skiddaw's summit, moss'd and grey,
To feed the inexhausted sight
  On the magnificent array
  Which such a prospect must display:—
On Keswick's lowly, peaceful vale;—
  On Derwent-water's scatter'd isles;—
  On torrents, bright with morning's smiles,
Or mark'd by mist-wreathes pale.

I never gaz'd on such a scene;
  Yet, if I give my fancy wings,
I half could think I there had been
  By force of her imaginings;—
  She in such witching beauty brings
The landscape to my mental eye,
  I feel almost as if I stood
  In its romantic solitude,
Beneath a cloudless sky.

  But not in the ideal bliss
  Of such a fascinating hour,
Hath scenery sublime as this
  Where lakes expand, and mountains tower,—
  Upon my heart so deep a power,
Or wakes in it such tender thrills,—
  As when, immers'd in busy thought,
  And reveries by Memory brought,
I stand upon Stoke Hills.

It is not that the landscape there
  Can vie with Skiddaw's ampler scope;
Nor can Stoke Hills, though soft and fair,
  With Cumbria's giant mountain cope:
  What see you, standing on their slope,—
Or loftiest eminence—to fill
  The eye with rapture, or the mind
  With transports—that you might not find
On many another hill?—

Nothing!—below, indeed, may be,
  And is, extending far and wide,
A prospect beautiful, which He
  Who has most frequently descried,
  Still finds with many a charm supplied,
And lingers, as if loth to leave it;—
  Whether it bask in morning's glow,
  Or evening's shades, succeeding slow,
Of softer charms bereave it.

But a mere town, a pond, a river,
  And meadows, sprinkled o'er with trees,
Whose light leaves in the sunshine quiver
  When stirr'd by each low rustling breeze,
  Such objects, though they well may please

A heart that unto beauty clings;
  Yet could not, of themselves, excite
  Emotions—dearer than delight,
The well-known prospect brings.

O! nothing is more true than this;—
  It is not through the *eye* alone,
We gather either bale or bliss
  From scenes which it may gaze upon:—
  Their sweetest tint, their deepest tone,
That which most maddens, or endears,
  Is shed on them by thoughts and feelings
  Which rise, at Memory's still revealings,
From dreams of former years!

The scenes that met our early gaze,
  The very turf we trod on then,
The trees we climb'd;—as fancy strays
  Back to those long past hours again,
  Revive, and re-appear, as when
The soul with sorrow kept no strife;
  But, in its first imaginings,
  Unfurl'd its own elastic wings,
And sprang to Light, and Life.

Can even the bright and fairy dreams
  Of Fiction, wrought in Poesy;
Or visions, with which Fancy teems,
  Of Love, in Love's idolatry,—
  Compare with childhood's memory?
No!—these, even when most pure their birth,
  Have something, in their loveliest guise,
  Which half instinctively implies
They are of lower earth.

But the soul is not:—some indeed
  Have said that ere on earth it came,
(As by a Power Divine decreed)
  To animate this mortal frame,
  It pre-existed, still the same:—
And more will own to man is given
  A spirit, whose young life within,
  Ere tamper'd with by conscious sin,
Was fed by thoughts from heaven!

And its first joys, and hopes, and fears,
  Were such as never more can meet
A parallel in after years;—
  Well may their memories be sweet!
  'Tis more than earthly bliss to greet
Even a silent thought—which brings
  Some token, by its soothing powers,
  It comes back from those happier hours
With healing on its wings.

Then wonder not that I prefer
  Such scene to Skiddaw's prouder height;
It is a still interpreter
  Of more than meets the outward sight:—
  I look through vistas far more bright,
More beauteous than creation gives;
  And feel, when plac'd on such a spot,
  My spirit's present griefs forgot,
As in THE PAST it lives!

THE SOCIETY, SCENERY, AND ANTIQUITIES OF SICILY.*

We shall have recourse to the lively and elegant work, whose title is subjoined in a note, for matter for two articles, which the readers of our magazine, we are sure, will have much gratification in perusing. The first will comprehend the Island of Sicily —the cradle of pastoral, the interesting scene of history, the abode of ancient and modern beauty, the theatre of volcanic terror and sublimity. We certainly have never encountered a traveller who possessed more of the art of carrying his readers with him, than Mr. Hughes,—and few indeed have it in an equal degree. He is worthy to have wandered amongst the scenery and the objects he describes—and when it is considered what these are, it will be seen that higher praise cannot be given.

Greece and Albania we must leave to our next number: there is no bringing them into the tail of an article,—and it would be profanation to squeeze them up in a corner.

On a fine evening in May, 1813, the author tells us, he cast anchor in the Bay of Palermo; and he strikingly and elegantly describes the aspect of beauty that beamed on his regard, when he thus first came into the glorious presence of Italian nature, presiding in one of her most majestic and voluptuous seats. The city of Palermo is described by Sicilian poets *as a beauteous pearl, set in a golden shell.* The high estimation in which the beauty of this part of Sicily was held in ancient times, may be learned from Athenæus.—"Here," says Rosacci, "contend, as it were, all amenities, and all riches—and therefore is it called the *shell of gold.*" Our author remarks with pain

> The extreme imbecility of the reigning family, and the dissolute morals of the nobles, the perversion of justice, the iniquity of the laws, and the general venality and corruption in a country which requires only the co-operation of man with the bounty of Providence, to make it a paradise upon earth.

He bears testimony, however, to the efforts made by Great Britain, to recover her ally from this state of national degradation. Under the influence of her councils, Ferdinand had resigned the authority, retaining the name of King; the Queen had been detected in her plots, deprived of all that gave her the power to do mischief, and admonished by the hanging of some of her agents. But Mr. Hughes regards the experiment, which was then tried, of establishing a representative government in this island, as a very unsuccessful one in fact,—and he seems to incline to the idea that it was not very judicious in conception. He alludes, modestly enough,—and in the tone of a man who would rather turn out to be wrong than right in his impression,—to the distinction of character between the northern and southern people, that would almost seem to be indelible, and which is now so much discussed with reference to their respective literatures. The deliberative assembly, the suffrages of independent men, seem, from time immemorial, to have entered into the political framework of northern nations; while in the south, the strong and single coercion of monarchical power has ever been the most prevalent principle of government. In the case of the Sicilians, however, it is very evident that there was a greater necessity for giving the people schools than a House of Commons; it was, naturally enough, "found impracticable to engraft an enlightened code on a nation immersed in ignorance, superstition, and immorality." Our readers will be amused by the following sketch of the proceedings of the Sicilian Parliament;—though we have lately seen so much boyish impatience and irregularity,—so much empty indecorous laughing,—so much indecent zeal, and foolish interruption, displayed, to the scandal of a great nation, in an assembly not so new to its functions, as the Parliament of Palermo, that it would ill become us to speak very contemptuously, at this moment, of the patriotic impetuosity of the Sicilian members. "No words," says Mr. Hughes,

> Can describe the scenes which daily occurred upon the introduction of the re-

* Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania, by the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes. Two Vols. 4to. London. Mawman. 1820.

presentative system in Sicily. The house of parliament, neither moderated by discretion nor conducted with dignity, bore the semblance of a receptacle for lunatics, instead of a council-room for legislators; and the disgraceful scenes so often enacted at the hustings in England, were here transferred to the very floor of the senate. As soon as the president had proposed the subject for debate, and restored some degree of order from the confusion of tongues that followed, a system of crimination and recrimination was invariably commenced by several speakers, accompanied with such furious gesticulations and hideous contortions of countenance, such bitter taunts and personal invectives, that blows generally ensued: this was the signal for universal uproar; the president's voice was unheeded and unheard; the whole house arose, partisans of different antagonists mingled in the affray, when the ground was literally seen covered with combatants, kicking, biting, scratching, and exhibiting all the evolutions and manœuvres of the old Pancratic contests.

The particulars given by our author, illustrative of the state of morals and manners at Palermo, are far from being of favourable indication; yet, as it appears to us, a spirit of gentlemanly liberality, and amiable charity animates the detail. Against the individuals themselves, neither scorn nor ill-will is directed. Mr. Hughes seems to have observed the system of Sicilian society with the eyes of a liberal man of the world; while, at the same time, we have abundant evidence that he never for an instant forgot his English feelings and English principles. We learn from him that the conversazione rooms, attached to the theatre, form a temple, "over which the joint demons of gambling and intrigue preside;"—that they are, on that account, a favourite resort of the nobility and gentry—where the husband's losses may be recovered by the sale of the Signora's charms,—there being "no country on earth where a man bears the burthen on his brows with greater patience."—It is pleasant, however, to find a green spot in the midst of this deluge of disgrace; and we ought to compliment the feelings that directed Mr. Hughes to its discovery, amidst such an overpowering display of the externals of profligacy. The heart of woman, even here, is not totally corrupted: he thinks the female sex, in Sicily, "with regard both to manners and morals, superior to the men:"—the homestead of virtue therefore is not wholly defiled,—its spark is not wholly quenched. He traces the debauchery he describes to circumstances rather than to dispositions: from the restraints of the gloomy unsocial cloisters, where the young girls are educated, they rush at once, with few accomplishments, and no solid instruction, but with minds full of superstition, eager to make themselves compensation by a surfeit of pleasure for the time they have spent in gloom and idleness. Marriage in this country is even more nakedly a matter of traffic, than in France. "A young lady of high rank," says our author, "was offered to my friend with less ceremony than a horse, or a parcel of ground, would be submitted to a person desirous to purchase." From the excessive ignorance of the higher classes, and the consequent absence of all internal feelings of personal dignity, proceed habits of unseemly familiarity with their inferiors and menials, which must always do mischief, as human nature is constituted—tending to degrade both parties instead of elevating one—imparting to the inferior insolence and profligacy, to the superior, baseness and vulgarity.

I have seen a Sicilian nobleman, a court favourite, and superintendant of a royal palace, seated in an old chair at his own door between his cook and butler, to enjoy a social chat in the cool of the evening. I have also seen the head servant in a family of the first rank, help to entertain his master's guests by his skill at billiards in the morning, and by his powers of conversation at the dinner-table, where he stood to carve the meat. No very high estimate of manners will be formed where both sexes spit without ceremony upon the floor of a drawing-room, and carry off in their pockets confectionary and other relics of a dinner.

Such is the picture given of the higher orders: the lower, we learn from Mr. Hughes, are kept in good humour by festivals, processions, and *lotteries*. "A hundred tickets, neatly rolled up in very small bits of paper, are sold at the low price of one dollar." The superstition of the people is so grossly ignorant—so utterly divested of all the refining and exalting tendencies of religion, that their language of devotion expresses sometimes the vilest debasement of intel-

lect,—sometimes downright blasphemy. The *devil* is commonly invoked as a *saint*, and the public-houses hang out for a sign of invitation "*long life to Divine Providence!*" Our author furnishes his readers with a most curious document, which he however refuses to translate,—observing that "it is too shocking." It appears to us, that it is a mere proof of the extreme ignorance of the poor people, and that it is very shocking in this light, but in no other whatever:—surely the Deity, as an object of rational devotion, cannot be insulted by the wretched blunders of the unhappy and unenlightened amongst his creatures. The paper in question, we are told, is sold, with a great variety of others of a similar description, by the common hawkers, through the towns of Sicily, like ballads in England. It purports to be "*the copy of the Statement found in the Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour, now preserved by his Holiness in his oratory.*" This solemn document relates, that Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, and Saint Bridget, whose rank and title are not mentioned, made many prayers to be informed exactly of the amount and nature of the sufferings of our Saviour during his passion: that their request was favourably listened to by the divine person, who thus spoke to these holy women.

The soldiers, dear sisters, who made me prisoner, were in number 161: the officers of justice, assisting them to take and bind me, were 33; they gave me 333 blows on the head in seizing me, and when I was their prisoner I received from them 100 more, as well as two desperate drives: I fell seven times: before the house of Anna they inflicted on me 190 stripes, and to make me get up from the ground, they gave me 18 knocks on the shoulders, and dragged me by the hair, and by the cords round my hands, 70 times:—I heaved 161 sighs; had 20 pulls by the beard; and at the pillar received 6000 lashes:—they spit 121 times in my face; gave me a mortal stab, and made me fall on the ground with the cross on my back; with the cross they gave me three fierce pushes; and the drops of blood that fell from my body were in number 30,160.

This most extraordinary relic of the most besotted and brutalizing superstition, concludes by the promise of sundry important privileges to all devout persons who shall, for *the space of twelve years*, repeat each day, seven *pater ed ave*,—thus completing the whole number of drops of blood. To these indefatigables are promised, the name and rank of martyrs, and full remission of purgatory;—the women are promised easy labours,—both men and women exemption from night-mares, sudden deaths, and the power of demons.

Our author and his friend left Palermo to visit "the remains of those magnificent cities which abounded in this once flourishing island—attesting even in their fall the unrivalled taste and grandeur of sentiment which distinguished the Grecian colonies, no less than their mother country." They first sought out the ruins of Agrigentum—which "still command admiration, where they stand the images of calm repose, the memorials of a mighty state."

Time has spread over them its sombre tints, which blend harmoniously with the surrounding landscape, and throw, as it were, a sacred charm around its rocks and mountains.

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Imagination can scarcely conceive a more glorious prospect than that which the southern cliff of this great city once displayed, surmounted by a long unbroken line of the finest monuments of Grecian art! Amongst them stood six majestic temples, of that severe Doric order, which so happily combines elegance and simplicity with solidity and grandeur. The S. E. angle is still seen crowned with the ruinated colonnade of Juno Lacinia surrounded by broken masses of its entablature: next to it is a very fine temple nearly entire, except the roof, commonly supposed to have been dedicated to Concord, being indebted for this extraordinary state of preservation to the piety of those ages which converted it into a Christian church. That of Hercules, the next in order, seems to have been demolished by the violence of an earthquake, as it lies in all the confusion which such an overthrow would be expected to occasion. This was one of the finest temples of Agrigentum, and held by the citizens in peculiar veneration; in size and plan it resembled the Parthenon of Athens, and contained several chef d'œuvres of painting and statuary. Its inimitable picture of Hercules strangling the serpents, was presented to the Agrigentines by Zeuxis; the adytum was adorned with a miracle of art, a statue of the presiding deity by Myro, who inscribed his own name upon the thigh, in small studs of silver. Cicero, in his lively description of a nocturnal attempt made by the emissa-

ries of Verres to carry off this statue, takes notice of a circumstance, which shows how similar are the effects of superstition in all ages; he observes, that its mouth and chin, though made of bronze, were actually worn by the kisses of its admiring votaries;

oscula perspicuo figunt impressa metallo.

Most interesting accounts of other important ruins follow. Mr. Hughes writes on such subjects in a style of gentlemanly scholarship, and with an elegance of language in which is reflected a deep poetical and classical enthusiasm. The celebrated Piscina, a vast reservoir, is still seen between two temples.

In ancient times it served as a place to exercise the youth in swimming, an art considered, by every state, of primary importance: it supplied also delicious fish for the sumptuous public entertainments; its surface was covered with stately swans and other aquatic birds, whilst the umbrageous walks upon its banks rendered it a favourite resort of the Agrigentine citizens. The limpid streams still flow in deep channels bored through the surrounding hills, adding freshness and luxuriance to the orange groves and gardens, which now occupy this cool and agreeable retreat.

Our travellers afterwards proceeded to the interior of the island with the intention of visiting Castro Giovanni, *supposed to be the capital of the kingdom of Ceres!* It was harvest time; the Sicilian peasantry were here contemplated in their most peculiar and pleasing aspect: joyous songs, and choruses, and long trains of both sexes, enlivened the journey to the ancient Gaza, so beautifully described by Cicero. Their features seemed to indicate a Saracenic origin —"but amongst them is still observed that remarkable contour and expression of countenance, called Grecian, which is so beautifully pourtrayed upon the ancient Sicilian coins." They are fervently addicted to music; and its "beneficial influence tends to preserve them from the overwhelming gloom of superstition, the ferocity of barbarism, and the commotions of popular frenzy." At Castro Giovanni, the *seat of the goddess,* our travellers arrived just in time to witness the election of *a member of Parliament!* The town stands in the centre of the island, on its highest inhabited ground. Its appearance is strikingly picturesque. Deep ravines intersect its site, the sides of which are "literally honey-combed with Saracenic caves, which are still inhabited by the poorer classes."— "From the rocks gush out, as in days of old, perennial streams, and crystal fountains, amidst a vast profusion of shrubs, creepers, and wild flowers; whilst the fine cypress groves and gardens of the convents, form a shade impervious to the sun." The platform of the temple of Ceres is on the very edge of a tremendous precipice; two thousand feet in perpendicular height our author supposes,—"in view of the whole dominion over which she reigned." Here, says Mr. Hughes, "we first beheld the gigantic Etna, that 'pillar of the heavens,' as the Grecian poet calls it, towering aloft into the region of mid-air." From this spot, too, is seen to great advantage, the beautiful circular lake, where, as the poet sings—

——— Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered.

Surely our readers must feel it delightful to wander, even in description, through such scenes. Their imaginations, if they are not very dull indeed, must be excited by the lively sketches of our author, to re-create the glories of these classic haunts, where Time seems to loiter and rest —staying his wonted course, and with him keeping Antiquity ever present. The ancient spirit of the spot does not depart: it seems wedded to the beauty of nature in these charming places: it shines in the morning ray, basks under the noon-tide heat, and hovers in the clear and soft evening air.

The long description of the present state of Syracuse, and its past history, we must pass entirely by, although the chapter is a most interesting one. Our author found, instead of Diana's train, a tribe of washerwomen dabbling in the fountain of Arethusa, who clamorously demanded charity, and one of whom, in return for his pence, told him a story of a beautiful Signorina of ancient times, who being persecuted by a magician, drowned herself in the fountain. We must not, however, fail to notice the interview of our travellers with the illustrious antiquarian, Signor D. G. Capodieci, *Arcadian* of Rome, member of the Society of *good-taste* at

Palermo, secretary and sub-conservator of the *Antiquities of the Valley of Demons,* &c. &c. &c.

After several fruitless attempts, we succeeded in gaining an audience of this dignified antiquarian, whom we found immersed in a multiplicity of duties, not the least of which was that of embodying the history of his native city in forty-four volumes folio! There was something indescribably curious in his appearance, seated like the very genius of antiquarian lore, in his sanctum-sanctorum, clothed in a flowered dressing-gown, with a night-cap on his head, and surrounded by an interminable chaos of broken vases, monumental tablets, ancient weapons, old books, and skins of reptiles. The old gentleman, who, from long poring over antiquities, had contracted some portion of their rust, received us with ceremonious gravity; and in his conversation alluded chiefly to the multiplicity and importance of his own occupations: continuing to write in a large folio which lay open before him, he informed us, that this was but one out of forty-four volumes which he intended to compose upon the Antiquities of Syracuse; and when time had been given us to digest this pithy fact, he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and waving both his hands up and down, as if impressed with the magnitude of the design, exclaimed several times, in a ludicrous tone of voice and with elevation of eye-brow, "Quaranta quattro tomi, Signori, quaranta quattro tomi!" We found some difficulty in withstanding such a temptation of our risible faculties: but as I found our laborious compiler endeavouring to exhaust the history of this greatest and most beautiful of Grecian cities, with a very slender knowledge of the ancient languages, I assisted him in translating a few inscriptions; nor did Mr. Parker please him less by purchasing some antique lamps and pateræ, at a very handsome price. In the good humour thus produced, he promised to lay aside the forty-four volumes for one morning, and conduct us through the public library and museum. Accordingly, next day he made his appearance at the Leon d'oro, with all his decorations of silver keys, golden crosses, and other badges of distinction.

Although we have just said that we could not afford to make any extracts from this part of the book, we find we cannot entirely resist the temptation. "The Cavaliere Landolina possesses the greatest curiosity amongst the remnants of Syracusan pottery: it is the handle of a vase inscribed with the name of the celebrated Agathocles."

We proceeded under the city walls to the Occhio di Zilica, or pseudo-Alpheus, where we found the water bubbling up very impetuously, more cold and less salt, than it is at a distance from the spot: from thence we glided along that part of the shore which seems in ancient times to have been a fine public promenade, and which was appropriated by Verres as the scene of his infamous debaucheries. Here, upon this shore, selected on account of the beauty of its climate (for at Syracuse the sun was said never to be obscured entirely during any one day of the year by clouds or tempest) he was accustomed to pitch his splendid tent, denying access to all except the companions or the pandars of his lust, or his youthful son, who was thus early initiated into his father's vices. 'Here,' says the indignant orator, 'whilst the fleets passed out of the Syracusan harbour, stood a prætor of the Roman people dressed in sandals, with a purple cloak, and a tunic reaching to his ankles, reclining upon a wretched harlot.'

After a rapid survey of its ancient history, Mr. Hughes thus sums up the sad fate of Syracuse—

It has dwindled away gradually under a succession of weak or tyrannical princes, derived from almost every royal house in Europe, till it has sunk into its present state of decrepitude, under the most feeble branch of the house of Bourbon. At the present period it is reckoned to contain 12,000 inhabitants, seven parish churches, besides the cathedral, ten convents of monks, and seven of nuns, a seminary for the priesthood, and a college for general studies. Its streets are narrow and dirty, its nobles poor, its commonalty ignorant, superstitious, idle, and addicted to festivals; much of its fertile land is become a pestilential marsh, and that commerce which once filled the finest port in Europe with the vessels of Italy, Rhodes, Alexandria, Carthage, and every other maritime power of the Mediterranean, is confined to a petty trade carried on by a few small trabaccole. Such is Modern Syracuse! Yet the sky which canopies it is still brilliant and serene; the golden grain is still ready to spring almost spontaneously from its fields; the blue waves still beat against its walls to send its navies over the main; nature is still prompt to pour forth her bounties with a prodigal hand: but man, alas! is changed; his liberty is lost; and with that the genius and prosperity of a nation rises, sinks, and is extinguished.

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From these heights Marcellus's eye could take in at one view the whole expanse of this magnificent city, with its palaces and temples glittering in the sun, and its harbours filled with triumphant fleets. The splendour of the scene, the recollection of its ancient glory, the knowledge of its impend-

ing fate, and the importance of his own victory, so forcibly impressed themselves upon the imagination of this stern conqueror, that he burst into tears. After a lapse of 2000 years we looked down from the same spot, and saw the scene of desolation quite complete. Groves, palaces, and temples, all have disappeared; the arid rock alone remains, where the serpent basks and the solitary wild flower is unbent by human footsteps. Thus it is; every production of art or nature comes to a close, and motion seems necessary to the state of human affairs; for the high tide of prosperity soon ebbs, and the very excess of civilization seems to hasten the period of dissolution. Athens, Rome, and Syracuse, have been. The time too may come, when father Thames shall roll his waves amidst the ruins of that splendid capital which rises now so proudly on his banks. If that period should arrive, we have at least the satisfaction to know, that its name will be inserted among those that have been most glorious in their day: that the future traveller, should he wander over its deserted site, will feel his heart glow, as he treads upon the soil where freedom flourished, and where the oppressed among the nations always found protection. Such thoughts occurred to my imagination as I cast my eyes upon the little island of Ortygia, which I saw floating as it were on the distant waves, and bearing on its bosom the poor remains of ancient Syracuse: it was at this moment protected, together with the kingdom of which it forms a part, by the Ægis of Great Britain.

Our introduction to the city of Catania, preparatory to the ascent of Etna, is, like all our author's descriptions, calculated to interest our fancy in the place.

Long before the shades of night descended we arrived at Augusta; and the next day brought us to Catania, the finest city in Sicily, and for its size, perhaps in Europe. It is nobly situated on the roots of Etna, its despoiler and its benefactor—overwhelmed as it has often been by torrents of liquid fire, it has risen like the Phœnix more splendid from its ashes. The very substance which once ravaged its plains, has by its own decomposition covered them with soil fertile as the fabled garden of the Hesperides, and on all sides the material of destruction is turned to the purposes of ornament and utility: the streets are paved with lava—houses, palaces, and churches are built of lava—of lava they form ornamental chimney pieces, tables, and a variety of toys—whilst a natural mole of lava defends the shipping from the fury of the tempest. Ask a Catanian what is the substance of almost any thing you behold in art or nature, and his reply will be, with a most significant elevation of his hands and eyebrows, "Lava, Signore; tutta tutta Lava." The plan of this city is very superb, and no one is permitted to deviate from it in building: it contains three streets, each a mile, more or less, in length: the longest and most splendid of these terminated at one end by the Cathedral, forms at the other a noble vista which directs the eye up a gradual and majestic ascent to the smoking summit of Mount Etna: no capital in Europe that I have seen, probably none in the world, contains so sublime a prospect.

The account of the ascent, though the subject may now almost be termed a hackneyed one, is managed in a way to keep up the attention, or rather the anxiety, almost as much as if this celebrated mountain had been visited for the first time by Mr. Hughes. Its varied scenery is beautifully passed before our eyes,—without too great an affectation of description. Our author evidently feels quickly and deeply himself, and this enables him to convey to others vivid and impressive ideas.

We proceeded the first day about nine miles up the mountain, to the pretty village of Mascalucia, in the midst of what is called the 'cultivated' or 'fertile region:' of this region we saw more in our descent when we passed through the beautiful village of Tre Castagne, on our road to Taormina. No language can do justice to the scenery, fertility, and luxuriant verdure of this tract, whose bosom heated by subterranean fires, and situated in the most favourable climate upon earth, teems with every flower and plant and tree that can delight the eye, and every species of fruit that can gratify the palate: fields covered with golden grain or the purple vine, villages and convents embosomed in thick groves of chesnuts and oriental planes, mossy fountains and transparent streams, exhausted craters covered with a verdant canopy of foliage, and numberless other beauties invite the tourist to these charming scenes; scenes that derive a double interest from their classical celebrity, from the loves of Acis and Galatea, and the adventures of the wandering Ulysses: here also the sportsman will meet with every species of game that he can desire, and the botanist or mineralogist find inexhaustible sources of amusement. The population of this luxuriant district, in towns and villages, is estimated at 300,000, one-fourth of all the inhabitants of Sicily!

They then passed through the village of Nicolosi, a frightful assemblage of low huts, each of which is built one

story high, to guard against earthquakes.

The last eruption of Etna took place on the 27th October, 1811, and continued, with intervals of relaxation, till near the middle of November. It was represented to us as having been surprisingly beautiful in appearance, though harmless in its effects. Five mouths opened all at once, just below the great crater, on the side facing Taormina, vomiting forth sulphureous flames, ashes, and red-hot stones, accompanied by the most terrific detonations, which shook violently the windows in Catania, and succeeded each other sometimes at the rate of thirty in a quarter of an hour.

Our travellers entered the "woody region," a vast girdle of ancient oaks and chesnuts, about six or seven miles in breadth, which embraces this extraordinary mountain, "beginning and terminating abruptly, and exhibiting the most romantic views which forest scenery on the most extensive scale can display." The vast "grotto dei capri," brought Ulysses, the Cyclops Polyphemus, and his flocks, to their imagination. Here they dined, drank tea, and slept. Before the dawn of day (the second of their ascent) they arrived at what is called the desert region, which is scarcely a mile from the base of the crater.

Here we found a very substantial house, which had been built in the year 1811 by the English then resident in Sicily, with excellent stabling adjoining to protect the poor animals from the beating of those storms to which they were formerly exposed. Leaving our mules therefore in this hospitable retreat, we toiled over several acres of lava, full of sharp rugged points and deep chasms, affording every facility for breaking, or at least spraining the limbs.

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We arrived at the summit of the crater, breathless with fatigue and half suffocated with sulphureous vapour, about a quarter of an hour before the orb of day appeared: Aurora, indeed, had dissipated the darkness, and we were thus enabled to contemplate the wonders and magnificence of the scene. The vast hollow, or barathron of the crater, strongly arrested our attention. It is about two miles and a half in circuit, though it appears like a point when viewed from the Catanian plains; retaining the same dimensions which it had in the time of Pliny: it contains two principal spiracula, or vents, from whence, as from the mouths of enormous pieces of artillery, huge stones and rocks are precipitated several thousand feet into the air during the term of an eruption: we examined the largest of these and perceived that it had, as it were, three stages of descent; the first extended only a few hundred yards, where it was terminated by a shelf, or ridge of cinders; from thence the second stage had a more precipitous inclination towards a similar ridge; but the third was the perpendicular unfathomable abyss.

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At length faint streaks of light shooting athwart the horizon, which became brighter and brighter, announced the approach of the great luminary of day: and when he sprang up in splendid majesty, supported, as it were, on a throne of golden clouds, that fine scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course, flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky his rays glittered on the mountain tops, and Sicily became gradually visible, expanded like a map beneath our eyes. This effect is most extraordinary; nearly all the mountains of the island may be descried, with cities that surmount their summits; more than half the coast, with its bays and indentations, and the promontories of Pelorus and Pachynum, may be traced, as well as the course of rivers from their springs to the sea, sparkling like silver bands which encircle the valleys and the plains. We were unable to distinguish Malta, though I do not on this account doubt the relation of others who profess to have done so: the Lipari isles were very much approximated to view by the refracting power of the atmosphere; as also was the Calabrian coast. The sides of Etna itself are covered with beautiful conical hills, from which ancient lavas have issued; their exhausted craters are now filled with verdant groves of the spreading chesnut, exhibiting the most sylvan scenes imaginable: on the plain below, these cones would be lofty mountains; here they appear but excrescences that serve to vary and to beautify the ground.

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The ride to-day gratified us more than that of yesterday; for the air being quite transparent, the most charming prospects imaginable opened themselves to view through the deep glens and magnificent vistas of the woody region, comprehending mountains crested with cities—villages embosomed in rich foliage—vineyards pregnant with the purple grape—projecting capes and promontories—with the glorious expanse of the dark-blue sea beyond. Viewing this resplendent picture one might be tempted almost to arraign the partiality of Providence in lavishing all his bounty on a particular district, did not a recurrence of the tremendous lava-course testify an awful intermixture of evil, and vindicate his dispensations.

After this interesting excursion our

author returned to Palermo, and soon set out from Sicily for Greece.

Here, and in Albania, it is our intention to follow him in our next number. The history of his residence at Ionina, the capital of Ali Pasha,—and his account of Parga, of the Suliotes, and their resistance to the tyrant, comprehend the most interesting narrative we have yet met with, of the life, character, and government of that most extraordinary man, who, having triumphed by fraud or force, over all opposition, up to extreme old age, has probably by this time perished under the storm of Ottoman vengeance, which he has at length drawn on his head. The latest accounts left him without hope.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. X.

The provincial meetings we announced in our last, have taken place. That of the three choirs at Gloucester was as good, but not superior, to the general run of such performances. There is, unquestionably, sterling excellence in the selections which are usually resorted to; and the perfection to which certain singers have attained in certain songs, is, as unquestionably, not diminished by their eternal repetition. We have, however, long believed, that the hour of change was at hand, and that, to preserve attention, and ensure patronage and profit, conductors must extend their range, and depart a little from the long and justly deserved favour the country has shown to the compositions of her great musical champion —her

Giant Handel with his hundred hands.

It is true, that, as new generations rise, a fresh race of auditors spring up, in whose minds it is desirable to fix the principles of sound taste, and of a style of English singing which has been traditionally handed down to us from its founders, through a direct line of eminent performers, whose practice can scarcely be said to have declined as it has descended. These principles, and this manner of singing, convey the purest, most magnificent, most sublime traits both of composition and of execution—of the genuine great style—that the world has known or acknowledged. But having been heard incessantly at the London Oratorios in the spring, and at the country Oratorios in the autumn —at every church, and chapel, and concert, public and private—amongst amateurs and amongst professors—in truth, it must be said, attention begins to turn coldly from the unvarying sameness of "the Messiah," and from the "Grand Selections from Sampson and Judas Maccabæus;"—the fact being, that the works of Handel are known to the English public through but a few of his masterpieces.—Independently of this sameness, the progress of manners, as we have before remarked, has rendered the good people of England, not less good, perhaps, but certainly a "less thinking people"—less deeply contemplative, and more "fantastical" in the poetical sense of the word. In their musical tastes they afford one exception, at least, to the assertion of our lively dramatic critic in the last Number of The London,—that the progress of things "is never from grave to gay." In music, at least, they incline to take the livelier turn:—bear witness to the truth of our assertion, the Oratorios during Lent enlivened by Signor Ambrogetti—witness for us Handel and King Jeptha elbowed, and shouted out of place, and thrust into the shade too, by Gneco and the Italian composer giving his directions to the assembled train of musicians, —or eclipsed by the description of a battle with the Turks, in Italian.—The children of this age certainly prefer light, and voluptuous, and especially amatory sensations, to the awful and sublime impressions of that which is departed, and to which they also must depart--witness the triumph of Anacreon Moore's resistless enthralment of the senses, over the beautiful, the intellectual, the refined, but chaster and comparatively cold ballads of a former, and almost forgotten day.

The conductors of the Great Festival at Birmingham, if not the first to

apprehend and to note these symptoms, have been the first to address them in practice. In the feast they have just afforded to the musical world, they have studied novelty as well as excellence; and seldom has public spirit been more usefully, more worthily, more intensely excited.—Benevolence, in one of its clearest and purest forms, has been most extensively aided; science has been promoted; general taste advanced; art supported, amateurs from all parts of the kingdom, as well as the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, amused, delighted, and instructed. The place itself, too, has been benefited by the instrumentality of performances, which protract the pleasure beyond the mere hour of enjoyment, and dismiss individuals to their homes with fresh incitements to cultivate an elegant and a refined pursuit, which in its private exercise is amongst the "best of our delights," whether regarded as the immediate solace of leisure, or as the softener of manners. We would hold up the example of Birmingham to the other large towns of the kingdom, particularly where the neighbouring residence of families of distinction facilitate the application of the beneficial principle we wish to point out to observation. This principle is the attainment of all the objects we have just recapitulated, by means of well digested efforts, systematically pursued, to awaken the attention, and enlist the spirit of a country in a public cause.

That the plan at Birmingham is well laid and well digested will be known most especially by the energy and consistency with which Music is at all times cultivated and encouraged by the inhabitants of Birmingham. Amongst the *establishments* of the town is an "Oratorio Choral Society," whose funds (we are told) are annually and liberally aided by the directors of the Hospital, to which they reciprocate support. Thus a well trained band of chorus-singers is constantly ready, and maintaining a steady progress toward the highest state of perfection. When, therefore, the whole structure is to be used, there is only the easy addition of the ornamental parts.

London is the mart where these are stored,—and the Birmingham recipe to secure universal excellence appears to be to include every thing, and every body, that has the reputation of excellence, in every department, from Mr. Greatorex down to the boys of the King's Chapel.

But such arrangements must be supported by an adequate spirit of patronage, and by the entire enlistment of all the surrounding affluence in the cause! True. And at Birmingham they have found out the secret of doing so. Their end is public and laudable; their means such as pamper opulence and condition. They make it a matter of pride and praise, to be found among those who patronize, or in any way promote, or even are present at, such a festival.

Thus the foundation is laid in the prejudices and passions, as well as in the virtue, of the human heart; and wise legislators are they who turn the selfish, as well as the social, dispositions of mankind to the purposes of good! How readily assistance and support are to be obtained; nay, as we should say, commanded, nothing can more clearly show than the advertisement of thanks from the committee. They thank the President (the Earl of Dartmouth,) and the Vice-President, --the Nobility and Gentry, who honour the festival with their presence,—the Countesses of Dartmouth, Galloway, and Clonmell, and the ladies who *collected the donations* at church,—the preacher for his discourse,—the canon for his chaunting, the Rev. John Webbe, for his poetry to Haydn's Seasons,—Mr. Greatorex, for his music,—the performers for their service, —Mr. Munden and the Oratorio Choral Society, for their attention,—the constables and police officers, for the maintenance of order,--all who undertook offices, for the performance of their several duties,--Mr. Tomkinson, for his piano-forte,—Mr. Bunn, for preparing the theatre,—the Philosophical Society, for their lamps,—Mr. Greensall, for his awning,—and the principal vocalists, for their donations. This is indeed to manifest a universal interest in the cause. We make the enumeration as a memorandum of instruction to the directors of public charities. One more fact is alone necessary to show the results of this mighty preparation, and it is in-

deed a noble one—UPWARDS OF NINE THOUSAND POUNDS WERE RAISED, in the manner following.

The following is the statement of receipts of the four days:—

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
TUESDAY.						
Church Admissions.....	271	2	6			
Collection	341	15	3¾			
Theatre.....	791	14	0			
				1404	11	9¾
WEDNESDAY.						
Church Admis.	1162	10	0			
Collection	300	15	1½			
Theatre.....	839	19	0			
				2303	4	1½
THURSDAY.						
Church Admis.	1006	10	0			
Collection	433	0	0			
Dress Ball ...	678	15	0			
				2118	5	0
FRIDAY.						
Church Admis.	1293	0	0			
Collection	475	11	3½			
Theatre.....	1070	13	0			
				2839	4	3½
Additional Donations				95	0	0
Received for Books, supposed.				300	0	0
Total				£9060	5	2¾

We may now proceed to the music. The meeting commenced with the regular service of the Church, to which Orlando Gibbons's "*Hosannah to the Son of David*" was prefixed, and which gave an expression of solemnity and grandeur. A double choir of sixty-five selected voices on each side, was employed to chaunt the Psalms, and their effect was most peculiarly fine and imposing. Travers's Te Deum, Croft's Jubilate, a Gloria Patri, by Blow, and Cooke's Amen, Purcell's Anthem, "O Give Thanks," with Martin Luther's Hymn, (sung by Miss Stephens), and Dr. Green's Anthem, "O God of My Righteousness," made up the music of the first morning.

It is unnecessary to go into a recapitulation of the several selections which followed. The parts that were the most new to the general ear were Haydn's Seasons, for which new words had been written by the Rev. J. Webbe, of Birmingham; a sacred Cantata of Mozart's, sung by Miss Corri; a grand Scena from Palestine, by Attwood; an Aria by Garcia, sung by Mrs. Salmon; a song of Bishop's, "What Airy Sound," with a flute obligato accompaniment, by Miss Stephens; a part of Jomelli's Requiem, and Mozart's Requiem entire. To these were added the Messiah, and the leading favourite songs, without which no festival can be sustained. The full instrumental Pieces were magnificent, and the concertos by Lindley, Bochsa, and Mori, exquisite. The effects of the choral parts, supported by the immense body of instrumentalists, and by the introduction of the trombones and serpents from the King's household band, were more sublime than any thing that has been heard since the Abbey performances. In fine, the entire festival exhibited the perfection of England, in the science and practice of music, and the power of the fine arts over patronage, when the springs that move the public are judiciously brought into play, and these various powers combined.

The festival at Exeter which succeeded this grander display, had nothing extraordinary to elevate it above the usual level.

Mr. and Miss Mori have been down to Norwich to assist at two concerts there. Miss M. is not much known as an orchestra singer, but she appears to greater advantage than upon the stage of the King's Theatre. Her voice is full-toned, and in its lower and middle parts rich and sweet; its upper notes are somewhat acidulated by the manner of producing them, and her shake is very imperfect. Her style is genuinely Italian, but exhibits a mixture which indicates the imitation of particular models, rather than the regular formation effectuated by attention to principles. She has a good deal of execution in the modern fashion. At present she is certainly in a state of progressive improvement, and though already, considering her age and opportunities, a good singer, will probably arrive at a far higher stage of excellence. Mr. Mori played supremely well, and was encored in his concerto, an instance of approbation very rarely, if ever before, extended to an instrumental performance in that city. But in truth, his taste, feeling, and exertion, deserved every meed that could be bestowed. To the eternal fame of the taste of Norfolk, the county ball on the preceding evening was attended by "a

well dressed crowd" of nearly seven hundred persons, who with the best grace imaginable, pushed, elbowed, and how d'ye do'ed each other,

——dum sudor ad imos
Manabat talos;

while at the refined and intellectual entertainment at which the superior talents of this really great artist were displayed, not more than fifty persons, and scarcely one of them from beyond the walls of Norwich attended!

The compositions this month are very few.

Notturno for the Piano-forte, by F. Ries. This piece is considerably more simple in its structure than the generality of Mr. Ries's compositions; it is however marked by the peculiar characteristics and transitions that distinguish his style. It contains no difficulties of execution, yet may hardly be termed an easy lesson. The parts are adapted to the acquirements of middle rate performers, and the piece may be recommended as light and rather melodious.

Mr. Knapton's *Swiss Air* with variations is a smooth and somewhat brilliant little piece. Mr. R. has not, however, been so successful in composing for the piano-forte, as he has shown himself as a writer of ballads. The lesson before us is yet far from uninteresting when taken in the light of a lesson (as probably intended), for players not very far advanced.

The Duchess of Oldenburgh's Waltz with Variations, by Mr. Lillycrop, is a composition of the same kind, but lower in the scale. It is a light and agreeable piece.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Modern Italian Improvisatori.—There only existed wandering minstrels and improvisatori in Germany, at the period when Italy possessed her greatest poets; now, while Germany boasts her Goethe, Italy abounds with strolling *Musagetæ* and *Improvisatori.* It has never been found, that the noblest productions of poetry have sprung up where the soil has been cultivated by the greatest number of labourers:—the muse reserves her most valuable prizes for those contests, to which but few, and select, competitors are admitted; she does not distribute them to a promiscuous multitude thonging into her sacred groves. The Italians themselves conceive it to be a symptom of the decline of their poetry, that it has fallen into the hands of Improvisatori: yet we must not confound the two classes of these.—There are the street-singers, who undertake to produce extempore versified effusions upon any given subject, and to recite them to music which is equally *impromptu;* but there are some of a very different description, who deliver their compositions in the *Teatro della Valle,* and at the Venetian Palace at Rome.

M. Muller, who accompanied the Baron von Sack to Italy, in 1817, with the view of proceeding to Athens, suffered himself, like another Hannibal, to be arrested by the fascinations of Italy: not that he loitered at Capua, or stopped *ante portas,* for it was Rome itself that proved the impediment to his farther progress. He takes particular notice of two Improvisatori, whom he heard in that city;—Rosa Taddei,—or, according to her Arcadian title, Licori Partenopea,—a girl of no more than seven years of age; and Tommaso Sgricci of Arezzo, whose academical appellation is Terpandro.

The former gave many *Academie,* or poetical recitations, at the *Teatro della Valle;* and the manner of these exhibitions is as follows. At the entrance into the pit, is placed a silver urn, into which every one, as he comes into the house, puts a ticket, where he has written the subject he proposes for the poetess to try her powers on. A simple melody announces her appearance; and the urn is placed upon the stage, when a stranger draws forth a certain number of the tickets, reads the subjects aloud, and then delivers them to the Improvisatore. At the *Academia,* or meeting held at this theatre on the 24th February, 1818, the following were the arguments which were drawn:—*La morte del Conte Ugolino; Saffo e Faone; La Morte d'Ifigenia; la morte d'Egeo; il cinto di Venere;* and *Coriolano.* Previously to the commencement of her

recitations, she walked several times up and down the stage; then mentioned a certain number to the musicians, upon which they played an air; after several repetitions of which she at length burst forth into an apparently inspired strain on the subject of Ugolino's woes—at one time singing, at another declaiming—a style which, to the Italians, who are accustomed to a *parlando* and a *recitativo secco* in their operas, might appear harmonious enough. At every new subject she called for different music; and sometimes requested *bouts-rimés* from the audience, or asked them to propose to her the measure and form of her compositions. At the termination of each piece, she sank exhausted upon a seat,—a state of exaltation and inspiration being succeeded by a kind of swoon, from which, however, the applause of her hearers, and a glass of iced water, never failed to recover her.

Sgricci made his first appearance at Florence; he afterwards recited at Venice and Milan; and, in 1818, gave four *Academie* at the Venetian Palace in Rome. He delivers his compositions without any musical accompaniment, and possesses such copiousness and fluency of expression, combined with so much self-possession, and is moreover such a master of dramatic imitation, that he not only produces single pieces, or ballads, in which both the subject and measure are given to him, but he frequently asks for tragic scenes which he immediately executes impromptu. On one occasion the subjects given were, *Le Nozze di Amore e Psiche in terza rima; La Morte di Saffo in versi sciolti;* and *La Morte di Socrate*, a Tragedy in three acts, with chorusses.

The *Academia Tiberina* gave an entertainment in honour of this Poet, at which he was presented with a gold medal. It was on this occasion that he recited *Coriolano*, a composition in blank-verse, and *La Morte di Lucretia*, a tragedy in three acts, with chorusses, in which he surpassed all his former productions: and if, when transferred to paper, his poetry appear somewhat cold, such is the animation of his gesture and delivery, that he is universally esteemed in Italy as the greatest master in his art. After all, however, improvisatoreship cannot be esteemed as tending to advance poetry; but rather to conduct it in a retrograde direction: it partakes too much of the nature of music, where the sentiment is never delineated with precision, but merely in a vague and general manner.

We should never be able to conceive how the Improvisatori can enter upon a subject with such promptitude, did we not consider that it is generally some common-place from classical mythology and history, with a stock of which they are well provided: it is the same with their dramatic scenes, and we may to-day hear a dying Socrates express himself with the same sentiments and in the manner, which yesterday were given to a dying Seneca. It must, however, be acknowledged that Signor Sgricci distinguishes himself beyond all his competitors for real talent and solid acquirements.

Thorvaldsen the Danish Sculptor.—Little is known in this country respecting the Literature and Arts of Denmark, yet we presume that the name of the illustrious rival of Canova is sufficiently well known among us to render a brief sketch of his life interesting to our readers.

Bertel (Albert) Thorvaldsen was born at Copenhagen, in the year 1771 or 1772, of parents in very moderate circumstances; his father, who was by birth an Icelander, being a working stone-mason. Even when a child, Albert used to amuse himself by attempting to assist his father, and, in a short time, imitated with surprizing cleverness the ornaments which the latter used to carve in wood. This induced his father, who already foresaw that his son would never be satisfied with the trade of a common-mason, to send him for instruction in drawing to the Academy of the Arts. Here he soon attracted the notice of his tutors, although he was not distinguished by his industry in the drawing-school; but he soon displayed his genius for modelling, and, in a short time, obtained several of the lesser prizes at the Academy. The young artist was more indebted to his own genius and exertions than to the lessons he had received. In his seventeenth year he modelled a bas-relief as a competitor for one of the lesser prizes, in the struggle for

which it is customary to shut the pupils in an apartment by themselves. On this occasion, which laid the foundation of his future reputation, Thorvaldsen experienced all the horrors endured by a condemned malefactor; and even now it is not without signs of a somewhat comic alarm that he recalls the sensations of that moment, and how he was obliged to seek inspiration for the dreaded task in copious draughts of an hippocrene that flowed with brandy. Its potency, however, was such, that he successfully accomplished his work in the space of four hours. The subject given him was Heliodorus pillaging the Temple, and so masterly was its execution, that it completely astonished those who were appointed to judge of the merits of the different performances. They not only awarded to him the prize, but likewise bestowed upon him the great gold medal, to which is appended the more solid advantage of a pension to enable the student to travel. Of this, however, he was not allowed to avail himself immediately, as the professors judged it would be imprudent to send abroad one so young and inexperienced; he therefore received at that time only the premiums. The rapid progress which he now made delighted his patrons, and obtained for him the friendship of Abilgaerd the celebrated historical painter; likewise of his Excellency Resventlow, who generously encouraged the rising talents of the youthful artist.

After having produced many successful works at home, Thorvaldsen quitted his native land in 1797, and embarked for Italy, on board a royal frigate that was bound for Naples. His voyage was not unattended by perils, for the vessel was driven upon the coast of Barbary, and hardly had they escaped the dangers that threatened them there, than fresh disasters obliged them to put into port at Malta; at length, however, they reached Naples. The young artist, who was quite a novice in the world, and unacquainted with any language but his own, found himself uneasy in that fairy land, where he was surrounded by the enchantments of both nature and art. That *maladie de pays*, which hardly ever fails to attack a young Dane at a distance from his home, rendered him insensible to all the magic that here presented itself; nay, so wretched did he feel that shame alone prevented him from immediately returning in the very vessel that had brought him, without even seeing Rome, the Apollo, or the Laocoon. At length, however, he visited that seat of art, and there, for some time, wandered amidst the gods and heroes of antiquity like one in a stupor, too much confounded by the sight of such glorious monuments, to be able to attempt any thing himself. Yet after a while the cloud that had enveloped both his corporeal and mental eye, gradually dispersed. The Roman ladies began to distinguish the handsome and blooming Dane; their attentions expelled his melancholy, and, towards the end of the second year of his residence at Rome, he began to model. He now attracted the notice of his learned and celebrated countryman Zoega, who saw the genius with which he was gifted, and who, although he was his most confidential friend, was at the same time his severest critic. In him the young Phidias of the North found a most inexorable judge, who was any thing but indulgent, whenever he conceived that he had just reasons for blame. The Ancient Sculptors, he would say, would never do so: no respectable woman, much less a goddess, ever arrayed herself thus, said he once, on examining a Pallas, whose drapery was disposed in not the most decent manner; and upon such occasions the artist did not scruple to deface and destroy statues that would have conferred upon him reputation.

Still he was so little known, even when he produced his Jason, that he was asked, in a society of artists, whether he was acquainted with the young Dane who had executed that noble statue?—For such was the retirement in which Thorvaldsen worked, that no one suspected him of having created such a wonderful work.

Hope, the wealthy Dutchman, being then at Rome, visited Thorvaldsen, and commissioned him to execute in marble the Jason, of which he had seen the cast. Immediately after this work, the artist modelled a large bas-relief, the subject of which was taken from the first book of the Iliad, representing Agamemnon, causing the Heralds to fetch Briseis

from the tent of Achilles—a composition that did not fail to attract the notice of connoisseurs. He now continued to make farther and rapid advances in his art, while his fame extended itself more and more.

In 1808 he executed two works that must immortalize his reputation; namely his colossal figure of Mars, and his Adonis, both which form an epoch in the history of modern art. The connoisseurs were actually enraptured with his Adonis, of which they said, "Questo è da vero un uomo divino;" and among those who were thus lavish of their commendations, was the illustrious Canova, who declared it to be one of the most successful of Thorvaldsen's productions—one executed in a noble and beautiful style, and replete with sentiment. In 1809, Thorvaldsen received fresh commissions from Denmark: his sovereign wished for four bas-reliefs to decorate the entrance to the newly erected palace of Christianborg; which the artist executed so as completely to satisfy every person of taste.

Such is the brief sketch of his career as an artist—but Thorvaldsen is equally interesting as a man. He possesses a genuine talent for music, and plays upon the guitar with exquisite spirit and expression. Nor is his judgment on subjects of music or poetry less correct than his feeling. The polish and delicacy of his manners render him a welcome companion in the most refined circles; his wit is pungent and keen, and his judgment in matters of taste is such as might be expected from one who has attained to the summit of art.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Some Account of the Travels of the Count Enegildo Frediano in Egypt, and the adjacent countries, under the assumed name of Anciro.—This traveller arrived in Egypt in the year 1817, through which country he proceeded to the utmost extent of its longitudinal direction. In Nubia, he accompanied Lord Belmore, went with Belzoni into the second pyramid of Cephrem, and is the only person who was present at that discovery. Thence he directed his course towards Asia, where he visited Idumæa, the land of the Philistines, that of the tribes of Israel, Phœnicia, Lebanon, Syria, the Euphrates, and Palmyra. At the beginning of 1819, he returned to the Nile, journeyed towards Arabia Petræa, crossed the Red Sea, followed the course which had formerly been pursued by the people of God; crossed through the country of the Midianites, and the provinces Amelen and Elim, returning to Cairo by Mount Sinai. During the autumn of the same year, he made another excursion from Alexandria, visited the Lakes Mareotis, Madia, Burlos and Mongaleh, the islands Jannis and Thuna, Mount Cassius, the ruins of Tanis, Cabria, Pelusium, Mendes, Beibeth, Facuso, Sebennytus and Atridis; and examined whatever was most remarkable in the provinces of Delta, Dakelia, Garbia, Sorkia and Celabia. On his return Frediano made a collection of natural curiosities; analyzed the waters of the warm springs at Tor-der-el-Hamman and Mansura, met likewise with a vein of gypsum, a very abundant bed of natron, and with immense tracts of land entirely filled with vegetable potass of all the three species. He purchased a number of antiquities, both in Asia and Africa, a considerable part of which he has already sent off to Italy; among these are a bronze figure of Harpocrates, a copy of the Pentateuch, written in the ancient Jewish, or, as it is at present called, the Samaritan character; also some thousand very rare Athenian, Syrian, and Phœnician coins, among which is one not hitherto known; it is of an oval shape, and alludes to the Ogygian deluge. It is his intention to visit Abyssinia, Senaar, Cordefan, Darfur, and other kingdoms in the interior of Africa. In a letter to Professor Branchi at Pisa, his former instructor in chemistry, Anciro has declared his design of not confining his attention merely to antiquities, but to study all the more striking natural objects and phenomena that may present themselves to his observation, in which pursuit he has been already very successful, having obtained some important results. There has recently appeared in an Italian journal, a very interesting letter addressed from this traveller to Canova, and dated from Palmyra. "Having passed Conna and Apollinopolis," says he, "I beheld Karnac, with its avenues of sphinxes, its halls of granite, its courts, and temple, with its numerous columns, which are covered with hieroglyphics, and so thick that seven men are scarcely able to encircle them. I afterwards visited Luxor, with its stupendous obelisks and colonnades; then Medinet Abu, that is remarkable for the multiplicity of ruins and fragments with which it is covered, likewise for the im-

mense colossus that formerly used to salute the beams of the rising sun, and even still overshadows the plain of ancient Thebes. * * * * At Ischiet, (in Nubia), we met with Dand Karcef, one of the seventy sons of Hassan, who gave us a very hospitable reception in his camp, where he was seated beneath a Baldachin of Palms. * * * * On the 25th December, 1817, I cut the name Ilia (Italy), together with my own, upon the highest point of the rocks at the cataracts of Nubia, from which point I again returned. The river, which first bestows fertility and prosperity upon so many kingdoms, is here divided into an infinity of little brooks, which, at one time bubbling between the rocks, at another, winding among flowers, present a most incomparable spectacle. * * * * I staid several days at Rademon, which place is remarkable on account of a Sugar Refinery and Rum Distillery, both which are under the superintendence of a M. Brine, a gentleman from whom I experienced much courtesy and civility. Hence I proceeded to the pyramids of Saccara, and afterwards crossing the plain of Memphis, arrived at those of Gizeh; there I met with Signor Belzoni, who was busily engaged in penetrating into the second of those stupendous masses of stone. In company with him, I explored these appalling chambers of death and silence, which had been shut to human curiosity for so many generations; we here met with a descending gallery constructed of the finest and most massy granite: at its farther extremity is a passage so narrow as barely able to admit a man in an horizontal attitude. To this succeeds another gallery conducting into a hall, which contains a sepulchre that has already been explored; adjoining on the left are a third gallery and chambers, whose walls are covered with both Cufic and Modern Arabic inscriptions. Upon returning into the open air, I felt an inclination to ascend the highest of these pyramids, and when I had reached the summit I fancied that I could reach the stars with my fingers. I continued here during the whole of the night;—it was one of the most delightful I had ever experienced,—while forty centuries lay slumbering beneath my feet. The following morning I beheld the sun ascending above the horizon, with a splendour and majesty such as no artist or poet has ever yet conceived. From this elevation I wrote letters to yourself, to Benvenuto, Dionigi, Morghen, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Chevalier Fossombroni, and many other distinguished individuals of my native country.

From the pyramids I returned again to Cairo, whence I directed my course towards Asia; then it was, that as I saw the fertile and well cultivated plains of Egypt gradually retreating from my view, I recalled to mind the account sent by Amru to Omar, who had required of him some description of these countries. 'Imagine to yourself, O Prince of the Faithful,' says he, 'an immense dry and sterile plain, divided by a mighty river. Along the course of this stream run two chains of hills, fertilized by the current, to which heaven seems to have imparted a peculiarly beneficent virtue. * * * * In the city of Tiberias, whose waters I analysed, resides the worthy Raphael Picciotto, Austrian Consul General in Syria, and I cannot forbear remarking to you, my illustrious friend, that among the Jews residing in all quarters of the globe, particularly those of Asia and Africa, there prevails a feeling which leads them to choose to terminate their days in the territory which their forefathers once cultivated with the sweat of their brow. They are early initiated into this attachment towards what they consider to be their home, and it is affecting to behold the aged Israelite land on the coasts of Palestine, and, supported by the arm of his equally venerable consort, commence with the sighs of hope the last pilgrimage which is to conduct his wearied frame to repose in the tombs where his fathers sleep. * * * * Continuing my journey along the coast of Phœnicia, I could with difficulty restrain my impatience as I approached a wretched cliff, where in the midst of sand and waves was situated the once mighty Mistress of the Ocean. The Greek Archbishop Melchita Don Cirillo Debbas received me very cordially at his house, and setting before me on the floor a frugal meal, said, 'I receive you with all the simplicity with which the apostles were wont to entertain their guests, and bid you heartily welcome to this scanty repast, which I daily partake with the stranger. Had I more I would freely bestow it, but my entire revenue, namely, that arising from the archbishopric of Tyrus, does not amount to more than two hundred scudi, and the half of this income is expended in relieving the poor of my diocese. Besides being their spiritual, I am also their temporal physician, and supply them with medicines gratuitously. The other prelates who live among the mountains, are more secure than myself, yet I esteem myself happier, since I participate with my flock in every event of sorrow or of joy.' * * * * Lady Esther Stanhope, whose singular manner of life has attracted the notice both of Europe and Asia, lives in the vicinity of Sidon, at a little place called Arabà, and still persists in her determination not to receive any European visitors. * * * * I travelled quite over Mount Libanon, which contains so many hills within itself, that it might well be termed a kingdom, and upon Mount Carmel I collected an innumerable quantity of petrified shell fish and fruit. * * * * At Balbec I seemed again to behold Thebes transported to Syria; an en-

tire volume would hardly suffice to describe adequately the Temple of the Sun: among other objects one meets with, still standing, six columns 71 feet high, and 21 feet eight inches in diameter; while among the blocks of granite are three extending 175 feet. Another is 69 feet two inches long, by 12′ 10″ broad, and 13′ 3″ thick. You alone, my friend, are worthy to decide whether these stupendous fragments are the workmanship of human hands! What shall I say to you of Palmyra, the view of which kindles the mind even to enthusiasm. There are even still remaining about thirty towers, the Temple of the Sun, and 300 columns, which stand on the sandy plain, the monuments of that great city. I purpose giving an ample account of this in the journal of my travels. I here again engraved the word Ilia in the marble, and recollecting your illustrious name, which has continually animated me during my labours and researches, I added, Frediani stima degne le rovine di Palmyra del genio del divino Canova. * * * * Thus within the space of fifteen months, and during a journey of 7000 miles, I had crossed the Mediterranean, travelled through Misraim, Nubia, Kedar, Idumæa, the country of the Philistines, Judæa, Samaria, Galilee, Phœnicia, Cœlosyria, Syria, and Mesopotamia; had viewed the Sea of Pentapolis; had drank of the waters of the Sea of Tiberias, likewise of those of the Nile, the Jordan, the Orontes, and the Euphrates; had ascended the Pyramids, and the Mounts Sion, Garazim, Tabor, Libanon, and Carmel; had reposed among the tombs of Thebes, at the cataracts of Nubia, and trodden on the dust of Memphis, Heliopolis, Ascalon, Tyre, Sidon, Balbec, Palmyra, Samaria, and Jerusalem! It would be indeed a glorious thing should posterity read the name of Canova in Egypt, in Syria, and in Palmyra; yet the best wish that an Italian can express, is, that the generations to come may read Canova in Italy, Canova at Rome, Canova on the shores of the Tiber.

There has recently been published, by Messrs. Longman and Co. (8vo. pp. 547.) An Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, by El Hage Abdsalam Shabeeng, to which is added an account of various travels through South and West Barbary, and across the Atlas Mountains, &c. &c. by James Grey Jackson. Among the various books of travels that have lately issued from the Press, there appears not to be any more generally interesting at this period of commercial apathy than this. The author tells us he resided upwards of sixteen years in Africa as a merchant, and as a diplomatic agent to several nations of Europe, he is familiar with the African languages, and has corresponded with the principal men in several territories of Africa in their own language. Mr. Jackson persists in his opinion, given twenty years ago, that the only way to obtain a knowledge of this interesting Continent is through the medium of commercial intercourse, and he very properly urges the indispensable necessity of an union of interests between the African association, African institution, and the African company. His letters, fragments, &c. contain a variety of very interesting information on African matters in general; and his suggestions for the advancement of our knowledge of Africa are well deserving investigation. He urges the expediency of attempting the civilization of the African Continent through the medium of an *extensive* commerce.

Modern Italian Sculpture.—Giovanni Ceccarini, a young Roman sculptor, and a protegé of Canova, has displayed his gratitude and his talent in a statue which he has just executed of that great artist. This work, which is conceived in a style of superior grandeur, represents a colossal figure of Canova, sitting, and about to take hold of a Cippus of Jupiter, at the same time that he is admiring its exquisite workmanship. This groupe has been extolled for the dignity of its expression, for its originality, and for the admirable truth and variety conspicuous in the arrangement of the drapery. It seems too as if nature had been willing to second the noble intentions of the artist, having furnished him with an immense block of marble, equally remarkable for its vast size and for its pre-eminent beauty.

Gothic Architecture.—In our preceding number we directed the attention of such of our readers as have a taste for this interesting study, to a Lithographical work by Domenicus Quaglio. We will therefore for their gratification here give a list of the subjects contained in the succeeding numbers. One of the most important in the entire collection is the Minster at Ulm, of which the artist has given two plates; the first represents the entrance into the church, as seen from the open square before it; the other a view in one of the side aisles. It is to be hoped that the artist will, before the termination of his work, give a prospect of the whole interior of the building, as we should then by means of these plates and the elevation of the spire given in Moller's Work, and likewise with some additions in Wiebeking's History of Architecture, possess sufficient data to enable us to form an adequate idea of the extent and magnificence of this noble edifice. Yet even these would not satisfy the professional student or the exact antiquary, who would require an entire publication on the subject, illustrated as tastefully and as amply both historically and graphically as Britton's Cathedrals, or Neale's Westmin-

ster Abbey. The view of the Town Hall at Ulm, forms an interesting subject, although the building itself is not a very excellent specimen of architecture. The Castle at *Kipfenberg*, and that at *Prunn*, both situated in *Altmuhlthal*, are two exceedingly romantic and picturesque views; and equally so is a little chapel in the Tyrol, where a procession of Pilgrims is seen crossing a bridge thrown across a waterfall. The remaining plates give views of a Churchyard and Cloister, *St. Martin's Church in Landshut, the Church-yard of St. John's at Nuremburg*, with a distant prospect of the castle; the *Town of Esslingen on the Necker*, where the beautiful tower of the church of our lady forms a very conspicuous feature; in this plate is introduced a procession which was made in 1817, during the festivals held on account of the happy release from the famine which had prevailed in Suabia during that year. The tower and spire of this church, if not so elaborate and rich, is perhaps even still more beautiful and graceful than the celebrated one at Ulm; this plate too is one of the best executed in the work. The architect of the church was Hans Boblinger, who died in 1505. *The Cathedral at Frankfort*; this church which is remarkable as being the coronation place of the Emperors of Germany, was begun in 1415, and finished (the spire however has never been completed,) in 1511. The admirers of gothic architecture, of picturesque effect, and of romantic scenery, cannot fail to receive great gratification from the productions of an artist who seems gifted with

"A poet's fancy and a painter's eye."

He has acquired considerable reputation by his architectural pictures in oil; and we may confidently assert, that whenever he obtains that beautiful transparency and gradation of colour which charm us in the paintings of Neefs, Van Saerdam, &c. he will leave them far behind, as he is so greatly their superior, in poetical feeling, perspective accuracy, and architectural knowledge.

Javanese Antiquities.—Since the English have restored the Island of Java to the Dutch Government, the latter has been employed in collecting all the various antiquities which the English had discovered in the island, and in making preparations to transport them to Europe. Among these valuable remains are four statues of stone, the size of life; they were found among the ruins at Malang, and doubtless served to ornament some considerable edifice. Three of them are already on their way to Amsterdam; the first, which is supposed to represent the deity *Durga*, has eight hands, and is seated upon a buffalo that is treading on the figure of Vice; the second, the *Genesa* of the Indian mythology, and called by the Javenese *Gana Singa Jaga*, has an elephant's head; the third deity *Nandi* is represented under the form of a bull. The workmanship of this last statue is said to be remarkable fine.

Portrait of Catherine the Great.—M. M. *Utkin* and *Tschessky*, two of the most celebrated engravers in Russia, are employed upon a large plate that Count Romanzon has commissioned them to execute. It is intended to represent Catherine the Great, standing in the park at Zarsko Selo, before the monument of the Field-Marshal Count *Rumianzow-Sadunayskow*. The landscape, which is the work of M. Tschessky, is already completed; when terminated, this engraving will, we doubt not, add still further to the reputation of the artists, and show the progress Russia is daily making in these arts, which tend to the embellishment of life, and which mark the progress of refinement.

Sicilian Antiquities.—Extensive researches and excavations have been for some time carrying on under the direction, and at the expense of Baron Judica, in Pallazzuolo, a small place about eighteen miles from Noto in Sicily. This antiquary imagines that he has discovered the remains of the ancient city of *Acræ*, respecting whose situations geographers have so much disputed. These consist principally of tombs and catacombs containing a great number of Christian inscriptions, likewise sacred and profane antiquities of various kinds. The latter have contributed greatly towards enriching the Baron's museum, which is one of the most considerable in the whole island, and is remarkable too for possessing such a number of antiquities that have been dug up at the same place: if we except Herculaneum and Pompeia, there is perhaps, no other individual spot which has afforded the like multitude and variety of curiosities. Besides bas-reliefs, a great quantity of inscriptions, chiefly Greek, here are vessels of copper and bronze coloured glasses of every description, vases, lamps, cups, medals, works in clay, and lastly, the moulds used to form the reliefs on the surface of enriched vases. These are of the same description as those which have been discovered in Tuscany, and are to be seen in the Venuti Museum at Cortona. The glass vases are exceedingly numerous, and we cannot but admire the skill shown by the ancients in bestowing upon this material every variety of colour; many are of a beautiful azure-blue, with streaks of green and yellow. But no portion of the collection is, perhaps, more worthy of attention and admiration than the *Etrurian* or *Græco-Sicilian* vases, which are particularly numerous. There is also a fragment of a vase ornamented with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes in alto-relievo, and coated exter-

nally with a yellow, internally with a green varnish, of which the basis is evidently formed by an oxyd of lead; although it is very much to be doubted, whether the ancients were acquainted with the use of this material, which was most probably discovered by the Arabians, from whom it has been transmitted to us: yet should *Acræ*, as has been conjectured, have continued to exist so late as the eleventh century, we need not be surprized at meeting with glazed earth vessels of this kind among the remains of that place. Few of the vases in the Baron's collection are to be commended for the elegance and beauty of the figures, which consist chiefly of grotesque masks, and distorted caricatures.

The curiosity of the learned and antiquarian world will shortly be gratified by a work which the noble collector himself is preparing to publish at Messina, and which is intended to contain ample descriptions and elucidations of all these antiques. It is not known whether the Baron will prosecute his researches after the appearance of his projected publication: most probably not, unless the government will offer its assitance towards defraying the expenses attending such an undertaking, which are hardly to be supported by an individual, whatever may be his munificence or his zeal.

Schools of Mutual Instruction are now making considerable progress throughout all Italy. A very extensive one upon this system has been recently opened at Malta by Joseph Standi, who had been over to England for the purpose of acquiring a complete knowledge of the Lancasterian method. A similar, had some time previously been formed near La Valetta by an ecclesiastic named Don Luigi, who is exceedingly zealous in bringing forward this plan of education. In Naples also the new system has received great encouragement, both from the nobility and men of letters, as well as from many private individuals. There is in that city a school of this description where 300 children are instructed at the expense, and under the patronage of the government. It is reported that similiar ones are about to be opened at Rome and Genoa; while at Milan, Brescia, and Florence they are already established. At the latter place the institution is encouraged by the most distinguished persons, by the Prince and Princess Corsini, the Countess of Albany, Count Bordi, Fabroni, &c. At Boghera in Piedmont, one of these schools has been established by M. Gallini, who visited both England and France for the express purpose of making himself acquainted with the system on which they are conducted. There were lately no fewer than five schools of this kind in Piedmont, under the patronage of the Prince of Carignano; where they are said to succeed exceedingly, and to meet with support from the clergy. Others have been formed at Nice and in its environs by the exertions of the Abbés *Cessola* and *Caupin*.

French Names.—The following whimsical period commences an article in one of the Paris journals:—

"Il existe à Londres, aux frais du gouvernement, une école d'arts et métiers, que l'on nomme *Bluc Coot* d'où sont sortis des hommes du premier merite."

Who could suppose that this oddly spelt government institution, which sends out men of the highest abilities in the *arts*, is Christ's Hospital, or the *Blue Coat* School?

Lit. Gazette.

Mr. Ackerman's Monthly Repository speaks in the following terms of an ingenious fire-alarm, invented by a Mr. J. G. Colbert:

"This instrument is portable, of the size and general appearance of a timepiece, except that the dial-plate exhibits a semicircle marked with the degrees from 1 to 180. When the index is placed at half or a whole degree, or more, above the heat of the atmosphere at the time, any increase of temperature beyond the degree indicated, sets the alarum in motion, and thus gives notice of the approaching danger. Hence it is obvious, that the principle of the thermometer has been applied to this instrument, which may be placed in any situation, and is sold at prices varying from five to thirty guineas, according to the plainness or elegance of the execution. All those who wish to obtain an additional security against the dangers of fire by night, may have an opportunity of inspecting this contrivance at Mr. Ackerman's."

The *Little* Theatre, Haymarket, closed on Saturday, the 14th. Oct. The farewell address alluded to the formation of an *Independent House and Company*; the secret of which allusion we believe is, that a number of the most eminent performers of the time project the establishment, at the new theatre, when built, of a dramatic concern something on the footing of such matters in Paris, in which they shall themselves be the proprietors, managers, and principal supports in the way of acting. In short, that the company shall be a joint stock company, and have and perform stock pieces; and controul by an elective executive, and share profits (if any,) and provide for the sick and superannuated, out of whatever overflowing fund overflowing houses enable them to realize. So whispers rumour; and it is easy to foresee, that such an event (the patentees will call it a conspiracy) will have a prodigious influence on our national stage.—*Lit. Gazette.*

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The Queen's defence is now closed; and the impression made by the witnesses called in her Majesty's favour, and by the arguments of her counsel, is important indeed. It is not necessary to assert, that this evidence, and these arguments, furnish a moral certainty of the Queen's innocence: the point of *absolute certainty* is one to which in this world we seldom arrive;—on such questions perhaps never. But as no one can pretend that the testimony produced by her Majesty's accusers, would, if left totally unshaken and unimpeached, supply that *certainty* against her,—so no one has a right to expect that the negative shall admit of a demonstration more perfect than that of which the affirmative was susceptible. The utmost to which the proof against the Queen could have amounted — supposing even the strongest statements of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals' opening speeches substantiated in evidence—is heavy and unavoidable *presumption* against her honour;—a presumption quite sufficient to form the ground of judgment against her,—a presumption which, according to the constitution of human faculties, and with reference to the necessities of human society, would be fairly considered and acted upon as proof. Still, however, it must be recollected, nothing has been attempted against the Queen beyond strong circumstantial evidence,—which, in the wide range of possibility, though sufficient to found practical proceedings upon as against guilt, would be liable beyond a doubt to an after-explanation of which innocence, comparative or absolute, might be the result. Admitting this, it follows, that the case which might be considered established if strong *presumption of crime* were furnished, must be considered destroyed if the evidence afford presumption reconcileable with innocence. No man, we repeat, in bringing his opinion to bear upon the great question that has been submitted to the highest public tribunal of the country, has any right to take into account his impressions, his surmises, his doubts, his difficulties—that is to say, if any such exist in his mind. Her Majesty's conduct for a series of years has been submitted to a sort of scrutiny, which, against whoever directed, would, and must, infallibly give rise to many questions of comparative propriety, of good taste, of sound judgment, &c. &c. But in such a case as this—distinguished by such extraordinary—we had almost said monstrous peculiarities,—founded by those who brought it forward on such high and specious professions,—entailing so enormous a responsibility on its promoters, in consequence of its intimate connection with the public tranquillity, with public decency, with the subordination of the people, and the respectability of the crown,—the public generally had a right to expect, that the conclusion of guilt should be irresistible, since a verdict of guilty was demanded. And not only this, but that the motives of the prosecution, and the conduct of its agents, should stand—not merely out of the reach of positive imputation,—but aloof from the common anxieties, partialities, manœuvres—justifiable, or at least natural in personal litigations, but disavowed, and most unjustifiable, in respect of an inquest to which the name and character of the nation was pompously attached;—an inquest which, if there be a particle of substantial honour left, where the externals and titles of honour most abound, had not its origin in personal feeling, but in the purest regard to the public welfare, and the reputation of the country in the esteem of the world!

Was the nation concerned, or inclined, to offer an unusually high price for evidence against the Queen,—to take unusual pains in disciplining witnesses,—to inquire only amongst the discarded, the faithless, and the profligate for testimony to her discredit—passing carefully by individuals of another description who could not but possess information, and to whom no *prima facie* stigma at least at-

taches—nothing to warrant their being neglected by those caterers of facts, the object of whose mission is stated to have been simply and solely to gain a knowledge of the truth? If the proceedings against the Queen had no motive but that of a disinterested regard to the honour of the country, need they have been taken up in the spirit of a private suit?—and with still more reason may we ask, if, in that case, they ought to have been pursued with the inveteracy and the cunning of personal malignity?

With reference to the *general presumption* which the evidence warrants to the judges in this public inquiry, these matters are of high consequence. If the motive of the prosecution be notoriously less magnanimous than is stoutly pretended; if the evidence be palpably picked, tutored, arranged, and manœuvred,—brought forward or kept back, sheltered, concealed, prompted, and paid, in a spirit of hostile zeal against her Majesty, which can only be accounted for by supposing the existence of that which is so strongly denied—namely, a bitter personal desire in *some quarter* for her degradation;—if her professional accusers discover as much tenderness and timidity in regard to certain points involved in the inquiry, as they do pertinacity and severity in regard to others;—if such be the state of the case, we say—(and that it is so no one who has read the long reports in the newspapers will deny)—this of itself constitutes one—and not immaterial—ground for presuming in her favour,—and, at the same time, it relieves her from the effect of one very considerable and very natural prejudice under which she at first laboured.

That it does both these things is clear:—for, in the first place, the facts which we have introduced with an "*if*," but which are notorious to every one, prove that a false, insincere, discreditable, consciously-guilty spirit actuates the Queen's accusers—and this, of course, constitutes a presumption against their accusation: and, in the second place, the bringing forward of such charges, with all their accompanying train of difficulty, disturbance, filth, recrimination, fatigue, and disgust, by sincere, impartial, high-minded men, under the influence of pure, dispassionate, disinterested motives—to gratify no weak, malignant, cowardly disposition—but openly and fairly to discharge a painful, yet necessary duty,—this of itself would have weighed—*must* have weighed—prodigiously with the reflecting and quiet part of the community,—and led them to form, at the very outset, a strong presumption against her Majesty's innocence. From *this* unfavourable presumption, at all events, the Queen's case is now most completely relieved.

But these grounds of presumption, in this most recent, and we trust final attempt, to destroy a solitary, and certainly harshly-treated female, cannot be permitted to operate only as if the present attack against her stood single, without predecessors connected with it by a chain of indignity and persecution. No,—oh no! We are aware that grave charges have before this been brought against her Majesty; that they have been investigated by a high state inquest, and that it has been solemnly decided, they were the offspring of conspiracy, treachery, malice, and revenge!—Well: how do these bear upon the present case? Why, if, as we have said before, the motives of the present prosecution stand clearly above imputation; if it has been conducted in the frankest, most generous, manly, upright, manner; if the truth has been sought for with determined impartiality,—if such is a right description of the style in which the present prosecution against the Queen has been conducted, then, indeed, it can scarcely be said to be prejudiced by what has gone before; but it is possible rather that people may be inclined to suppose, that there was something amiss previously as well as now,—though the existence of misconduct could not be shown. But if, on the other hand, the present accusation is said to be impelled by a public motive, when it clearly proceeds from private dislike or hatred; if there is insincerity in the professions of the accusers,—art, cunning, selection, and shuffling in their measures,—infamy on the characters of the witnesses, bribes in their pockets, convicted lies in their mouths,—does not this prosecution become immediately connected in close family union with its unsucces-

ful and branded forerunners? Must not the exclamation rise from every fair mind--"its hateful features prove it to be of the same breed—a rightful heir of all the infamy of its ancestors —a scion of the abominable stock—a lineal descendant from the parent union of dark treachery and impotent spite!"

We use strong language because we feel acutely and indignantly for the disgraced and discomfited situation in which the Constitutional Authorities of the country are placed by this most unwise, most unmanly, most unfair prosecution. Any one who has done us the honour to attend to the manifestations of political opinion, which have been made in this Magazine, must know that between us and the regular calumniators of public men, the decriers of all public measures, the reformers in ignorance, and counsellors in malice, there is "a great gulph fixed." We have never yet contemplated the salvation of the state as reduced to the forlorn hope of the *radicals*, as they are called. Neither our taste, nor our judgment, such as it is, has ever permitted us to regard with satisfaction the plans now carried about the streets for pulling down the proud towers and strong bastions of our ancient national edifice, in order to erect on their site, a range of comfortable houses of the third class, with areas in front, and paved yards behind—all running in right lines, and confined to regular dimensions, like the New Town of Edinburgh.—Whatever, therefore, is calculated to give a triumph to this set of vulgar architects, we naturally abhor; but we are quite sure that they must be very weak-headed—and we have some suspicion that they cannot be very sound hearted individuals, who would tell us,—(and we have been so told) —that, in order to impede the party in question, it is our duty to call black white, and white black; to deny the errors of the ministry when we can; to equivocate when we cannot deny; to be silent when we can do neither. Addle-pated beings these must be; that is to say, if they are not trimming, sordid, calculating spirits. The basis of England's strength; that which has borne her up so much higher than other countries; that which has been her self-preserving principle, the essence of her duration,—the living soul of her envied and triumphant greatness, is the independence,—providing naturally for the integrity,—of her public opinion. He, therefore, who contributes his mite even to this, helps, by so much, to strengthen the foundations of his native land; while the miserable creature who permits himself, under notions of expediency, and in compliment to his own subtlety, to equivocate with the truth, discards, with his sincerity, his only guide to right or safe conclusions, and sets an example which, if followed to any extent by his fellow-subjects, would strew the surface of the British land with those hideous spectacles of moral and national abjection that excite the disgust of our travellers in some parts of the continent.

From the first word, therefore, spoken of the prosecution against the Queen, we raised our voices against it; because we at once attributed it to private spite, and foresaw that it would excite public discord, promote disaffection, and insult decency. There did not appear to be any personal injury sustained, (supposing the Queen guilty) which the nation was called upon to redress; for the nation had never received the advantage of a good example from the quarter in question—and owed nothing to feelings that had shewn themselves to be vindictive and impure. On the other hand, the public interests, considered by themselves, could not be benefited by the prosecution (still supposing the Queen guilty);—for her bad conduct abroad could only be regarded as connected with her ill-treatment at home; and the triumph of *justice* over her crimes could not fail to be considered, by many, as providing for a greater triumph of *injustice*, in the gratification of a spirit of hostility, degraded by rancour, as well as contaminated by licentiousness.

We are, however, most ready now to acknowledge,—what indeed must have been sufficiently apparent to our readers,—that, in forming this strong opinion against the propriety of the prosecution, we were by no means animated by a conviction of her Majesty's innocence. On the contrary, we thought the presumption at the outset was strongly against her: we could not, and did not credit, that the case which was rumoured against her, on the authority of men who stood

in the capacity of authorities in such a matter, had not been sifted, and weighed, and checked, and compared by ministers, in the most anxious, and industrious, and cautious, and scrupulous disposition. We certainly never for a moment supposed, that all the inquiry had been left to subordinate agents, who, though necessary as instruments for the safety of society, are held in contempt and abhorrence, as individuals, from a regard to the dignity of mankind:—men whose very acceptance of such commissions proved them unworthy of confidence, and only fit to be employed in the dirty labour of collecting what ought afterwards to have been analyzed by nicer hands.

But it really appears that the ministry have done nothing to check the accounts of the agents of the prosecution; while the professional supporters of the Bill before the house—whom one must hesitate to confound with the Milan Commission—have at least shown that they felt convinced their case could not bear to be probed to its nooks: they have fenced with legal forms to parry unpleasant disclosures, and often slunk behind a legal defence, in an extra-legal case, to the injury of equity. The following passage from the conclusion of Doctor Lushington's speech, which shut-up her Majesty's defence, will illustrate and particularise what we mean.

The Queen's counsel had done all that was required for the ends of justice; he said nothing against those who were with the prosecution; but when he saw that they had neglected to avail themselves of the means of calling such evidence as might elicit the truth—when they had not dared to put one of the principal conspirators in the box to answer for himself, away with their false pretence of justice—away with their frivolous pretext of fairness, and with every claim to openness or impartiality. Let it be remembered that there was at this time no impediment to bring forward such evidence with becoming honour and fairness. What argument, then could justify the course that had been taken? If he ventured to assign any one, it would be this—the consideration of Vilmarcati. Never once in the course of the cross-examination did his learned friends presume to approach any facts which should prove, that, as far as Vilmarcati was concerned, the whole of this abominable and atrocious conspiracy had been carried on by means the most unjustifiable; that the evidence which the Milan commission procured had been procured by means which an honest man would have shrunk with horror from employing. He would, however, say nothing further of the conduct of those who, having the power, ought to have used it to discover the truth. All he would say was this—that, vested, as the prosecution was, with all the means which a First Lord of the Treasury could command, possessing all that influence over foreign ministers which he could exert, established in full authority at Milan, and sending its couriers and agents throughout in Italy and Germany, never had the unlimited power of this commission been exercised in one solitary instance to attain the ends of justice. Sir Wm. Gell remained in Italy unquestioned; Mr. Craven remained in Italy unquestioned; Dr. Holland unexamined; the Count Vassali uncalled for; Sicard unsought. One-half of that industry and perseverance exerted, *bonâ fide*, for the interests of justice, would have spared their lordships the painful duty of now listening to those well-founded representations her Majesty's counsel were bound to make. An impartial investigation of the evidence on both sides, before the proceeding was instituted, would have saved the country from the evils which at present impended over it.

The circumstances we have been dwelling upon,—and the notorious, undeniable bad character of most, if not of all, the witnesses adduced against her Majesty,—their self-contradictions, shufflings, and convicted perjuries—certainly leave us now, almost at the conclusion of the proceedings, much more inclined to believe her Majesty innocent of all the charges brought against her, than we were before a single word of evidence had been heard, or a single speech been made. This, we have every reason to think, is the general feeling of the country. The case has blown-up the prosecution; the arguments have made away with the charges; the offences have been extenuated by the proofs.

This at least seems evident as noonday—the Queen's guilt is not proved in a way to warrant any honest man to find her guilty as the result of her public trial: and this being settled, we have nothing else, as public writers, to inquire into. Then, as to the private feelings by which the majority of individuals are likely to be animated, they may be deduced from a consideration of the following impressive part of the speech made by the advocate we have already quoted from—Doctor Lushington.

There was no instance on record of a

prosecution for divorce by a husband against a wife who had attained the age, he would not say of 50, but even of 45. But who ever imagined a case like the present? In addition to the circumstance of the age of the accused, there was here that of a husband who had been for 24 years separated from his wife; separated not by any desire on her part, but by his own caprice, by his own act and choice—not in consequence of any misconduct of that wife; for not even a breath of suspicion was at that time whispered against her; but by his pursuit of some wayward indulgence—some capricious fancy. In this way had been broken, for self-gratification, those bonds which the laws of God and man had formed. How, then, did the case stand? Were his Majesty a simple subject, was there a man in the world who would say that he was entitled to any consideration whatever in an application for divorce—that it was possible he could have any injury founded on such a complaint, for which he could claim redress? As a husband, then, the King had no right to seek redress. But then it was said, that this application was not in the name of the King, and that the law in the case of a subject was not applicable to the Sovereign. Let, however, no one presume to say that he is emancipated from obedience to the laws of God; for that assertion, of whomsoever it be made, was founded in untruth and falsehood. It was also said that rank and station in the wife required a more rigid observance of duties than in the husband; but was there any duty which was not reciprocal? Was it not so with respect to matrimonial rights? And was it to be said that there was one law for woman and another for man? or did superiority of rank make the engagement taken at the altar of God less binding? Was the private individual to be told that there was one divine law for him, and another for the sceptered monarch? What was the plighted troth of the husband—what the promise made at the altar? To love and to comfort. But how was that promise observed? Where was the love?—where the comfort? Where should he look for the one or the other? The comfort! what traces were there of it; If he went back to 1806, was it to be found there? or must he look for it in 1813, at that period of cruel interference when the intercourse between the mother and the daughter was prohibited? Was it to be sought for at the period when the mother was exiled to a foreign land? No; there it did not exist; for wherever she went the spirit of persecution followed her. It was inconceivable that a wife thus deserted, thus persecuted, should now be told that she has been unmindful of her duty, whilst the husband, who was pledged to protect her, had allowed her to pass through the world without a friend to guard her honour. He regretted the discussion of these topics.—He knew well that, when the acts of kings were brought before the public, there were individuals who dwelt with triumphant satisfaction on the exposure. No man could feel the difficulty of his situation more than he did, when called upon, in the performance of a solemn duty, to dwell upon such painful considerations; but he owed it to himself and to his client to speak out boldly. There were individuals without number, always anxious to see the failings of kings, that they might turn them into derision. He would, therefore, say as little as possible upon this ungrateful subject. It was almost needless to follow it through all its bearings; but if he were in one of those courts where cases of this kind are usually decided, what should he say to the husband who, insensible of his own honour, allows his wife, for a series of years, to live unprotected, and then offers her 50,000l. a year to live abroad, knowing, as he said, that she is in a course of adultery, but without giving one direction that the adulterous intercourse should cease before she enjoys the large income proffered to her? What would he say to an individual so acting towards his wife; who said to her, not in the language of pardon and admonition, which his learned friend had repeated, "Go, and sin no more"—but "Go, and indulge your appetites, continue your adulterous intercourse, and you shall be furnished with ample means for living in splendour with your paramour!" He was happy that he was not under the necessity of introducing another topic. He was glad to state that in this case he was not called upon, by any consideration of duty towards his illustrious client, to say one word by way of recrimination; he thanked God, and the wisdom of his learned colleagues, who had so advised her Majesty, that the case upon which they built their hopes of acquittal was one of perfect innocence, and that, by avoiding recrimination, he should save the house and the country from all its consequences. Their lordships could not, unless fully prepared to violate the laws of God and man, declare against his client. That venerable bench of bishops, who formed part of the judges, could not, without violating the holy tenets of that Gospel which they preached and inculcated, pronounce against the wife of their Sovereign. The laws of God and of the country were upon her side, and he was sure that it was not there that they would be violated.

Besides the uncandid way in which the prosecution has been conducted; besides the behaviour which the accused party has experienced from her husband; besides the insufficiency

and the infamy of the evidence adduced in support of the charges,—there are several other circumstances much calculated to strengthen the Queen's cause in the popular mind. Her judges—how have they conducted themselves?—Of course it would be quite out of our province to talk here of any deficiency in candour, or integrity, on the part of any of the noble members of the House of Peers; yet the public will not fail to contrast the severe cross-examinations of the witnesses adduced by the Queen's Counsel, with those to which the Attorney-General's evidence was submitted. Without meaning any imputation on motive, we may be permitted to say, that, in their zeal for justice, many Peers have permitted themselves to put frivolous questions, and sometimes we think distasteful ones. When Lieutenant Hownam was asked by a nobleman whether he would have seen with approbation his own wife regulating her domestic economy in the manner of the deserted wife of our First Magistrate, that nobleman surely forgot himself. The question we think trespassed on delicacy,—and, besides, led directly to recollections of a disagreeable nature, which ought not to be unnecessarily suggested. Lieutenant Hownam, we understand, is not likely to reduce his wife to the situation in which the Queen has been placed. One is sorry too, that an individual should be found,— and more particularly that he should be found in the royal family, calling for the following pointed observations made by Mr. Denman, towards the conclusion of his brilliant speech for her defence.

I know that rumours are abroad, of the most vague, but at the same time, of the most injurious character; I have heard them, even at the very moment we were defending her Majesty against charges, which, compared with the rumours, are clear, comprehensible, and tangible. We have heard, and hear daily, with alarm, that there are persons, and these not of the lowest condition, and not confined to individuals connected with the public press—not even excluded from your august assembly, who are industriously circulating the most odious and atrocious calumnies against her Majesty. Can this fact be? and yet can we live in the world, in these times, and not know it to be a fact? We know, that if a juryman, upon such an occasion, should be found to possess any knowledge on the subject of inquiry, we should have a right to call him to the bar as a witness. "Come forward," we might say, "and let us confront you with our evidence: let us see whether no explanation can be given of the fact you assert, and no refutation effectually applied." But to any man who could even be suspected of so base a practice as whispering calumnies to judges, distilling leperous venom into the ears of jurors, the Queen might well exclaim "Come forth, thou slanderer; and let me see thy face! If thou would'st equal the respectability even of an Italian witness, come forth, and depose in open court! As thou art, thou art worse than an Italian assassin! because, while I am boldly and manfully meeting my accusers, thou art planting a dagger unseen in my bosom, and converting thy poisoned stiletto into the semblance of the sword of justice!" I would fain say, my Lords, that it is utterly impossible that this can be true; but I cannot say it, because the fact stares me in the face: I read it even in the public papers; and had I not known of its existence, in the dignity of human nature I would have held it impossible that any one, with the heart of a man, or with the honour of a peer, should so debase his heart and degrade his honour! I would impeach him as a judge—I would challenge him as a man; and, if it were possible for the blood Royal of England to descend to a course so disgraceful, I should fearlessly assert, that it was far more just that such conduct should deprive him of his right of succession, than that all the facts alleged against her Majesty, even if true to the last letter of the charge, should warrant your Lordships in passing this bill of degradation and divorce.

It ought to be stated, however, that, during the course of this unseemly and unhappy inquiry, the conduct of the leading Ministers in the House of Peers, (the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Liverpool) has been generally impartial, liberal, and decent. No undue haste or zeal, for or against, has been manifested by these noblemen; and the arguments on disputed points of the counsel on each side, seem to have received from them equal attention. One cannot help, however, expressing the strongest surprise at what certainly appears a most glaring, and unjustifiable piece of negligence, of which Lord Liverpool has been guilty. He had personally pledged his word to the House, that the utmost endeavours of Government should be employed to keep the witnesses for the prosecution from leaving the country, in order that they might be answerable

for their evidence. It turns out that a very principal and very suspicious witness—one accused of bribing others, as well as perjuring himself—has left the country—has gone to Milan, and refuses to return!—and when an explanation of this extraordinary fact is demanded, Lord Liverpool, who had made the *personal pledge* just referred to, is constrained to confess, that he had never given instruction to a single human being to give effect to his assurance, and to avoid abusing the confidence reposed in his word. No witness could openly leave the country without a passport: it was the most natural thing, therefore, in the world to send orders to the proper office, that no passports should be given---but this simple expedient was neglected. Still more surprising and unaccountable, however, does it seem that not even the hard-working agent for the prosecution, Mr. Powell,—in whose custody the witnesses might be considered as placed,—that not even to him was given a word of caution on the subject. In fact, Powell sent the witness off,—and though the House of Lords thought it worth *their* while to take this man's account of his motives, and to get him to make his *own* selections from his correspondence with Milan, to throw light on those motives,---we certainly do not think it worth *our* while to enter into any explanation so given.

Another extraordinary and revolting feature in the case is, the difficulty which her Majesty has experienced in getting over witnesses necessary to her defence. It does indeed seem satisfactorily substantiated, that the English Ministry has had no hand in creating this difficulty: but the English ministry works by inferior agents over whom it neglects to keep check,—Powell, and the witness above alluded to, are proofs:—and these agents know, that if they work successfully, the job will be more profitable to them than if their employers are disappointed. Besides, it is the rule with such men to consider their open orders as but half their instructions. They form their own notions of their paymaster's *wishes*, and by these they act. In the present case, too, though the charges against the Queen are said to have been preferred in the name of the British nation, it is very well understood amongst the European potentates,—whose feelings are at the bottom of them,---and in the purlieur of Hanover, and about the small German courts, this knowledge is not likely to be without its effect. As one of the cases in which this backwardness to visit England manifested itself, has attracted a good deal of notice, and involves a curious piece of natural history as to the moral existence of man in a *Courtly state*, we shall enter amongst our quotations a part of Mr. Brougham's lively and pointed speech, reciting the transaction.

Your Lordships will recollect that, in consequence of the desire expressed by the House, we began that defence by calling a witness who had been sent over to bring from Carlsruhe a person of great distinction, and as a witness not only of the highest importance, but of every importance to the Queen's case; who was to prove not only all that was deficient in our evidence, but to negative the testimony of Kress; who was to follow up all that we had urged against the principle and the particular facts of the bill by showing, what he alone could show, that her Majesty was not the person described in the preamble—that she was not given to low habits—that she did not frequent base company—that she did not skulk from the society of her equals—and, above all, that she did not screen herself from intercourse with her friends and family relations. On the contrary, he was to prove that long after the time to which the evidence for the bill applies—long after her Majesty's return from the long voyage—she came into Germany, frequented the courts of her blood, relations and allied connexions, and in their presence placed herself with her suite, whom they received. I am still deprived of this material witness, and his evidence is still withheld from the defence of the Queen in the same manner that I complained it had been withheld when the subject was last before the house. I am bound, in justice to his Majesty's government, to acknowledge that they have done all that in them lay to remove this difficulty. But they have used their influence in vain: the Baron d'Ende, the chamberlain, who was at first so willing to come until his master refused him leave, is not now to be procured. Mr. Lamb used all the arguments he could employ, and he put them forcibly and ably, but all in vain, for we know very well that there is a different inclination at the bottom as to witnesses coming for the bill and against it. Abroad they understand one another a great

deal better than we understood our ministers here; and Mr. Berstett having made his representation to the chamberlain, that chamberlain could take a hint; and suddenly, with the easy compliance of an amiable good creature, and of a faithful honest chamberlain, he immediately falls sick of an illness which it is difficult to say how he acquired, unless by some communication with Rastelli. What I have stated is a misfortune to the Queen arising from the nature of her situation.

What may be the turn the affair will take, it is impossible at present to say. At the moment of our writing the reply of the counsel for the prosecution to the counsel for the defence has not been heard—or at least has not been laid before the public. A very general report prevails that the Bill will be abandoned; and it is stated that a communication to this effect has been made. Prince Leopold of Cobourg has visited her Majesty, since the conclusion of her defence—a fact which speaks volumes.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(*London, October* 23.)

As our foreign report will probably be rather longer this month than usual, and as nothing has occurred at home requiring particular observation beyond what will find a more appropriate place under the separate heads, we shall merely direct the attention of our readers to the article Spain, where they will find the heads of the new law on the customs, which justifies the hopes we expressed so far back as our April number, that some permanent and uniform system of commercial regulation would be established, instead of those fluctuating measures of temporary legislation, which have hitherto caused frequent and serious embarrassment.

Coffee.—The hopes that were entertained a month ago of an improvement in the coffee market, do not seem to have been realized at any subsequent period, and it has in general been languid and heavy. Towards the end of September, and in the first week of October, a great decline took place. On the 3d there were two public sales, consisting of 206 casks, 289 bags British plantation, and 92 bags Brazil coffee: the ordinary Jamaica sold 3*s.* to 4*s.* lower than the preceding Friday, (on which day a decline of 2*s.* had already taken place,) making a difference of 4*s.* to 6*s.* per cwt. within a week; other descriptions were 2*s.* to 3*s.* lower; only fine maintained its prices, good middling realizing 142*s.* Large parcels of good ordinary Jamaica (rather rank) sold at 120*s.*, 121*s.*, and 121*s.* 6*d.*; fine ordinary foxy, 125*s.* 6*d.*; middling Dominica, which had been previously valued 134*s.* and 135*s.*, found no purchasers at 130*s.* The Brazil was good ordinary, for which only 126*s.* were offered; it would have before fetched 128*s.* Demerara and Berbice, being scarce, supported their prices. St. Domingo was quoted at 127*s.*; but merely nominal.

No sales by private contract, except a few parcels of good ordinary Jamaica at 121*s.* to 125*s.*, were reported till the 10th, on which day there was a public sale of 88 casks of British and 281 bags foreign: the first lots fine ordinary. Havannah with colour sold at 127*s.* to 127*s.* 6*d.*; good ordinary pale, at 125*s.* to 126*s.* 6*d.* A large parcel of St. Domingo, very good quality, sold at 127*s.* On the whole, the prices of the preceding week were fully supported, and the demand seemed much improved. At a public sale on the 13th, however, St. Domingo went a shade lower: ordinary, 124*s.* and 125*s.*; good quality, 126*s.* It is to be observed that the present prices are 20*s.* per cwt. higher than in the middle of October, 1819. Last week the public sales went off very dully; and a reduction of 1*s.* to 2*s.* was submitted to. On the 20th there were three public sales: for foreign there were no offers; plantation sold at the previous prices, and there was rather more demand; considering the heavy market before, the result of these sales is regarded as rather favourable than otherwise.

The imports of West India and Brazil coffee, from the 1st of January to 30th September, 1819, were 24,213 casks, and 42,605 bags.

1st January to September 30, 1820, 34,934 casks, and 50,533 bags.

Delivered from West India warehouses from 1st January to 30th September, 1819, 23,291 hds. and tierces, 29,596 bags and barrels.

Delivered from 1st January to 30th September, 1820, 30,650 hds. and tierces, 40,001 bags and barrels.

Sugar.—Though the sugar market has on the whole declined this month, the variations in the prices are not very considerable, except that at a public sale of 110 hogsheads of Barbadoes sugar, on the 6th, a sudden and quite unexpected reduction of 3*s.* to 4*s.* per cwt. took place. On the 17th

there was a public sale of 377 hogsheads of St. Lucia, of fair quality; the whole sold about 1*s.* per cwt. lower than the previous market prices; the greater proportion, 58*s.* to 59*s.*; a few parcels ordinary, 56*s.* 6*d.* to 57*s.* 6*d.*; a few lots coloury, 60*s.* to 62*s.* The demand by private contract has since been languid, and the reduction of 1*s.* has been generally submitted to; even at this depression, the market is exceedingly heavy.

The demand for refined goods has been pretty steady throughout the month; and the supply having been at times inadequate to the demand, the prices, of low goods especially, have remained firm; but as the holders have evinced every disposition to meet the buyers, the prices did not rise; indeed, they rather declined about the middle of the month, except loaves, which were more in request.

There have been considerable sales of foreign sugars this month; but the prices have been in general low, and several parcels have been withdrawn for want of buyers: this has happened this week with two parcels of Havannah, which were withdrawn; middling white at 54*s.*; good yellow 35*s.*;—75 chests Brazil sold; yellow, 30*s.* to 32*s.*; brown, 24*s.* 6*d.* to 27*s.* 6*d.*; the latter inferior and soft: in fact the demand for foreign sugars seems wholly to have subsided. Much interest is excited by the comparison of the present stock, which is much less than at the same season last year; the consumption has greatly increased in 1820.

Imported from 1st January to 30th September, 1819, 163,466 casks, 4124 boxes.

Delivered in the same period, 121,884 hds. and tierces, of which 4047 casks were for exportation.

Imported from 1st January to 30th September, 1820, 159,988 casks, 17,037 boxes.

Delivered from the warehouses in the same period, 139,281 hds. and tierces, of which 4886 casks were for exportation.

Average prices of raw sugar, by Gazette:—

Sept. 30,	36*s.*	3½*d.*
Oct. 7,	36*s.*	1¾*d.*
14,	36*s.*	3*d.*
21,	35*s.*	7*d.*

Cotton.—The cotton market, for a fortnight after the date of our last report, was in a state of languor approaching to nearly total stagnation, on account of the announcement of a sale at the India House, for the 13th instant, extensive beyond all precedent; it consisting of 53,000 bags.—There was a large attendance of country buyers, in expectation of purchasing on very low terms; but, contrary to expectation, the previous prices were nearly supported. Surats were much in demand; but the holders took in almost the whole at prices which the buyers would not accede to. The following are the particulars of this remarkable and important sale:—

Friday, Oct. 13th,

1054	bales Tinnevelly	187	sold at	8*d.* *a* 9*d.* clean and good
		428		6⅞*d.* *a* 8*d.* ordinary to good fair
		115		2⅛*d.* *a* 7*d.* damaged
3220	— Surat	120		8⅛*d.* *a* 8½*d.* very good Toomel
		247		6⅛*d.* *a* 7⅛*d.* very ordinary to middling
		227		3⅞*d.* *a* 6½*d.* damaged
18847	— Bengal	152		7½*d.* very good
		5558		7*d.* good fair S. R. &c.
		2967		6*d.* *a* 7*d.* ordinary to good fair
		424		0⅛*d.* *a* 6½*d.* damaged.
23121		10425		

And on Monday Oct. 16,

	95 bales Bourbon and Madras, bought in			10*d.* *a* 13*d.*
578	— Manilla	200	sold at	11⅝*d.* *a* 12*d.* good quality
814	— Tinnevelly	30		9*d.* very good
		303		7*d.* *a* 7⅝*d.* clean fair
		233		6½*d.* *a* 6¾*d.* ordinary
		14		4*d.* *a* 6¾*d* damaged
6632	— Surat	80		8¼*d.* *a* 8⅝*d.* very good Toomel
		770		7¼*d.* *a* 7½*d.* clean fair
		722		6*d.* *a* 6⅞*d.* very ordinary to middling
		97		2⅛*d.* *a* 7½*d.* damaged
21785	— Bengal	1062		7*d.* very good
		2378		6*d.* *a* 6⅞*d.* middling to good
		116		5½*d.* *a* 6*d.* ordinary
		503		1½*d.* *a* 6½*d.* damaged
29954		6488		sold at and since the sale

Subject to the duty of 6 per cent. if taken for home consumption.

There was a great sensation produced by the uncommon circumstance of purchases being made for the China market; about 10,000 bags were taken for the shipment, as the prices here are considerably lower than in India. The sale consisted of 53,000 bags, of which, including the purchases for China and the parcels taken since the sale, 21,000 bags have been disposed of. The purchases otherwise by public sale and private contract are quite inconsiderable, consisting of a few Grenada $11\frac{5}{8}d.$ *a* $12\frac{1}{4}d.$ duty paid, fair Para $12d.$ and $12\frac{1}{4}d.$, common West India $10d.$ *a* $10\frac{3}{8}d.$

The market may be stated $\frac{1}{4}d.$ *a* $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. lower for India Cotton; other descriptions $\frac{1}{2}d.$ *a* $1d.$ per lb. lower, but the demand and the confidence of the holders much improved.

Tea.—The East India Company's sale is announced for 5th December; consisting, (including the private trade)

Bohea, ...	600,000
Congou, Campoi, Pekoe, and Souchong.	4,600,000
Twankey and Hyson Skin...	1,200,000
Hyson	250,000
Total	6,650,000 lb.

Oils.—The prices of fish oil have continued to decline, on account of the extraordinary success of the fishery; the produce being above 18,000 tuns. It was anticipated that the low prices would tempt numerous buyers, and that the demand would be extensive; this expectation has not hitherto been realized, the purchases having been very limited.

Baltic Produce.—The arrivals of tallow have been so very extensive this season that a considerable reduction took place, which was aided by the holders being inclined to force sales; so that large purchases were reported at 50*s.* to 50*s.* 6*d.* This, however, caused an extensive demand, which had the effect of raising the price to 52*s.* 6*d.*: a slight depression has since taken place, and 51*s.* 6*d.* is now the nearest price. The town market has been 60*s.*, 59*s.* 6*d.*, and, for these two weeks, 57*s.* 6*d.* In hemp and flax little has been doing.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There has been an extensive demand for rum for this fortnight past. The quantity sold is 3300 puncheons, chiefly strong Jamaica: the prices are 1*d.* to 2*d.* per gallon higher. Leewards and low Jamaicas have likewise experienced a small improvement. Brandy is much in demand; the vintage in France not having been so productive as was anticipated: large sales have been made at an advance of 8*d.* to 9*d.* per gallon. Geneva is without any variation.

Corn.—The harvest being completely over, and the result pretty accurately known, we have taken some pains to acquire information on this interesting subject, and shall state our present opinions, respecting the probable opening of the ports for the importation of foreign grain. Notwithstanding the notion that the United Kingdom cannot produce sufficient grain for its own consumption, we find that the cultivation is greatly increased; and that such considerable supplies were brought this year from Ireland to London, that though last year's harvest was on the whole indifferent, large quantities of Irish wheat were warehoused in London, because the weekly supply was much too great for the consumption of the capital and environs; and on comparing the importations of wheat and flour from the interior, with those of the most favourable harvests of former periods, it will be found that they exceed the latter by many thousand quarters of wheat and sacks of flour: not to speak of other articles, especially oats; and though by a manœuvre, which the new regulations will probably prevent from ever being practised again, the importation of oats has been allowed; this has merely served those who had large quantities under the King's lock; but will prove highly injurious to the farmers; as all accounts agree that the crop of oats is uncommonly abundant. Barley is also a good crop, notwithstanding partial failures. Wheat is, we believe, generally admitted far to exceed an average crop. We must further add that all authentic accounts agree in stating the harvest on the Continent to have been this year extremely abundant, with few exceptions; and even in countries which at other times have imported largely, as Sweden, France, Spain, and Portugal, importation is now either prohibited by law, or rendered unprofitable by their own sufficient crops. We shall, therefore, have no temptation to reduce our stock by exportation. We conclude that the stock actually in the kingdom is fully adequate to 15 or 18 months' consumption; and that even should the harvest of 1821 prove indifferent, and no further legislative restrictions on importation be imposed, there is no probability whatever that the average price of wheat will rise above 80*s.*, and open the ports to importation before the year 1822: and if the Legislature adopt means to prevent a repetition of the late manœuvre, we are much inclined to augur the same of other kinds of grain.

Aggregate average of the 12 maritime districts of England and Wales for six weeks, by which importation is to be regulated in Great Britain.

Wheat	70*s.* 8*d.*	Oats	25*s.* 2*d.*
Rye	42*s.* 3*d.*	Beans	44*s.* 0*d.*
Barley	35*s.* 0*d.*	Peas	43*s.* 8*d.*

Our tables will show how the weekly averages have declined, particularly of wheat, which is now only 58*s.* 6*d.*

Foreign Commerce.

St. Petersburg, 22*d Sept.*—*Flax.* Large purchases have at length been made again at 150 r. but since then the market is duller. 130 r. have been paid for 9 hd. and this price is still asked, but there are no buyers. Good Tow is scarce, and not to be had under 40 r. —*Hemp.* The demand having been inconsiderable for some time, the prices have fallen, but without causing more request: *ungeköpfter* clean, is offered at 86 r, best 88. *geköpfter* at 90, but the last meets no buyers. Outshot 73 to 75 r. *Ungeköpfter* half clean has been sold at 60 r., but *geköpfter* remains at 65.—*Tow* being scarce is held at 42, and paid for at that price. *Hemp-oil*, though lately sold readily at 1010 copecs, is now held at 1015; but no more than 1010 are offered.—*Potashes.* After a long stagnation, 400 casks have been bought mostly for Holland at 81.—*Tallow*, having been long dull of sale, has fallen a little, which has induced considerable purchases; the owners, contrary to custom in such cases, not having raised the price. Yellow was bought at 166 r. Soap 148 r. Casan 153 r.; no demand for white, which the owners held at the former price of 160 r. *Corn* entirely without demand. Rye offered at 13½, without buyers; best wheat has been sold at 22 r. and may be readily had at 20 to 22 r.; according to quality.—*Hare-skins.* In this article too, little is doing: picked grey are worth 2000 r. and cannot be had under.—Grey, 1st sort, meet no buyers at the last price of 1650 r.: white may be had for 360. *Manufactures* have been largely purchased, chiefly for America: but the sale has rather slackened of late. In import articles little is doing.

Riga, 29*th September.*—*Flax* is in tolerable demand, notwithstanding the fresh supplies. Purchases may be made at the following prices. Marienburgh Crown 52 r. ditto cut 45 r. Thies and Druiania Rackitzer, white 48 to 49 r.; grey 47 r.; cut Badstub, white 43 to 44 r.; grey 40 to 4. Ristenthreeband 35 to 36 r.; Tow 16½.—*Hemp* may be had as follows; clean Polish 106 r.; ditto Ukraine 103 to 104 r; Polish outshot 92 to 93 r.; Ukraine ditto 78 to 80 r.; Polish Pass 82 to 83 r.; Russian ditto 68 to 70 r.; Black ditto 57. Torse 43½—*Seeds.* New sowing Linseed has been sold 7 to 7¼ r.; according to quality, and there remained buyers at the first price, but the holders would not sell on these terms. 6½ r. has been paid for old sowing Linseed, and 6 to 6¼ r. for Druiania Linseed weighing 112 to 114 lbs.—*Corn*, not much in request, but heavy qualities are still sold sometimes at the old prices.—*Tobacco.* Polish crown in leaves, of which our stock is small, may be had at 47 to 50 r. according to quality.—*Tallow.* We have no white crown; yellow may be had at 180 to 185 r. Soap at 153 r.

Danzig, 26*th Sept.*—*Corn.* High-mixed wheat is noted at 400 to 430 fl. red-mixed 340 to 360 fl. Rye 190 to 210 fl. Barley 130 fl. Oats 140 to 150 fl.; but so little is doing that these prices may be considered as nominal.

Coffee is getting dearer, and will probably rise still higher, if, as may be expected, larger purchases should be made for Poland.

Hamburgh, 7*th Oct.*—*Cotton.* There has been little doing this week, but the prices being very low, an improvement in the demand may be expected.—*Coffee* has declined a little this week, for want of demand.—*Tea* of all descriptions firmly maintains its price.—*Sugars.* After the prices of Hamburgh refined had declined ¼d, the demand was brisk, and sales pretty extensive. Lumps of fine strong middling quality were sold at 11½ to 11⅝*d*, so that this description has declined only ⅛*d*; and the owners mostly held it at higher rates, but probably without success, as our manufactories begin to relax very much in their operations. There is but very little raw Sugar of a quality suitable for our refineries, so that the sale has been trifling without change of price. A large parcel of brown Brazil has been purchased at 8¾*d.*—*Corn* of every description is very dull of sale.

Francfort, 9*th Oct.*—Our autumnal fair is over, and has been very animated. As the Brunswick fair had turned out very well, we hoped that ours would do the same. An immense quantity of goods has been sold, but many persons doubt whether the sellers have reason to be well satisfied. It is, however, certain that large quantities of goods left unsold at Easter have been sold, and that many warehouses which were crowded are now empty. The buyers appeared at the very outset, and the sellers being disposed to agree to any thing like reasonable prices, a great deal of business was done without delay. The supply of Cotton goods was very great. At the Easter fair, the English goods having been detained first by contrary winds at sea, and afterward by the bad state of the roads from Hamburgh to Francfort, did not arrive till towards the latter end of the fair, so that the business was chiefly done by pattern. Now the English goods arrived in good time, and met with extensive demand. But the Swiss and Saxon cotton manufactures, likewise met with a ready sale, and many of the Swiss and Saxon manufacturers were

able to return home in the first week, having sold their whole stock. Of some articles there was not sufficient for the demand, and many buyers were obliged to seek what they wanted in the English warehouses, the Swiss and Saxon goods being all cleared off. Silk goods were likewise in request; as also woollen cloths and stuffs, especially of middling qualities; but the manufacturers complained of the low prices. Wool was low as at the last fair, but the sellers did not hold back as they did then, because it was clear that wool was not likely to improve in price. Leather, especially Sole leather was in great request, and the Netherlanders sold their whole stock in the first week. Iron and Steel goods were not much in demand. French perfumery, hardware, &c. sold as usual. Of Linen and Hemp cloth there was great abundance; and some large parcels of Bielefeld, Swabian, Swiss and Bohemian were sold. There was not much inquiry for Irish, though several of our Merchants have it in commission. Colonial produce was low during the whole fair. There was inquiry for wine; but the holders would not sell at the prices offered. Very low prices were offered for brandy.

Leipsig, 25*th Sept.*—Our fair has began in a very satisfactory manner, and we have only to hope it may continue so. We have many Greek, Moldavian, Wallachian, Polish, and Russian merchants. There are many Jews; and also a great number of English, French, and Dutch. Much business was done last week.

Genoa, 10*th Oct.*—But little has been doing in our free port this week: the only sale of consequence was 750 bags of Maragnan Cocoa at 13*s.* 6*d.* per lb. which has much reduced our stock of this article and raised the pretension of the holders, who now ask 15*d.* Good Guayaquil may be had at 14*d.*; but Maragnan, though of inferior quality, is preferred at a higher price.

Sugars keep up, and are likely to rise, from the interruption of the supplies, which causes a deficiency in our Entrepôt. Coffee is in the same extensive demand as it has been some time; other articles are without interest. Little is doing in Corn for want of foreign orders: the holders are however firm, in hopes of doing better in winter, which seems not improbable. The prices in the Black Sea are very high, and ours very low, so that we cannot expect constant supplies. In this uncertainty our factors have turned their attention to Sardinia; from which island several cargoes have already arrived; their wheat is far superior to that of Taganrog. If the inhabitants applied more to agriculture, the State would save the enormous sums which we annually send abroad for Corn for the supply of the Duchy.

Since the French government has imposed the heavy tonnage duty on the vessels of the United States, many of them have come to Nice, to unship their cargoes into other vessels not liable to the duty.

Naples, 4*th Oct.*—The transactions in colonial goods are not important; but Coffee, though there has been no considerable sales, maintains its price. Buenos Ayres hides are very scarce and much sought; the heat has been so great this summer that our fields are quite scorched. The crops of Pulse, Turkey Corn, &c. have failed entirely. We shall not have one third as much wine as last year, but the quality will be excellent.

Odessa, 14*th Sept.*—We much fear that the consignments of corn from Poland will be very small this year. We shall hardly have sufficient to execute the orders which arrive; and the prices are consequently rising, and will be very high in Spring if large orders should come from abroad. The harvest in our neighbourhood is extremely bad, and the quality very indifferent. Colonial produce maintains a good price.

Spain.—Principal Articles of the New Law on the Duties of Customs.—A single duty is to be levied on account of the public treasury upon the importation of all goods in foreign commerce, in the manner pointed out in the Model formed by the Junta.

In cases in which the importation or exportation of goods is permitted in vessels bearing a foreign flag, the goods forming the cargoes of these vessels, whether for importation or exportation, shall pay the duty fixed by the general Tariff, and one-third more.

When goods are once declared, whether for importation or exportation, for consumption or circulation, the Duties of Customs must be paid without any deduction or abatement, on account of re-exportation, or for re-importation of what has been exported or on any other ground.

No premium or gratuity, or abatement of the duties to encourage the importation or exportation of any article, will be granted.

National and foreign merchandise of all kinds, not prohibited, shall circulate freely within the line of the Counter Register-offices, without the necessity of registers (or passports).

The circulation or transport of all kinds of goods from one port or harbour to another, in all the parts of the Spanish monarchy, shall be performed exclusively in vessels bearing the national flag.

Foreign vessels shall be admitted in all the ports of the Spanish monarchy on the same terms as Spanish vessels are admitted in the respective ports of each nation in particular.

Foreign vessels which, without any commercial view, put into any Spanish port for safety, repair, or provisions, shall remain as long as is requisite, and subject to be visited

and have a guard; shall be treated as Spanish vessels on the part of each respective nation, and shall pay or not pay, with the strictest reciprocity, the duties of tonnage, anchorage, and all others whatsoever.

Depôts shall be established for maritime commerce, in ports approved of by the government, on the proposal of the Cortes. They shall be of two classes; the first to deposit national goods, liable to the consumption duty, and foreign goods; the second for such national goods only.

Foreign vessels of above 80 tons may bring to the ports of deposit of the first class, or carry from them permitted foreign goods, the produce of the country to which the vessel belongs; and are to pay on such goods only 2 per cent. entrepôt duty.

Foreign vessels of the above burden may also carry from the Spanish ports foreign goods which have been imported into Spain, and Spanish goods, observing the dispositions of the general Tariff.

Whatever is allowed or prohibited in any part of the Spanish monarchy is so in all, saving the modifications which particular circumstances may at any time demand for the benefit of the Spaniards.

The maximum of import duty on foreign goods shall be 30 per cent. of the value by the Tariff. The minimum 2 per cent.

The maximum of duty on the export of national goods to foreign countries shall be 10 per cent. Between the highest and lowest duties, suitable gradations shall be fixed as circumstances occur, &c.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Navigation.—Mr. Kerrigan of the Royal Navy is about to publish The Young Navigator's Guide to the Sidereal and Planetary Parts of Nautical Astronomy; being the Practice of finding the Latitude, the Longitude, and the Variation of the Compass by the Fixed Stars and Planets.

Mr. Jefferys Taylor, Author of "Harry's Holiday," is about to publish Fables of Æsop in Rhyme, with some Originals; each Fable illustrated by a Plate.

Mr. Bernard Barton is printing a Second Edition of his Poems.

The Rev. Dr. Evans is printing a new Edition, with considerable Improvements, of his Sketch of the different Denominations of Religious Sects.

A new Edition of Dr. Thomson's System of Chemistry is in the Press.

The Second Volume, now in the Press, of the New Series of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates will contain a faithful Report of the Important Proceedings in the House of Lords on the Bill of Pains and Penalties against her Majesty, the corrected Speeches of Counsel, a genuine Copy of the Evidence, &c. &c. from the Opening of the Business to the Summing up of the Solicitor General, on the 7th of September.

Mr. Hyman Hurwitz has in the Press, in One Volume, 8vo. Vindiciæ Hebraicæ: A Defence of the Hebrew Scriptures, as a Vehicle of Revealed Religion; occasioned by the recent Strictures and Innovations of Mr. J. Bellamy, and in Confutation of his Attacks on all preceding Translations, and on the established Version in Particular.

Miss Sandham, Author of the "Schoolfellows," and "Twin Sisters," will shortly publish a very interesting little Work, under the Title of "The Boys' School, or Traits of Character in Early Life,"—A Moral Tale.

The Beauties of Mozart, Handel, Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, and other celebrated Composers, adapted to the Words of favourite Psalms and Hymns, for one or two Voices; with an Accompaniment and occasional Symphonies for the Piano-Forte, Organ, or Harp, are preparing for Publication.

Early in January will be published a small Work on the Privileges and Obligations of Christian Parents, and their Children.

Mrs. Mary Wilks has in the Press a Narrative of the Persecution of the Protestants of the South of France during the Years 1814, 1815, and 1816, illustrated with a Chart of the Department of the Gard.

A small Work, The Crucifix exchanged for the Cross; illustrated in the Memoirs of Miss M. Leader, of Dublin, is nearly ready.

Memoirs of the Rev. Mark Wilks, late of Norwich, by his Daughter, is preparing for Publication.

The Rev. G. Scraggs has a Volume in the Press entitled, A Scriptural View of true and false Religion.

Mr. James Jennings announces a Work in One Volume, entitled the Family Cyclopædia.

Mr. William Fell Harris has in the Press Remarks made during a Tour through the United States of America, in the Years 1817–18–19.

P. E. Laurent, Esq. is about to publish Recollections of a Classical Tour, made during the Years 1818–19, in different Parts of Turkey, Greece, and Italy, in One Volume, 4to. with Plates of the Costumes of each Country.

The Practice of the Court of Insolvent Debtors, with Observations on the late and present Acts of Parliament respecting Insolvency, in which will be contained all

the Rules and Orders made therein, both as to Town and Country Practice, by Richard Hatt, is at Press.

The private and confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, during the Reign of William III. illustrated with historical and biographical Narratives, by William Coxe, F.R.S. F.S.A. is preparing for Publication.

Charles Lloyd, Esq. Author of "Nugæ Canoræ," &c. has in the Press Desultory Thoughts in London, with other Poems.

The Works of Richard Blackmore, now first collected, with his Life and Notes, by Mr. Chalmers, in Ten Volumes, 8vo. is preparing for Publication.

The Theological Works of the famous Dr. James Arminius, now first translated from the original Latin, with an Account of his Life, by Brandt, will shortly appear.

Shortly will appear in One Volume, 8vo. a History of the various Species of the Palsy, with the Method of Cure, being the First Part of the Second Volume of Dr. Cooke's Treatise on Nervous Diseases.

In the course of the present Month will be published, in One Volume, 8vo. Augustus, or the Ambitious Student.

Mr. J. Halison has in the Press, an Account of the most memorable Battles and Sieges since the Fall of Troy, with a View of their Consequences on the moral Condition of Mankind.

The Rev. Dr. Jones is printing, in Two Volumes, 8vo. a Series of Sermons, on the Contents and Connection of the Books of the Old and New Testament.

Illustrations of Phrenology, with Seventeen Engravings, by Sir G. S. Mackenzie, Bart. in 8vo. is nearly ready.

Mr. Robert Gourlay has in the Press, a Statistical Account of Upper Canada, illustrated by Maps and Plates.

A New Novel, entitled Eccentricity, in Three Volumes, by Mrs. Macnally, will soon appear.

The Author of Waverly, &c. announces a New Romance, entitled Kenilworth.

Colonel David Stewart is preparing, in Two Volumes, 8vo. Historical Sketches of the Highlands of Scotland, with Military Annals of the Highland Regiments.

The Travels of Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany, through a large Part of England, in 1669, translated from the Italian MS. with above 40 Engravings, are preparing for Publication.

G. L. Chesterton, Esq. late Captain and Judge Advocate of the British Legion, will soon publish a Narrative of his Voyage to South America, with Observations on that Country.

A New Edition with considerable Additions will shortly appear of Dr. Ayre's Work on the Disorders of the Liver, and other Organs of Digestion.

The Fifth Number of Dr. Chalmers's Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns, should, in the regular Course of Publication, have appeared on the 1st. of October, but as the Subject, which is "Church Patronage," will occupy Two Numbers, it has been thought better to postpone its Publication till the 1st of January, when the Fifth and Sixth Numbers will appear together.

The Third Volume of the Transactions of the Association of the Fellows and Licentiates of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, is in the Press.

A Novel entitled "Scheming," will shortly appear from the pen of a person of Fashion.

The Rev. Mr. Maturin, Author of Bertram, &c. has in the press a Poem entitled The Universe.

A New Edition of Walton's and Cotton's Complete Angler, of a pocket size, with considerable additions, is in the press.

The New Satirical Novel, by the Author of "London; or, a Month at Stevens's," so long ago announced under the title of Edinburgh, will certainly appear early in November.

On the 20th of November will be published, the Almanack's Time's Telescope for 1821, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack, containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays, with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, Astronomy, and Fine Arts.

An Analytical Calculation of the Solar Eclipse for the 7th of Sept. 1820. By D. M'Gregor, 8vo. 3s.

Biography.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Religious Connexions of John Owen, D.D. Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and Dean of Christ-church, during the Commonwealth. By the Rev. William Orme, 8vo. with a Portrait, price 12s. boards.

Biographical Illustrations of Worcestershire. By John Chambers, Esq. 8vo. 15s.

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Latin Exercises, selected from the best Roman Writers. By Nathaniel Howard, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bound.

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The Rudiments of Linear, Plane, and Solid Geometry, for the Use of Academies, By N. J. Larkin, M.G.S. with wood-cuts. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bound.

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History of England, containing the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. being the fourth volume. By the Rev. John Lingard, 4to. 1*l.* 15*s.* boards.

Annals of Glasgow, comprising an Account of the Public Buildings, Charities, &c. By James Cleland, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* boards.

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George Millichap, of Worcester, for an improvement in axletrees and boxes. August 18th.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. Robert Ferrier Blake, to the rectory of Bradfield, Norfolk, Patron, Baron Suffield.—The Rev. Mr. Phillpotts, M. A. prebendary of Durham, rector of St. Margaret's, chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Durham, &c. to the living of Stanhope, in Weardale, (a benefice worth 5,000 . per annum,) vacant by the death of the late Rev. H. Hardinge.—The Rev. F. D. Perkins, B. A. of Brasenose College, chaplain to the Marquis of Winchester, and vicar of Stoke-cum-Some, Warwickshire, to the rectory of Swawfield, Lincolnshire, patron the Lord Chancellor.—The Rev. H. Wilson, to the vicarage of Flixton St. Mary, Suffolk.—The Rev. E. Evans, to the rectory of Hirnan, Montgomeryshire.—The Bishop of Durham has conferred upon the Rev. J. B. Sumner, of Eaton College, Bucks, the vacated prebendary-stall of that Cathedral—The Rev. James Bullock, M. A. scholar of Worcester College, Oxford, to the perpetual curacy of Grendon Bishop, Herefordshire.—The Rev. Geo. I. Fisher, B. A. of Worcester College, Oxford, to the rectory of Winfrith, Dorsetshire.—The Rev Frodsham Hodson, D. D. appointed to the office of Regius Professor of Divinity, in the University of Oxford, and to the place and dignity of a canon of Christ Church, Oxford, void by the resignation of Dr. Wm. Van Mildert, Bishop of Llandaff.—The Rev. Edward Daniel, to the Lectureship of Helton, in Cornwall.—The Rev. Abraham Hume, of Windshell, to the Church and Parish of Greenlaw, in the presbitery of Dunse, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Luke, at the presentation of Sir W. P. H. Campbell, of Marchmount, Bart.—The King has granted to the Rev. Robert Stevens, M. A. the dignity of Dean of Rochester, void by the death of Dr. Wm. Beaumont Busby.—The Right Rev. Chas. Mongan Warburton, D. D. Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, translated to the Bishopric of Cloyne, vacant by the death of Dr. Wm. Bennet.—The Rev. Thomas Elrington, D. D. to succeed to the Bishoprics of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, vacant by the translation of the Right Rev. C. M. Warburton.—The Rev. Chas. Shrubsole Bonnet, to the rectory of Avington, Hants.—The Rev. James Gisborne, to the perpetual curacy of Barton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire.—The Rev. Wm. Nickson, M. A. of West Cowes, appointed domestic chaplain to the dowager Countess of Errol.—The Rev. W. Hardwick, rector of Outwell, Norfolk, appointed domestic chaplain to Lord Gwydir.—The Rev. James Fox, B. A. St. John's, Cambridge, appointed chaplain to Viscount Galway.—The Rev. Frederick Leathes, B. A. to the rectories of Great and Little Livermere, Cambridgeshire.—The Rev. G. Moore, rector of St. Pancras, to be one of the Marquis of Camden's domestic chaplains.

Cambridge, Sept. 28.—A Convocation of the Senate for the purpose of conferring upon the Earl of Guilford the degree of Doctor of Laws, the grace having passed the caput, his Lordship was presented to his degree by the Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke, acting as Deputy Public Orator, who addressed the Senate in a Latin speech.

Oxford, Oct. 7.—The nomination of a Vice-Chancellor, for the ensuing year, by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University, was approved in full Convocation, after which the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D. D. Principal of Brazenose College resigned the Vice-Chancellorship, and the Rev. Geo. Hall, D. D. Master of Pembroke College, was invested with that office, and nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz. Rev. T. Lee, D.D. President of Trinity College, Rev. F. Hodson, D.D. Principal of Brazenose, Rev. R. Jenkins, D.D. Master of Balliol, and Rev. J. C. Jones, D.D. Rector of Exeter.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—Sept. 9.

Aubusson, Charles William Feuillade, George-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, London, patent aid-form-maker. Atts. Pinkett and Son, 3, Essex-court, Temple. T.

Cowne, Samuel, Barbican, London, pawnbroker, Atts. Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street, London. T.

Cox, Thomas Coles, Gloucester, victualler. Att. Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.

Evans, John, Bristol, hatter. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalfe, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Farlow, Thomas, Manchester, builder. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.

Hadfied, Thomas, Whitfield, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. Att. Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, London. C.

Hassell, John, Richard-street, Islington, Middlesex, bookseller. Att. Beckitt, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. T.

Hullah, Robert Arnold, Rockingham Arms, New Kent-road, Surry, victualler. Atts. Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street, London. T.

Miller, John, Norwich, chemist and druggist. Att. Goodwin, Norwich. C.

Peacopp, Thomas, Liverpool, Lancashire, and Matthew Wilkinson, of Whalley, said county, wine-merchants. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Russian, Phillip, Bath, jeweller. Att. Easton, 4, Lambeth-road, Southwark. C.

Sykes, Phineas, Manchester, cooper. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Wood, Joseph, late of Liverpool, porter-dealer. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.

Gazette—Sept. 12.

Gadsby, George, Leicestershire, maltster. Att. Price, 1, New-square, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Maymon, Ephraim, Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. Att. Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
Page, William Frederick, High Holborn, Middlesex, linen-draper. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
Trueman, David, Goldsmith-street, London, lace-dealer. Att. Clarke, Bishopsgate-church-yard. T.
Ward, Thomas, Towcester, Northamptonshire, lace-dealer. Att. Clarke, Bishopsgate-church-yard. T.

Gazette—Sept. 16.

Copp, William and Anthony, Exeter, linen-drapers. Att. Brutton, 55, Broad-street, London. C.
Cutler, James, Bath, woollen-draper. Att. Carpenter, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.
Dickenson, Edward Wickham, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Egiinton, William Raphael, Birmingham, Warwickshire, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Glover, James, Walsall, Staffordshire, iron-founder. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Mills, James, Water-lane, Tower-street, London, wine-merchant. Att. Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.
Rainey, Robert, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Att. Murrow, Liverpool. C.
Slater, Joseph, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, maltster. Atts. Hall and Willett, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
Stubbs, John, Castle-street, Leicester-square, Middlesex, jeweller. Atts. Mayhew, Price, and Styan, Chancery-lane. T.
Thomas James, Carpenter's-buildings, London-wall, London, merchant. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook, London. T.
Warren, George, late of Bath, Somersetshire, cheese and bacon factor. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Sept. 19.

Axe, George, Stamford, Lincolnshire, draper. Att. Walker, 29, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
Bishop, Charles, now or late of Leicester, hosier. Att. Pilkington, jun. 11, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Emett, Hugh, Liverpool, Lancashire, paint and colour-maker. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
Garlick, Giles, Westport, Wiltshire, tanner. Atts. Dax, Son, and Meredith, 29, Guildford-street, London. C.
Ramsden, Joseph, Querrilhill, Almondbury, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturer. Att. Battye, 20, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Gazette—Sept. 23.

Stead, William, Querrilhill, Almondbury, Yorkshire, fancy cloth-manufacturer. Att. Battye, 20, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Bidmead, John Driver, Chalford, Gloucestershire, broad-cloth manufacturer. Atts. Blake and Son, Cook's-court, Carey-street, London. C.
Cope, William, Chillington, Staffordshire, crate-maker. Atts. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, New-Boswell-court, London. C.
Flegehen, John George, jun. 70, Wood-street, Cheapside, London, glass and earthenware dealer. Att. Sutcliffe, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. T.
Jeremy, Charlotte, Acre-lane, Clapham, Surry, linen-draper. Atts. Pickering and Smith, Staple-inn. T.
Koster, Theodore, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Lee, Joseph, Horseleydown-lane, Southwark, corn-dealer. Atts. Knight and Freeman, 26, Basinghall-street. T.
Leech, Isaiah, and John Hinchcliffe, Cateaton-street, London, wholesale hosiers. Att. Harrison, Bucklersbury. T.
Miller, George, Watling-street, London, carpet and linen agent. Att. Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.
Nation, James, Gosport, Southampton, victualler. Att. Minchin, 3, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Parkes, William, Ashted-wharf, Birmingham, lime and coal dealer. Atts. Turner and Holmes, Bloomsbury-square, London. C.
Portlock, Robert, Andover, Hamshire, coach-maker. Att. Robins, 36, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.

Gazette—Sept. 26.

Anderson, James, late belonging to the E. I. Company's ship Inglis, merchant. Att. Collins, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctor's-commons. T.
Castley, Robert, Friday-street, Cheapside, London, warehouseman. Att. Wilde, College-hill, London. T.
Forster, William, Strand, Westminster, silver-smith. Att. Popkin, Dean-street, Soho. T.
Shirley, Robert, Bucklersbury, London, carpet-manufacturer. Atts. Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Old Jewry, London. T.
Tunnicliff, George, and John Tunnicliff, late of Stone, Staffordshire, grocers. Att. Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Waldie, John, and Samuel Waldie, late of Dalston, Cumberland, manufacturers. Att. Clennell, Staple's-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Sept. 30.

Morton, Andrew, 16, Lower Thames-street, London, fish-factor. Att. Flower, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street. T.
Payne, James, David Reid, and Thomas Hall, Norwich, bombazeen-manufacturers. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
Stannard, William, Norwich, manufacturer. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
Woolcott, Charles Frederic, late of High Holborn, Middlesex, window-glass cutter. Att. Turner, 27, Percy-street, Bedford-squre. T.

Gazette—Oct. 3.

Bosher, William, Aldersgate-street, London, wholesale jeweller, Att. Townshend, 10, Staple-inn, London. T.
Clayton, Peter, late of Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall, Middlesex, sadler. Att. John Smith, 16, New Union-street, Little Moorfields. T.
Field, John, Pickett-street, Strand, Middlesex, linen-draper. Att. Jones, 1, New-inn, London. T.
Griffith's, George, Cursitor-street, London, jeweller. Att. Poole, Adam's-court, Old-Broad-steeet. T.
Lovelock, Stephen, Bristol, baker. Atts. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside, London. C.
Marfitt, Robert, Pickering, Yorkshire, currier. Att. Barber, Chancery-lane, London. T.
Paull, Henry, late of Old Change, London, carpenter. Att. Wilks, 18, Finsbury-place, Finsbury-square. T.
Readhead, Jonathan Munn, Durand's-wharf, Rotherhithe, Surry, merchant. Att. Baker, 5, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, and Limehouse. T.
Seaman, Charles and George Etheridge, Norwich, goldsmiths. Att. Ayton, 4, Barnard's-inn, London. C.
Sutton, John, sen, Barlestone, Leicestershire, butcher. Atts. Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Gazette—Oct. 7.

Martin, Thomas, Bristol, linen-draper. Att. Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street, London, T.

Morley, David, Cockspur-street, Middlesex, boot and shoe-maker. Att. Sarel, 18, Surry-street, Strand. T.
Perkins, Robert, Lymington, Southampton, grocer. Att. Young, Poland-street. T.
Smale, William, jun. now or late of Lower East Smithfield, Middlesex, butcher. Att. Shave, 110, Fenchurch-street. T.
Smith, Thomas Hawes, Chancery-lane, Middlesex, tailor. Att. Carter, Lord Mayor's Court Office, Royal Exchange, London. T.

Gazette—Oct. 10.

Bonser, Henry, late of the Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, London, victualler. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Furnival's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
Emson, Robert, late of Hockerill, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, but since of Lexden, Essex, brewer. Att. Wright, 9, Gray's-inn-square, London. T.
Gilbert, Martha, and Ralph Gilbert, late of Tideswell, Derbyshire, linen-drapers. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
Houghton, George, late of Newington-causeway, Surry, but now of Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, builder. Atts. Sabine and Lewis, Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road, London. T.
Latham, John, Abingdon, Berkshire, grocer. Att. Osbaldeston, London-street, London. C.
Norris, Christopher, Bury, Lancashire, woollen-draper. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
Norris, Richard, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
Sabine, Henry, Fenchurch-street, London, druggist. Atts. Saxon and Hooper, Pump-court, Temple. T.
Willett, Gerrard, Owen's-row, Islington, Middlesex, picture-frame-maker. Atts. Tottie, Richardson, and Gaunt, Poultry, London. T.

Gazette—Oct. 14.

Bidwith, Thomas, late of Bagginswood, Salop, farmer. Att. Griffiths, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Clarke, George, late of St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, shoemaker. Att. Beetholme, Castle-street, Holborn. London T.
Harris, John, and Charles Cooper, wool and cloth-factors. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
Hart, George, Cheltenham, stone-mason. Att. Meredith, 8, Lincoln's-inn, New-square, London. C.
Reynolds, William, late of the ship Orient, master-mariner. Atts. Wilson, Clarke, and Watson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
Smith, John, jun. Ramsgate, carpenter. Att. Patten, Hatton-garden, London. T.
Thomas, John, and Josiah Cabell, Oxford-street, Middlesex, linen-drapers. Att. Hurst, Milk-street, Cheapside, London. T.
Thornton, Henry, late of Rood-lane, London, upholder. Att. Warrand, Mark-lane, London. T.
Wilson, John, Swanton Morley, Norfolk, farmer. Att. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, Boswell-court, London. T.
Young, Thomas, Cheltenham, fishmonger. Att. Williams, Red-lion-square, London. T.

Gazette—Oct. 17.

Avison, John, Bridghouse, near Halifax, Yorkshire, grocer. Atts. J. and W. Meddowcroft, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Calvert, John, late of Hebden, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.
Grunwell, Francis, jun. late of Leeds, Yorkshire, cheese-factor. Att. Edmunds, Symond's-inn, London. C.
Jones, Thomas, and Edward Powell, Wrexham, Denbighshire, grocers. Atts. Long and Austin, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Leigh, Ralph, Hanley, Staffordshire, dealer in ale and porter. Atts. Price, Williams, and White, Lincoln's-inn, Old-square, London. C.
Meakin, William, Eccleshall, Staffordshire, grocer. Att. Wright, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
Roach, John, late of Plymouth Dock, stationer. Att. Smith, 102, Fore-street, Plymouth-dock. C.
Smith, John Harcourt, Bristol, auctioneer. Att. Pearson, Pump-court, Temple, London. C.
Smith, Joseph, late of Balk Mill, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, flax-spinner. Atts. Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Sept. 9, to *Oct.* 17.

Cullen, Daniel, and co. callenderers, Glasgow.
Duncan, James, merchant, Dundee.
Halley, David, John, and James, Crieff.
Scrimger, William, jun. merchant, Kirkaldy.
Ferrier, Alex. linen-draper, Kirkaldy.
Hume, James, late wine-merchant, Edinburgh.
Fraser, James, merchant, Inverness.
Whittet, John, jun. corn-merchant, Dundee.
Donald, William, and co. ship-chandlers, Glasgow.
Shirreff, Robert, merchant, Glasgow.
M'Lellan, Walter, grocer, Glasgow.
Alison, Joseph, merchant, Glasgow.
M'Leod, John, cotton-spinner, Turreen-street, Calton, Glasgow.
Towers, James, and Robert Towers, manufacturers, Glasgow.
Braidwood, Francis, stone-merchant, Edinburgh.
Mackintosh, Arthur, bookseller, Inverness
M'Iver, John, nursery and seedsman, Muthil, Perthshire.
Sutherland, John, merchant, Dunfermline.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 18. Lady Charlotte Neville, a daughter.
19. At Scole-lodge, Norfolk, the lady of the Rev. Robert Walpole, a son.
22. At Longford-house, near Gloucester, the Right Hon. Lady John Somerset, a son.
24. At Bourn-hall. Cambridgeshire, the Countess de la Warr, a son.
26. At Priors, Essex, the lady of Col. Hamilton of the 3d regt. guards, a son.
— At Hulton-castle, Mrs. Wade, a son.
27. At her father's house, Bedale, Yorkshire, the lady of Rear Admiral J. P. Beresford, Bart. a son.
— At Rushbrooke-park, Suffolk, the lady of Robt. Rushbrooke, jun. Esq. a daughter.
— At Upton, Warwickshire, the lady of Edward Morant Gale, Esq. a daughter.
28. At Luton-park, lady James Stuart, a daughter.
29. At Walmar, the lady of Capt. Mulcaster, R. N. a son.
Oct. 1. The lady of the Chevalier Romano, a daughter.
2. At Belle Isle, the lady of Henry Curwen, Esq. a daughter.
7. The lady of Sir Richard M. Jephson, Bart. a daughter.
8. In Grafton-street, lady Ridley, a daughter.
— At Culland's-grove, the lady of Wm. Curtis, Esq. a son.
9. The lady of Major Cator, Royal Horse Artillery, a son.
12. At Waresby-park, Huntingdonshire, the lady of the Hon. Orlando Bridgeman, a son.
— At Farley-hall, Staffordshire, the lady of Robt. Bill, Esq. Barrister-at-law, a daughter.
14. The lady of the Rev. Dr. Blomfield, Chesterford, Essex, a son.
— At Park-house, Kent, the lady of Sir Henry R. Calder, Bart. a son and heir.
— At Cumber, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the Duchess of Newcastle, a son.
15. Lady Sophia Macdonald, wife of J. Macdonald, Esq. M. P. a son.
17. The lady of Capt. Patterson, of the Hon. Company's ship, a son.
— At Birmingham, the lady of Major Carmichael, a son-and-heir.
— At the Marquis of Cholmondley's, in Piccadilly, lady Charlotte Seymour, a son-and-heir.
21. At Balham-hill, Surry, the lady of Henry Harford, Esq. a daughter.
— At Southsea, the Lady of Sir James A. Gordon, K. C. B. R. N. a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Buccleugh-place, Mrs. Folliott Baugh, a son.
At Kirkcaldy, Mrs. J. L. Cooper, a daughter.
At Edmonstone-house, Mrs. Wauchope, of Edmonstone, a daughter.
At Edinburgh, the lady of Capt. Brian Hodgson, R. N. a son.
At Dunniker-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Lieut. Gen. Sir John Oswald, K. C. E. a son-and-heir.

IN IRELAND.

At Castlebar, the lady of Lieut.-Col. M'Bean, a daughter.
At Downhill, County Derry, the seat of Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart. the lady of James Robertson Bruce, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 20. At Bath, the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, to Eliza, third daughter of J. Blagrave, Esq. of Calcot Park, Berks.
— At Bangor, the Rev. Edward Williams, rector of Llangefin, Anglesea, to Miss Maria Dorothea Jones, eldest daughter of the late Herbert Jones, Esq. of Llynon in the same county.
23. At St. John's, Hackney, J. Davison, Esq. of Tavistock-place, to Letitia, second daughter of the late C. A. Stephenson, Esq. of Pamour, Bucks.
— At Eglingham, Wm. Hay, Esq. of Hopes, East Lothian, to Frances Anne, third daughter of Robert Ogle, Esq. of Eglingham, in the county of Northumberland.
26. At St. Mary's Newington, Henry Lucas, Esq. of Newport Pagnel, Bucks, to Mrs. Lyncham, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.
28. At Gainsborough, the Rev. Wm. King, to Eliza, second daughter of Samuel Scondars, Esq.
— At Dover, J. C. Dickens, Esq. to Elizabeth Helen, second daughter of Col. West, Lieut.-Governor of Languard Fort.
29. John Lewis, Esq. R. N. to Miss Rowe, of Westfield, Pembrokeshire.
30. At St. George's Bloomsbury, Francisco Rebello, Esq. Provisional Portuguese Consul-General, to Maria, eldest daughter of T. Gavaron, Esq. of Woburn-place.
— Lieut.-Col. Elphinstone, third son of the Hon. Wm. Elphinstone, to Diana Maria, daughter of Charles Clavering, Esq.
Oct. 2. At Towcester, Mr. T. Howes, jun. of Northampton, to Mary, only daughter of S. Deacon, Esq. of the former place.
4. At Eccles, by the Rev. Thomas Blackburne, Wm. Swabey, Esq. Royal Horse Artillery, son of Maurice Swabey, Esq. LL. D. of Langley Bucks, to Marianne, third daughter of Edward Hobran, Esq. of Hope-hall, Lancaster.
— At the New Church, St. Mary-le-bone, the Rev. Edward Scobell, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Matthew Chessall, Esq. of Norfolk-street.
— Wm. Steele, Esq. of Abergavenny, to Harriet, only daughter of the late Thomas Dyne, Esq. of Palmer's Green, Middlesex.
6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, (having been previously married at Bagnères in the south of France) Robert Sayer, Esq. of Trinity-college, Cambridge, to Frances, second daughter of G. H. Errington, Esq. late of Cotton-hall, Staffordshire.
7. Major-Gen. James Dewar, to Mrs. S. Curtis.
— At Ramsgate, Philip Box, Esq. of Bourton, to Miss Lord.
8. John Curry, Esq. of Worth, Sussex, to Charlotte, sister to Thomas Brown, Esq. of Lower Cheam, Surry.
— At Norwich, the Rev. R. F. Tunney, Chaplain to his Majesty's Forces, to Miss Spicer, daughter of Capt. B. Spicer, of Southwold.
9. At the Cathedral-church of Canterbury, James Beckford Wildman, Esq. M. P. of Chillham-castle, to Mary Ann, daughter of S. R. Lushington, Esq. M. P. for that city, and Grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Harris.
11. At St. James's-church, George Wm. Rowley, Esq. second son of O. Rowley, Esq. of the Priory of St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, to Jane Catherine, only daughter of the late J. Maine, Esq.
— Lately at the New Church, St. Mary-le-bone, Capt. Lewis Mackenzie, Royal Scot's Greys, to Nancy, only daughter of the late Samuel Forrester Bancroft, Esq.
12. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Jeremiah Gladwin Cloves, M. D. of Brazenose-college, Oxford, Physician Extraordinary to H. R. H. the Duke of York, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Richard Singer, Esq. of Roundhill, Chippenham, Wilts.
— At St. Mary's, Manchester, Henry Myers, Esq. of Crosby-house, Lancaster, to Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late John Watson, Esq. formerly of Preston.
— The Rev. Christopher Love, of Ashton, Devons. to Miss Jane Eliz. Ogle, of Tynemouth-lodge, North Shields.
— John D. Maddock, Esq. to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of John Penketh, Esq. of See Bank, Cheshire.
— At St. Andrew's, Holborn, F. G. Aubin, Esq. late of the Commissariat, to Caroline Frances, daughter of the late Wm. Paul, Esq. Barrister-at-law.
14. At Newcastle, Mr. Jasper Richardson, aged 24, to Miss Anne Hutchinson, aged 65.
17. Thomas Du Gard, M. D. of Shrewsbury, to Marianne, eldest daughter of Dr. Whitfield, of Hereford.
— At Gretna Green, Wm. Ward, jun. Esq. to Miss Emma Jones, both of Chester.
18 At Hammersmith, Tobias Frere, Esq. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Sackville-street, London, to Cassandra Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Atwood, Esq. of the Bahama Islands.

IN SCOTLAND.

John Burnside, Esq. Millbourne-house, Lanarkshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Macarthur, of Glasgow.
At the Manse, Lumphanan, Henry Lamond, Esq. of Pitmurchie, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Shaud, Lumphanan.
At Irvine, Stewart Murray Fullarton, Esq. of Fullarton, to Isabella Buchanan, only daughter of the late James Muir, Esq. Surgeon, at Glasgow.
At Edinburgh, Wm. Cunningham Dalyell, R. N. son of the late Sir Robert Dalyell, Bart. of Bins, to Maria, daughter of A. T. Sampayo, Esq. of Peterboro'-house, Middlesex.
At Hendersyde Park, Roxburghshire, Capt. G. W. Watts, R. N. to Jane, youngest daughter of G. Waldie, Esq. of Hendersyde.

IN IRELAND.

At Clonford, county Roscommon, at the seat of her father, Martin Browne, Esq. Mrs. Dillon, widow of the late Capt. J. P. Dillon, to Robert Fred. Sarjant, of the city of Waterford, Esq.
At Dublin, Mr. J. O'Conner, to Miss Frances Dillon.
At Powerscourt Church, by the very Rev. the Dean of Limerick, Mr. J. Devine, to Miss Murphy, of Powerscourt, county Wicklow.

ABROAD.

At Halifax, North America, by the Rev. Dr. Inglis, the Rev. G. Best, late of Little Dean's-yard, Westminster, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.
At Paris, Joseph H. J. Carrard, Esq. of the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, to Miss Louisa Dickson, youngest daughter of the late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.
At Hamburgh, John Fred. Hagenau, Esq. Deputy Commissary-general of his Britannic Majesty's forces, to Miss Henrietta Heymann.
At Lyons, his Excellency Baron Rolick, to Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of Lord Cloncurry, aged 16.

DIED.

Sept. 16. At St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, Lieut. John L. Houghton, R. N.
17. In his 74th year, the Rev. Bryan King, many years rector of Woodchurch, Chester.
18. At Bath, the hon. Mrs. Chas. Sotheby, wife of C. Sotheby, Esq. R. N.

20. At Hammersmith, Chas. Cowper, Esq. of Albany, and late of the Inner-Temple.
22. At Bromley, in Kent, aged 75, John Wheble, Esq. of Warwick-square, many years representative of the Ward of Farringdon Within, in the Court of Common Council, the original projector, and till within a few years, the sole conductor of the County Chronicle.
— In Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, Catharine, daughter of the late Right hon. Lady Janet, and Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart. of Balcaske, Fifeshire, N. B.
— Aged 65, Henry Bowman, Esq. of Knockinhall, Salop, 40 years agent to the right hon. the Earl of Bradford.
23. Aged 64, the Rev. Owen Williams, of Shrewsbury.
24. At Nackington, near Canterbury, aged 85, Richard Milles, Esq. of that place, and of North Elmham, in Norfolk.
— At Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, Major General Kirstenan, of the Royal Engineers.
— Geo. Molineux, Esq. banker, at Wolverhampton, aged 79.
26. At Bristol Hot-wells, Francis Wm. Talbot, Esq. of Gray's Inn.
30. Aged 29, John Wm. Dorville, Esq. of Levant-lodge, Worcestershire.
— The hon. Mrs. Wallop, sister of Wm. Powlett Powlett, Esq. and lady Bayning.
Lately, at Bath, Fletcher Paris, Esq.: he has bequeathed 40,000l. and a field, for the purpose of erecting 30 cottages for the residence (with endowments,) of the widows or daughters of ten clergymen, ten reduced professional men, and ten decayed merchants.
— The Rev. Chas. Edward de Coetlegon, M. A. rector of Godstone, and a magistrate for Surrey.
— At Bristol, aged 107, Mrs. Cantey, a native of Ireland; she retained her faculties to the last.
— At Fulford, Staffordshire, aged 105, Thomas Brookes, a woodman. He enjoyed all his faculties, except hearing, to the very last: he accumulated, by parsimony, 600l. the interest of which he left to his widow, aged 79, and at her decease the principal to go to the poor of the parish of Ipstones.
Oct. 1. At his cottage, at Wimbledon, Thomas Harris, Esq. who for more than half a century, filled the arduous situation of chief proprietor and manager of Covent-garden theatre; his age was that of the late king.
— Aged 80, Wm. Fielding, Esq. senior magistrate of the police-office, Queen-square. He had long been afflicted with paralysis, but his death was occasioned by dropsy. Mr. F. started at the Bar with the late Lord Ellenborough; was an excellent lawyer, and a fluent if not an eloquent speaker: he was likewise nephew of the celebrated author of Tom Jones.
— At Bicton-house, the right hon. Lady Rolle.
— At Bognor, in the 15th year of her age, Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Lord Spencer Chichester, and Lady Harriet Chichester.
2 Aged 59, at the Windmill-hills, near Gateshead, Durham, the hon. Mrs. Smith, widow of the late T. Smith, Esq. of the Inner-Temple, and sister to the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson.
— At Brockley-house, Lewisham, Isabella, daughter of Henry Ibbetson, Esq.
4 Aged 70, Joel Foster, Esq. of Hull, ship owner, and one of the wardens of the Trinity Corporation at that port.
— At Bedlington, Geo. Marshall, Esq.
5 At Exeter, aged 64, G. Gifford, Esq. elder brother of his Majesty's Attorney General.
6 At Torquay, Devon, aged 62, J. Brooke, Esq. of Ansthorpe-lodge, Yorkshire.
8 At Marden Ash Ongar, John Hughes, Esq. Col. of the 5th Essex Local Militia.
— At Great Marlow, Bucks, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. John Rolls, an eminent merchant.
9 At Cadogan-place, Chelsea, W. S. Cooper, Esq.
10. Hester, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Wodehouse, Esq. of Sennow, in Norfolk.
— At Rock-house, in the county of Derby, aged 55, Mrs. Peel, relict of the late John Peel, Esq. of Pasture's-house, in the same county.
11. At Manchester, Thomas Hewitt, Esq. an eminent solicitor.
12 At Kingston-house, Berkshire, in consequence of her clothes having caught fire the preceding day, Harriet, third daughter of Adam Blandy, Esq.
13. At Astley-house, Maidstone, after an illness of seven years, contracted in his Majesty's service, Major J. Burn, aged 44, of the Royal Marines.
14. At Marsden-park, Surrey, aged 87, J. Hatsell, Esq. clerk of the House of Commons.
15. At Towcester, aged 81, Joshua Aburn, 43 years clerk of that parish.
— Mary, relict of the late C. Watkins, Esq. Daventry, Northamptonshire.
17. Wm. Wheeler, Esq. of Buxton-crescent, in his 70th year.
— Aged 72, Mr. Thomas Bruce, Thavies-Inn, Holborn.
18. Suddenly, at his lodgings in Sloane-street, Major Seymour, late of the 56th regiment.
— In Caroline-street, Bedford-square, H. Ogilvie, Esq. late of the Island of Madeira.
Lately, the Dowager Marchioness of Thomond, in her 70th year; her ladyship was neice to the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Swinton-house, John Swinton, Esq. of Swinton.
At the Manse of Contin, Mrs. Dallas, wife of the Rev. James Dallas.
At Woodcot, in the county of Haddington, George Home Falconar, Esq. Captain of the 2d dragoons (Scotch Greys).
At Porto-Bello, Edinburgh, the Right hon. Lord Elibank.
At Edinburgh, Major Chas. Macpherson, late Inspector-general for North Britain.

IN IRELAND.

At Castle Strange, county of Roscommon, Mrs. Chambers, relict of the late Wm. Chambers, Esq. and sister of T. Mitchell, Esq.
Of a decline, aged 25 years, Mary Anne, only daughter of Sir Chas. Coote, Bart. Dublin.

ABROAD.

At Geneva, in the 24th year of his age, Robert, eldest son of the late Robert Peel, Esq. of Tiverton.
At Dunkirk, where he had been detained by illness, Charles Wm. Jerningham, Esq. second son of the late Sir Wm. Jerningham, of Costessey, in Norfolk, and brother to the present Baronet.
At Louren's District, South Carolina, aged 143, Mr. Solomon Nisbet, a native of England, who emigrated at the age of 19.
M. le Baron Philippon, Col. of the legion, which on the preceding day had been at the festival given at Calais, in honour of the birth of the Duc de Bourdeaux: he destroyed himself by a pistol, the cause of which desperate act is said to have been unwelcome intelligence received that day from Paris. On the table was a letter recommending his servant to the attention of his friends: such was the frenzy and distraction of this faithful domestic at the fate of his master, that he was with difficulty prevented from following his rash example, and terminating his own existence.
At Cape Coast Castle, Africa, 27 May last, Henry Alfred Adamson, Esq. Governor of Tantam Fort.
On board his Majesty's ship Tartar, Howard, third son of Col. Sir Howard Douglas.
At Paris, in the 65 year of his age, Marshal Lefebvre.
At Versailles, in the 16th year of her age, Alicia, only daughter of the Rev. H. D. Berners, archdeacon of Suffolk.
In Jamaica, Deputy Judge Advocate, Capt. Winkworth Tonge. This gentleman was a native of Nova Scotia, and well known in London about 30 years ago, under the appellation of the handsome American. He fell a victim to fever, having previously lost two brothers in the Island by the same disease.
At Poonah, in the East Indies, aged 34, Captain Sam. Halifax, Deputy Adjutant-general.
At Madras, the Rev. W. A. Keating, Senior Chaplain to that Presidency, and formerly of Merton College, Oxford.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F. R. S.

Sept.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
1	M.	54	29·621	64	NE by E	Very fine
	A.	60	29·620	51	NE	Very fine
2	M.	55	29·589	70	NNE	Fine
	A.	61	29·590	56	NE	Fine
3	M.	54	29·669	73	N	Gloomy
	A.	62	29·692	59	NNW	Fine
4	M.	56	29·703	65	N	Clear
	A.	63	29·711	55	NE	Cloudy
5	M.	57	29·661	55	ESE	Very fine
	A.	64	29·649	52	E by N	Fine
6	M.	56	29·582	72	ENE	Fine
	A.	64	29·600	57	E by S	Very fine
7	M.	57	29·642	67	S by E	Fine
	A.	63	29·658	54	SSW	Fine
8	M.	58	29·767	73	NW	Fine
	A.	66	29·803	50	NNW	Fine
9	M.	58	29·921	67	Var.	Very fine
	A.	68	29·915	48	SSW	Very fine
10	M.	55	29·845	75	WSW	Cloudy
	A.	69	29·843	52	W	Fine
11	M.	62	29·819	68	SE	Clear
	A.	72	29·819	53	E by S	Hazy
12	M.	61	29·779	89	ESE	Foggy
	A.	71	29·783	55	S by E	Fine
13	M.	59	29·735	71	ESE	Very fine
	A.	69	29·713	53	Var.	Clear
14	M.	60	29·504	71	S by W	Very fine
	A.	72	29·445	52	SSW	Fine
15	M.	61	29·248	68	SW by W	Cloudy
	A.	59	29·245	67	W by S	Showery
16	M.	55	29·506	64	WSW	Fine
	A.	62	29·525	51	W	Cloudy
17	M.	56	29·529	66	WSW	Cloudy
	A.	61	29·483	55	W by S	Cloudy
18	M.	—	29·097	95	NE	Rain
	A.	54	29·120	76	NNW	Cloudy
19	M.	45	29·397	69	NW b W	Fine
	A.	53	29·462	57	N by W	Fine
20	M.	45	29·477	65	SSW	Fine
	A.	53	29·337	58	SW	Rain
21	M.	47	29·989	75	W	Fine
	A.	56	28·962	55	W	Showery
22	M.	48	29·240	70	NW	Very fine
	A.	57	29·340	59	NW	Very fine
23	M.	55	29·524	82	SW	Small-rain
	A.	64	29·533	63	WSW	Fine
24	M.	58	29·283	85	SW	Rain
	A.	62	29·262	65	WSW	Rain
25	M.	50	29·198	67	W	Very fine
	A.	54	29·198	56	W by S	Thunder, lh.
26	M.	46	29·422	69	NW	Cloudy
	A.	51	29·514	63	NNW	Cloudy
27	M.	43	29·670	69	WSW	Cloudy
	A.	50	29·616	70	WSW	Rain
28	M.	48	29·625	75	SSW	Fine
	A.	58	29·605	65	WSW	Fine
29	M.	51	29·554	84	N	Rain
	A.	57	29·627	65	N	Cloudy
30	M.	49	29·594	78	E by S	Rain
	A.	58	29·621	67	SSW	Fine

Rain, by the pluvjameter, between noon the 1st of September, and noon the 1st of October, 2·282 inch. Evaporation, during the same period, 3·4.0 inches.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 Oct.	Hamburg. 13 Oct.	Amsterdam 12 Oct.	Vienna. 4 Oct.	Genoa. 7 Oct.	Berlin. 10 Oct.	Naples. 4 Oct.	Leipsig. 9 Oct.	Bremen. 12 Oct.
London.....	25·60	36·10	40·7	10[illegible]	30·13	6·23¾	609	6·18¼	618
Paris.....	—	25 15/16	56⅝	117½	95⅔	81⅝	23·80	79¾	17⅜
Hamburg...	184¼	—	35	146[illegible]	44½	151⅜	44·50	146½	133¾
Amsterdam.	56⅝	105⅛	—	138½	91	143½	49·95	139¾	126
Vienna.....	253½	146¼	14¼	—	61⅛	41¾	60·40	100½	—
Franckfort..	2[illegible]⅛	146½	35⅝	99¾	—	103½	—	100	110½
Augsburg...	254	146½	35⅝	100⅛	60½	103¾	59·85	100⅜	110¼
Genoa.....	477	82½	89¼	61⅝	—	—	19·95	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	146¾	—	57⅝	—	104¼	—	—	111
Leghorn.....	508	88	95¼	57½	122⅔	—	122	—	—
Lisbon.....	568	36¼	39⅝	—	395	—	50·40	—	—
Cadiz.....	15	88½	96	—	650	—	118·50	—	—
Naples.....	416	—	79	—	99⅓	—	—	—	—
Bilbao.....	15	88½	96	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15·35	90	97½	—	645	—	121	—	—
Porto.....	568	36⅛	39½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 12 Oct.	Nuremberg 9 Oct.	Christiania 4 Oct.	Petersburg 26 Sept.	Riga. 25 Sept.	Stockholm. 3 Oct.	Madrid. 6 Oct	Lisbon. 7 Oct.
London.....	152	fl. 10.8	—	9⅛	10	11:36	36½	50¼
Paris.....	79¼	fr. 118½	28¾ Sp.	106½	—	23	15	552
Hamburg....	146½	147½	138	9⅛	91	124	90½	37
Amsterdam .	139¾	140	129	10	10 1/16	117½	100	41¼
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	23	873

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Sept. 24 to Oct. 24.

Amsterdam C. F.		12-8
Ditto at sight		12-5
Rotterdam, 2 U		12-9
Antwerp		12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-7	37-8
Altona, 2½ U	37-8	37-9
Paris, 3 days' sight		25-80
Ditto 2 U		26-10
Bourdeaux		26-10
Frankfort on the Main Ex. M.		156
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-15	10-16
Trieste ditto	10-15	10-16
Madrid, effective	34½	35
Cadiz, effective	34	34½
Bilboa	34	34½
Barcelona		33½
Seville		33½
Gibraltar	30	30½
Leghorn		46¾
Genoa		43¾
Venice, Ital. Liv.		27-60
Malta		45
Naples	38½	38¼
Palermo, per. oz.		115
Lisbon	48½	49
Oporto	48¾	49
Rio Janeiro		54½
Bahia		58
Dublin	6¾	6¼
Cork	7½	7

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	..	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	..	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	0	..	3	16	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	..	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	..	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, s. d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 11*d.* the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	3	10	0	to	5	0	0
Oxnobles	2	10	0	to	3	0	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Sept. 23.		Sept. 30.		Oct. 7.		Oct. 14.	
Wheat	65	10	63	6	61	1	58	6
Rye	41	0	40	11	39	1	38	2
Barley	32	9	31	7	30	3	28	10
Oats	22	7	22	0	21	9	21	3
Beans	43	10	42	8	42	1	40	2
Peas	41	11	41	8	41	8	38	8

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port o London from Sept. 24. to Oct. 21.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	27,052	3,265	16,571	46,888
Barley	19,686	900	350	20,936
Oats	23,872	150	81,447	105,469
Rye	166	—	—	166
Beans	7,572	—	—	7,572
Pease	6,810	—	—	6,810

Malt 13,550 Qrs.; Flour 26,478 Sacks.
Foreign Flour 5,222 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	60*s.*	to	80*s.*
Sussex, ditto	50*s.*	to	65*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Bags	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Kent, New Pockets	60*s.*	to	84*s.*
Sussex, ditto	50*s.*	to	70*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Farnham, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Pockets	00*s.*	to	00*s.*

Average Price per Load of

Hay.				*Clover.*				*Straw.*			
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.
Smithfield.											
3	0	to 4	4	.. 4	0	to 5	10	.. 1	8	to 1	16
Whitechapel.											
3	10	to 4	8	.. 4	0	to 5	10	.. 1	8	to 1	16
St. James's.											
3	10	to 4	6	.. 0	0	to 0	0	.. 1	5	to 1	14

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—	Beef	3*s.*	0*d.*	to	4*s.*	0*d.*
	Mutton	2*s.*	10*d.*	to	3*s.*	10*d.*
	Veal	4*s.*	0*d.*	to	6*s.*	0*d.*
	Pork	4*s.*	8*d.*	to	6*s.*	8*d.*
	Lamb	0*s.*	0*d.*	to	0*s.*	0*d.*
Leadenhall.—	Beef	2*s.*	8*d.*	to	3*s.*	10*d.*
	Mutton	3*s.*	0*d.*	to	3*s.*	8*d.*
	Veal	4*s.*	0*d.*	to	6*s.*	2*d.*
	Pork	4*s.*	0*d.*	to	6*s.*	6*d.*
	Lamb	0*s.*	0*d.*	to	0*s.*	0*d.*

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Sept. 29, *to* Oct. 23, *both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,520	1,530	93,260	1,550

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Oct. 20th, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Canals.	
350	100	—	Andover	5
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6
54,000*l.*	—	3	Do. Bonds	40
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided)	550
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	100
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90
1500	100	8	Chesterfield	120
500	100	44	Coventry	999
4546	100	—	Croydon	3 17 6
600	100	6	Derby	112
2060¾	100	3	Dudley	62
3575¾	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester	65
231	100	58	Erewash	1000
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	500
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	30
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	57
11,815¾	100	9	Grand Junction	205
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	55
48,800*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	90
2849½	100	—	Grand Union	31
20,640*l.*	—	5	Do. Loan	94
3096	100	—	Grand Western	4
749	150	7	Grantham	126
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13
25,328	—	18	Kennet and Avon	18
11,699½	—	1	Lancaster	27
2879¾	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool	280
545	—	14	Leicester	295
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83
—	—	119	Loughborough	2400
250	—	11	Melton Mowbray	—
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	147
43,526*l.*	100	5	Do. Debentures	92
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70
247	—	25	Neath	350
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—
500	100	12	Nottingham	—
1720	100	32	Oxford	615
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	66
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel	—
12,294*l.*	—	—	Regent's	28
5631	100	2	Rochdale	40
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160
500	100	7 10	Shropshire	140
771	50	—	Somerset Coal	—
100	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire	640
300	145	10	Stourbridge	205
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	17
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495
533	100	12	Swansea	175
350	100	—	Tavistock	90
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway	25
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1950
1000	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham	210
1000½	50			
980	100	10 10	Warwick and Napton	205
14,283	—	—	Wilts and Berks	6
126	105	5	Wisbeach	60
6000	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham	24
			Docks.	
2209	146	—	Bristol	98
—	—	5	Do. Notes	
3132½	100	3	Commercial	60
450,000*l.*	—	10	East-India	160
1038	100	—	East Country	15
3,114,000*l.*	—	4	London	86 10
1,200,000*l.*	—	10	West-India	167

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£. s.		£. s.
			Bridges.	
2912	100	—	Southwark	18
4443	40	—	Do. new	18
3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18 10
54,000*l.*	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	90
5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 5
5000	60	—	——— Annuities of 8*l.*	27 10
5000	40	—	——— Annuities of 7*l.*	22
60,000*l.*	—	5	———Bonds	100
			Roads.	
300	100	—	Barking	35
1000	100	5	Commercial	103
—	100	5	——— East-India Branch	100
492	100	1 15	Great Dover Street	31
2393	50	—	Highgate Archway	6
1000	—	1	Croydon Railway	12
1000	—	—	Surrey Do.	10
3762	50	1	Severn and Wye	30
			Water Works.	
3800	100	—	East London	60
4500	50	1 5	Grand Junction	42 10
2000	100	—	Kent	25
1500	—	2 10	London Bridge	50
800	100	—	South London	21
7540	—	2	West Middlesex	45
1360	100	—	York Buildings	20
			Insurances.	
2000	500	2 10	Albion	40
25,000	50	6	Atlas	4 12 6
—	—	40	Bath	575
300	1000	25	Birmingham	350
—	250	3	British	50
4000	100	2 10	County	40
20,000	50	5	Eagle	2 12 6
50,000	20	1	European	20
1,000,000*l.*	100	6	Globe	116 10
40,000	50	5	Hope	3 5
2400	500	4 10	Imperial	75
3900	25	1 4	London Fire	23
31,000	25	1	London Ship	19
2500	100	14	Provident	16 10
100,000	20	2	Rock	1 18
745,100*l.*	—	10	Royal Exchange	229
—	—	8 10	Sun Fire	—
4000	100	10	Sun Life	23
1500	200	1 4	Union	33
			Gas Lights.	
8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	59
4000	50	1 12	Do. New Shares	37 10
1000	100	7 10	City Gas Light Company	95
1000	100	3 10	Do. New	45
2500	20	16	Bath Gas	17 10
1500	20	—	Brighton Gas	14
1000	20	2	Bristol	27
			Literary Institutions.	
1000	75gs	—	London	38
700	25gs	—	Russel	11 11
700	80gs	—	Surrey	8
			Miscellaneous.	
1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart	20
1397	100	2 10	British Copper Company	50
2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery	7 10
3447	50	—	Do.	6 10
2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19
		4	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	71 10
		3	Do. 2d. Class	61 10
		5	City Bonds	100

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th September to 25th October.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Exchequ. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Sept.															
25	shut.	shut.	66½ ⅝	shut.	85½	102⅝	shut.	—	3⅜	—	21	—	—	5p	66¾
26	—	—	66½ ⅝	—	—	102⅜	—	—	—	—	21	—	66½	5	66¾
27	—	—	66½ ¼	—	—	102⅛	—	65½	3⅝	215	21	—	—	5	66¾
28	—	—	66½ ¼	—	—	102⅜	—	—	4⅛	—	20	—	—	4	66½
29	*Hol.*														
30	—	—	66⅜ ¼	—	—	102⅛	—	—	—	—	19	—	—	2	66⅜
Oct.														1	
2	—	—	66¼ ⅝	—	—	102¼	—	—	3¾	—	19	—	—	2	66⅝
3	—	—	66⅝ ¼	—	—	102⅜	—	—	3½	—	19	73½	—	2	66⅝
4	—	—	66⅜ ⅜	—	—	102⅜	—	65⅝	—	—	21	—	—	2	66⅝
5	—	—	66½ ⅞	—	—	102¾	—	—	3½	216	21	73⅝	—	4	66⅞
6	—	—	66⅞ 7¼	—	—	103⅛	—	66⅜	3⅛	216½	24	74⅛	—	4	67⅜
7	—	—	67⅛ ⅜	—	—	103¼	—	—	3	—	24	—	—	6	67⅜
9	—	—	67¼ ½	—	—	103⅝	—	—	—	—	23	—	—	6	67½
10	—	—	67⅝ ⅛	—	—	103⅜	—	—	2⅝	217½	25	—	—	6	67⅝
11	217	66¼ ⅝	67⅜ ⅛	75	84⅛	103¼	17 7/16	—	3	218	25	—	—	5	67⅜
12	—	66¼ ⅜	67¼ ⅛	75¼	84¼	103⅜	17 7/16	—	3⅛	217½	25	—	—	5	67¼
13	217	66½ ¼	67⅜ ⅛	75⅜	84¼	103½	17 7/16	66⅜	—	218½	25	—	—	6	67½
14	216½	66½ ¾	67⅜ ½	—	84½	103¾	17 7/16	—	2	—	26	—	—	6	67¾
16	217	66⅜ ¾	67¼ ½	75¼	84¾	103⅜	17 7/16	—	2¾	—	26	—	—	6	67¾
17	217	66¾ ½	67⅜ ½	75½	85	103⅞	17 7/16	—	2⅝	220	26	—	—	6	67¾
18	—	66⅝ ¾	67⅜ ½	—	85	103⅞	—	—	2⅞	—	26	—	—	6	67⅝
19	216	66½ ¾	67⅜ ½	75½	84⅞	104	17 7/16	—	2⅞	220¼	26	—	—	6	67⅜
20	215½	66⅝ ¾	67⅜ ⅜	75½	85	104	17 7/16	—	2½	220½	26	74⅝	—	6	67¾
21	—	66⅝ ¾	67½ ⅜	—	85	104	17 7/16	—	—	—	26	74⅞	—	6	67⅝
23	—	66⅝ ⅞	67½ ⅝	—	85	104⅛	17 7/16	—	—	—	25	—	—	6	67¾
24	216	66¾ ⅞	67½ ⅝	75¾	85⅛	104⅛	17 7/16	—	2½	—	26	—	—	5	67¾
25	215	66¾ 7	67½ ¾	75⅞	85¼	104¼	17 7/16	—	2⅜	—	25	—	—	5	67⅞

IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Shares.	Government Debenture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Debenture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government Debenture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Royal Canal Stock.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water Debentures.
Sept.										
21	203	73¼	73	—	80¼	101⅝	101¾	68½	87	97
23	—	73¼	73	—	—	101	—	—	87	97
28	—	73⅝	72⅞	—	—	101⅝	101⅝	68½	—	—
Oct.										
2	—	72½	72½	—	—	101	101	—	—	—
5	203	72⅝	72½	—	—	101	101⅛	—	—	—
12	202¾	73	72	—	—	100⅞	101⅞	—	—	—
16	—	73½	73	—	—	102¼	102¼	—	—	—
20	204	73⅛	72⅞	—	—	102¼	—	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Sept. 19, to Oct. 19.

1820	5 per Cent. consols fr.	c.	Bank Shares. fr.	c.
Sept.				
19	75	40	1365	—
21	74	90	1360	—
25	74	45	1360	—
30	74	35	—	
Oct.				
2	73	90	1355	—
7	74	55	1350	—
10	74	75	1360	—
12	75		1365	—
14	74	80	1360	—
19	75		1362	50

AMERICAN FUNDS.

		IN LONDON. Sept. 22	26	29	Oct. 3	6	10	13	17	NEW YORK. Aug. 27	Sept. 9	12
7 per cent		—	—	—	106	106	106	106	—	108½	108½	108½
Bank Shares		24	24	24	23·10	24	—	23·10	23·10	104¼	103½	104
6 per cent	1813	104½	104½	104½	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	107	107	107½
	1814	105	105	105	104	104	104	104	104	107½	107½	108
	1815	106	106	106½	105	105	105	105½	105½	108	108	108½
3 per cent		69½	69½	70	71	70	70	70	70	71	71	70

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKSPEARE.

WHO is that F. J. who ventures to write "*Dear Edey,*" to THE LION'S Editor? It is lucky for him his communication is acceptable:—this being the case, we excuse his want of ceremony. He may, perhaps, find it next month, amongst many other good things—such as—

Oxford in Term Time.
Living Authors. No. IV.
Traditional Literature. No. II.
Some *Criticisms on New Books*—including Mr. Maturin's last Novel.

The Article on *the Examiner versus Shakspeare,* announced for this Number, is omitted in consequence of an influx of Contributions, the writers of which would not wait. Our readers, we are sure, would have been sorry had we omitted *Traditional Literature,* No. I.—to leave room for any thing of the Editor's.

With these, and others, we shall begin our SECOND YEAR, and THIRD VOLUME. In the Preface to our *First* we ventured to promise an improvement in our *Second,*—and we now dare to say, that we have kept our word. Improvement, however, in Magazines, cannot go on *ad infinitum:* we, therefore, give no promises for our *Third* beyond an engagement not to relax or abate. In the course of the last six months we have been lucky enough to make some most valuable acquisitions of Contributors, as the public cannot fail to have remarked,—and we have every reason to count on the fidelity of those who have joined us. The wish of the Conductors of THE LONDON MAGAZINE (for which the LION pledges his word of honour) is to give a free, independent, and honest tone to Literary discussion;—to introduce into it a spirit of candour, and to expel from it the common-place severities, as well as the maudlin praises that degrade criticism. Something towards this they do think they have done; and, considering the talent they have *now* been able to unite in their Work, they may fairly calculate on effecting much more.

The Article on "The Literature of the Nursery," in our last, requires an explanation, which will be offered in our next Number.

ELIA requests the Editor to inform W. K. that in his article on Oxford, under the initials G. D. it was his ambition to make more familiar to the public, a character, which, for integrity and single-heartedness, he has long been accustomed to rank among the best patterns of his species. That, if

he has failed in the end which he proposed, it was an error of judgment merely. That, if in pursuance of his purpose, he has drawn forth some personal peculiarities of his friend into notice, it was only from conviction that the public, in living subjects especially, do not endure pure panegyric. That the anecdotes, which he produced, were no more than he conceived necessary to awaken attention to character, and were meant solely to illustrate it. That it is an entire mistake to suppose, that he undertook the character to set off his own wit or ingenuity. That, he conceives, a candid interpreter might find something intended, beyond a heartless jest. That G. D., however, having thought it necessary to disclaim the ancedote respecting Dr. ——, it becomes him, who never for a moment can doubt the veracity of his friend, to account for it from an imperfect memory of some story he heard long ago, and which, happening to tally with his argument, he set down too hastily to the account of G. D. That, from G. D.'s strong affirmations and proofs to the contrary, he is bound to believe it belongs to no part of G. D.'s biography. That the transaction, supposing it true, must have taken place more than forty years ago. That, in consequence, it is not likely to "meet the eye of many, who might be justly offended."

Finally, that what he has said of the Booksellers, referred to a period of many years, in which he has had the happiness of G. D.'s acquaintance; and can have nothing to do with any present or prospective engagements of G. D. with those gentlemen, to the nature of which he professes himself an entire stranger.

THE

London Magazine.

N° XII. DECEMBER, 1820. VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

TABLE-TALK:

No. V.

ON THE PLEASURE OF PAINTING.

"THERE is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know." In writing, you have to contend with the world: in painting, you have only to carry on a friendly strife with nature. You sit down to your task, and are happy. From the moment that you take up the pencil, and look nature in the face, you are at peace with your own heart. No angry passions rise to disturb the silent progress of the work,—to shake the hand, or dim the brow: no irritable humours are set afloat: you have no absurd opinions to combat—no point to strain—no adversary to crush—no fool to annoy; you are actuated by fear or favour of no man. There is "no juggling here," no sophistry, no intrigue, no tampering with the evidence, no attempt to make black white, or white black: but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power,—that of Nature,—with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast—"study with joy her manner, and with rapture taste her style." The mind is calm, and full at the same time. The hand and eye are equally employed. In tracing the commonest object—a plant or the stump of a tree—you learn something every moment. You perceive unexpected differences, and discover likenesses where you looked for no such thing. You try to set down what you see, find out your error, and correct it. You need not play tricks, or purposely mistake: with all your pains, you are still far short of the mark. Patience grows out of the endless pursuit, and turns it into a luxury. A streak in a flower, a wrinkle in a leaf, a tinge in a cloud, a stain in an old wall or ruin grey, are seized with avidity, as the *spolia opima* of this sort of mental warfare, and furnish out labour for another half-day. The hours pass away untold, without chagrin, and without *ennui;* nor would you ever wish to pass them otherwise. Innocence is joined with industry, pleasure with business; and the mind is satisfied, though it is not engaged in thinking, or doing, any mischief.*

I have not much pleasure in writ-

* There is a passage in Werter which contains a very pleasing illustration of this doctrine, and is as follows:—

"About a league from the town is a place called Walheim. It is very agreeably situated on the side of a hill: from one of the paths which leads out of the village, you

ing these Essays, or in reading them afterwards; though I own I now and then meet with a phrase that I like, or a thought that strikes me as a true one. But after I begin them, I am only anxious to get to the end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see my way a page, or even a sentence, beforehand; and when I have, as by a miracle, escaped, I trouble myself little more about them. I sometimes have to write them twice over: then it is necessary to read the *proof*, to prevent mistakes by the printer; so that by the time they appear in a tangible shape, and one can con them over with a conscious, sidelong glance to the public approbation, they have lost their gloss and relish, and become "more tedious than a twice-told tale." For a person to read his own works over with any great delight, he ought first to forget that he ever wrote them. Familiarity naturally breeds contempt. It is, in fact, like poring fondly over a piece of blank paper:—from repetition, the words convey no distinct meaning to the mind, are mere idle sounds, except that our vanity claims an interest and property in them. I have more satisfaction in my own thoughts than in dictating them to others: words are necessary to explain the impression of certain things upon me to the reader, but they rather weaken, and draw a veil over, than strengthen it to myself. Although I might say with the poet, "My mind to me a kingdom is," yet I have little ambition "to set a throne or chair of state in the understandings of other men." The ideas we cherish most, exist best in a kind of shadowy abstraction—

Pure in the last recesses of the mind;

and derive neither force nor interest from being exposed to public view. They are old familiar acquaintance, and any change in them, arising from the adventitious ornaments of style or dress, is little to their advantage. After I have once written on a subject, it goes out of my mind: my feelings about it have been melted down into words, and *them* I forget. I have, as it were, discharged my memory of its old habitual reckoning, and rubbed out the score of real sentiment. For the future, it exists only for the sake of others.—But I cannot say, from my own experience, that the same process takes place in transferring our ideas to canvas. They gain more than they lose in the mechanical transformation. One is never tired of painting, because you have to set down, not what you knew already, but what you have just discovered. In the former case, you translate feelings into words; in the latter, names into things. There is a continual creation out of nothing going on. With every stroke of the brush, a new field of inquiry is laid open. New difficulties arise, and new triumphs are prepared over them. By comparing the imitation with the original, you see what you have done, and how much you have still to do. The test of the senses is severer than that of fancy, and an over-match even for the delusions of our self-love. One part of a picture shames another, and

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have a view of the whole country; and there is a good old woman who sells wine, coffee, and tea there:—but better than all this, are two lime trees before the church, which spread their branches over a little green, surrounded by barns and cottages. I have seen few places more retired and peaceful. I send for a chair and table from the old woman's, and there I drink my coffee and read Homer. It was by accident that I discovered this place one fine afternoon: all was perfect stillness; every body was in the fields, except a little boy about four years old, who was sitting on the ground, and holding, between his knees, a child of about six months; he pressed it to his bosom with his little arms, which made a sort of great chair for it; and, notwithstanding the vivacity which sparkled in his eyes, he sat perfectly still. Quite delighted with the scene, I sat down on a plough opposite, and had great pleasure in drawing this little picture of brotherly tenderness. I added a bit of the hedge, the barn-door, and some broken cart-wheels, without any order, just as they happened to lie;—and, in about an hour, I found I had made a drawing of great expression, and very correct design, without having put in any thing of my own. This confirmed me in the resolution I had made before, only to copy nature for the future. Nature is inexhaustible, and alone forms the greatest masters. * * * * Say what you will of rules, they alter the true features, and the natural expression."

you determine to paint up to yourself, if you cannot come up to nature. Every object becomes lustrous from the light thrown back upon it by the mirror of art: and by the aid of the pencil we may be said to touch and handle the objects of sight. The air-drawn visions, that hover on the verge of existence, have a bodily presence given them on the canvas: the form of beauty is changed into a substance: the dream and the glory of the universe is made "palpable to feeling as to sight."—And see! a rainbow starts from the canvas, with all its humid train of glory, as if it were drawn from its cloudy arch in heaven. The spangled landscape glitters with drops of dew after the shower. The "fleecy fools" show their coats in the gleams of the setting sun. The shepherds pipe their farewell notes in the fresh evening air. And is this bright vision made from a dead dull blank, like a bubble reflecting the mighty fabric of the universe? Who would think this miracle of Rubens's pencil possible to be performed? Who, having seen it, would not spend his life to do the like? See how the rich fallows, the bare stubble-field, the scanty harvest-home, drag in Rembrandt's landscapes! How often have I looked at them and nature, and tried to do the same, till the very "light thickened," and there was an earthiness in the feeling of the air! There is no end of the refinements of art and nature in this respect. One may look at the misty glimmering horizon till the eye dazzles and the imagination is lost, in hopes to transfer the whole interminable expanse at one blow upon the canvas. Wilson said, he used to try to paint the effect of the motes dancing in the setting sun. At another time, a friend, coming into his painting-room, when he was sitting on the ground in a melancholy posture, observed that his picture looked like a landscape after a shower of rain. He started up with great delight, and said, "That is the effect I intended to produce, but thought I had failed." Wilson was neglected; and, by degrees, neglected his art to apply himself to brandy. His hand became unsteady, so that it was only by repeated attempts that he could produce the effect he aimed at; and when he had done a little to a picture, he would say to any acquaintance, who chanced to drop in, "I have painted enough for one day: come, let us go somewhere." It was not so that Claude left his pictures, or his studies on the banks of the Tiber, to go in search of other enjoyments,—or ceased to gaze upon the glittering sunny vales and distant hills! While his eye drank-in the clear sparkling hues and lovely forms of nature, his hand stamped them on the lucid canvas to last there for ever. —One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I used to walk out of an evening to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes or russet lawns, and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky gradually turning to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky grey, hung its broad marble pavement over all—as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. But to come to a more particular explanation of the subject.

The first head I ever tried to paint was an old woman, with the upper part of the face shaded by her bonnet,—and I certainly laboured it with great perseverance. It took me numberless sittings to do it. I have it by me still, and sometimes look at it with surprise, to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose—yet not altogether in vain, if it taught me to see good in every thing, and to know that there is nothing vulgar in nature seen with the eye of science or of true art. Refinement creates beauty everywhere; it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object. Be this as it may, I spared no pains to do my best. If art was long, I thought that life was so too at that moment. I got in the general effect the first day; and pleased and surprised enough I was at my success. The rest was a work of time—of weeks, and months (if need were) of patient toil and careful finishing. I had seen an old head by Rembrandt at Burleigh-house, and if I could produce a head at all like Rembrandt in a year—in my life-time —it would be glory and felicity, and wealth and fame enough for me! The head I had seen at Burleigh was an exact and wonderful fac-simile of nature, and I resolved to make mine (as nearly as I could), an exact fac-

simile of nature. I did not then, nor do I now believe, with Sir Joshua, that the perfection of art consists in giving general appearances without individual details, but in giving general appearances with individual details. Otherwise, I had done my work the first day. But I saw something more in nature than general effect, and thought it worth my while to give it in the picture. There was a gorgeous effect of light and shade: but there was a delicacy as well as depth in the *chiaro scuro*, which I was bound to follow into all its dim, and scarce perceptible variety of tone and shadow. Then I had to make the transition from a strong light to as dark a shade, preserving the masses, but gradually softening off the intermediate parts. It was so in nature: the difficulty was to make it so in the copy. I tried, and failed again and again; I strove harder, and succeeded as I thought. The wrinkles in Rembrandt were not hard lines; but broken and irregular. I saw the same appearance in nature, and strained every nerve to give it. If I could hit off this edgy appearance, and insert the reflected light in the furrows of old age in half a morning, I did not think I had lost a day. Beneath the shrivelled yellow parchment look of the skin, there was, here and there, a streak of the blood-colour tinging the face: this I made a point of conveying, and did not cease to compare what I saw with what I did, with jealous lynx-eyed watchfulness, till I succeeded to the best of my ability and judgment. How many revisions were there! How many attempts to catch an expression which I had seen the day before! How often did we try to get the old position, and wait for the return of the same light! There was a puckering up of the lips, a cautious introversion of the eye under the shadow of the bonnet, indicative of the feebleness and suspicion of old age, which at last we managed, after many trials, and some quarrels, to a tolerable nicety! The picture was never finished, and I might have gone on with it to the present hour.* I used to set it on the ground when my day's work was done, and saw revealed to me, with swimming eyes, the birth of new hopes, and of a new world of objects. The painter thus learns to look at nature with different eyes. He before saw her "as in a glass darkly, but now face to face." He understands the texture and meaning of the visible universe, and "sees into the life of things," not by the help of mechanical instruments, but of the improved exercise of his faculties, and an intimate sympathy with nature. The meanest thing is not lost upon him, for he looks at it with an eye to itself, not merely to his own vanity or interest, or the opinion of the world. Even where there is neither beauty nor use—if that ever were—still there is truth, and a sufficient source of gratification in the indulgence of curiosity and activity of mind. The humblest painter is a true scholar; and the best of scholars—the scholar of nature. For myself, speaking for the real comfort and satisfaction of the thing, I had rather have been Jan Steen or Gerard Dow, than the greatest casuist or philologer that ever lived. The painter does not view things in cloud or "mist, the common gloss of theologians," but applies the same standard of truth and disinterested spirit of inquiry, that influence his daily practice, to other subjects. He perceives form, he distinguishes character. He reads men and books with an intuitive eye. He is a critic as well as a connoisseur. The conclusions he draws are clear and convincing, because they are taken from the things themselves. He is not a fanatic, a dupe, or a slave; for the habit of seeing for himself, also disposes him to judge for himself. The most sensible men I know (taken as a class), are painters; that is, they are the most lively observers of what passes in the world about them; and the closest observers of what passes in their own minds. From their profession they in general mix more with the world than authors, and if they have not the same fund of acquired knowledge, are obliged to rely more on individual sagacity. I might mention the names of Opie, Fuseli, Northcote, as persons distinguished for striking description and

* It is at present covered with a thick slough of oil and varnish, (the perishable vehicle of the English school,) like an envelope of gold-beaters' skin, so as to be hardly visible.

acquaintance with the subtle traits of character.* Painters in ordinary society, or in obscure situations where their value is not known, and they are treated with neglect and indifference, have sometimes a forward self-sufficiency of manner: but this is not so much their fault as that of others. Perhaps their want of regular education may also be in fault, in such cases. Richardson, who is very tenacious of the respect in which the profession ought to be held, tells a story of Michael Angelo, that, after a quarrel between him and Pope Julius II. "upon account of a slight which he conceived the pontiff had put upon him, Michael Angelo was introduced by a bishop, who, thinking to serve the artist by it, made it an argument that the Pope should be reconciled to him, because men of his profession were commonly ignorant, and of no consequence otherwise: his holiness, enraged at the bishop, struck him with his staff, and told him it was he that was the blockhead, and affronted the man himself would not offend; the prelate was driven out of the chamber, and Michael Angelo had the Pope's benediction accompanied with presents. This bishop had fallen into the vulgar error, and was rebuked accordingly."

Besides the exercise of the mind, painting exercises the body. It is a mechanical as well as a liberal art. To do any thing,—to dig a hole in the ground, to plant a cabbage, to hit a mark, to move a shuttle, to work a pattern,—in a word, to attempt to produce any effect, and to *succeed*, has something in it that gratifies the love of power, and carries off the restless activity of the mind of man. Indolence is a delightful but distressing state: we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame; and painting combines them both incessantly.† The hand furnishes a practical test of the correctness of the eye; and the eye, thus admonished, imposes fresh tasks of skill and industry upon the hand. Every stroke tells, as the verifying of a new truth, and every new observation, the instant it is made, passes into an act and emanation of the will. Every step is nearer what we wish, and yet there is always more to do. In spite of the facility, the fluttering grace, the evanescent hues, that play round the pencil of Rubens and Vandyke, however I may admire, I do not *envy* them this power so much as the slow, patient, laborious execution of Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto,—where every touch seems conscious of its charge, emulous of truth, and where the painful artist has so distinctly wrought,

> That you might almost say his picture thought!

In the one case, the colours seem breathed on the canvas as by magic, the work and the wonder of a moment: in the other, they seem inlaid into the body of the work, and as if it took the artist years of unremitting labour, and of delightful never-ending progress to perfection.‡ Who would wish ever to come to the close of such works,—not to dwell on them, to return to them, to be wedded to them to the last? Rubens, with his florid, rapid style, complained that when he had just learned his art, he should be forced to die: Leonardo, in the slow advances of his, had lived long enough!

Painting is not, like writing, what is properly understood by a sedentary employment. It requires, not indeed a strong, but a continued and steady exertion of muscular power. The precision and delicacy of the manual operation, makes up for the want of vehe-

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* Men in business, who are answerable with their fortunes for their opinions, and are therefore accustomed to ascertain pretty accurately the grounds on which they act, before they commit themselves on the event, are often men of remarkably quick and sound judgments. Artists, in like manner, must know tolerably well what they are about, before they can bring the result of their observations to the test of ocular demonstration.

† The famous Schiller used to say, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty.

‡ The rich *impasting* of Titian and Giorgione combines something of the advantages of both these styles, the felicity of the one with the carefulness of the other, and is perhaps to be preferred to either.

mence—as to balance himself for any time, in the same position, the rope-dancer must strain every nerve. Painting for a whole morning gives one as excellent an appetite for one's dinner, as old Abraham Tucker acquired for his by riding over Banstead Downs. It is related of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "he took no other exercise than what he used in his painting-room" —the writer means, in walking backwards and forwards to look at his picture; but the act of painting itself, of laying on the colours in the proper place, and proper quantity, was a much harder exercise than this alternate receding from and returning to the picture. This last would be rather a relaxation and relief than an effort. It is not to be wondered at that an artist like Sir Joshua, who delighted so much in the sensual and practical part of his art, should have found himself at a considerable loss when the decay of his sight precluded him, for the last year or two of his life, from the following up of his profession—"the source," according to his own remark, "of thirty years' uninterrupted enjoyment and prosperity to him." It is only those who never think at all, or else who have accustomed themselves to brood incessantly on abstract ideas, that never feel *ennui!*

To give one instance more, and go on with this rambling discourse. —One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's Characteristics, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was "riches fineless." The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter-days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel-windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-red-breast in our garden,—(that "ever in the haunch of winter sings")—as my afternoon's work drew to a close, —were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours—when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil—when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein—when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, "*I also am a painter!*" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the Exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George). There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards), on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came; I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again! Oh! for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left: the table, the chair, the window where I learned to read Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!— . . . . . .

The painter not only takes a delight in nature,—he has a new and exquisite source of pleasure opened to

him in the study and contemplation of works of art—

Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with soft'ning hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

He turns aside to view a country-gentleman's seat with eager looks, thinking it may contain some of the rich products of art. There is an air round Lord Radnor's Park, for there hang the two Claudes, the Morning and Evening of the Roman empire—round Wilton-house, for there is Vandyke's picture of the Pembroke family—round Blenheim, for there is his picture of the Duke of Buckingham's children, and the most magnificent collection of Rubenses in the world—at Knowsley, for there is Rembrandt's Hand-writing on the Wall—and at Burleigh, for there are some of Guido's angelic heads. The young artist makes a pilgrimage to each of these places, eyes them wistfully at a distance, "embowered deep in tufted trees," and feels an interest in them, of which the owner is scarce conscious: he enters the well-swept walks and echoing archways, passes the threshold, is led through wainscotted rooms, is shown the furniture, the rich hangings, the tapestry, the massy services of plate, —and, at last, is ushered into the room, where his treasure is, the idol of his vows—some speaking face or bright landscape! It is stamped on his brain, and lives there thence forward, a tally for nature, and a test of art. He furnishes out the chambers of the mind from the spoils of time, picks and chooses which shall have the best places, nearest his heart. He goes away richer than he came, richer than the possessor; and thinks that he may one day return, when he, perhaps, shall have done something like them, or even from failure shall have learned to admire truth and genius more.

My first initiation in the mysteries of the art was at the Orleans Gallery: it was there I formed my taste, such as it is; so that I am irreclaimably of the old school in painting. I was staggered when I saw the works there collected, and looked at them with wondering and with longing eyes. A mist passed away from my sight: the scales fell off. A new sense came upon me, a new heaven and a new earth stood before me. I saw the soul speaking in the face—"hands that the rod of empire had swayed" in mighty ages past—"a forked mountain or blue promontory,"

———with trees upon't
That nod unto the world, and mock our eyes with air.

Old Time had unlocked his treasures, and Fame stood portress at the door. We had all heard of the names of Titian, Raphaël, Guido, Domenichino, the Caracci—but to see them face to face, to be in the same room with their deathless productions, was like breaking some mighty spell,—was almost an effect of necromancy! From that time I lived in a world of pictures. Battles, sieges, speeches in parliament, seemed mere idle noise and fury, "signifying nothing," compared with those mighty works and dreaded names, that spoke to me in the eternal silence of thought. This was the more remarkable, as it was but a short time before that I was not only totally ignorant of, but insensible to the beauties of art. As an instance, I remember that one afternoon I was reading the Provoked Husband, with the highest relish, with a green woody landscape of Ruysdael, or Hobbima, just before me, at which I looked off the book, now and then, and wondered what there could be in that sort of work to satisfy or delight the mind—at the same time, asking myself, as a possible question, whether I should ever feel an interest in it like what I took in reading Vanbrugh and Cibber?—

I had made some progress in painting when I went to the Louvre to study, and I never did any thing afterwards. I never shall forget conning over the catalogue, which a friend lent me just before I set out. The pictures, the names of the painters, seemed to relish in the mouth. There was one of Titian's Mistress at her toilette. Even the colours with which the painter had adorned her hair were not more golden, more amiable to sight, than those which played round and tantalised my fancy ere I saw the picture.—There were two portraits by the same hand—"A young Nobleman with a glove,"—another, "A companion to it:"—I read the description over and

over with fond expectancy, and filled up the imaginary outline with all I could conceive of grace, and dignity, and an antique *gusto*—all but equal to the original. There was the Transfiguration too. With what awe I saw it in my mind's eye, and was overshadowed with the spirit of the artist! When I say that I was not disappointed with these works afterwards, I pay the highest compliment I can pay to their transcendant merits. Indeed, it was from seeing other works of the same great masters that I had formed a vague, but no disparaging idea of these.—The first day I got there, I was kept for some time in the French exhibition-room, and thought I should not be able to get a sight of the old masters. I just caught a peep at them through the door, (vile hinderance!) like looking out of purgatory into Paradise,—from Poussin's noble mellow-looking landscapes to where Rubens hung out his gaudy banner, and down the glimmering vista to the rich jewels of Titian and the Italian school. At last, by much importunity, I was admitted, and lost not an instant in making use of my new privilege.—It was *un beau jour* to me. I marched delighted through a quarter of a mile of the proudest efforts of the mind of man, a whole creation of genius, a universe of art! I ran the gauntlet of all the schools from the bottom to the top; and in the end got admitted into the inner room, where they had been repairing some of their greatest works. Here the Transfiguration, the St. Peter Martyr, and the St. Jerome of Domenichino stood on the floor, as if they had bent their knees, like camels stooping, to unlade their riches to the spectator. On one side, on an easel, stood Hippolito de Medici (a portrait by Titian,) with a boar-spear in his hand, looking through those he saw, till you turned away from the keen glance: and thrown together in heaps were landscapes of the same hand, green pastoral hills and vales, and shepherds piping to their mild mistresses underneath the flowering shade. Reader, "if thou hast not seen the Louvre, thou art damned!" for thou hast not seen the choicest remains of the works of art; or thou hast not seen all these together, with their mutually reflected glories. I say nothing of the statues; for I know but little of sculpture, and never liked any till I saw the Elgin marbles.—Here, for four months together, I strolled and studied, and daily heard the warning sound—"*Quatrès heures passeés, il faut fermer, citoyens*" (ah! why did they ever change their style?) muttered in coarse provincial French; and brought away with me some loose draughts and fragments, which I have been forced to part with, like drops of life-blood, for "hard money." How often, thou tenantless mansion of godlike magnificence—how often has my heart since gone a pilgrimage to thee!

It has been made a question, whether the artist, or the mere man of taste and natural sensibility, receives most pleasure from the contemplation of works of art? And I think this question might be answered by another, as a sort of *experimentum crucis*, namely, whether any one out of that "number numberless" of mere gentlemen and amateurs, who visited Paris at the period here spoken of, felt as much interest, as much pride or pleasure, in this display of the most striking monuments of art, as the humblest student would? The first entrance into the Louvre of the former would be only one of the events of his journey—not an event in his life, remembered ever after with thankfulness and regret. He would explore it with the same unmeaning curiosity and idle wonder, as he would the regalia in the Tower, or the Botanic Garden in the Thuilleries, but not with the fond enthusiasm of an artist. How should he? His is "casual fruition, joyless, unendeared:" but the painter is wedded to his art, the mistress, queen, and idol of his soul. He has embarked his all in it, fame, time, fortune, peace of mind, his hopes in youth, his consolation in age: and shall he not feel a more intense interest in whatever relates to it than the mere indolent trifler? Natural sensibility alone, without the entire application of the mind to that one object, will not enable the possessor to sympathise with all the degrees of beauty and power in the conceptions of a Titian, or a Correggio; but it is he only who does this, who follows them into all their force and matchless grace, that does or can feel their full value. Knowledge is pleasure as well as power. No one but

the artist who has studied nature, and contended with the difficulties of art, can be aware of the beauties, or become intoxicated with a passion for painting. No one who has not limited his prospects and wishes to the pursuit of art, can feel the same exultation in its brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs, which an artist does. Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. It is now seventeen years since I was studying in the Louvre, (and I have long since given up all thoughts of the art as a profession,) but long after I returned, and even still, I sometimes dream, of being there again,—of asking for the old pictures,—and not finding them, or finding them changed or faded from what they were, I cry myself awake! What gentleman-amateur ever does this at such a distance of time,—that is, ever received pleasure, or took interest enough in them, to produce so lasting an impression?

But it is said, that if a person had the same natural taste, and the same acquired knowledge as an artist, without the petty interests and technical notions, he would derive a purer pleasure from seeing a fine portrait, a fine landscape, and so on. This, however, is not so much begging the question, as asking an impossibility: he cannot have the same insight into the end, without having studied the means; nor the same love of art, without the same habitual and exclusive devotion to it. Painters are, no doubt, often actuated by jealousy, partiality, and a sordid attention to that only which they find useful to themselves in painting. W—— has been seen poring over the texture of a Dutch cabinet-picture, so that he could not see the picture itself.—But this is the perversion and pedantry of the profession, and not its true or genuine spirit. If W—— had never looked at any thing but megilps and handling, he never would have put the soul of life and manners into his pictures, as he has done. Another objection is, that the instrumental parts of the art, the means, the first rudiments, paints, oils, and brushes, are painful and disgusting; and that the consciousness of the difficulty and anxiety with which perfection has been attained, must take away from the pleasure of the finest performance. This, however, is only an additional proof of the greater pleasure derived by the artist from his profession; for these things which are said to interfere with and destroy the common interest in works of art, do not disturb him; he never once thinks of them, he is absorbed in the pursuit of a higher object, he is intent not on the means but the end, he is taken up, not with the difficulties, but with the triumph over them. As in the case of the anatomist, who overlooks many things in the eagerness of his search after abstract truth, or the alchemist, who, while he is raking into his soot and furnaces, lives in a golden dream, a lesser gives way to a greater object.—But it is pretended that the painter may be supposed to submit to the unpleasant part of the process only for the sake of the fame or profit in view. So far is this from being a true state of the question, that I will venture to say, in the instance of a friend of mine who has lately succeeded in an important undertaking in his art, that not all the fame he has acquired, not all the money he has received from thousands of admiring spectators, not all the newspaper puffs,—not even the praise of the Edinburgh Review, nor Mrs. Siddons's having pronounced his Head of Christ sublime,—not all these things, put together, ever gave him at any time the same genuine, undoubted satisfaction, as any one half-hour employed in the ardent and propitious pursuit of his art—in finishing to his heart's content a foot, a hand, or even a piece of drapery. What is the state of mind of an artist while he is at work? He is then in the act of realising the highest idea he can form of beauty or grandeur: he conceives, he embodies that which he understands and loves best: that is, he is in full and perfect possession of that which is to him the source of the highest happiness and intellectual excitement which he can enjoy.

In short, as a conclusion to this argument, I will mention a circumstance which fell under my knowledge the other day. A friend had bought a print of Titian's Mistress, the same to which I have alluded above. He was anxious to show it me on this account. I told him it was a spirited engraving, but it had not the look of the original. I believe he thought

this fastidious, till I offered to show him a rough sketch of it, which I had by me. Having seen this, he said, he perceived exactly what I meant, and could not bear to look at the print afterwards. He had good sense enough to see the difference in the individual instance; but a person better acquainted with Titian's manner, and with art in general, that is, of a more cultivated and refined taste, would know that it was a bad print, without having any immediate model to compare it with. He would perceive with a glance of the eye, with a sort of instinctive feeling, that it was hard, and without that bland, expansive, and nameless expression which always distinguished Titian's most famous works. Any one who is familiar with a head in a picture, can never reconcile himself to a print from it: but to the ignorant they are both the same. To a vulgar eye, there is no difference between a Guido and a daub, between a penny-print, or the vilest scrawl, and the most finished performance. In other words, all that excellence which lies between these two extremes,—all at least that marks the excess above mediocrity, —all that constitutes true beauty, harmony, refinement, grandeur, is lost upon the common observer. But it is from this point, that the delight, the glowing raptures of the true adept commence. An uninformed spectator may like an ordinary drawing better than the ablest connoisseur; but for that very reason he cannot like the highest specimens of art so well. The refinements, not only of execution, but of truth and nature, are inaccessible to unpractised eyes. The exquisite gradations in a sky of Claude's are not perceived by such persons, and consequently the harmony cannot be felt. Where there is no conscious apprehension, there can be no conscious pleasure. Wonder at the first sight of works of art, may be the effect of ignorance and novelty: but real admiration, and permanent delight in them, are the growth of taste and knowledge. "I would not wish to have your eyes," said a good-natured man to a critic, who was finding fault with a picture, in which the other saw no blemish. Why so? The idea which prevented the one from admiring this inferior production, was a higher idea of truth and beauty, which was ever present with him, and a continual source of pleasing and lofty contemplations. It may be different in a taste for outward luxuries, and the privations of mere sense; but the idea of perfection, which acts as an intellectual foil, is always an addition, a support, and a proud consolation!

Richardson, in his Essays, which ought to be better known, has left some striking examples of the felicity and infelicity of artists, both as it relates to their external fortune, and to the practice of their art. In speaking of *the knowledge of hands*, he exclaims—

When one is considering a picture, or a drawing, one, at the same time, thinks this was done by him * who had many extraordinary endowments of body and mind, but was withal very capricious; who was honoured in life and death, expiring in the arms of one of the greatest princes of that age, Francis I. King of France, who loved him as a friend. Another is of him † who lived a long and happy life, beloved of Charles V. emperor; and many others of the first princes of Europe. When one has another in hand, we think this was done by one ‡ who so excelled in three arts, as that any of them in that degree had rendered him worthy of immortality; and one moreover, that durst contend with his sovereign (one of the haughtiest popes that ever was) upon a slight offered to him, and extricated himself with honour. Another is the work of him § who, without any one exterior advantage but mere strength of genius, had the most sublime imaginations, and executed them accordingly, yet lived and died obscurely. Another we shall consider as the work of him || who restored painting when it had almost sunk; of him, whom art made honourable, but who neglecting and despising greatness with a sort of cynical pride, was treated suitably to the figure he gave himself, not his intrinsic worth; which, not having philosophy enough to bear it, broke his heart. Another is done by one ** who, (on the contrary) was a fine gentleman, and lived in great magnificence, and was much honoured by his own and foreign princes; who was a courtier, a statesman, and a painter; and so much all these, that when he acted in either character, *that* seemed to be his

* Leonardo da Vinci. † Titian. ‡ Michael Angelo.
§ Correggio. || Annibal Caracci. ** Rubens.

business, and the others his diversion. I say, when one thus reflects, besides the pleasure arising from the beauties and excellences of the work, the fine ideas it gives us of natural things, the noble way of thinking it may suggest to us, an additional pleasure results from the above considerations. But oh! the pleasure, when a connoisseur and lover of art, has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can say, this is the hand, these are the thoughts of him* who was one of the politest, best-natured gentlemen that ever was; and beloved, and assisted by the greatest wits, and the greatest men then in Rome: of him who lived in great fame, honour, and magnificence, and died extremely lamented; and missed a Cardinal's hat, only by dying a few months too soon; but was particularly esteemed and favoured by two popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time, and as great men as ever sat there since that apostle, if at least he ever did: one, in short, who could have been a Leonardo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parmegiano, an Annibal, a Rubens, or any other when he pleased, but none of them could ever have been a Rafaelle.

The same writer speaks feelingly of the change in the style of different artists from their change of fortune; and as the circumstances are little known, I will quote the passage relating to two of them.

Guido Reni, from a prince-like affluence of fortune (the just reward of his angelic works) fell to a condition, like that of a hired servant to one who supplied him with money for what he did at a fixed rate; and that by his being bewitched with a passion for gaming, whereby he lost vast sums of money; and even, what he got in this, his state of servitude by day, he commonly lost at night: nor could he ever be cured of this cursed madness. Those of his works, therefore, which he did in this unhappy part of his life, may easily be conceived to be in a different style to what he did before, which in some things, that is, in the airs of his heads (in the gracious kind) had a delicacy in them peculiar to himself, and almost more than human. But I must not multiply instances. Parmegiano is one that alone takes in all the several kinds of variation, and all the degrees of goodness, from the lowest of the indifferent, up to the sublime. I can produce evident proofs of this in so easy a gradation, that one cannot deny but that he that did this, might do that, and very probably did so; and thus one may ascend and descend, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, whose foot was upon the earth, but its top reached to heaven.

And this great man had his unlucky circumstance: he became mad after the philosopher's stone, and did but very little in painting or drawing afterwards. Judge what that was, and whether there was not an alteration of style from what he had done, before this devil possessed him. His creditors endeavoured to exorcise him, and did him some good; for he set himself to work again in his own way: but if a drawing I have of a Lucretia be that he made for his last picture, as it probably is (Vasari says, that was the subject of it) it is an evident proof of his decay: it is good indeed, but it wants much of the delicacy which is commonly seen in his works; and so I always thought before I knew or imagined it to be done in this his ebb of genius.

We have had two artists of our own country, whose fate has been as singular as it was hard. Gandy was a portrait-painter in the beginning of the last century, whose heads were said to have come near to Rembrandt's, and he was the undoubted prototype of Sir Joshua Reynolds's style. Yet his name has scarcely been heard of; and his reputation, like his works, never extended beyond his own county. What did he think of himself, and of a fame so bounded! Did he ever dream he was indeed an artist? Or how did this feeling in him differ from the vulgar conceit of the lowest pretender? The best known of his works is a portrait of an alderman of Exeter, in some public building in that city.

Poor Dan. Stringer! Forty years ago he had the finest hand, and the clearest eye of any artist of his time, and produced heads and drawings that would not have disgraced a brighter period in the art. But he fell a martyr (like Burns) to the society of country-gentlemen, and then of those whom they would consider as more his equals. I saw him many years ago, when he treated the masterly sketches he had by him (one in particular of the group of citizens in Shakspeare "swallowing the tailor's news)," as "bastards of his genius, not his children;" and seemed to have given up all thoughts of his art. Whether he is since dead, I cannot say: the world do not so much as know that he ever lived!

T.

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* Rafaelle.

EXMOUTH WRESTLING.

Rosalind. ——————— Shall we see this wrestling, coz?
Le Beau. You must, if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.
As You Like It.

A Londoner's life,—with all its wealth of theatres, picture-exhibitions, parties (both tea and political) sports, beauty, and places under government,—would really be scarcely worth the possessing, if it were not for that month of recreative wandering which is permitted, at one season of the year, to master and clerk,—to knight, gentleman, and apprentice, —to all descriptions of city labourers in short, except the Editors of newspapers and the hackney coachmen. The former must persevere,—while others are permitted their breathing times,—to feed voracious columns with fresh malice, night by night; while the latter are doomed to bask in the middle of an autumnal street, owing to the absence of those persons who, if in town, might take them to Mile End, or to the gate of the Regent's Park, or to the bottom of Highgate-hill;—and thus transport them at least to the brink of the country. For my own part, I would rather dwell in Brentford for the remainder of my days, than consent to abandon my claim to that month of country idleness and enjoyment, which I look back upon with melancholy delight during the months of October, November, December, January and February;—and towards which I turn a longing and expectant eye through the whole of March and its five sequent sisters of the Calendar. Part of my pleasure, as the time more nearly approaches, arises from the declaration I make to my friends, that "*I shall be off in about a fortnight,*" —though, in my own mind, I am pretty well assured that I shall not break from the trammels of business, for four or five weeks. A traveller in the *pleasure line* is always thus full of his subject. He requests his taylor to be careful that his clothes are at home by the Wednesday,—because, "he is going out of town." If he receives an invitation to dine with a friend, he excuses himself, with an air of carelessness and vivacity, by "fearing that he shall be out of town at the time." Law clerks, and other dependants, who derive their holiday from the graceless permission of their masters—who wring a fortnight or three weeks out of the long vacation, "by wearisome petition and slow leave"—indulge in the same pleasantry towards their acquaintance. They cannot take a part in a private play, *because they are going to pass some time at Stamford Hill,*—or are likely to be at *Calais*—which they call being on the *Continent*—at that precise time. Half of their relish of the holiday, is procured from the expectation of it, and from the importance which accrues from its mysterious announcement. To go, is something; but how much more is it, to enlarge, —to dwell,—to feed upon the promise! The core of the enjoyment is, in short, to "*stand* upon the *order* of your going."

It is impossible to describe the careless importance with which I pay the hackney coachman, who carries my person and my portmanteau to Piccadilly, or Charing Cross, on the evening of my departure! He asks me a sixpence too much, because he sees by my face that I am in good humour, and guesses moreover that I am going out of town, and shall forget the extortion long before my return:—I pay him the excess, and threaten, with a look half grave and half gay—like the face of that compound of skeleton and gentleman in Bowles's shop-window—to *have him up,*—well knowing that I shall have no opportunity. I underwent this very pleasure the beginning of last September,—and I recollect thinking the better of the coachman for discerning an extra sixpence in my eye. He saw me flushed with anxiety and happy expectation, and very properly made me pay for it. I know not whether others feel as I felt,—but I *remembered* the porter,—who pretended an anxiety for the safety of my luggage, and who, to evince his zeal, thrust the cape of my box coat from the lamp,—with a cheerful groat;—and I paid the balance of my fare to the book-keeper, at the office, with a pro-

digal hand,—as one who was paying the purchase money for a perpetual advowson in Paradise, or buying a cut out of that classical cake, the golden age! The ride through the streets, which you are quitting for their betters;—the sullen transitions (as Dr. Johnson would call them) of the hackney coaches;—the light and flimsily dressed passengers on the pavement, whose appearance you contrast, to their disadvantage, with the travel-girt bearings of your own body;—the names of the shop-keepers and their several callings, from whose eternal gilding you are glad to escape;—the bustle and impatience at the last coach-office in Piccadilly, where you deride, with a scoffer's eye, the retail travellers on the *Chelsea* and *the Chiswick*;—the stupid quiet of the water in the Green Park, which you contemptuously denominate *town-water* — and the scanty dusty appearance of the adjoining grass, which you also sneeringly call *town-grass*;—the determined imperfections of the pavement near Hamilton-place, which jolt your body about in all directions, as if purposing to have the last and the most of you,—and the quiet fall, after one conclusive shake, into the easy, loose, and pleasant gravel at Hyde-park corner:—these, all of these,—are delightful in their way, and serve as the prologue to the happy yet brief comedy you are about to enjoy.

I shall not continue thus minutely to trace a journey of 176 miles, which mine, according to a credible book of roads, is stated to be; though I believe a description of its casualties and ordinary events might not prove unamusing:—but I shall say to my reader, as a Melo-drame murderer says to his glittering employer, "*conclude it done!*" The descent from the coach at the end of the journey is "another thing." You are conscious that enjoyment is in sight, but then your eyes have been twinkling in a mid-night wind, and know not what they do. The day is all before you,—but then you have been up all night. You jump down from the fore wheel on ten benumbed toes, and stagger forward as awkwardly as if you had jumped on ten of your neighbour's. Your hands are swelled and foolish, and you pretend to laugh at them while they are impotently fumbling after a shilling for the coachman, who "*leaves* you," as he calls it,—and who therefore stands, with a look of sly and inanimate patience, as if he would wait till your fingers came to themselves. Your coat is as wrinkled as though it had travelled till it was old, and it has become worked up in folds on your back, so that the buttons are nearly on your shoulders. You dare not look at your hat; the condition of which, however, you surmise by the *serpentining* of the rim,—which, if you are in the law, reminds you of "*This indenture of three parts.*" You declare to some of the passengers, that "you would have bought a travelling cap, if you had *known*."—For about a minute you stand helpless and stupid in the street, looking at the country people, with one eye to them, and one to your own consequence:—you are a traveller to all intents and purposes! The guard, with a body like a maggot, is standing on the wheel, pulling out the luggage and parcels from the foreboot, and you therefore request he will get you a blue bag, tied round with red tape, and with your direction on parchment, which is in the boot behind—while an old lady, at the same time, is urging him to search in one of the seats, inside the coach, for a small basket "as big as that little box he has now in his hand." He answers you, and others, like the waiter at an inn, with promising to attend to you directly,—and continues reading,—"So-and-so—Fore-street,—to be kept dry. Here, take this into the office. Um-um-aye—South-street. Let Jack run down with this:—carriage *is* paid. Bill, *jist* take this basket to Muster Newton's in the yard, and get 3s. 9d. for it."—And thus does he go on, in spite of the impatience of his poor wearied passengers, who are too tired to be angry, and who wait about in dust and dejection, till he condescends to approach one of them with—"Well, Sir! what's yours?"—A black leathern portmanteau—a blue bag,—a parcel in brown paper—and an umbrella!—"Oh!" and then, in tedious and due course of time, you "get your own."

To quit the coach, and to come to the country—and my readers will have travelled at least a *stage* of prose to get to it—I must suppose

the meetings of friends over, with the usual allowance of exclamations, such as—" you are really grown, or you appear to be so!"—and, " you are certainly thinner!" — and " dear! what a very odd hat you have!"—and " how natural your voice sounds!" —and,—the like. I must suppose, that all minor arrangements are over, and that, by the kindness of a few accompanying friends, I am at the sea-side: — But why should I *suppose* what I have really enjoyed:—why should I not at once "unlock the cells of memory"—as sentimental correspondents express themselves, — and trust to faithful recollections. I am about to describe a scene, at which it was my good fortune to be present, and to describe which, in fact, was the cause of my writing the present paper. As I intend " to be faithful," I shall throw aside those little arts and prettinesses, in which essayists and prose writers indulge, and put together a few plain sentences, recording a few plain facts.

I was induced, during my stay in the West of England, in September last, to pass a fortnight at Exmouth, —a very pretty sea-side village, on which a very pleasant farce has been written.—That I did not make a difficulty of being *induced*, may be conjectured, when I confess to having pretty broadly hinted at such an excursion to my friends, and acknowledge that they threw aside all anxiety and thought, and made up a party for the purpose. The village is seated, as its name intimates, at the mouth of the river Ex;—some of its best houses are built on a high cliff, which commands the sea and the river, and from which some of the most splendid *sunsets* are to be seen that eye of man can desire. I would however, being one of humble desires, more particularly speak in commendation of a neat little brick built tenement, which stood near to the water, (I leave the reader to settle whether I mean the sea or the river,) and which had, I believe, the benefit of every wind that blew during the month of September.—Oh! we were a merry crew in our smart brick vessel, and laughed away many an hour, at which the clouds wept, and the wind howled! While the strings and tassels of our window-blinds shook and rattled,—and the blinds themselves flapped, like the rigging and sails of the barks which we saw before us;—and while the carpet actually rose and heaved, even as waves, around us;—we fleeted away the hours, as though the world were laughing without, and went merrily on our voyage, as vessels will go, " with youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm." The wind did not howl in our hearts;—the rain did not fall upon, or damp our spirits!

I can never forget the perfect idleness and delight with which we discussed the morning's walk at breakfast,—or with which we accomplished what we had so discussed. I remember to have expended twelve pennyworth of coin in the purchase of a basket to hold shells, which we were to cull " I know not how oft:" —being thus prepared,—we never picked shell more! Our employments seemed to laugh at our promises. Our engagements played at cross purposes with our intentions. We only gathered shells when we had no convenience for carrying them home;—but, in truth, there is a pleasure in this waywardness of pleasure which only holiday hearts know. I can say that I have been delighted to stand within reach of the waves, and *feel* them weave " an untumultuous fringe of silver foam" around my feet;—to see the gulls busy in the distance;—to hear the tumult of the sea when it became angry;—to enjoy the vexed elements.—I am perhaps only telling what hundreds of readers have experienced and will acknowledge;—but, if I may judge of others by myself, there is some pleasure in being reminded at times of things which we know.

One morning,—(I seem to have indulged in generalities long enough,) —one morning, on sauntering to the window after breakfast, I perceived in a piece of flat meadow ground, an unusual assemblage of spars, posts, rails, remnants of tattered rigging, and cordage. The servant, with a voice of peculiar satisfaction, informed me, in answer to an inquiry which escaped me without *a direction*,—that there was going to be " *a wrastling*," as she, in her county dialect, expressed herself. What! A match? said I, —evidently as much delighted as if I had been " native there,—and to the manner born."—" Yes, Sir!" she re-

plied—" And the Canns will be there —and young Brockenden, — and Thorne from Dawlish, and the Men from the Moors!"——Oh, if it be a fault to admire the sports and pastime of the poor—to delight in their manly games, and feats of courage and enterprize,—I must at once confess myself guilty of it to the fullest extent: —it is not for me to plead to the minor offence. I see all I can see, at all times, of skilful struggle between man and man;—and I glory in seeing it!—The communication of this enthusiastic serving-woman sounded to me pleasantly indeed;—I could not help thinking it somewhat poetical, —for there is a beauty even in common names, when clustered together thus, and connected with the idea of personal enterprize and superiority, which, I own, makes a strong impression on my feelings, and I believe is not without its effect upon those of others. " Young Brockenden," appeared a gallant name;—and, to my ears, there seemed something decisive in the name of " Thorne from Dawlish:"—But the "men from the Moors" came upon my imagination like a clan from the Highlands, or the sudden incursion of a band of freebooters upon a quiet hamlet. The muster hour was twelve o'clock; —and I panted for that hour!

In the mean time, I went continually to the window, and could plainly distinguish the labourers preparing the ring, and fitting up booths for the accommodations of those persons who might wish to guard against a wet day outwardly, and who would not object to it inwardly. I could almost fancy that I heard the hammers of the workmen " accomplishing the field;" —but I do not wish to *romance* on this interesting subject. The morning was certainly very unpropitious, for the clouds not only threatened, before breakfast, to try the security of the awnings,—but they made good their threats, after that meal, with one or two pretty effectual showers, —which however afflicted the heart more on account of the mischief which would ensue to the turf, than on the score of any other inconvenience. Persons began to assemble during the morning,—but the sports did not commence till one o'clock;—and, as some time elapsed between the hour at which the ring was ready, and that at which the wrestlers entered themselves for contest,—I shall fill up the pause for my readers, by giving them a few particulars of the sport, as practised in our earlier English days;— and I trust my learning will last me till the first *hat* may be supposed by my readers to " rise in air," and no longer.

The men of Devon and Cornwall have been celebrated, from time immemorial, for their skill and prowess in the art of wrestling. The boys may at the present day be seen struggling and practising at a very early age: and Carew says, in his quaint old style—" you shall hardly find an assembly of boys in Devon and Cornwall, where the most untowardly amongst them, will not so readily give you a muster of this exercise, as you are prone to require it."

It is told by Strutt, that, in the reign of Henry III., the citizens of London, who delighted in the science, held their anniversary meeting near the Hospital of St. Matilda, at St. Giles's in the Fields, where the inhabitants of Westminster met, and wrestled with them for a ram. The Londoners were successful, which produced a challenge for Lammas-day. The challenge was accepted—and the parties encountered each other;—but the bailiff happening to quarrel, a strife ensued, in which some mischief was done.

According to the accounts of that accurate historian Stowe, Clerkenwell was a celebrated spot for wrestling. The Mayor, Sheriffs, and officers of the city, took an active part in this sport. It must have been a curious excuse that the Mayor could not attend the Mansion-house, as he was trying a fall with one of the magistrates of Westminster!

In a plate from an old picture, supposed to be considerably anterior to the time of Chaucer, and which is given in Strutt, two men are represented wrestling for a cock:—it is curious that even at the present day the combatants wear a loose linen jacket, on the back of which is affixed the figure of a *cock* in cloth of a green or red colour. The prizes were, in early days, a ram, a small sum of money, or even something of greater value. Strutt quotes an extract from one of Robin Hood's songs, which touches on the rewards of the conquerors.

——— Unto Bernisdale,
As he went by a bridge was a *wrasteling;*
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen,
Of all the west countrey.
A full fayre game there was set up;
A white bull up ypight;
A great courser with saddle and brydle,
With golde burnished full bryght:
A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe,
A pipe of wyne, good faye;
What man beareth him best, ywis,
The prize shall bear awaye.

Carew, the old writer before referred to, thus quaintly describes the art of wrestling in the western parts of England;—it will be seen that some change has taken place in the science itself, in the present age, but the practice has certainly not declined.

The beholders then cast, or form themselves into a ring, in the empty space whereof the two champions step forth, stripped into their dublets and hosen, and untrussed, that they may so the better command the use of their lynmes; and first shaking hands, in token of friendship, they fall presently to the effect of anger; for each striveth how to take hold of the other with his best advantage, and to bear his adverse party downe; wherein, whosoever overthroweth his mate, in such sorte, as that either his backe, or the one shoulder, and contrary heele do touche the ground, is accounted to give the fall. If he be only endangered, and make a narrow escape, it is called a foyle. This pastime also hath its laws; for instance of taking hold above the girdle,—wearing a girdle to take hold by,—playing three pulls for tryal of the mastery, the fall giver to be exempted from playing again with the taker, but bound to answer his successor. Silver prizes, for this and other activities, were wont to be carried about, by certain *circumferanci*, or set up at bride ales; but time, or their abuse, hath worn them out of use.

Strutt, whose name I have so repeatedly mentioned, and to whom I am so much indebted for information on the subject, gives a representation of two persons riding on the shoulders of two others, and so wrestling for the fall. He states this to have been a sport of the fourteenth century:—I think I have been concerned in such a pastime at school within even a very few years,—and the great object was to secure, what was termed, "a good *horse*." This amusement seems trifling enough, and is certainly no trial of bodily strength, agility or skill.

— But I fancy that I see the *hat* thrown up, and therefore I proceed to give as correct an account as my memory will furnish, of the match at Exmouth, which was *played out*, to use the county phrase, with the utmost zeal and courage, in spite of falling rains and slippery grass. The ring was formed in a field called *The Marshes*,—a term sufficiently explanatory of the nature of the spot, without any further description of mine. The showers, however, lent a cruel aid to the natural wetness of the land, as if purposing to "try a fall" with these holiday folk. When I approached the ring, the rain was descending rapidly, but the people stood undauntedly around; and the sports were coming on steadily and profoundly. There was a large circle of wooden railing erected, forming the back to a single bench, and within this ring you were admitted on paying the sum of three pence. The crowd was compelled to stand as near to the rails as possible, and thus an open space was kept for the competitors. After the rules had been read, which I could not very well hear,—a hat was hurled into the air, and immediately followed by one from an acceptor of the challenge;—the wrestlers began to prepare immediately for the struggle. The first that stood in the middle of the ring, having been stripped to the shirt, and enclothed in the linen jacket with a green cock on the back,—which I have noticed to be the customary garment—was a young man of extremely prepossessing appearance. His figure, which, in its county garb, had not particularly impressed me with its size or strength, now struck me as highly powerful, compact, and beautiful. His limbs were well grown, and strongly set—yet rather slight than otherwise—and his body was easy, slim, yet peculiarly expressive of power. The fronts of his legs, from the knee to the ancle, were armed with thick carpeting, to protect him from the kicks of his antagonist; and even this strange armour did not give to his person the appearance of clumsiness. His neck was bare, and certainly very fine;—but the shape of his head struck me as being the most impressive and *poetical* (I use the term under correction), I had for a long time beheld—being set off, I conceive, by the way in which his

hair was arranged;—and this was dark,—hanging in thick *snakish* curls on each side his forehead, and down the back part of his head. Add to all this, a handsome melancholy thin countenance, and you will have at once some idea of the young man who now stood before me.

I turned to a countryman near me, and inquired who this youth might be, whose undaunted mien and comely port had so taken my favour captive. "Who is *that!*" said the man with a tone of surprise, accompanied with a look of profound pity at my ignorance,—"why, one of the *Canns* to be sure!"—In an instant I remembered the name, and his presence so well seconded the feeling which the enthusiasm of the servant had awakened, that I really had the sensation of a blush on my mind, at not recognizing in such a figure one of the names which were in the mouths of women and domestics as synonyms for prowess and valour, and which at the onset had sounded to me like fame!

Young Cann stood awhile in a calm and indifferent attitude,—and his opponent ploughed his heavy way towards him. This was a little bull-necked, thick-set man,--of prodigiously broad and weighty carriage. His carpeted limbs resembled the bolsters of a sofa,—and his throat was scarcely inferior in size. Cann pledged him in a cup of beer or cyder, (I will not call it a *wine cup*, as Mr. Campbell would, to exalt it from the vulgar truth into poetical respectability), and then giving the mug to one of the umpires, he clutched the little coast Hercules firmly with one hand, by the collar of his jacket, and received in return the tiger clutch of his eager antagonist. The struggle immediately commenced;—the umpires keeping a wary eye on the sport. Cann stood up nobly, watchfully—gallantly—meeting every movement of his opponent with a harder gripe of the jacket, and receiving the kicks of the little human *Cob* with an indifference quite astounding to all possessors of knees and shin-bones. The short man stood low, and far from Cann, and seemed rather to watch and labour for his safety than to dare for his enemy's downfall. He leaned forward, as if he were on *all fours*, and slipped and sprawled about, and abroad,—like a cat in walnut shells,—and with the same extraordinary pertinacity for keeping on his feet. This ungainly attitude was beautifully contrasted by Cann's upright muscular form, towering over it, and following, lion-like, the crouching and shifting manœuvres of the tiger-like creature opposed to him. This struggle, in which a fine display of skill and strength was exhibited, lasted five minutes, when the parties were instantly separated by the umpires;—such being the time limited for the *single play* as it is termed. When a man has stood out two men, and thrown one, he is set down as a *double player*, and is entitled to strive among the select, on the second day, for the prizes. Of course all the Canns, and the best men from the Moors, and young Brockenden, and Thorne from Dawlish, made themselves *double players*. I shall not longer dwell on the various wrestling of the first day.

The second morning was any thing but "rosy fingered"—but still we were not to be terrified by threatening clouds from following the manly sport which the day was to decide. There were some slow and tedious contests for *double players* till very late in the afternoon,—when, as the evening closed, and the moon arose, the grand contest was commenced. One of the umpires approached the booth in which I stood, and requested of Mr. Roe (as I understood the name), not to postpone the sports till the morrow, "as the Canns were anxious to get back to their farms, and Thorne must return to Dawlish the same night, and the men wanted to go to the Moors!"—This appeal was commanding, and the kind Mr. Roe yielded to the wishes of the combatants. "To night be it then," said this amiable patron of the pleasures of the poor,—"and let not a moment be lost in matching the men, and calling them forth!"

The first shout of the master of the revels was—"the younger Cann, and Widdicomb of the Moors!"—and this was received with a low murmur, and a deep interest which almost smothered sound. The younger Cann was the stoutest of the brotherhood, finely formed, and fair-haired. He stripped and accoutred himself immediately; his brothers assisting in buck-

ling his *leg-armour*, and fastening his jacket. There was evidently a great anxiety in this group, but still the utmost confidence in ultimate success; —and I could not help taking part in the interest of the brothers, and at the same time entertaining a full share of their faith in their champion's triumph. "And who," said I to a neighbour, "are these Canns!"—"They are farmers, and there are five brothers, all excellent wrestlers;—but you only see three here to night."—But the fine young wrestler stepped into the ring, and our conversation ceased.

The moon was now very clear, full and bright; and its light fell upon the noble person of Cann, and showed every curl of his hair. The Moor-man soon joined him—prepared for the conflict. He was a giant in size, and from what I gathered around me, a man of most savage nature. The popular feeling was painfully on Cann's side. After the cup had been pledged, the opponents seized each other with an iron grasp. Cann stood boldly, but cautiously up, as conscious that he had much to do;—and the Moor-man opposed him resolutely and grandly. The struggle was immediate, and Cann, with one terrific wrench, threw his antagonist to the earth;—but he fell so doubtfully on his shoulder, that it seemed uncertain whether he would fall on his back (which is necessary to victory), or recover himself by rolling on his face. Cann looked proudly down upon him, and saw him by a miraculous strain, which resembled that of a Titan in pain, save the fall, by wrenching himself down on his face. His shoulder and side were soiled;—but he was not deemed vanquished.

By the order of the umpires the struggle was renewed, when, owing, as I conceived, to the slippery state of the grass, Cann fell on his knees, and the Moorsman instantly hurled him on his back. All was uproar and confusion—but Cann was declared to have received a fall—and gloom spread itself over all! He could not be convinced of the justice of his judges (a common case when the verdict is adverse,) and it was in real pain of spirit that he pulled off the jacket.

Young Brockenden followed next with another man from the Moors; —and he received a doubtful fall, which was much cavilled at, but which the judges nevertheless gave against him.

It now grew late, and the clouds thickened around, so that the wrestling could scarcely be perceived. I left the sports somewhat unwillingly; but I could not distinguish the parties, and, in truth, I was dispirited at my favourite's being foiled. I heard that the brother Canns retrieved the fame of the family,—but the darkness of the night, and the state of the grass, gave no chance either to the spectators or to the wrestlers. In the morning, the ring,—the awning,—the scaffolding—had vanished; and the young fellows had separated—the Canns to their farms,—the Men to the Moors!

I have described this meeting as well and as faithfully as I could, in the hope that the account may interest many persons who are content to be excited by description only. At the same time, if this manly sport, among others, should be cried down and oppressed by the feeble and the fastidious, it may not be amiss to have some record of it preserved to feed the curious of after ages. I cannot conclude this paper better, than by noticing a very learned, quaint, and ingenious little work on the *Art of Wrestling*, which I met with by chance in a pamphlet-shop, and which I have read with much admiration. I believe it is the genuine reprint of an old book—though certainly now published in a very graceless and forbidding shape.

The title page sets forth that the work is written by *Sir Thomas Parkyns*, of Bunny-Park, Nottinghamshire,—and certainly a more intense production, on the use of the sinews and muscles, cannot easily be pointed out. Sir Thomas lived in the early part of the last century, and was remarkable for his skill in, and fondness for, the art of wrestling. He was strong in the loins, and a justice of peace for Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire. All his servants were trained to the sport, and he gave public exhibitions of it, taking an active part himself in tripping up his coachman, and giving his footman a heavy fall. He was fond of indulging in scraps of *Latin*, in which, how-

ever, he was not so powerful as in wrestling. Over a seat which stood by the road-side, he inscribed,—

Hic sedeas viator, si tu defessus es ambulando.

And a judge happening to ascend his pad, during his circuit, by means of Sir Thomas's block, the event is thus classically recorded:

Hinc justiciarius Dormer equum ascendere solebat!

Sir Thomas studied physic for the good of his neighbours,—married two wives, one being the daughter of a London alderman,—indulged in a selection of stone-coffins during his life, for his choice to lie in after death,—left a guinea to be wrestled for on Midsummer-day, and a *something* to the ringers of Bunny church, among whom he had often formed one,—wrote a book,—and died in the year 1741, aged 78.

His little work, however, must not thus be dismissed.—Sir Thomas wrestles manfully with grammar, and is good at the *in-play* with metaphors and figures. The dedication—which, by the bye, gives the book to no one, and is, therefore, strikingly original—is "a fair specimen of the author's style," as the Reviews express themselves.—Take the following:—

For the most part, the first question I ask a scholar, (if I like his size and complexion, for I am an indifferent physiognomist, a judicious physician, and can prognosticate more from a *phyz*, than most physicians from waters) is, if his parents are alive? if not, what age they died at? For I admit no *Hereditary Gouts*, or *Scrofulous Tumours*; yet I'll readily accept of *Scorbutick Rheumatisms*, because the persons labouring under those maladies are generally strong and able to undergo the exercise of *wrestling*. I am so curious in my admission, I'll not hear of one hipp'd and out of joint, a *Valetudinarian* is my aversion, for I affirm, *Martial* [*Lib.* vi. *Ep.* 54.] is in the right on't: *Non est vivere sed valere vita.* I receive no limber-hams, no darling sucking-bottles, who must not rise, at *Midsummer*, till eleven of the clock, and that the fire has aired his room and cloaths of his colliquative sweats, raised by high sauces, and spicy forced meats, where the cook does the office of the stomach, with the emetick tea table, set out with bread and butter for his breakfast: I'll scarce admit a sheep-biter, none but beef-eaters will go down with me, who have robust, healthy, and sound bodies. This may serve as a sketch of that person fit to make a *wrestler*, by him who only desires a place in your friendship.

On the page immediately following the dedication there stand some notable lines, with an embellishment, which are thus described by the writer, in a style worthy of the mighty Baronet whose memory they celebrate. The following is a *fac-simile:*

"A POEM in defence of the Marble Effigies of *Sir Thomas Parkyns*, of Bunny Park, in the County of Nottingham, Bart. erected by him in his life time, in a Moralizing Posture, in his Chancel of the Church of Bunny: being the first Posture of Wrestling; an Emblem of the Divine and Human Struggle for the Glorious Mastery.

By Francis Hoffman."

The poem itself is energetic, moral, and amiable,—fit elegy for a man of thews, and a Baronet:—But I must not thus dally so long with the opening beauties of the book. Sir Thomas Parkyns commences his instructive treatise with stating, that, after reading in Martial,—under Dr. Busby, at Westminster,—that the ancients always performed their exercise (like school-boys) before their full meal,—he advised all his scholars to take

"light liquids easy of digestion," to meet this classical example. He then proceeds,—

Whilst at *Westminster*, I could not learn any thing from their irregular and rude *certamina* or *struggles*: and when I went to *Cambridge*, I then, as a spectator, only observed the vast difference betwixt the *Norfolk out-players*, and the *Cornish-huggers*, and that the latter could throw the other when they pleased. I do confess, the small knowledge I shew to have in my several pieces of architecture, &c. with my useful hydraulicks, and the use and application of the mathematicks here in *wrestling*, I owe to *Dr. Bathurst*, my tutor, and *Sir Isaac Newton*, mathematick professor, both of *Trinity College*, *Cambridge*: the latter, seeing my inclination that way, invited me to his public lectures, for which I thank him, though I was Fellow Commoner, and seldom, if ever, any such were called to them; but when I went to *Gray's Inn of Court*, and applied myself to the several masters of the *Academy*, to learn fencing and vaulting, I met with *Mr. Cornish*, (by name) my *inn-play* wrestling master; and when I found so much variety in the several holds, that it was impossible to remember half of them, without committing them to paper; and telling him my design, he said, he had taught five hundred scholars, but never any one could set them down; and that it would be in vain to attempt any such thing: however, once in two months, I shewed him what I had done, and then digested it in this method, which I here present you with.

Sir Thomas continues, and is very urgent against "weakening by drink." Personifying the various strong liquors which wrestle with man, he thus pleasantly concludes his caution.

Ceres keeps school at all checquers, with her assistants, *Nottingham*, *Derby*, *Burton*, *Easingwould*, &c. At most public houses, *Stout* has the fullest school amongst the porters, carmen, chairmen, &c. *Paracelsus* admits for the most part, at the *Golden Stills*, his method he extracted from, and is an abridgment of, the two former, his journeymen assistants are, brandy, a *Frenchman*; usquebagh, an *Irishman*; rum, a *Mollosonian*, &c.

In the middle of these, his prefatory remarks, Sir Thomas thus eloquently breaks out on the origin of the science, which he seems suddenly to think has rather been a sufferer in his opening observations. Certes he goes back sufficiently, and "can quote scripture to his purpose."

Though at the beginning of the preface I take notice, that wrestling was in vogue, great credit, estimation, and reputation, in *Martial* the poet's days, wrestling without all doubt is of greater antiquity, as appears, *Gen. chap.* xxxii. *ver.* 24, *Jacob* wrestled with an angel, whether it was real and corporal, or mystical, and spiritual in its signification, I leave *Pool* and the rest of the divines to determine.

But I advise all my scholars, *to avoid wrestling with angels*, for though they may maintain the struggle until break of day, and seem to lay their adversaries supine, and on their backs, they will have the foil, and be out of joint with *Jacob's* thigh.

The concluding advice cannot be too strictly attended to.

The second division of the book, is a regular set of rules and directions for "Every Man his own Wrestler," and commences with several pages on strained ancles, (which allows for Sir Thomas's passion for physic to have its way,) and the best methods of avoiding or curing the Evil. High-heeled shoes meet with the kind Baronet's most serious and vehement displeasure, as being the causes of all sprains. He reasons so much to his own satisfaction in favour of low-heeled shoes, and brings such apposite illustrations of his arguments, that he suddenly breaks off into the following exclamation:—

For shame, let us leave off aiming at the out-doing our Maker in our true symmetry and proportion: let us *likewise*, for our own ease, to secure treading, and upright walking, (as he designed we should) shorten our heels. Since the women have lowered their top sails and head dresses, and find it a vain attempt of theirs in offering to *add one cubit to their stature.*

Next follows much masterly advice on the mysteries of wrestling, with full instructions on those various holds and falls, which are most destructive and conclusive. The ignorant are clearly taught how to accomplish "the *Flying Horse*," which simply means pitching your friend over your head. "The *Flying Mare*," is a throw of nearly the same airy description. I really cannot follow Sir Thomas through all his dissertations on "*the hanging Trippet*," the "*in Clamp*," the "*back Clamp*," "*the Pinnion*," "*the Gripe*," "*the In-lock*," and "*the loose leg*:"—all points of profound, and serious, and erudite discussion:—The direction for the back clamp is, however, curious, though I

think it scarcely solves the mystery for young students.

Back-Clamp.

When your adversary back-clamps you, which is when he clasps his heel in your ham, with a design to throw you backwards, fall in close to him with your arms about him, as for the gripes; bear upon him with your breast and chin, and kick your own breech with your own heel, with his feeble heel in your fort ham; and his head and shoulder will come to the ground first, that throwing him out of the line of direction.

The passage explanatory of "the gripes," (a phrase likely to be misunderstood, and mentioned in the foregoing passage,) is also so erudite, that I cannot resist giving it:—

The Gripes.

1. Are *nothing but laying your right arm amongst his small ribs*, and putting your left hand to your right arm to augment your strength in griping; and when you gripe, get your head on the outside of his arm, then may you lift the better.

2. Never delay the gripe, but get that as soon as you can, and hold him strait, and your head close to his breast, that he doth not give his elbow, and stand low with your knees bent and toes out, and it will prevent buttock, back-lock, in-lock, and trip.

Sir Thomas thus proceeds, ardently, through many pages, on *outplay* and *inplay*, but I shall have already exhausted all my reader's patience, and my Editor's room: though, if I consulted my own taste only, I should minutely discuss every page, and now and then endeavour to give Sir Thomas *the Flying Horse*, in some of his arguments and conclusions. I flatter myself I could certainly *back-clamp* him on many of his *out-play*, or *loose-leg* instructions. His last page contains some directions for a *Boxer*, but here (to our knowledge) he is off his feet, for he decidedly betrays too much of the wrestler throughout them. The two first articles of this chapter, though amiably intended, sufficiently expose his ignorance of the art, unless, as we must believe, the art has undergone material changes since he wrote.

Boxing.

1. By all means have the first blow with your head or fist at his breast rather than at his face; which is half the battle, by reason it strikes the wind out of his body.

2. If you have long hair soap it. The best holds are the pinnion with your arms at his shoulders, and your head in his face, or get your right arm under his chin, and your left behind his neck, and let your arms close his neck straight, by holding each elbow with the contrary hand, and crush his neck, your fingers in his eyes, and your fingers of your right hand under his chin, and your left hand under the hinder part of his head; or twist his head round by putting your hand to the side of his face, and the other behind his head.

Really, as to the second direction, if a man could patiently endure this *fingering* of the eyes and gullet, he must possess a courage of no common order. So much for *Sir Thomas Parkyns*, the writing, wrestling, boxing Nottingham Baronet.

In conclusion, I do pray and trust, that these manly sports, which keep alive the courage and character of the lower orders, will not be neglected or oppressed by those who have the power to excite and promote them. The existence of such pastimes is influential on the moral rectitude of the country. Men who possess such names as the *Canns*,* and *Thorne*, and *Brockenden*, dare not by private baseness or indecorum sully them. They live in the eye of a County, and have a fame to maintain, which can only exist on the purest food. Other men have these names like beacons before them; and hope leads them on!—The days, on which a wrestling match is held, are acknowledged holidays for miles round the spot,—and the youths come forth in fascinating new hats and overpowering *velveteens*,—and the damsels in their best and most destructive attire. I saw girls from all quarters of the county in the gayest of their dresses, —and certainly there was a fashion about their bonnets (if I do not err) in spite of what the Spectator has said, (vol. iii. No. 175.) or suffered

* Mr. Wilson, the Plague-Poet, and *Moral Professor*, is very fond of running about the Highlands, wrestling and leaping with the distillers of his favourite beverage whiskey. We wish he would try a fall with the younger Cann, for we cannot help thinking it would "take the conceit out of him," and the better fit him for those serener pursuits, to which Blackwood's Magazine and the lecture-chair of Edinburgh particularly invite him.

to be said, to the disparagement of the Exeter ladies, that "they are always behind-hand in the fashion, and, worse than that, have things palmed upon them which are not fashionable."

Having mentioned the Spectator, I cannot do better than give his recommendatory words for encouraging wakes and country assemblies of this kind. He knew that the lasses got suitors, and the lads admirers at these pleasant and sportive meetings, and he thus concludes his paper, as I shall mine, with pointing out a reason all sufficient for their being nourished among us:—

Love and marriage are the natural effects of these anniversary assemblies. I must, therefore, very much approve the method by which my correspondent tells me each sex endeavours to recommend itself to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy offspring, or a happy cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my country friend, that there has been many a court lady, who would be contented to change her crazy young husband for Tom Short; and several men of quality, who would have parted with a tender yoke-fellow for Black Kate.

I am the more pleased with having love made the principal end and design of these meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. Kennet, with whose words I shall conclude my present paper. "These wakes," says he, "were in imitation of the ancient Ἀγαπα, or love-feasts, and were first established in England by Pope Gregory the Great, who, in an epistle to Melitus the Abbot, gave order that they should be kept in sheds or arbories made up with branches and boughs of trees round the church."

He adds, that this laudable custom of wakes prevailed for many ages, till the wise Puritans began to exclaim against it as a remnant of popery; and by degrees the precise humour grew so popular, that at an Exeter assizes the Lord Chief Baron Walter made an order for the suppression of all wakes: but on Bishop Laud's complaining of this innovating humour, the King commanded the order to be reversed.

OSMYN,

A PERSIAN TALE.

List to me, boy.—I tell you there are hill
In the wild desarts,—on the mountain tops,
In the lone islands of the Savage Sea,
That never foot of living man has touched;
Things that might take the earth with wonder; shapes,
Not of the earth,—with stars for eyes, and lips
Fed upon roses, and the drops that lie
I' th' bottom of the king-cup. Some that build
Their thin house of the forest's glossy leaves;
Others that make their palace of the air,
And gather violets from the evening clouds;
Others that haunt the sea-caves, and when night
Is holiest, will ascend, and with wild shells
And voices silvery-sweet salute the stars. ANON.

It was a vale embosom'd between hills,
Huge, forest sided, vein'd with silver rills
That fed their founts from the blue bending sky,
And topp'd with snows that everlastingly
Glisten'd above the cloudy wreaths of gold,
And pearl, and sanguine-sweeping flame, that roll'd
Their mighty draperies round the mountain's breast,
Like regal robes, from when the dawning East,
Pale, primrose-footed, drew her dropping hair,
Heavy with night-dews from her forehead fair,
And on the Earth in her cold sweetness smil'd;
'Till Eve stole blushing onward, and distill'd
Poppy and rose-leaves on her pathway wide,
Guiding the steps of thick veil'd night, the bride
That moves not from her chamber, till the Sun
Has in his daring beauty downwards gone.

But in the centre of those marble towers,
The battlements of Nature, lay sweet bowers,
Where all of fruit, and fragrant blossoming,
That ever roll'd round tree the tendril ring,
Or scatter'd on the wind its musky sighs,
Or broider'd-on its crimson fantasies
Through the green grass, or droop'd above the bank
Of rivulets, struggling through the verdure dank,—
Flourish'd in nature's lone magnificence:
And in the midst, within a lovely fence
Of amaranth and roses, interlacing
In knots enamour'd, and rich cyphers tracing
Around the red bark of the cinnamon trees,
Lay a small lake, that sun-beam never sees,
Like a huge flower-cup, fill'd with crystal dew;
Reflecting in its mirror ev'ry hue
Of ev'ry gorgeous flower that blossom'd by
The border of its deep, blue, downward sky.

'Twas burning noon, and now a wandering youth
Came down the valley, toiling through the growth
Of its deep verdure, that, before his step,
Bent, and roll'd round, in blossom'd heap on heap,
Light billowing, like the light and heaving foam
Checquering the solemn green, when winds are come
To wake the Ocean's sleep. The form was proud:
A warrior's step, a chieftain's eye—dark brow'd;
But the wan hue his downcast beauty bore,
Show'd that some day of power and hope was o'er.
His heron-plume was broken, and the stain
Of desart sands, and battle's bloody rain,
Tinged robes that once were princely, and the star
Of gems was shatter'd on his scymetar.

But how he cross'd that valley's mountain ring,
Too high embattled for the eagle's wing,
What hand had led him through the forest wreath,
The leafy, labyrinthine wilds beneath,
Was mystery all. And now the noon-day fires
Have driven him where the plantane's solemn spires,
And pillar'd cedars their long arches close,
Temples of silence; down the wanderer throws
His wearied side upon the rustling bed—
That many a breeze, and many a bird, had shed
In thick and perfumed luxury on the ground;—
So lies he slumbering to the gentle sound
Of cooing turtles, and the deep, lone sighs
That from the dimness of huge forests rise.

The evening came, and still the wanderer slept;
But sudden echoes through the valley swept,
Of deeper melody than ever drew
Its life from mortal lips. The slumbers flew
From his drench'd lids, and on his arm half-rais'd—
He drank its cup of witchery, and gaz'd.
But on the hill-side danced no shepherd throng,
To load the winds with that sweet charge; no song
Rose from group'd girls beside a flower-hung tomb;
As often he had heard in dewy gloom,
Where some old poet slumber'd in the grove—
And Persian maids at twilight sang of love.

'Twas now the moment when the sun had gone
Down to the purple waters, and the moon

Just o'er the horizon rais'd her humid eye,
And in the central azure tremblingly
Flush'd Eve's lone star. It shot a sudden beam—
Widening and bright'ning—'till its mighty stream
Seem'd bearing on its bosom living things,
That stoop'd to earth in swift and wavering rings,
Like the snow fleeces when the rough wind sleeps—
And close to earth's cold heart the vesture creeps
Soft, silent, dazzling, 'till the amber skies
Bid from its folds the infant Spring arise.
What are they, and whence come?—They wear no wings,
But round each bosom in white glory clings
A web that seems with living star-light twin'd—
Oh! how the breathing of the fragrant wind
Grew richer as they came, and the sweet sound
Echoed more magical—and lo! the ground
Is touch'd by their white feet, and all its blooms
Bow down their heads adoring, and the glooms
Of the proud forest waving, let in rays
Of fading sun-light like an altar's blaze.

Hand link'd in hand they stood beside the bath
Depth of dissolving sapphire—the blue path
Of the lone star that on its centre lay
Bosom'd in splendour—shooting ray for ray,
With Hesper.—There they paus'd—four shapes of Heaven;
A glance of timid watchfulness was given
Around the shadowy marge, to see that none
Might gaze upon their beauty from the zone
Of those thick circling trees—then from the white
Of her orb'd bosom, and her waist as slight
And waving as young sycamores—each wound
Her veil; in measure to the mystic sound,
That now stole down the air like honey dew,
Lulling the trees, the flowers, the waters blue.
They plunged beneath the surface. Mortal eye
As hopeless that swift loveliness to spy,
As if it chased the light'ning, or the gleam
That startles the closed eye in night and dream.

The stranger lay unseen beneath the shade
Of the stoop'd foliage—through whose heavy braid
Scarce gleam'd the splendour—from his bed he rose
Stiffen'd and travel-worn—and through the boughs
Of matted peaches, and the Indian vine,
Push'd his slow way—and often did their twine
Baffle his hand, and bear against his brow,
Till their green chains around him seem'd to grow:
Yet still he toil'd, but now was heard the dash
Of the near lake,—he saw the arrowy flash
That its delicious eddies flung above.
At last the blue sky open'd, and the grove
And the lake lay before him, but a blaze
Of quivering, rainbow'd lustres threw a haze
Over its bosom that defied the eye—
Man might not see that lovely mystery.
But as he wander'd vainly round the edge,
Before him shone, upon the sloping ledge
Of lavender and hyacinths, a veil.
He touch'd it—from the waters came a wail.
He press'd it to his bosom—and strange love
Seem'd in its web—he bore it to the grove,

And plung'd in the deep umbrage—like the deer
Rous'd by the whistling of the hunter's spear.

A shape came swiftly passing through the shade,
Smooth as a gliding meteor—never stay'd
By woodland stream or thicket:—on it came,
Scattering the darkness with a lovely flame,
That touch'd the buds and boughs with silver fire;
Its lustre stoop'd upon the wild rose briar,
Where bow'd the stately plunderer, half in fear;
But when he deem'd the words of wrath to hear,
And heard but soft solicitings and sighs,
He gaz'd, and saw a daughter of the skies.
She stood unveil'd before him, and a blush
That painted her young cheek, and pour'd its flush
On her white neck, reveal'd her sudden shame;
But the long burnish'd locks that showering came
Unknotted from her forehead to her feet—
And the tall lilies with wind-woven net,
Enveil'd her beauty, and but left above
Her blushing face, all sorrow, yet all love.

Once in the year upon that mystic eve,
She and her sisters must their palace leave,
And stoop to that deep valley; they were gone,
And she must rove the dreary earth alone,
Unless she bore to Heaven the veil again,
Proof that her heart had borne no earthly stain.
What prize that wins the heart must win that prize?
"Was it in gold?" she pointed to the skies;
And through the air was heard a sudden sound,
Dulling and deep, as winter rains, that round
The cones of the tall pines beat down the snows;
The tree tops waved, upon the dark ground glows
A shower of glittering drops—the drops are gold.
Why did he closer to his bosom fold
The mystic veil—'twas that he treasur'd there
The charm that held his lov'd one from her sphere.
And then she spoke no more, but knelt and wept,
With faint up-clasping hands, and lips that kept
The trembling of the heart upon their red,
And rich dishevell'd locks that round him shed
Even on his buskin'd feet their flowings rare.
He stoop'd—and saw her face of sweet despair;
How could his heart resist that woe—he took
The veil—and with a parting lover's look,
For all his heart was with her beauty wild,
He kiss'd its web, and like a chidden child
Blushing repentant, laid it on her arm.
She felt love's triumph, and a richer charm
Cover'd her cheek; no, never on her cloud
Look'd she so bright, as in that moment proud:
She thank'd him with a soul subduing smile,
And then his madness would have held her still,
But she had round her flung the fold again,
That now seem'd pinions to her—vane on vane
Beating in quivering radiance the dim air.
The lover dared not gaze—the heart's despair
Had fix'd him like an image on a tomb,
With folded arms, and bended brow of gloom.
The rustling of the air, and the thick buds
That caught the splendour on their dewy studs,

Were all that told him of his parted love.
Then cast he one quick, anguish'd glance above,
And saw her white hand's wave of gratitude.
That sight was life to his desponding blood,
And as she slowly floated to the skies,
He watch'd her purple path with love-enchanted eyes.

End of the First Part.

THE QUAKERS.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Friendly Editor—I was much pleased with thy favourable opinion of Bernard Barton's Poems in thine eighth Number for August, and also with thy no less favourable opinion of the religious society to which he belongs: for, although we court not praise, we know how to appreciate the chastised commendations of the wise and learned. In what is called thy critique upon my friend's productions, a "wish" is expressed "that he would send thee a poetical portrait of some young female of our society," "in whom the characteristic features of the sect," as thou termest it, "are intimately united with the captivations of the charming woman."—Till he doth send thee such a portraiture, perhaps thou wilt not refuse a niche in thy respectable Magazine to the attendant picture, drawn by another hand. I met with it in a very pleasing poem, entituled "The Hop Garden, by Luke Booker, LL. D." a Poem, in my estimation, of great merit. For the author's liberal sentiments concerning *us*, he has our thanks: and for the pleasure which his writings, in general, have afforded me, I owe him much obligation. His and thy well-wisher, T. R.

"In patriarchal plainness, lo! around
The festive board, a friendly tribe convene;
Chaste, simple, neat, and modest in attire,—
And chastely simple in their manners too.
To them her gay varieties, in vain,
Fashion displays—inconstant as the moon.
Them to allure, in vain does chymic art
For human vestments multiply its dyes.
One mode of dress contents them; and but few
The colours of their choice,—the gaudy shunn'd,
E'en by the gentle Sisterhood. In youth,
The rose's vivid hue their cheeks, alone,
Wear, dimpling,—shaded by a bonnet plain,
White as the cygnet's bosom,—jetty black
As raven's wing; or, if a tint it bear,
'Tis what the harmless Dove herself assumes.
—The hardier sex—an unloop'd hat, broad brimm'd,
Shelters from summer's heat and winter's cold:
That, from its station high ne'er deigns to stoop—
Obsequious, nor to custom nor to King.
Yet tho' precise, and primitive in speech—
Restrain they not the smile,—the seemly jest,—
Nor e'en the cordial laugh, which cynics grave
Falsely assert "bespeaks the vacant mind."
Serenely gay, with generous ale they fill
The temperate cup: no want of new-coin'd toast
To give it zest—GOOD-FELLOWSHIP AND PEACE
Their sentiment,—their object,—and their theme."

(Page 97.)

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean, and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum!* or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one half of the principle at least!—

He is the true taxer who "calleth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the *Augustan Majesty*, and the poorest *obolary Jew* that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions too have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend Ralph Bigod, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

TO SLACKEN VIRTUE, AND ABATE HER EDGE,
THAN PROMPT HER TO DO AUGHT MAY MERIT PRAISE,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing, and to borrow!"

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him,—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes,—inscrutable cavities of the earth;—or he would bury it, (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorising reader, who may at times have disposeable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature, to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who by his mumping visnomy tells you, that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions, with whom I have associated since; I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers, than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean, your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guarding of nothing (once held the tallest of my folios) *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity), to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs,—itself an Ascapart!—*that* Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that "the title to property in a book, (my Bonaventure, for instance), is in exact ratio to a person's powers of understanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

That slight vacuum in the left hand

case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser——was whilom the commodious resting place of Browne on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself.—Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates *borrowed* Hector. Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, in sober state.—There loitered the Complete Angler; quietly as in life, by some stream side.—In yonder nook, John Buncle, a widower-volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure; at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places; and deposited, with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage, as I am.—I charge no warehouse-room for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful * * to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly would'st never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?—Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

> Unworthy land to harbour such a sweetness,
> A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
> Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder!

—— hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips, and mirthful tales?—Child of the Green Room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife too, that part-French, better-part-Englishwoman!--that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle!—*Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?*

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—(in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity*, not unfrequently, vying with the originals)--in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands.——I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, from S. T. C.

ELIA.

OUR ARREARS.

This Number closes the first year of our existence; and the season naturally brings with it reflection and retrospection. It suggests a review of what we have done, and what we have left undone: our offences of omission and commission,—which are interspersed, we trust, in our readers' memories, with divers merits of both sorts. We could talk very gravely, as well as eloquently of the latter; but perhaps it will be more to the purpose to endeavour to atone for some of the former.

We owe an apology and reparation to the feelings of many authors, and the interests of many booksellers—inasmuch as our table at present actually groans with presentation copies of works, that have waited their turn for notice, till the deferred hopes of the parties concerned must have made their hearts sick—of us and our Magazine, we fear. Yet the truth is, that we have an excellent will to lend all the assistance that can fairly be afforded to authors, actors, and artists—and we defy any one to adduce, from a similar work, better-natured, or more considerate criticism, than that which has appeared in the London Magazine since its commencement. We have not made a single dead set at an author since we started—and we have avoided this as much perhaps out of pride as liberality. It is not more easy for a hornet to sting a horse, than for a man with a pen in his hand, who has access to a Newspaper, Magazine, or Review, to wound the feelings of people who are far his superiors, or to inflict a grievous injury on humble, industrious individuals, who, without pretensions to much talent, are very creditably discharging subordinate, yet necessary offices, appertaining to the Literature, the Fine Arts, or the Public Amusements of the country. A shabby fellow placed at the open window of a first or second floor, may throw dirty water on the clothes of a well-dressed gentleman passing in the street below, —or may torment the porters, carrying their burthens, by pelting them with peas, or flashing a sun-beam in their faces from a reflecting glass. These feats, however, are neither more easy, nor more contemptible, than the flippancies of nameless mischief-mongers in the periodical publications. An author, or any other candidate for public encouragement, stands exposed before them, an uncovered mark: neither courage nor skill is needed to inflict a deep wound on the hopes that have sustained long years of labour, on the sensibility, which honourable ambition and respectable society have rendered tremblingly keen, and on the humble consciousness of patient mediocrity, occupying itself in its proper province, inoffensively and unostentatiously.

> Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke,
> And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

Nor can the dullest rogue fail to make jokes that shall pass for pointed, with the aid of malice or cruelty. As Swift collected the good things that gave life and fluency to common-place conversation in his time, so might there be collected the ready made jibes and jeers, all of certain and facile application, which enter, as eternally as the letters of the alphabet, into the composition of the smart criticism of the present day. It could be made up by *recipe*, as promptly and unfailingly as a dose of physic:—names are made equivalent to taunts, and the writer's own ignorance or insensibility is interposed, as a cloud, to obscure the brightness that is to be decried.

We confess we feel great contempt for an inveterate determination to be smart: its results appear to us to be in general very tiresome; and we have more than a suspicion that it is often nothing but a poor resource used in the want of vigorous talent, and the absence of strong feeling. Seldom or never is there any real meaning to be found in this kind of writing: and it is in declaring and sustaining one's meaning, enforcing it earnestly, illustrating it pleasantly, and connecting a series of thoughts in its support, that the great difficulty, as well as all the value of writing, consists. We have, therefore, felt inclined, in the course of our criticism, rather to express what the book fairly suggested, than to set about thinking what it might give an opportunity to say. If it has not been our constant habit to adhere very closely to

its contents, we have never left them to hunt out impertinent levities, and vexatious insults. It is high time that criticism should be taken up in serious feeling, with a due sense of the critic's responsibility to the public, and to those on whom he animadverts.

Neglect, is another species of injustice of which authors may accuse the conductors of periodical publications—and of this, we fear, many who stand in this capacity, have been accusing us. If they are not themselves unjust, however, they will consider the various impediments liable to intervene between intention and fulfilment in the course of the management of such a work as this. Yet we confess it would be well to render our literary notices more sweeping than they have hitherto been--and this we hope to effect for the future. Works of importance shall continue to be discussed at some length, in separate articles—but there will also appear in most of our numbers a sort of general reckoning with minor claimants—a rapid review of subaltern merits. In doing this, we shall be led to look to many of the popular events of the day, and the more prominent candidates for notoriety. At present, however, we merely intend to bring up a few of our Arrears, by alluding to some of the many smaller works that help to compose the mountain before us—which we mean for the future to keep from swelling so enormously. Our readers will probably have here the pleasure of being introduced to some new acquaintance.

PATRONAGE, A POEM; AN IMITATION OF THE SEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL. BY MANDANIS.

There is but one touch of innocent satire in this pamphlet, and it happens, at the same time, to be about its best for pleasantry:—by this the reader may guess the quality of the poem.

To cry with Christie's ease, or Philips' phlegm—
"Ladies, a most inimitable gem!
"My lord, a true Canove—a matchless lot!
"A Queen Anne's farthing, and the works of Scott;
"A marble Niobe—what charming grief!
"Madam, be quick—a Jove without a leaf."

This certainly is far from capital,—but it is better than the low, mercenary, dull abuse of persons which makes up this miserable composition. The object is to rail at the great for not putting their hands in their pockets to make presents to poets—just as if the Muse of poetry had not laid the public under contribution, even more effectually than the Genius of taxation. Why, we ourselves, speaking in the name of the Magazines generally, would be sufficient to furnish a respectable subsistence to all the living poets who have any right to take the name!—but, in most instances, they can do so much better, that our liberal offers are even treated with contempt:—they give us sometimes a morsel or two in charity, but always spurn our pay! Our prose contributors have other notions altogether,—corresponding to the difference between prose and poetry: *they* reckon with us pretty closely, and occasionally *strike,* as it is called, finding the rate per sheet too low. But the poets only admit us, as dogs, to pick up the crumbs that fall from the *rich man's* table: they do not sell us their broken meat. They throw us an Ode, or a Sonnet, or a Song, as one throws a half-picked bone to a spaniel; and then turn from us to walk into Mr. Murray's shop, as one turns from the hungry spaniel to a well-filled plate. They have but to cry *here!* and we jump for the bit that is a-coming. Mr. Moore, it is generally understood, got 3000l. for his Lalla Rooke; and Lord Byron, it is whispered, is paid at the rate of a guinea a word—some say not so much—only five shillings a syllable; and Barry Cornwall is certainly *realizing;* and Sir Walter Scott has certainly *realized;* and if Mr. Campbell would but offer a new poem to our publishers, we undertake for their proposing a respectable sum for the copyright. Mr. Southey does well with his epics and his articles,—his histories of Brazil, and his "Old Woman of Berkley,"—his Religious Biography, and Comic Ballads,—and Wordsworth owes to patronage a reward which should have been rendered unnecessary by popularity. Crabbe took down two thousand pounds the other day with him into the country; Mr. Millman has no reason to weep over the "Fall of Jerusalem,"

—though the fall of stocks might now seriously affect him. Leigh Hunt, we believe, has made but little money by his poems—but he has done well with his Indicator—and we offer him twenty guineas a sheet for any poem he may choose to write for us in the manner of Rimini. Keats has been bitterly assailed, but he has also been gallantly supported. We observe his publishers place the attack made upon him by the Quarterly, the very foremost amongst the critical testimonies to his merit,--and in so doing, they act spiritedly and rightly. But whatever his pecuniary profits may have been, we apprehend Mr. Keats would not feel either proud or pleased, if a Lord were to send him a five-pound-note, accompanying it with a recommendation to consider Mr. Pope's system of versification as a standard: and if a Lord sends his alms, he has a right to accompany them with his advice.—We really do not see what noblemen have to do with the support of poets more than other people, while the poor-rates are in existence:—in the present state of society, poetry, we think, as well as agricultural produce, should be left to find its own level, without any peculiar privileges or protection. The objection to Lord Yarmouth, as urged by the scribbler of this low pamphlet, is, that his Lordship would subscribe more readily to a boxing match, than to one of Mandanis's proposed poems:—we should have a very poor opinion, both of his taste and good sense, if he would not. The patronage of poetry, we repeat, may be very safely left to Mr. Murray, who is worthy to stand as a centre pillar in the temple of the Muses, —or one of its principal Cariatides, decorously dressed in pantaloons and boots, so as to escape being brought before the House of Lords for indecency. Bruising matches, bedlams, parish schools, and hospitals, on the contrary, need the assistance of charitable subscriptions,—and the aristocracy are not generally backward when applications in behalf of such objects are made to them. But if every idle fellow, who chooses to assume the title and character of poet, were authorised to come, with one knock, and twenty names, to the door of every individual reputed to be rich, there would be an alarming addition to the number of threatening beggars, a most pernicious increase of the class of vagrants, and much injury done to the fair claims of decayed tradesmen, discharged seamen, wet-nurses run dry, the curates of rich rectors, footmen out of place, and out-witted speculators. But still greater would be the injury done to poetry itself:—who ever augurs well of a book that is brought out by subscription, and prefaced with a long alphabetical catalogue? The Honourable Mr. Augustus—two copies; Mr. Buckmaster —one copy; the two Miss Crops—a copy between them;—the Earl and Countess of Dunder, two copies: &c. &c.! A subscription book, we know, is even more likely to be dull than a thanksgiving sermon, preached by the city chaplain, and published at the request of the court of aldermen! Until the Peers propose an act of parliament to compel poor and able-bodied men to write poetry, we know of no claim that persons of this description, who have engaged in such labour, can possibly be said to possess on the nobility and gentry for a remuneration of their losses, should their enterprize prove unproductive. So tyrannical a law, thank God, has not yet been even hinted at: we are yet left free to talk and write prose, and to work for our bread:—an affectionate father may still regard his tender offspring, boys as well as girls, with his heart unembittered by the idea, that they are liable, on growing up, to be *pressed* for poets, or *ballotted* to serve in supplying their parish's contingent of rhyme. All, therefore, he has to do is, to teach them industrious habits, and some useful trade; to cultivate their good sense, repress their vanity, expose to them the folly of overweening pretension, wherever it is apparent,—and then he may lie down and die, with a mind undisturbed by the backwardness of rich men to pension poor poets. Having so acted by his children, he may reasonably trust, that, under the blessing of Providence, if any of them take to the perilous avocation of versifying, it will be honourably to win the "fair guerdon," which it is their ambition to enjoy,—or magnanimously to resign the attempt—for surely there is no claim on charity in failure, where neither the plea of necessity, nor utility, can be urged as an apology for perseverance.

AMERICA, AN EPISTLE IN VERSE; WITH OTHER POEMS.

We forget how long this small tome has remained in our limbo: yet that there are things in it entitling it to a civil reception, will, we think, be admitted by all who shall read the following lines, that occur early in the epistle, descriptive of our author's voyage.

'Tis a dull life, when, day succeeding day,
Before us lies a dark and watery way:
The spirit sinks in languor, when the eye
Has gaz'd for weeks upon the sea and sky;
And the frail bark that bears us, seems a lone
And trembling object in a world unknown;
And though, at times, with conquer'd danger's pride,
Our bosoms swell as o'er the waves we ride,
Watching the gleaming billow, or the sail
That spreads in silvery whiteness to the gale;
Still there's a drowsy sameness, and we feel
Its deep oppression o'er existence steal;
And the heart leaps,—when bursts the cry of—"LAND!"
Tho' barren rock it prove, or burning sand.

The first appearance, too, of the descried land is happily and picturesquely described:—

It from the glittering ocean seems to rise,
Like thin dark clouds, that hang in evening skies.

Some of the peculiarities of American scenery, are powerfully conveyed to the imagination in the following lines,—which bring with them a sense of dreary vastness.

Here scarce an object meets the wearied eye,
But the tall pine's dark uniformity:
Or, o'er the stagnant river's turbid tide,
The swamp's dull yellow, spreading, flat, and wide;
While, ever and anon, abruptly spring
The carrion vultures upon heavy wing.

These same American vultures are very different creatures from the "*spirits of the spot,*" the eagles of Parnassus, celebrated by Lord Byron in a stanza of glorious inspiration. The following note lets us into the history and habits of the former, and by no means increases our respect for them, though they form a *privileged class* in the United States. The government of Lisbon has shown a similar solicitude for the safety of curs —also on the principle of *cleanliness,*— which, as in these countries practised, can scarcely be called a virtue next to *godliness.*

The turkey-buzzards, a species of vulture, are the native and unpaid scavengers of these climates. Their principal food is carrion; of which, and similar offensive matter, they clear the streets and neighbourhood of the cities; and to kill them is made punishable by a heavy fine. "Their custom," says Catesby, "is to roost many of them together, on tall dead pine or cypress trees, and *in the morning they continue several hours with their wings spread open,* that the air, as I believe, may have the greater influence to purify their filthy carcases."

The "*classic* Ashley" struck us as an unexpected addition to the catalogue of classical rivers:—it is a phrase "in great use," we are told, "with the orators and poets of Carolina,"—who are, surely, excellent authorities in such matters; and a classic river in Carolina is something worth having. The origin of the epithet, however, displays an ingenuity and felicity of association, which could not, we think, be paralleled out of America. It seems that near to the river *Ashley* runs the river *Cooper*—and Ashley Cooper, our readers know, was the name of the noble author of the "Characteristics"! Hence, classic Ashley, and, with equal right, classic Cooper,—which distinctions are calculated to make us proud, not only of Lord Shaftsbury, but of our own famous surgeon, Mr. A. Cooper, who ought to amputate American legs gratis, as a small return for this illustration of his christian and sur-names.

The author of the Epistle speaks of Washington as a city—

In promise splendid and in prospect great,
Whose Presidential palaces are placed,
Midst tangled brushwood and unlevelled waste.—

The noisy Congress, we learn, was not sitting when he visited this still unfinished seat of legislation,—and he congratulates himself on his consequent escape from the terrors of a Mr. Williams, who has a culpable habit of meddling with Jupiter's thunderbolts, in his speeches. They call him, it seems, the *scarlet artillery-man,* from a famous wish of his—"for the red artillery of heaven to drive the fast anchored isle from her moorings!" "*Nothing but thunder*" with this "pelting, petty officer," who did not emit, however, a single

rumble within our author's hearing, while he was at Washington:—

But all was silent, and Potòmac's stream
Shone sweetly in the evening's fading gleam,
And as the mind on Nature's grandeur dwelt,
Man's faults were pardoned, and his crimes unfelt.

We like very much the passage in which the founder of the Pensylvanian State is alluded to.

And wand'ring where the Elm still spreads its shade,
Beneath whose boughs thy covenants were made,
I praise thee where the natives throng'd around,
While peace and virtue sanctified the ground;
Where, aw'd by kindness, warriors cast aside
Their quiver'd strength, their fierceness, and their pride;
And the pale settler, as he gaz'd on thee,
Beheld the Patriarch that had made him free.

The writer of this little volume is extremely happy in occasional lines, though it would be too much to say, that he keeps up, throughout the whole of his composition, a decidedly vigorous and masterly strain of poetry. He is evidently unable to do this;—but it is quite as evident, that he is a person of fine qualities of mind, of quick perceptions, and a ready sensibility,—and these lead him often to express himself with a felicity that could not easily be surpassed. For instance, when he penetrates to the wilder and more solitary parts of the country, to which his Epistle refers, we have the following touch:—

——— o'er the gloomy wood and rocky dell,
A tranquil d solation seems to dwell.—

Here, he continues,—

——— the eye for countless leagues may rest
On wilds, where yet no human foot hath prest;
Nor the red savage trodden in the chace;
Nor aught but Nature's changes left a trace.

The last line is particularly good, as conveying both that utter absence of human agency, and picturesque, and ever-moving variety, which characterize the seats of Nature's sublimest power, and cause them to exercise so irresistible a charm on the mind of the observer. Our author does not seem to have been impressed with very favourable opinions of America; yet he cannot fairly be charged with writing illiberally of her society and institutions. He says of himself—"no one is more sensible of all the inhabitants of that great country have achieved, and all they are capable of accomplishing; and, in noticing their errors or vices, I have had neither personal nor national prejudices to gratify." This, we have no doubt, he believes to be the fact;—but did not "distance lend enchantment to the view" of his native land, when he looked back upon her from across the Atlantic? And has strict justice been rendered to America in the passages where the two are contrasted? We put these questions for consideration,—rather than as prepared to answer them unfavourably for the author's judgment. His concluding address to England is animated—and we think there is no inordinate degree of presumption manifested in the following prophecy:—

Thy name shall live amidst the waste of time,
Shall o'er the wreck of nations rise sublime;
And—like the sun, its evening radiance past—
On other realms thy glorious light be cast.

Our sun, therefore, it seems, must set—

For Time, the tyrant is omnipotent:
And all that long hath aw'd, or charm'd, may seem
Faint as the memory of a distant dream.

The following piece, written with reference to a very melancholy accident, concludes a small collection of "Miscellaneous Verses," which follows the "America."

On the Death of G. C. a Greek, who was drowned Oct. 1809.

O God! how dreadful to the sight—
Beneath the ocean-wave,
To see him into endless night
Plung'd from the vessel's giddy height,
And have no pow'r to save!

O God! how piercing to the soul
Were the cries that he utter'd then,
(While over his head the billows roll,
And the angry winds of Winter howl)
For the help of his fellow men!

Swift from the stern the boat was lower'd,
And launch'd in that boiling wave;
And swift the seamen leapt on board—
But, alas! with the struggles of fear o'er-power'd,
He had sunk to his fathomless grave!

He came from the land of the mighty dead,
His grave is the dark-blue deep;
Primæval rocks are his rugged bed,—
But in Greece shall his funeral tears be shed,
And for *him* shall her daughters weep!

REDWALD; A TALE OF MONA, AND OTHER POEMS,
BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

A small volume, of seventy pages, written by a young lady, now under age, we are told;—"*the daughter of an officer in the army, whose talents are devoted to the laudable purpose of supporting her family.*" This book was sent us on the 17th of last July, and it has remained unnoticed up to our present writing! Really this is too bad. Sterne would have been able to say something touching, and to the purpose, on the various circumstances involved in this account. He who so beautifully told of his own harsh behaviour to the mendicant monk,—would have converted the confession of such neglect, as we are chargeable with towards Miss Costello, into a pathetic atonement for the particular offence, and an exquisite general lesson on human nature and the world's casualties.—He who has given us the story of Lefebre and his son, would have made a picture, not less vivid and durable, out of the situation of this officer's daughter, under age, *writing poems for her family's support!* The friend—or perhaps the printer, transmitting a copy to our Magazine,—the expectations thus excited,—and then disappointment,—the first, second, third, and fourth,—arriving with each successive Number—until the Numbers were no longer looked for, and the friendly agent kept silence about his recommendation, and the young authoress asked no more questions on the first of the month—of such features and circumstances, naturally belonging to the case, he would have taken advantage to make people cordially hate the Editor of the London Magazine, and feel a cordial interest in Miss Costello. Our Correspondent Elia could do all this as well, if not better than Sterne—witness his story (in our last) of the "Young Stork," who fed his "Parent Birds" on purloined fat;—and affecting as that story was—as we have had scores of letters, paid and unpaid, signifying—we really believe he would make still more of the *Young Poetess*, sanguinely concluding a bargain with a *Printer at Brentford*,* in the hope of producing something for her family out of her rhymes; and looking to one of the Magazines of the day, in the confidence of being introduced by its Editor to fame and profit! We have mentioned Sterne, and we have mentioned Elia, as able to do justice to such incidents: to these let us add Goldsmith, to make a trio, in honour of the history of that eventful expedition to the fair, from whence the Vicar's youngest son returned with a gross of copper-rimmed spectacles in shagreen cases—to which he had been helped by a gentleman who talked learnedly on the cosmogony of the world, and might therefore—who knows—have himself been an Editor!—But, alas, We are neither Sterne, Elia, nor Goldsmith; and have little art to do, what we very much wish—viz. render a service to Miss Costello—in mitigation of her condition,—which we have described as it has been described to us,—and sympathizing with her feelings, which we guess, from her compositions, to be wounded and melancholy. She seems to be an accomplished girl,—for we find her versifying from the French and Italian; and the knowledge of these languages, united to those powers of mind which the little volume before us proves her to possess, *ought* to place her beyond the need of applying either to booksellers or editors—who furnish but sandy foundations on which to build the edifices of young ladies' hopes. Surely, in many private families such attainments would be found profitable acquisitions; and in many, surely, there must be a disposition even to *contrive* an occasion for employing

* This little book is printed by and for P. Norburv, Brentford.

them.—The poems are, as might be expected, imperfect in themselves,—and it would not be very safe, perhaps, to declare their augury:—but really were we to apply to criticism a maxim more commonly enforced on charity—namely, to *begin at home*, we should be constrained to confess, that We ourselves, who receive from our ever-honoured publishers a very decent salary for looking to the order of the articles in the Magazine, correcting the proofs, writing the prices-current, a part of the poetry, all the politics, and much of what is quarrelsome in each number,—that We (we say), must, in conscience, scruple to affirm, that our discharge of these multifarious duties, either demands, or displays as much genuine talent as Miss Costello's little work gives evidence of. Be it remembered, that the authoress *is not yet of age*, and that, as she affectingly says of herself—

Sorrow has her dismal story told,
To one who thought not e'er to meet such greeting cold!

Her powers, therefore, have neither reached their natural strength,—nor have they had the advantage of being reared under a forcing system of nurture. There is a good deal of energetic representation, as well as evidence of an amiable but dangerous susceptibility to melancholy impressions, in the following verses addressed "*to the Sea.*" Few, we think, will read them in our pages, without becoming interested in the young writer,—whose eye, accustoming itself to dwell on the more solemn scenes of nature, is in correspondence with a heart prone to conjure up their mournful associations. The world naturally provides a sufficiency of trial for one who is thus constituted;—and the daughter of an officer, who *writes poetry for the purpose of supporting her relations*, does not occupy a peculiarly sheltered situation with reference to the "slings and arrows" of fortune.

To the Sea.

Oh wide expanse, so awful and sublime!
I gaze with wrapt and melancholy eye,
As 'midst the silent gloom of lonely eve,
I mark thy billows slowly rolling by.

That swelling wave, which wet my ling'ring feet,
Has haply pass'd o'er many a woeful scene—
Has wash'd, perhaps, the dismal wreck'd remains
Of some tall bark that grac'd thy surface green!

Has heedless pass'd where desp'rate shrieks arose,
Where sinking beings stretch'd their hands in vain;
Or stopp'd its course awhile, and swelling high,
Dash'd o'er their forms, and onward rush'd again!

Beneath its dreadful force perhaps there fell
The only hope of friends, far—far away!
There, with them sunk, beneath its direful swell
The last sad glimpse of fleeting pleasure's ray.

One tender form is present to my view,
Which vainly struggles 'midst the rushing tide,
Then fades from sight, where waves on waves pursue,
And bids the deep the dismal story hide!

Could not a mother's and a sister's sighs
Join with the wind, and waft thee to the shore?
Could not a helpless orphan brother's cries
Melt the hard fates, and thou return once more!

No! thou art lost—nor those sad rites allow'd
To weep beside thy flow'r-strewn, mournful, grave,
For where the billows sweep with moaning loud,
Thy bones are whit'ning low in Ocean's cave!

Tho' stormy sea, thou bidd'st these thoughts arise,
Yet will I linger by thy rocky side:
Whilst to his wat'ry bier my fancy flies,
And views his tomb, altho' on earth deny'd!

THE MEMOIRS OF HENRY HUNT, ESQ.

Written by himself in Ilchester Castle, Somerset. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

We have seen only the three first Numbers of this patriot's auto-biography: but more are probably by this time out,—and it is possible we may continue our notices of the series. A man in prison does not possess the enviable certainty of being listened to with attention, in the same

degree as the man who has just left it to be hanged; nevertheless, the imagination and sensibility do much in favour of the person who addresses the world out-of-doors from the cool shelter of a penitentiary cell, or the safe leisure of a felon's day-yard. Interest seems concentrated in the narrative, in proportion as the situation of the narrator is known to be confined; and we are ready, with a flexible and prompt fancy, to give him all the advantages that his composition can derive, either from coincidence or contrast with his present circumstances. In those passages that have any pretensions to pathos—as, for instance, where Mr. Hunt recalls the agonies of his school-whippings—our sympathy associates the source of sorrow, dwelt upon by the writer, with the "locks, bolts, and bars," within which the writer dwells;—and, on the contrary, when a gaiety or a grace animates or adorns a paragraph—as where Mr. Hunt describes his battle with his father's under carter—victory in which promoted him from driving to holding the plough—we heighten the light of the past, by a thoughtful reference to the shade which envelopes the present. We turn mentally from the hilarity of the page to the monotony and gloom of the prison,—not as the old woman appealed from Philip drunk, to Philip sober,—but to give each the benefit of the other;—thus a forcible effect of *chiaroscuro* is produced on the mind, setting-off, and rendering impressive, the attitude of the principal figure. Between Mr. Hunt thrashing the plough-boy, and Mr. Hunt under the protection of an Ilchester turnkey, the distance is immense, and the dissimilarity absolutely startling,—yet he must be unworthy of perusing the Memoirs on which we are proud to comment, who does not feel that the glory of the young hero brings out, touchingly and sublimely, the sombre majesty of the martyr's sufferings,--while the sombre majesty of the martyr's sufferings gives an intense lustre to the glory of the young hero. Indeed, after contemplating them thus associated—reciprocally giving and taking—illustrating and illustrated—it is difficult to persuade one's self that there would be much in either, were it not for the other. Mr. Hunt, being a tall, stout fellow, and from his youth upward (as appears from his Memoirs) inclined to bullying and insolence, set upon his father's plough-boy—whose offence was that of refusing to resign the work, which his master had confided to him, into the ignorant and unpractised hands of his master's son: against this refusal the latter deemed it idle to argue,—more particularly as nothing in reason could be alledged to show its impropriety,—so he began with his fists, beat the lad, and gained his point.—Whether we consider the Manchester magistrates and yeomanry in the light of the plough-boy, refusing to let Mr. Hunt guide the plough which he could not manage, and had no business to claim; or regard them as having given Mr. Hunt a taste of his own philosophy—behaving to him as he behaved to the lad,--setting the rights of strength against the rights of men, and giving the blow its natural pre-eminence over the word—in either way of looking at this fact, it will equally seem, that the knocking-down of the carter would have made but a sorry matter in print without the locking-up of the philanthropist, — and that the locking-up of the philanthropist is an event which could not have been properly understood and estimated by the public, had it not been preceded by the carter's overthrow. It is thus that, in a well-ordered life, the parts separately give grace and fitness to the whole: that actions prove the consistency and integrity of principles; and professions have their surest guarantee in conduct.

So, too, in a *cause*, how much of its dignity and utility depends upon the cordial adherence, disinterested attachment, and frank unanimity of its partizans amongst themselves! And, in this respect, candour compels us to declare, the *radicals* are lamentably defective. If they cannot well agree together, how can they expect mankind to agree with them? If jealousies and hatreds cause them to snarl and tear at each other, like tigers shut up in one den, who can be expected to join their association? It would almost be as agreeable to make one with a snake, a cat, and an ape, tied up together in a sack, as to join the radical brotherhood of Hobhouse, Cobbett, Hunt, and Watson! What kicking of each other's shins under

the table, what elbow-diggings into each other's sides, what rappings of each other's knuckles, what laughing in each other's faces, amongst this fraternity! Cobbett, it must be confessed,—is the great anarchist, the oracle of abuse and dissension; but the others cannot be pronounced peace-makers. He usually begins by smiting them hard on one cheek, upon which they instantly double their fists at his, instead of turning to him, as they ought to do, the other also. He calls John Cam Hobhouse, a "*Shoy-Hoy*," and Sir Robert Wilson too, is a "*Shoy-Hoy*," and Waithman is "a poor creature:"—Sir Francis Burdett he has long vilified,—and no wonder, for Sir Francis is a gentleman,—a man of honour, and of talent, with whom we are happy often to differ in opinion, and seldom to agree. God forbid that England should ever be without a Sir Francis Burdett amongst its independent gentry! but we could spare America Mr. Cobbett. At present he seems to stand alone, like a Martello tower, with his one carronade—a forty pounder—movable in any direction, firing away on all sides.

Like a tall bully, lifts his head, and lies!

So it was in France: all the individuals of talent, who rose to eminence during the reign of terror, were as much isolated in their actions and views as any absolute tyrant, holding the reins of government in his own hands. While their hostile professions and denunciations were directed against parties and persons at a distance from them, their real hatred, their secret machinations of destruction, had application to the men at their side. The expression of the look which Robespierre, aspiring to the dictatorship, used to turn on his colleagues and associates, was observed to be of a far deeper deadliness than that of his furious aspect when in conflict with his avowed opponents:—the smile was surrounded with a livid paleness,—the friendly salutation was contradicted by a ferocious scowl. It seemed to be the first care of each anarchist who signalized himself, to clear the ground nearest to his own feet—he did not so much mind thinning the hostile crowd in front of him. They, with whose exertions his earlier efforts had been joined—whom he had recommended in the most fulsome terms of disproportionate praise—on whose personal virtues he had rested the goodness of the cause—whom he had employed with effect against his adversaries—they it was of whom he became most anxious to disembarrass himself, as circumstances rendered competition odious to his pride, or hurtful to his views. Cobbett's political history is precisely similar, and it is natural that it should be so, for similar causes produce similar effects. It is in the very nature of his plans that the associations he forms to advance them should be but temporary, ceasing, and turning to hostility, at certain stages of their progress:—the reason is, that the end of these plans is purely selfish, and their means invariably false—of course, therefore, they are inconsistent with companionship founded on any principle of common interest, not to insult Mr. Cobbett by any allusion to common honesty. Having dropped gradually down through the whole scale of public characters, from Mr. Windham to Henry Hunt, Esq.—regularly defaming in rancorous language each person he had represented as the people's friend, the nation's pride, integrity's champion—we now find him addressing the "*lower classes*," exclusively, with not one ally, or auxiliary, or sponsor, that can be named, *except the disinterred skeleton of Tom Paine!* This he brought over with him from America as a sort of manifesto,—or rather as the banner under which he called upon the workmen of the inland counties to enlist. Tom Paine's skeleton, borne by William Cobbett at the head of the labourers and journeymen! A promising crusade in favour of national reform! Rattling these loathsome remains, he invited the industrious poor to subscribe their pennies a piece, to form an exchequer to be submitted to his uncontrolled and unquestioned disposal! But the *skeleton* has failed: the subscription has failed: Sir Francis is for ever alienated:—in default of all these the *Queen* has been of considerable service for the moment. Mr. Cobbett's virtuous enthusiasm in her cause has been its own reward. He has traduced her Majesty's counsel, and complimented her Majesty's *beauty!* He

has hinted at the treachery of her legal advisers, and talked enamouredly of the *prettiness of her hand!* It having been found that the *skeleton of Paine* did not take,—the Queen's "*pretty little hand*" is tried! At first his jealousy was shown more of Mr. Brougham, the Queen's Attorney-General, than of Mr. Denman, her Solicitor-General: afterwards, as the cause proceeded before the House of Lords, he was evidently sounding if he could not be permitted to belong, as it were, to the defence; if daily admission to Brandenberg House was not to be compassed; if he might not receive a commission in her Majesty's service—and if he had succeeded in this, Alderman Wood must have given place, and consented to have become Cobbett's creature, or have made up his mind to be abused in the Register, more even than ever this weakest of men has been bepraised by its author. With these views, a door was at one time half-way opened for the Queen's counsel to enter, if they chose, into the good graces of Mr. Cobbett: we heard something of their talent, and confidence was expressed in their professional honour. Still, however, Mr. Brougham, as a man of experienced power and political name, who could not very rationally be expected to act as junior under an importer of *skeletons*, was treated with more reserve and suspicion than Mr. Denman,—and the speech of the latter, on opening the defence, was complimented for an honest boldness, and eloquence, in a way to lead the reader to infer its superiority over that of the former. All this, however, being done in cunning, has been undone in disappointment. Mr. Denman, having disowned all connection, on the part of his royal client, with "*apostles of mischief, lurking in a corner, meditating a blow at the constitution,*" has given Mr. Cobbett more mortal offence than even Mr. Brougham;—so the Queen's Solicitor-General is now declared to be a match for lawyer Phillips, the Demosthenes of Ireland, in bombast and bad argument; and the Queen's Attorney-General is sharply rebuked for not summing up the case himself, in spite of the etiquette which claimed the honour of so doing for Mr. Denman.—Mr. Cobbett, however, whether he writes for or against, is a good ferret; and many of his observations on the Queen's case might have been read with advantage by her Majesty's counsel. It, of course, suits his purpose to attribute entirely to their neglect all the unsatisfactory omissions in the defence: whatever they have not probed to the bottom, whatever they have shyly avoided, every thing that still remains subject to doubt, to suspicion, to blame, he makes no scruple, boldly, and clearly to state:—he shakes it about as the counsel for the bill would do—that is to say, if they had his power; he shows its force against her Majesty; exposes the insufficiency of the tricks or the equivocations by which the counsel against the bill attempted to get rid of the obvious inferences to be drawn from certain facts.—The people of England cannot be so taken in, he tells them; they must come to positive conclusions against her Majesty, unless you satisfactorily explain such an occurrence, and plainly refute such an assertion:—and then he exclaims against their negligence, their idleness, their clumsy management, as proved in *not having effected all this*—in having, in short, left any one part of her Majesty's conduct unjustified,—liable to suspicion even. This is most dexterously done by Mr. Cobbett; cleverly contrived in the Queen's favour, and cunningly to his own advantage. He speaks as if he were convinced in his heart that it was perfectly *easy* to accomplish all that has been left imperfect; he states very distinctly *how he would have done it himself*, and he would fain lead his readers to think that nothing but such a head and heart as his own were wanted to ensure her Majesty a most decisive triumph. But the work of vindication is far easier in the Political Register than it has been found in the House of Lords: the case in the former is made to roll on very smoothly, when, in the latter, it has been subjected to interruptions and impediments of the most formidable description. In his own work Mr. Cobbett has it all his own way; but the Queen's counsel had not the same happy privilege in the House of Lords. Their witnesses were liable to cross-examinations; and they themselves were liable to interruptions and restraints. Mr. Cobbett knows all this; and he knows wel

the absolute fallacy of much of what he states so positively, so distinctly, with so much appearance of frankness and conviction;—but her Majesty is with him a substitute for the *skeleton*, and he handles her accordingly.

We have been drawn into this notice of the Editor of the Political Register, by finding him at last totally estranged from Henry Hunt, Esq. and finding Henry Hunt, Esq. totally estranged from him. Eneas and *fidus* Achates are at variance. Not that we recollect to have observed any open bickering as yet between them; but Cobbett's general silence, broken only by an occasional insinuation relative to his *friend's* compliments to the judges, proves his ill-temper towards the captive; and the captive retorts the neglect, just *toothing* it with an intelligible reference to the fact of his having been the *only original steady* supporter of the principle of *universal suffrage;* candidly stating, however, that Mr. Cobbett *acknowledged his error*, in having ever departed from the integrity of that principle.

The exact cause of the sulkiness between these two eminent patriots, we do not know; but we apprehend that Mr. Cobbett may be offended at the strange liberty Mr. Hunt has taken, in prison, of writing his own life. This step was itself a declaration that he considered himself *equal* to Mr. Cobbett, which is a declaration that Mr. Cobbett never pardons. Mr. Cobbett had written, on several occasions, his own life: just before he attempted the *skeleton* trick, and while nothing better suggested itself, he had taken to writing affectionately of his wife and children, and minutely of his domestic and farming concerns, and of his conversations with his American neighbours, and of the private habits of poultry, and pigs, and oxen, —and of his son James's sporting, and of dumplings and milk. We were greatly amused and interested by these publications of his: we thought them done with infinite skill, and are ready to maintain that they were distinguished by a *grace*, even—homely it is true, but genuine. No man ever better understood the art and mystery of egotism than the Editor of the Political Register,—as no man seems to understand it less than the Editor of the Examiner. The former always secures his reader's attention and sympathy when he speaks of himself, —the latter never fails to disgust his reader when he does so: we wish the author of our Table Talk would take up this difference as a subject for one of his Essays—for we cannot exactly hit upon the cause of this effect, which is so obvious to us,—and are perfectly sure he could make it plain in a very few sentences. At this sort of anatomizing he is wonderfully powerful,—and we often think of him when we are puzzled to analyze what we feel with vivacity. Mr. Cobbett's story of the drove of oxen that frustrated his proud anticipations of success in a doubtful experiment on a turnip field, or something of the sort; his chronicle of the progress of reform and philosophy amongst his American cocks and hens, who gradually acquired a conviction that roosting under cover was preferable to roosting in the open air;—his picture of the sceptical pullet, regarding the steps of the ladder with dubious looks, and pausing, for a while, as Cesar may be supposed to have paused on the brink of the Rubicon, at the first degree of the ascent; his vindication of the intellect of pigs, too, and his lively speaking sketches of American judges, farmers, and landladies, —and of his British visitors, and British emigrants,—but, above all, his account of his housekeeper, and of his dumplings—these things gave to his compositions, at that time, in our eyes, a merit almost equal to that of the Scotch Novels! There were fancy, imagination, and feeling, in the history, as well as observation, shrewdness, and contrivance. It was all about common things, addressed to common people, yet done as no common hand could. A strong dramatic interest pervaded the whole series,—almost equal to that which attaches us to Robinson Crusoe. The account of the breakfast given to Mr. Fearon was admirable as a piece of writing—though, we dare say, grossly unjust to the person celebrated in that account. Occasionally, too, Mr. Cobbett became picturesque, and almost romantic, in his sketches of the country and the country's productions. He made us feel as if we were breathing with him a keen and pure atmosphere; rising early to health and industry; eating a bason of bread and

milk with him, without fears of after indigestion. The cunning of the design in all this, the quackery and falsehood of the appeal to that strong domestic feeling which so peculiarly belongs to England, the malevolence of the personal attacks, and the craft and insincerity of the professions of personal esteem and friendship, were certainly to be seen, by a penetrating eye, lying dirtily at the bottom of this easily flowing current of pleasing and prepossessing description. Still these did not lessen our admiration of the thing as an instance of skill, as true to nature, and powerful enough to transport us in imagination to the vigorous scenes and robust habits that formed the picture given by Mr. Cobbett of his private life. Sincerity had long been out of the question in considering any thing that came from his pen;—and we regarded the composition altogether as we would a novel, confining our sympathy to the matter written, and not permitting it to extend to the writer.

Quite as well done have been his various anecdotes of the earlier parts of his life: his sleeping in a field near Kew, his being laughed at by the present King, his return to his native village after his first absence;—and better still are his sketches of his father and mother,—admirable portraits, touched with feeling, as well as delineated with vigour. Mr. Cobbett is one of the most extraordinary men of his age; one of the real geniuses of the period belonging to its history, and characteristic of its tendencies. He has certainly fallen very much lately, and we regret to see it: his expedients to arrest attention have been gradually getting coarser and coarser, so that much of the literary charm of his writings is gone, or going. He excelled greatly in bullying the populace--in strongly, but unfairly satirizing their natural failings, and ridiculing their pretensions to interfere with matters above their comprehension,—but it does not so well become his disposition and manner to act as bear-leader to them. Still, however, even in his present degraded state, he retains the signs of superior power, and no doubt the consciousness of possessing it. He may well therefore be provoked at the apery of Mr. Hunt—a person altogether his inferior, and destitute of any distinguishing quality whatever—for impudence is now no distinction. Mr. Hunt's life is a flat imitation of Cobbett's: we see in the former an attempt to reconcile the minute detail of common circumstances with interest and vivacity,—but it is not, as in the latter, a successful one. It is very possible, however, that we may hereafter notice the numbers, as they appear, with a stricter reference to their contents than we have observed in this article.

Here we must suspend paying off our Arrears: the balance against us is still great—so much so, that, for the present, we must stop payment altogether—but we mean in future to be very punctual.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTER ON THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Professor Voigt, the Director of the Archives, at Konigsberg, has found within that repository, which is so rich in documents relative to the history of Germany (particularly during the 14th and 15th centuries) a letter relative to the celebrated Maid of Orleans, which he has considered sufficiently important to deserve the attention of the public. The author was not only a contemporary of that distinguished female, but evidently an actor in the events of the times; one who was most probably near the person of the French King, and—as appears from the letter itself—one who had actually seen the Maid. He names himself a chamberlain of the King and one of his council. The letter was written three days subsequent to the battle of *Pulay*, which happened June 18, 1429, when Talbot was taken prisoner, and the fate of Charles VII. may be considered as having been decided; consequently, at the very time that Joan was ac-

companying the King to Rheims. What renders this paper so much the more valuable is, that, hitherto, we have been forced to form our judgment upon the solitary testimony of Monstrelet, an eye-witness in the suite of the Duke of Burgundy, and prejudiced against Joan; while the author of the letter in question is evidently attached to her.* The epistle is addressed to some prince, and there are good reasons for supposing that this personage was Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan. In the superscription it is said, "to the Duke of Mdi,"—which is undoubtedly a contraction of *Mediolani.* The Duke of Orleans, then a prisoner at London, is mentioned as being the nephew of the person addressed; and Philip Maria, Duke of Milan, father to the Consort of Francis Sforza, had a sister who was married to Louis of Orleans, and who was mother to Charles, Duke of Orleans—consequently the latter may be said to have been Sforza's nephew.

The letter now discovered, is written in old and vitiated German, and probably is only a translation from a French original. It is written on paper in the character commonly used during the first half of the 15th century. Unfortunately many of the words are illegible, owing to which the meaning of some sentences is left obscure.

To the most illustrious and puissant Prince, the Duke of Mdi (Milan).

My most honoured Lord—I am desirous of making known to your mightiness, what, and how great events have of late befallen our King and his state; imagining as I do, that some report must have reached your ear, respecting a Maiden, graciously sent unto us from God, of whose life I purpose to narrate briefly to you from her very birth. She was born in a small village, called Domnemi in Ballime† and Bassignato, on the borders of France, and by the river Maas, which there passes through Lothringia. She was, as is well known, born of honest and simple parents. In the night of the revelation of the Lord, at which time folk are wont to call to mind with joy the works of Christ, did she enter into this mortal life, and all the people of the place ran to and fro in an ecstacy of joy, and, not knowing of the birth of the Maiden, inquired of each other what had happened, that some of their hearts were so affected with delight. Nay, what was more, the cocks seemed to announce these tidings of gladness, crowing in a strange and unaccustomed sort, and clapping their wings for more than two hours, as if to declare prophetically the surprising history of her, who was then born. The child grew up; and, when it had reached its seventh year, was, according to the custom of the place, sent out to keep sheep; and of these, not so much as one was ever missed, or devoured by any wild animal:—whenever the damsel was within her father's house, her presence so protected whoever chanced to be in the dwelling, that neither the attacks of an enemy, nor the malice of barbarians, could in any wise harm them: afterwards, when twelve years of the Maid's age were passed, the first revelation was given to her in the following sort. The Maiden, with a company of other damsels, was tending her sheep in a meadow, and was asked by her mates whether she would jump for a handful of flowers; to the which she assented, and thereupon, such was the swiftness of her motions, that the others could not believe she trod upon the ground; and at length, one of them exclaimed, "Johanna, I can see thee fly through the air without so much as touching the earth." Then Johanna—for such is the Maiden's name—having finished her race, and arrived at the end of the meadow in a frenzied sort, and, as it were, bereft of sense,—stopped to recover herself, and rest her exhausted body. At this moment, there appeared unto her a youth, who addressed her, saying, "Johanna, hasten home unto thy mother, who needeth thy presence." She, imagining it to be her brother, or some one of the neighbours' sons, hastened

* The writer overlooks several recent French works, which detail very interestingly the history of Joan of Arc, and which must be noticed by us some day.—*Ed.*

† St. Belain?

homeward, when her mother, coming out to meet her, inquired for what cause she came, and wherefore she left her sheep—rebuking her thereupon—when the Maiden replied, asking, "Hast thou not so commanded me?" to which her mother returned "nay!" Therefore did she suppose herself to have been deceived, and prepared to return to her companions. But, on a sudden, a cloud of brilliant light came before her eyes, and a voice issued therefrom, saying, "Johanna, it behoveth thee to proceed another way, and to perform wonderous works, since thou art she whom the King of Heaven hath chosen to upraise again thy sovereign Charles, now driven out from his possessions —that thou shouldst be unto him an aid and a protection. Thou shalt put on male array, and taking arms, shalt become the head of the war. All shall be directed according to thy counsels."

After the voice was heard, the cloud passed away, and the Maid affrighted at this wonder, giving no credit to what she had heard, was confounded, doubting what she ought to believe, and what not: and although similar warnings and revelations were made to the damsel, both by night and by day, not seldom accompanied by signs, she nevertheless said nothing, nor discovered her mind to any one, saving her Confessor; and in this state of doubt and perplexity did the Maiden continue during five years. After this, upon the Earl of Salisbury coming over from England, these visions and revelations were renewed unto her, and increased: whereupon the mind of the damsel was much tormented, and disturbed by anxiety; and one day, being in the field, a greater and more evident vision than any of those aforeseen, manifested itself unto her, saying, "How long wilt thou tarry? Wherefore dost thou not hasten? and wherefore dost thou not go now, that the Lord of Heaven hath sent thee,—for so long as thou art absent, is France afflicted—her cities are destroyed; her just die; her nobles are slain, her most valuable blood is spilled!" Thereat, more encouraged by these admonitions, she inquired of her Confessor—"What shall I do, or how shall I do it, when I would depart hence? I know not the way, I know not the people, I know not the King. None will believe me; all will mock at me, and justly; for what can sound more foolish than to say to the mighty ones of the land, that a Maiden will once again uplift France, will conduct its armies, and thus re-obtain its former victories? What will provoke more readily to mockery, than to behold a Maiden go forth in male attire?" Having said this, and much more, it was answered unto her, "It is so that the King of Heaven ordains and commands; therefore, ask not further how it can be done, for even as it is willed of God in heaven, so cometh it to pass on earth. Go hence unto the next village, the which is named Vauconleurs, and which alone of all those in Champagne is still loyal to its King; thence will he conduct thee wheresoever thou shalt demand." Thus therefore did she; and after she had given proof of her wondrous power, he, unto whom she came, commanded that she should be conducted to the King, attended by many persons of rank; and, although they had to pass through the midst of their enemies, they did not meet with any opposition, nor suffer any repulse. And when they arrived at the castle of Chinon, near Tours, where the King at that time held himself; it was, by the King's advice, determined, that she should neither behold the King, nor be herself shown to him until the third day. Nevertheless, the hearts of all were changed as it were on a sudden, and the Maiden was straightway admitted. After she alighted from her horse, and had been diligently examined by archbishops, bishops, abbots, and learned men, touching her faith, and her behaviour; the King led her into his assembled council, in order that she might there be still more closely and attentively examined. And, in every respect, was she found to be a faithful believer, well grounded in her opinions, and in all points agreeable to the sacraments and ordinances of the church. She was, moreover, diligently examined by divers learned persons of her own sex, by prudent virgins, widows, and married women, who wot not to discover in her ought beside a discreet female, and one of goodly fame. Yet was she thus strictly observed, eyed, and watched for the space of six weeks, that it might be seen whether any default or change might be manifest in her behaviour; but she persisted

in her conduct, continually hearing mass, receiving the holy sacrament, and daily beseeching the King, with sighing supplications, that he would suffer her either to attack the enemy, or to return to her father's house.

And as she had obtained permission, she forthwith entered Orleans for the purpose of laying up stores in that place. Soon afterwards did she assail all the surrounding holds of the enemy; which, notwithstanding the opinion entertained of their strength, she reduced within the space of three days; destroying at the same time not a few of her adversaries; many of whom were made prisoners, while the rest were put to flight, and the town relieved from siege. This being effected, she returned to the King, who came forth to meet her, with show of exceeding joyfulness. Then hastened she, and caused the King to open a campaign, and commanded preparations to be made against the other post of the enemy. No sooner was the expedition in array, than she laid siege to the village, name Gergeau; * on the following morning she gave battle to the exceeding discomfiture of the adversary: six hundred brave warriors were defeated; among these the Earl of Suffolk and his brother were taken prisoners, but the other brother was slain. Within three days from the time of this achievement, she attacked Mehurs sur Loire, and Baugenci, two strong and well defended towns, and took them without loss of time. On the Saturday, which was the 18th day of July,†—did she encounter those who were hastening to the assistance of the English army: the enemy were attacked, and the victory declared itself on our side: one thousand five hundred valorous men in arms were slain, one thousand made prisoners, and among these were some persons of note, such as Earl Talbot, Falstaff, and the son of the Earl of Bedford, besides divers others. Yet of ours not three men were found wounded, which we deemed to be owing to a divine miracle. These, and many more, hath the Maiden already defeated, and, by the aid of God, will she yet effect still greater deeds. The damsel is of a comely figure; she performeth manly actions, speaketh but little, manifesteth great discretion, and in her speech and conversation, hath a delicate voice, like as is wont to be that of a woman. She eateth but little, tasteth not much of wine, and in the accoutrements of horses and arms, she is . . . . . ‡ She hath great admiration of soldiers, and those of noble rank: much discourse she loveth, nor affecteth not; in pleasing she delighteth greatly: she endureth great moil, and so patient and unwearied is she of bearing armour, that she remaineth six days long, both day and night, fully accoutred in mail. The English, she affirmeth, have no right to France; and therefore hath she declared herself to be sent of God, that she may drive out, and overcome them, yet not without giving warning aforehand. To the King she showeth all honour, naming him the Beloved of God, and the Wonderously Preserved. To your nephew the Duke of Orleans, she hath promised a wonderful deliverance, yet hath aforehand demanded of the English who retain him prisoner, to yield him up.

Illustrious prince, that I may end this account, I affirm that more wondrous things have happened than I may discourse of.

At this present is she in the neighbourhood of Rheims—whither the King hastens in order to be anointed and crowned.

God assist you, illustrious and magnanimous Prince, and my most honoured Liege! Most submissively do I recommend myself to you; beseeching the Almighty that he would preserve you, and grant a prosperous issue to all your wishes. Written at Biteromis, the 21st day of the month of June.

Thine humble Servant,

PERCEVAL, LORD OF BONLAMMLK,

One of the Council, and Chamberlain of the King of France, Seneschal to the Duke of Orleans, and the King's knight.

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* Or Jergeau.

† 1429. Her birth-day was therefore on the 6th of January, 1402, for at the time of her death she was 29, and 27 when she came to the King.

‡ The word in the original MS. is defaced.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. I.

The rural faith sustain—
These are the themes of simple sure effect. COLLINS.

MUCH of the oral wisdom, and of the poetry of the early genius of our country, have long ceased to be as fugitives and vagabonds on the earth; the industry of man has treasured a large proportion of them in a secure sanctuary,—and it is pleasant to think that such treasures remain no longer liable to the vicissitudes which threaten things entrusted to human remembrance.—Yet, though they are thus gathered together, and adorned, and illustrated by the diligence and research of learning, something of their ancient influence continues to be felt amongst us; and it is in no disregard or derision of learning that we still cling with an affectionate remembrance to the unwritten reliques of our poetry, and the remains of our domestic and historical tales. Erudition has not yet achieved a full conquest over the ancient empire of oral literature. Reliques of the simpler times of traditional tale, and chivalrous ballad, are abundantly visible among the people of the northern provinces of England; and they at present communicate no small portion of true national beauty to the fixed splendours of written literature. While the genius of the scholar consented to accept the form and hue of its early labours from the poetic and historic achievements of ancient times, and filled Christian verse and prose with the dumb gods of the heathen,—there flourished a species of rustic, or national oral literature, in the shape of song, and ballad, and tale, which has certainly laid the foundations of our present literary originality and excellence.—In our provinces these primitive efforts of mind still linger—unwilling to depart:—they have been long since obliterated in the city, and, perhaps, among the good people of the town, they never secured more than a transient abode. The character of the city is not of that genuine original kind, which would incline its society to receive and retain those simple compositions that dwell in the minds and hearts of a pastoral and a rural people. While the latter retain much of that early singleness of disposition which belongs to an unmingled race, the former is so smoothed down and polished, in the outward and inner man, that the original English stamp is more than half effaced. The manners and refinements of a city, together with the ready facilities which recorded wit and written learning afford, abate attachment to the superstitious legends and rude ballads of shepherds and ploughmen. The oral wisdom, the historical and domestic traditions, and the rude, and sometimes ludicrous, lyric compositions, so common to all northern nations, cannot be supposed to live and flourish among the living martyrs of the day-book and ledger. A citizen is a being compounded out of our various commercial intercourses, and educated by mercantile usage;—and, although infinitely more lively, ready, and companionable than his ruder brethren of the plough-field and the sheep-fold, he is much less deeply imbued with the rough and original character of an Englishman. It was such considerations as these which probably extracted that querulous exclamation from the pious poet:—

God made the country, but man made the town.

The language too of the people of the country differs from that of the city: it is of a more varied and original cast; abounds with poetical expressions, and contains a rich stock of practical and useful wisdom. It has a certain shrewd and proverbial cast, and an occasional elevation of thought, which show that the roller of artificial refinement has failed to crush the heights down to the hollows of the national character.

In old times, and until within the remembrance of living persons, certain gifted individuals wandered about the provinces, from house to house,—shunning the self-sufficient mechanics of the town, and associating only with farmers and portioners,—not only reciting traditional ballads, and singing traditional songs, but

also relating portions of national and domestic history. By this they earned, like the ancient minstrel, "their food and raiment, of which they were worthy."—Their narratives were related to audiences unsated as yet with literary productions, and who (unlike the multitudes who crowd our theatres,) assembled with the resolution of being pleased. The song and the tale resembled that fleeting literature "which not even critics criticize;" and the humble authors had nothing to dread from the wit or the malice of men who live by giving opinions on the productions of others. While learning communicated with mankind through the tardy medium of penmanship, the written wisdom of the sage was literally a book shut and sealed to the bulk of mankind. At last the art of printing multiplied the treasures of genius, and transmitted them over the earth:—but still it was through the expensive means of solid folios, with which the poverty of the rustic part of the community prohibited all intercourse.—Traditional literature still held up its head and prevailed, till the fruits of the mind, becoming matters of merchandize, courted the notice of the peasantry in an humbler form, and the historian and bard of the district found his occupation superseded by the rapid operation of machinery. The representative of the minstrels was then compelled to make their ancient calling a kind of auxiliary to the city bookseller, whose manifold productions he assisted in scattering over the land, which had long been delighted with legend and song. In the progress of printing a new swarm of literary labourers arose, and gratified by productions natural or unnatural, the desire of mankind for amusement and instruction. During the period of manuscript literature, men of vast genius alone could emerge from the multitude, and surmount those obstructions which encompassed the seat of fame. But the art of printing let loose a legion of inferior spirits, who, forsaking the primitive objects of writing—truth and delight—began, as a surer and more immediate way to profit and notice, to minister to the passions and vanities of the people. The turbulence of party literature appeared on the earth. Malice and detraction became the hand-maids of the press,—and the impurities of politics tainted the clear and healthy currents of literature. A few master spirits, it is true, redeemed us from the entire influence of this spotted plague, and criticism for a while, like the prophet's rod, devoured the illegitimate progeny of letters. But criticism soon profaned its strength, and forsook its high calling. Instead of continuing a judge it became a partizan, and, swelled the clamour, and inflamed the rancour of party bitterness. It sought rather to crush and confound, than to direct and reclaim; and for the sake of displaying the coxcomberies of wit, and flourishing a smart saying, it rebuked and trod down genius, and proclaimed war against all ascending talent. No one can read the party animosities of our two popular critical journals without sorrow of heart and confusion of face; nor see the mighty difference in their opinions on the labours of the human mind, without feeling pain for the weakness of those who propose to reform the literature of the age.

A kind of spurious and artificial literature has thus arisen, which seeks the means of existence among the animosities of mankind. It has no connection, or resemblance to the native genius of the country; mental speculation has forsaken the path of nature, and writers exclaim, with the member of the Royal Academy, "*D—— Nature! she deserves to be kicked.*" It will be seen, however, on examining the labours of our present most gifted spirits, that the beauties of their most celebrated compositions bear a close resemblance to the oral national literature, and that their authors have drawn largely from the sure and primitive sources of tradition. They have not scrupled to embellish their conceptions with the poetic beliefs, and singular and lofty superstitions, of the shepherd and the husbandman. It is certainly amusing to hear accomplished scholars brand, as low and vulgar, the pursuits of simple times, and the beliefs of the peasant. It was once princely to hold the plough; nor was it deemed unbecoming in a princess to wash her bridal garments, nor in a hero to prepare his own dinner. From rustic belief and superstition the poet supplies himself with the noblest mate-

rials of his high calling; the machinery of a romantic tale is only a personification of village creeds. These furnish dramatic sublimity to Shakspeare, grandeur to Milton, and that supernatural light which shines and lightens in the works of the illustrious *warlock* of Caledonia.

Yet, the decay of traditional literature, I cannot help considering as a loss: thousands are willing to listen to instruction, for an hundred desirous to read it; and a multitude of people might profit by oral communication, who will be too dull or indolent to seek information, in seclusion, out of books. I cannot help thinking that the English peasantry possessed as much real literary knowledge an hundred years ago as they do at present; and had among them as much practical wisdom. The information obtained from the present popular literature of the lower orders, can add little to the joy and comfort of domestic life; and certain it is, that tradition recorded more of lofty deeds, that embellish public annals, than the regular historian. Froissart, the inimitable Froissart, alone condescends to mingle the mighty events which convulse nations, with the exploits of single heroes, that adorn and illustrate humanity. Common history stoops not to acquaintance with those actions which brighten poetry, and gladden the heart. As an instance, it may be mentioned, that she has failed to adorn her page with the name of the French hero, so distinguished during Thurot's attack on Carrickfergus.—Had traditional literature been then in its glory, a gentle and embalming light would have been shed around him. During the hottest of the battle between the French and English in Carrickfergus, a child came out to play, in the dangerous space between the combatants;—a French soldier laid down his musket, advanced, took up the child, removed it to a place of safety, returned, lifted his arms, and resumed his duty. And this hero's name is forgotten! How Froissart would have rejoiced over this gentle and heroic spirit! History lost the name of the hero, because it was suddenly called to a speculation on the profits of raw hides, and the importation of hemp.

It is the wish of the writer of this brief and imperfect account of traditional literature, to endeavour still to redeem some of its remains. There are yet curious portions of tale and history, fragments of legendary lore, and whole or dismembered ballads and songs, thickly scattered about the northern provinces of England—the land of my maternal ancestors. To collect them is a labour, the thought of which I have cherished for many years, and to the fulfilment of which I come, not without thought and preparation. I have preserved in a memory particularly tenacious of such matters, sundry singular and interesting tales, and fragments of poems, and I am not without hope of reviving the tone of those old narratives, which gladdened the hours of my early life. To a person educated in a romantic and pastoral country, where the gift of song is felt, and the voice of the muse acknowledged, and where tradition is still full of the fame of her ancient chivalry, much of what is curious and interesting will be presented, and it has been the delight of a large portion of a long life to seek this kind of oral literature, where it alone is to be found. Of those who assisted me in such acts of redemption, and who willingly poured the streams of their own rich memories into the scanty rivulet which yet trickled, but did not flow, in the region of golden tradition, I will gladly give some account.

It was my particular good fortune to acquire, when at school, the friendship and confidence of a man whose name will be long remembered in Cumberland;—Richard Faulder, mariner, of Allenbay. His collection of native legends was wonderously enriched with remarkable stories and superstitions, connected with a maritime life. He had gone down when a boy, as the language of Scripture expresses it,—*to witness the wonders of the Lord on the deep,* and had continued to travel on the unstable element till far advanced in years. He had brought legends from all quarters; from wherever the wind had filled his sails; but it was in the dark and stormy regions of Norway and Sweden that his spirit found the narratives most congenial to its disposition, and his tales and ballads certainly savoured strongly of the superstitions and beliefs of those nations of Teutons. In addition to the circumstances of

his life, so highly favourable for fostering such a taste, and adding to such knowledge as I have been describing, he had a strong but irregular poetic feeling, and could draw down beautiful visions of departed glory to earth. From every voyage he made, he returned to gladden mine ear with strange occurrences, which had escaped the duller observation of his less gifted fellow mariners. To the home of Richard Faulder I always carried an observant spirit, and an obedient ear; and neither the length of his tales—which the sailors, in their maritime language, called Dickon Faulder's *long yarns*,—nor the frequency of their repetition—nor the variations which they submitted to, ever abated my attention, or lessened my appetite for the marvels of the seafaring life. His cottage was built on one of those white and romantic cliffs, which hang over the sea of Solway, and it still remains as a seamark to mariners, and is distinguished by the native seamen with the name of Dickon Faulder's nest. It was to the cottage nest of this cliff, that I climbed in my hours of summer leisure, and during the long winter evenings, and I could not fail to remark, that the seaman's narratives suited the complexion and livery of the time of year. Those of summer were joyous and amusing, full of fairy shapes and elfin whims, while those of the winter were rough, and dark, and terrible, as the tempestuous season itself. In summer he seated himself at the door of his cottage, gazing constantly seaward, and cheered by the approach of a ship—the music of the billows, and the gladsome "hail" of the passing mariners. In winter, he retired to an interior chamber of his cottage, and covering himself with a large mantle of thick fur, basked himself before the fire:—then, while the waves rolled on in multitudes against the white cliffs, and the wind and sleet beat on his abode, adventures crowded thick upon his remembrance, and it was not without reason that I blessed a sudden squall, or a gentle tempest.

To the various and moving perils and adventures of my maritime friend, I was enabled to add many, equally curious, which occurred on land, by acquiring the friendship of Gilpin Macgowan, a Caledonian, whom the misfortunes of the rebellion of 1745 had driven to court the refuge of the interior mountains of Cumberland.—This, however, is only the suspicion of the peasantry, for the prudent Scotchman never committed himself by any confession to that extent; and, though he related many curious particulars of their incursion into England, and the perils which the Highland warriors personally encountered in private forays during the march, he avoided the vanity of connecting his own name with that ill-starred adventure. I found him a tendor of flocks among a primitive race of men, who inhabit the Keswick mountains, and whose sheep and cattle roam over a vast extent of moorland pasture. He was accounted a skilful shepherd, was acquainted with the surgery of sheep, and even sometimes presumed to recommend medicines for the ailments of the human race. I once remarked to him, that, unacquainted as he seemed to be with the learned mysteries of physic, he was likely to introduce his patients to their "last linnen."—"And what if I should," said the Caledonian, with a smile half serious and half comic, and confidential,—"it will be lang afore I can *avenge the slaughter at Clifton!*"—I never had the fortune to chance upon such a singular mixture of human oddity. He had all the veneration of a Catholic antiquary for ruined abbeys, and the reliques of the old religion, and loved the deep pealing of the organ, as intensely and devoutly as he did the music of the Highland pipe. Then he was an admirer of, and, I am persuaded, once a communicant with, a certain wild sect of mountain worshippers, called Cameronians—and the joy of adoring heaven in the open air, and among the green pasture mountains, was often quoted against the Episcopalian propensities of the inhabitants of Cumberland. He was a fond admirer of civil and religious liberty, and delighted to quote the many triumphs of the "sword" and the "word" in Scotland. He admired still more the ancient names of the Douglas, and the Percy; and, in the cause of Prince Charles Stewart, I have been informed that he fought with great courage at Clifton—and escaped from the siege of Carlisle—a matter which few could boast of. His memory was

stored with curious tales of pastoral and rural life, and his chief amusement, towards the close of his days, was to sit and sing fragments of ballads and songs, as motly and mixed as his opinions. Of these it may not be unacceptable to give a specimen now. The following was a ballad which he sung sometimes to the Cambrian maidens, as descriptive of the wooing of ancient times:—

MACMORAN'S MARY.

A Scottish Ballad.

As I came down Dalgonar glen,
'Mang woodlands wild, and waters many,
A bonnie maiden blessed my e'en,
Her name was Miles Macmoran's Mary!

"O maid with foot so light and white,
And clustring locks, as brown's a berry,—
And e'en mair bright than yon bright'ning star—
Wilt thou come wi' me Macmoran's Mary?

"The doves moan amorous in my glen,
On my green mountains bounds the fairy,
And a thousand swords are bare when I bid—
Wilt thou come with me Macmoran's Mary?

"Now I would give my bonnie gray steed,
My plaid, and blade, as brown's a berry,
Were I but fifteen miles from the north—
And alang wi' me Macmoran's Mary!"

The maid blushed red, and the maid looked down,
As the lily looks in lone Glenarie,
While I leaped down from my bonnie gray steed—
"Oh come wi' me Macmoran's Mary!"

O out then spoke a silly old man—
And O but he spoke wonderous saucy;—
"Ye may steal away my cows and my ewes,
But steal nae away my ae sweet lassie!"

I mounted her on a milk white steed,
And away it flew, as fleet's a fairy—
And I rode over hills and through grassy glens,
Away and away wi' Macmoran's Mary.

And we passed swift floods, and spreading woods,
Passed moorlands brown, and mountains many,
And came at length to a lonesome glen,
Where a stream was simmering bright and bonnie:

Our bridal-bed was the grassy bank,
Our covering was the breckans bonnie—
Our bridal light was the round glowing moon,
Wi' ministring stars baith clear and monie.

"My mansion is this mountain dark,
My sword's my kingdom, and I tarry
Amang Glengomar's bounding deer—
Wilt thou be my queen, Macmoran's Mary?"

"In peril or joy I'll bide with thee,
In glens and moors and mountains many,
For love is as true as yon lights aboon,—
An' never dies"—quoth my bonnie Mary.

I wound my silver horn, and lo!
Squire, page, and dame, came trooping ready—
"O these are mine, and I am thine,
My kind and sweet and lovely lady!"

I have made no attempt at softening the harshness of the rhyme of this ancient ballad, or measuring its rude lines into more equal quantities. In regard to all the poetical communications of my friends, I imitated the scrupulous fidelity of that prince of editors, honest Joseph Ritson, and copied them without even hazarding those occasional emendations so usual with compilers. As it would be unfair to give a solitary ballad as a specimen of the rich and varied rhymes, which I have been instrumental in recovering, I shall transcribe another, which I am not alone in thinking is the ancient ballad of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, modernized in its descent, by means of oral communication, from the days of the luckless heroines.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A Scottish Ballad.

O Bessie Bell, and Mary Gray,
They are two bonnie lasses—
They have left their beds of driven-down
To lie 'mang new mawn rashes;
And they have left the ruddie wine,
To drink the crystal fountain,
And the song of love at gloamin' fa',
For the plover's from the mountain!

Sweet Mary's breath came like the wind,
Blowing o'er a bed of roses,
She sung like the lark to the morning star,
When the shepherd's fold uncloses:
But Bessie's een were founts o' love,
Mang her lint-white ringlets wiling,
And her looks came, like the May-morn sun,
To set the world a smiling!

Where the moorland burn 'mang the yellow broom,
Comes bright and gently pouring,
There I maun roam by the light o' the moon,
Those lovely ones adoring:
And there one sits, and another sings,
In a bower theeked o'er wi' rashes—
"O, kind love is a lightsome thing
To two leal-hearted lasses!"

O can I e'er forget yon bower,
With a' its fragrant blossom,
The smiling o' those lovesome e'en,
And that white and heaving bosom!
For sweet's the joy o' kind sixteen,
When the heart leaps warm and warmer,
At the first touch o' the lily hand
Of a mild and beauteous charmer!

Nor to my garrulous Caledonian alone am I indebted for singular traditionary tales, and curious songs illustrative of departed days. From Eleanor Selby, an ancient dame, who resided in a cottage that resembled a hermitage, pertaining to the ducal castle of Naworth, I obtained much important information. She traced her descent from the second son of Sir Walter Seleby, who was slain in an incursion by the Scotch; and she detested that warlike and predatory people as much as she admired the Houses of Seleby, Dacre, and Howard. On every sabbath morn she made a pilgrimage to the old Abbey of Lanercost, in the romantic vale of Naworth, and, kneeling at the eastern entrance, offered up a prayer, which some supposed regarded the restoration of the priory to its ancient splendour, but which others, with more truth perhaps, believed to be an intercession for the repose of her ancestor's soul. The mountain ashes and wall-flowers, which flourished among the ruins, obtained more of her affec-

tion than the parish church, which stood, mean and squalid, in a lonely corner of the majestic pile. I won this aged dame's affection by a successful attempt to replace the mutilated font at the altar, and I have often since blessed my instinctive love for ruined houses of worship.—Through this I became acquainted with many of those Cumbrian tales, which gladdened the winter evenings of the peasantry; and, by the kindness of Dame Selby, I shall be able to charm all lovers of true romance, with *the history of the spectre steeds and warriors*, who, in 1743, coursed, visible to the eyes of Daniel Stricket, and John Wren, of Wilton-hall, up Soutra-fell—a mountain five and twenty hundred feet perpendicular!

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

LETTERS OF FOOTE, GARRICK, &c.

It is with pleasure that we introduce to our readers some *Letters of Foote and Garrick*, which have never been before made public. These letters (independently of such intrinsic interest as they may possess,) are agreeable, inasmuch as they furnish us with an excuse for bringing once more before the world two eminent persons, the works of one of whom have been too much neglected.

Foote and Garrick were, each in their way, eminent men. Both were gentlemen by education; both were authors, both actors, both men of humour and gaiety, and one a writer of the most undoubted wit. They lived

In the high and palmy state of Rome—

in intimacy with the great spirits of their time,—the one dreaded, and both caressed. If not the first lights of the age, they were certainly conspicuous stars in the literary hemisphere—

(*Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,*)

—forming two points of almost as bright a constellation as ever adorned the world of letters. Their period was not remarkable for that great poetical splendour, which illuminated the Elizabethan times, (yet there were Thomson and Collins,) but the prose of the last age was excellent:—And then, there were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Foote, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, Hume, and many others, living about town, full of vivacity, and learning, and humour, letting their wit run over in all societies, to fertilize the community at large.—We have included Reynolds as a prose writer,—we may repeat him as an artist, with the inimitable Hogarth: they still stand pre-eminent in the history of English art.

Foote was a clever, thoughtless, needy, and prodigal man. He sustained all the reverses of fortune well, rather from an insensibility to evil than from any philosophy of spirit. We do not wish to review his life, in which there is much to regret as well as to eulogize;—yet it may be said, that (notwithstanding all accusations,) he seems never to have been mean in the midst of distresses, nor arrogant in his more prosperous hours; but to have risen and sunk on the wave of fortune, not only with equanimity, but with honour. His conduct towards servants, and actors placed under his management, (and this is no slight praise,) was invariably kind, and his generosity in pecuniary matters unquestioned.

His dramatic writings possess a caustic and bitter humour; his characters are strikingly sketched, and sometimes exceedingly well developed: and though many of them were copied from individuals, he generalized them, while he retained the original likeness, in a manner to render them palatable to the many, while their peculiar pungency was relished only by the few. Dr. Jackson, and the Duchess of Kingston, are recorded in his dramas, as well as in the darker pages of history; and Dr. Dodd will live in Foote's writings, though he probably may not in his own.

Foote was not only a comic writer, but a moral satirist. His aim was at the vices as well as at the weaknesses of his cotemporaries; and in his pursuit he was undaunted and unwearied. He was not to be frightened by

high rank, nor turned aside by the known rancour of the person, if he thought that his object was good. The present writers of farce forget all this:—or is it that they are too weak to do more than wrestle with the *foibles* of their fellows? They are generally content with being extravagantly comic: they push a joke to the very verge of decency or meaning: they entrap a passing folly, or seize hold of a manual jest; but they seldom give any character by which they can be remembered. We speak of this farce as being lively, and of Liston killing us with laughter in that; but we do not remind each other (as in the case of Foote,) of particular characters with whom we have formed acquaintance—we have nothing like Major Sturgeon, or the valiant Mayor of Garret, or Mr. Aircastle, or Shift, or Smirk, or Sir Thomas Lofty, or Lady Pentweazle: in short, we miss the whole host of rogues and blockheads, whom he delighted to expose. At present we recollect the actors only, and not the characters which they represented. In Foote's case the latter are stamped on our minds indelibly, and it is for this that he deserves to live.

But we are keeping our readers from the letters. To such as are not acquainted with the history of Foote, it will be necessary, in the first place, to state, that he was a *bon vivant*, and much caressed for his wit and convivial qualities by (what are commonly called) "the great." Whether as guest at another man's house, or performing the graces of hospitality at his own, he was equally delightful; and it is recorded to his honour, that at home he made no distinction between peer and player, but showered his vivacity and kind good-humour on all. Early in the year 1766, he was on a visit at the house of Lord Mexborough, accompanied by the (then) Duke of York, Sir Francis Delaval, and others; when some of the party, being desirous of returning a joke upon him who had flung so many on others, drew him into a conversation on horsemanship. All people have their foibles, and vanity was one of Foote's; and he accordingly said boldly, that "though he generally preferred the luxury of a post-chaise, he could ride as well as most men he ever knew." The company, wishing for evidence of this, recommended him to hunt the next day; and to this he unwisely consented. He was mounted on a spirited horse belonging to the Duke of York, which, not being accustomed, perhaps, to the spur of a commoner, threw the unhappy satirist on the ground, with such violence, that his leg was fractured in two places. Under the pain arising from this accident, the following letters to Garrick were written.—There is nothing remarkable in the first, except the melancholy tone which this man of wit and of the world seems to have been reduced to, when cast upon a bed of sickness.

It runs as follows:—

Weak and in anguish as I am, it is impossible for me to resist telling my dear Mr. Garrick, by my own hand, how sensibly I am affected by all the kind, humane, friendly things he sent to me by Mr. Bromfield. They do honour to the goodness of your own heart, at the same time that they are a cordial and a balm to mine. God for ever bless you, dear Sir: and, as a reward for your compassionate feelings of the misery of others—may you never be afflicted with any of your own.

Your ever obliged and affectionate servant,

Cannon-park, Tuesday. SAM. FOOTE.

I dare say, my friend Holland felt for me.—Dear Sir, thank him in my name; it will be grateful to him from your mouth, for he loves you.

To David Garrick, Esq.

In the second letter there is a pun, which would not certainly be now considered as a joke of the first order. It is pleasant, however, to see that Foote is recovering his spirits, and that Lady Stanhope "was charmed!" at Garrick's comedy. Formerly, as we know, the fashionables (male and female) were mighty important people in the world of literature. The fate of a tragedy or comedy almost rested on the smile or frown of a few

of those well-dressed empirics. A rap of Sir Plume's snuff-box would have turned the current of admiration, and a blow from Belinda's fan would have been considered decisive. Things are ordered differently now.

Dear Sir,—Before I had the favour of your's I had discovered the blunder with regard to my letter—it is transmitted to you by this post. Davis's letter was a noble present indeed; pray can you conceive what he means by the necessity he now supposes me under of growing speedily rich. If one could suspect so grave, sententious, and respectable a character, of the vice of punning, I should imagine his insinuation to be, that now I have but one leg it won't be so easy for me *to run out;* but here, perhaps, like Warburton on Shakspeare, I have found out a meaning the author never had.

I was ever of opinion, that you would find the Bath waters a specific. Sir Francis Delaval, and Lady Stanhope, are particularly happy, that you have chosen this time; for, say they, Cannon Park is between the two roads to Bath—Andover, and Newberry—to Bagshot, Basingstoke, Overton, then four miles to Cannon Park, where you dine and lie; then six miles to Newberry, and so on. I won't tell you what my wishes are upon this occasion, nor, indeed, any body here, for ever since I have been ill they have refused me every one thing that I have liked. I thank you for your comedy. *Lady Stanhope has seen it, and is charmed;* but I am determined not to look at a line till I am quite out of pain.

You will have this letter by Captain Millbank, who is called to town by an appointment in Pye's squadron for the West Indies. I think I am something better than when I wrote you my last, though I have not been free from pain one minute since my cruel misfortune, nor slept a wink without the assistance of laudanum. The people below expect to see you on Wednesday. You must allow for, and, indeed, almost decypher my letters, but then consider, my dear Sir, thirty days upon my back, &c. &c. I assure you it is with great difficulty (and many shifts I am obliged to make), I am able to scribble at all. Little Derrick will give the etiquette of the Bath, and be exceedingly useful * but I am quite exhausted.

God bless you, Sir,

Cannon-park, March 2. SAM. FOOTE.

The next letter was addressed to Garrick, after Foote had suffered a relapse from the bursting of an artery. The most remarkable fact in it is, the sensitiveness which he betrays at having his drama of "The Commissary" abridged;—yet we are not entirely without our sympathies, when we consider under whose hands he was about to suffer. The acting managers of Theatres (even of Theatres Royal,) seldom serve much of a literary apprenticeship, we believe; and when a favourite performer talks of "abridging" a play "for his own benefit," we can readily understand, that he means to be tender towards one character, and not very scrupulous towards the rest. There is one passage in the following letter which seems to require a little remark: it is the one where Foote speaks of some epigrams, which Garrick's "pious pen" had produced, and of his having "clad" some moral truth, "*in the true spirit of poetry,*" &c.—We are sorry to see him complimenting Garrick on his poetry, which was good for but little at any time, and this Foote knew well. The probability is, that Garrick's attentions had persuaded him to think better of his rhymes than they deserved. When in full honest health, and unassailed by temptations of this sort, Foote had rather a different opinion of his friend's poetry;—for he then said, "that poor David's verses were so wretchedly bad, that if he should himself die first, he dreaded the thoughts of his (Garrick's) composing his epitaph."—There is a fearful difference between this sentiment and the one contained in the following letter:—

You receive, my dear Sir, this letter from your poor unfortunate friend, in the same situation as when I had first the honour of acknowledging your kindness and humanity to me in bed upon my back.

I was taken up to thank you for your last favour, but had scarce got through a period, when, casting my eye on the ground, I discovered a deluge of blood; in short, an artery, by what means not even Bromfield can guess, unexpectedly burst, and, had it happened in the night, would, most probably have drained my veins of every drop; but, thank God, the damage is over—the bleeding has been stopped these four days, and my cure proceeds as before.

We were grievously disappointed at not seeing you in your way to Bath; but we shall not so readily forgive (if we happen to be here) your neglecting us at your return.—What are bandboxes, servants, or friends—if you had with you twenty joblinwiskeys our house has stomach for them all.

I saw by the papers, that the ingenious Mr. Smith, the Æsopus of Covent Garden, had advertised my piece of the Commissary for his benefit, reduced into two acts—I could not help thinking that doing it at all, at this very particular time, was a little unkind, but that lopping my works at the same time that I was losing my limbs, was rather inhuman. I have remonstrated to Mr. Beard, and I believe with some warmth, intimating, that if my poetical limbs wanted amputation, the professors of his house were the very last people that I should choose for my surgeons—that I had formerly seen them treat some cases of a similar nature so very unskilfully, that I could not help considering them as a parcel of quacks, who impudently wanted to impose presumption for ability on the public. As Mr. Beard is, I believe, more used to matters of fact than metaphor, I gave the letters to Mr. Bromfield, to whom I have referred our modern Tigellius for the explanation of any puzzling passage; indeed this dirty affair flurried me greatly, which, at that critical juncture, might have been readily spared.

You do, my dear Sir, but bare justice to my warm and worthy friends in calling them benevolent—one glance of your penetrating eye (why would you pass us by) would have instructed you, that there are virtues now in the world which have been long supposed to exist only in books: but this is not a time, nor am I in a condition (if I ever shall) to treat this subject with the force and dignity it deserves.

I had read and raised an altar to my unknown friend, for the epigrams your pious pen had produced. I use that epithet, as it corresponds with one of your lines, where you have produced one of the first and strongest moral principles, clad in the true spirit of poetry,

Misfortune's sacred bed.

The author of that sentiment was the only one that I wanted or wished to know—as to all the rest, they neither gave me uneasiness nor excited my curiosity.—I supposed some of them to have been my acquaintance from Pope's principle, that each bad poet is as bad a friend. And now, Sir, let me say grace to your beverage. May the tepid streams, administered to you by the priestess of the Pump-room, restore you to your friends in the capital, as vigorous in body as you are in mind—and then, if we are to judge by your last production, your state of health was never more firmly established.—All here join in wishing you and Mrs. Garrick every human happiness.

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

SAML. FOOTE.

We shall give one more letter from our modern Aristophanes, as he has been called. It is the best of the four, which we have transcribed; and bears a fair show of humour. His account of the apothecaries of those times is curious and amusing enough. He has a proper dread of them. We know of an apothecary now living, who administered, in one year, to an unhappy friend of ours (then *rather* an invalid) upwards of four hundred doses of medicine, which our said friend, in his young simplicity, actually took. If this be a system generally pursued, it accounts very satis-

factorily for these gentlemen of the lancet having given over their old trade of selling candles and coffee.—Foote is "still harping," in the following letter, on the abridgement of "The Commissary," which seems to annoy him as much as his wound; and "Poor Derrick" ("Little Derrick" as he before calls him,) comes in again for a good word. In the former letter we were obliged to leave out a sentence, which was unpleasant, as far as regarded "Poor Derrick," and somewhat objectionable in itself.

I think friendship is by somebody emphatically called the balsam of life. I honour the author, be he sacred or prophane, since nothing has, I am sure, so much contributed to soothe the solitude, and mitigate the anguish of my bed of sickness and of sorrow, as dear Mr. Garrick's very kind and sympathizing letters.

Perhaps I have sustained this fiery trial with a little more fortitude than was expected from so equivocal a character; but, whether from our original construction we are furnished with a secret resource of animal spirits, that but wait for the occasion to rush to our aid,—or whether "present fears are less than horrible imaginings," I can't say that I have experienced either much dejection or impatience; and yet I have gone through operations, that the whole world should not bribe me to see performed on another. Scissars, knives, saws, lancets, and caustics are now grown familiar to me, and as to potions—what bushels of bark have I taken! Poets talk of their Dryads and Fauns, the fabulous tenants of forests and groves, now *I have literally swallowed a wood;* and I don't suppose but that my inside is as well tanned as a buckskin pair of breeches: but that process is now at an end; my pains are abated, my opiates withdrawn, and my wound visibly healing every day. The pharmacopals of the neighbouring villages—you know them—I make no doubt but Hampton boasts one at the least—a set of ingenious gentlemen, who deck themselves as the Heathen mythologists did the goddess of Hunting, with triple titles; she, indeed, was Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell; but they are physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries in the compass of half a score miles: nay, it is great odds, if they are contented with that—you rarely see a row of stumps on a red rag, and a pewter porrenger of blood in a country window, but the shop within can furnish you with coffee or calomel, rappee-snuff or rhubarb:—my Æsculapius from Newberry has a tolerable collateral support from vending candles and soap: whilst his Galenical brother, at Overton, depends chiefly on mops, brushes, and Birmingham ware—but, however, these sons of Apollo, (as legitimate, I warrant, as Derrick) flatter me with the hopes of getting to town in a fortnight, but I think they are mistaken:—pray when do you turn your back on the Bath?

As to summer projects, they have never once entered my thoughts; the short intermissions allotted me from pain, have been all employed in acknowledging the goodness of those whose humanity, like Mr. Garrick's, has interested them in the fate of the poor unfortunate Foote—amongst the foremost and warmest of which is the gentleman to whose virtues you have inscribed an ode. I must see it—on my discretion you may safely rely. *Non sum qualis eram.* Calamities of the magnitude that I have sustained are powerful preachers, and I think I have not been deaf to their voice.

Your asking leave to bring Mr. Clutterbuck here is pleasant enough; it is just as if you was to make an apology to an epicure for taking the liberty to send him a turtle, or to beg Lady Vane's pardon for the introduction of a young tall rawboned Milesian. So long as I love cheerfulness, good humour, and humanity, I shall be glad to meet that gentleman any where; happy if it chances to be where the rights of hospitality call upon me to pay him a particular attention. Sir Francis, who is unalterably yours, though we were a little piqued at your passing us by, begs that upon this occasion I would say "all that you can suppose." Mr. Beard's answer to mine was such as you guessed: it came accompanied by a letter from Smith, just to let me know, that as to cutting the Commissary, (for that I think is the phrase, and a pretty expressive one too,) nothing so remote from his thoughts; his design was only to sink the two best scenes of the piece.

The Duke of York, Lord and Lady Mexborough, &c. &c. have been here for three or four days, totally ignorant about my unfortunate artery, and expecting to find me upon crutches, but they are gone, and I am still in bed on my back. To-morrow I have leave to resume my great chair, and, perhaps, the next day—but *levius fit patientiâ, quicquid corrigere nefas.*

Poor Derrick! I expected every day to see him, by some of his irascible countrymen, sowsed in the neighbouring stream—the only chance I think he has of resembling the swans of the Avon.

Sir Francis has conceived from your letter, that we are not to see Mrs. Garrick, but we all think and hope he is mistaken. Adieu, dear Sir; it is lucky for you that I am at the end of my paper, otherwise I should not tell you this hour how sincerely I am

Your affectionate servant,

Cannon Park, Wednesday. SAM. FOOTE.

We have now done with our old friend and favourite, Samuel Foote. That he was a lively writer, even the letters which we have quoted would show: he has, however, luckily left ample evidence besides. If our recommendation were of any avail at the theatres, we would advise that some of the sterling productions of Foote be "got up with appropriate music, scenery, and decorations."—Although all the objects of his satire are dead, and the names even of many forgotten, there are heads still in existence, which his caps of folly would fit: his characters have not perished with their prototypes: there are knaves still in black coats, and bullies and blockheads in red:—there may be fair creatures also in petticoats (but, be it remembered, we do not vouch for this,) who are not entirely sincere.—There may be patrons of the stamp of Sir Thomas Lofty, and Nabobs of the fashion of Sir Matthew Mite. We are even inclined to think that Zachary Fungus and Sir Peter Pepperpot are not anomalies—and that the purlieus of Drury-lane will furnish likenesses of Shift and Smirk, and even of honest painstaking Mrs. Cole.

We shall now turn our attention to DAVID GARRICK Esq. actor, author, and manager. He presents a striking contrast to Foote in most respects. As an actor, he was undoubtedly far his superior: as an author, although he assisted Colman in the "Clandestine Marriage," he cannot for a moment stand a comparison.

He was of a smaller calibre than the other, and had less of the substance and more of the frippery of authorship: he dressed up his prologues and epilogues sometimes rather smartly; but they were nothing, when placed by the strong characteristic humour, and nervous satire, of Foote.

Garrick died worth upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, and Foote worth—we know not what; but we believe, that he died poor.—Foote was a prodigal man, and Garrick, though he gave great entertainments at times, a penurious one. The one, as we have before said, made no difference between player and peer, but extended his hospitable smiles equally to both;—the other knew the value of a Lord: he considered that there were steps in society, and these he ran up and down as his occasions required.—They were both vain men; and this is almost the only point in which they appear to have resembled each other. Foote's vanity exhausted itself in extravagant sallies and convivial mirth, and Garrick's evaporated in puffs and private letters. He seems in fact to have lived in the midst of "Vanity Fair." His correspondence (with the elder Colman, lately published,) shows to what tricks he resorted to sustain his unwieldy reputation, and how ludicrously apprehensive he was of the slightest symptom of popular contempt. Garrick may have been the better actor; indeed he was so; but Foote was unquestionably the greater man.*

* We shall complete this Article next month, when we shall give one or two letters from Garrick (perhaps one or two from the elder Colman and others) and a Theatrical Document, which appears to us rather curious.

SONNET.

Oh! had I been a lowly shepherd boy,
Feeding my flocks upon the cloudy mountains,
Descending but to lead them where fresh fountains
Water the valleys with cool rills,—my joy,
And sole ambition, and serene employ,
Had been to note their strength with frequent telling,
And live lone lord of my high airy dwelling,
Tasting those healthy joys which never cloy;—
But 'twas my bane in city to be born,
Where wealth may show, but worth must hide, its head;
Where Vice may waste, and Virtue want, life's bread;
Where golden minds are poor, and live forlorn,—
And walk in crowds,—and then are most alone,—
Living neglected—dying unwept, unknown. C. W.

SONNET,

WRITTEN WHILE TRAVELLING.

To ———

My fellow travellers, as the carriage rolled,
Slowly or swiftly, on its weary way,
Had many a jest to crack and thing to say,
Some quaint, but mostly common-place and old:
Once only did a serious mind unfold
Its richer leaves, where all might read and learn;
But from its brightness did they quickly turn,
As sun-struck owlets turn from light away.
—I, revelling in a long and lovely dream,
Baffled the moments which had else fatigued,
And, aided by sweet Hope and Memory, leagued
To do me at last a kindness, caught a gleam
Brighter than those my fellow men could see.
Could it be otherwise?—I thought of thee. B.

SONNET.

Oh! take me hence, unto that favour'd land
Where Winter never shows his angry face!
I sicken here, and can no more withstand
Its raging winds, that aye seem proud to race
Each other through the eternity of space,—
Their howling raptures scattering dismay,
Like tigers of the desert at their play,
Or fiercer men, when the meek hart they chase—
There let me hide me in some spicy bower,
Where from the south the air steals warm and mild
Like the soft breathings of a sleeping child;
And let some gentle cheek, on which the rose
Sits delicately veiled, near mine repose—
And nought be felt save love's voluptuous power. C. S.

ON POPULATION.

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE POWER OF INCREASE IN THE NUMBERS OF MANKIND, BEING AN ANSWER TO MR. MALTHUS'S ESSAY ON THAT SUBJECT. BY WM. GODWIN. LONDON, 1820.

Mr. Godwin has in this book rendered an essential service to political science. The appearance of the celebrated work of Mr. Malthus formed a new era in political philosophy. Up to that period, modern legislators and politicians never seem to have dreaded the possibility of a too rapid increase of population. Speculative men, who looked back to a period when the whole earth was inhabited by a single pair, might also look forward to an extremely distant period, when the earth should be so completely filled with inhabitants as to be able to contain no more: but this was so remote an evil, that practical politicians were no more alarmed with it, than the present inhabitants of England are alarmed with the possibility of the whole of the coal of the country being, some time or other, exhausted. So far from conceiving that population could increase beyond the means of subsistence, it was always supposed that an increase of population was synonymous with an increase of prosperity, and the great object of most governments was to increase the number of their inhabitants by all possible means.

Mr. Malthus, from certain hypothetical calculations, which he conceived were confirmed by the Population Returns of North America, drew the conclusion, that "*population, where it is unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, or increases in a geometrical ratio;*" while the means of subsistence, under circumstances the most favourable to human industry, "*could not possibly be made to increase faster than in an arithmetical ratio,*" that is, every twenty-five years' food would be increased by a quantity equal to what is at present produced. Thus—

Population, 1 2 4 8 16 32, &c.
Subsistence, 1 2 3 4 5 6, &c.

Though the doctrine of the arithmetical ratio in the increase of food, as opposed to the geometrical ratio assumed for the increase of population, has often been made the subject of animadversion, and even of ridicule,—yet the possibility of a population doubling itself every twenty-five years, if free from all check, has been adopted by Messrs. Ricardo, Mill, Say—in short by every economical writer of any eminence in this country and the continent. No proposition in Euclid was considered as more clearly proved than this part of Mr. Malthus's system.

The logical inconsistency of Mr. Malthus, in taking from the United States of America the proof of the doctrine that population can go on doubling itself every twenty-five years, yet limiting the possible increase of food to an arithmetical ratio, while the same country that afforded evidence of this increase of population, furnished also the proof that food had been obtained in the same ratio,—is so obvious as to force itself on the attention of every person of the least discernment. If the population of America has gone on doubling itself every twenty-five years for some time, and shall continue so to double itself for a long period to come, the food for that population has been, and must continue to be, previously procured. In a country with abundance of unoccupied land, food may continue to be raised in greater quantity than is necessary for the supply of a population increased in the geometrical ratio; and in a country, of which all the land is occupied, it is fantastical to state any precise ratio at which food can be increased.

But the other part of Mr. Malthus's doctrine presents greater difficulties.

The foundations for Mr. Malthus's hypothesis are

1. Some loose observations of Dr. Franklin, and Dr. Styles, respecting the fecundity of women in America:

2. An opinion of Sir William Petty, who, assuming that women, between fifteen and forty-four years of age, may bear children every two years,—and deducting a certain per centage for sickness, abortions, and barrenness, infers that a population may double itself every ten years:

3. A computation of Euler, found-

ed on the following arbitrary suppositions: "if in any country there are 100,000 persons living, and the annual mortality is one in thirty-six,—then, supposing the annual proportion of deaths to births to be variously, as 10 to 11, 10 to 12, and so on, up to as 10 to 30, what will be the number of persons who will yearly be added to the society; and what will be the number of years required for the original 100,000 persons to become 200,000?"—Euler's answer is, "that the period of doubling on the first supposition would be 250 years; and on the last, would be twelve years and four-fifths."

4. The American Censuses.

It certainly argues very little for the industry of the present age, that, from the appearance of Mr. Malthus's work up to the present day, Mr. Godwin is the only person who has thought fit to inquire, whether the hypothetical ratio of increase of Mr. Malthus is reconcileable with the laws of nature, and whether the American returns do, or do not, afford a confirmation of this hypothesis.

The hypothesis of Sir William Petty, supposes every female to be capable of bearing twelve children. The tables which the indefatigable Süsmilch collected, for various periods, from an infinite number of places in different parts of Europe, and which all exhibited a very different result, might well have led to a doubt of the soundness of this hypothesis. Süsmilch was enabled to affirm with certainty, that, in the number of children born of each marriage, "no one country of Europe differs perceptibly from another, and the proportion is the same in villages, and the open country, as in towns and cities." The average was only four children to each marriage.

In ascertaining the rate at which a population can increase without immigration, the first stage in the inquiry is to ascertain the laws of productiveness in women.

Mr. Godwin very properly remarks, that "tables of population for any very limited period, which do not distinguish the sexes, and the different ages, of the inhabitants of a country, are absolutely of no use in determining the question of the power, generally, or in any particular case, of progressive increase in the numbers of mankind. The two enumerations, therefore, which were made of the people of Great Britain, in 1801 and 1811, are merely so much labour thrown away."

In Sweden, however, an account, attending to all the above distinctions, has been taken, from three years to three years, from 1751 to 1775,—and from five years to five years, from 1775 to the present time.

The period during which women, in temperate climates, are supposed capable of bearing children,—is from twenty to forty-five years of age.—In warmer climates they begin to bear sooner, and leave off bearing sooner. Marriage at an earlier age than twenty, in our part of the world, is always allowed to be unfavourable, rather than favourable, to the production of a numerous offspring. It appears from the Swedish tables, that, one year with another, the number of women who marry in Sweden, nearly corresponds with that of the number of women who arrive at the age of twenty,—consequently, that almost all the women of Sweden marry at some time of their lives. The number of females becoming marriageable for 1757, 1760, and 1763, was for instance 62,720, and the number of marriages for the same period 63,109.

This correspondence proves, at the same time, that the females marry in Sweden at an early age, because otherwise, agreeably to the laws of mortality, every year later than twenty, must, in a certain proportion, diminish the number marrying as compared with the number attaining twenty.

The Swedish enumerations were found by Süsmilch, to give the same result of children to a marriage with the enumerations of every other country. The number of births to a marriage, taken upon an average, does not (as we have already said), exceed the proportion of four to one. There is, therefore, no ground for supposing that, under any circumstances, *European* women can bear, one with another, twelve children; but on the contrary it may be affirmed, that the females of this quarter of the world cannot on an average produce more than four.

The next point to be ascertained is the law of mortality. It is well observed by Mr. Godwin, that when

once "we have ascertained the fair proportion of births to marriages, in any community, we have a just criterion by which to judge of the increase or otherwise of mankind in that community. Children in Europe are not smuggled out of the world, as Mr. Malthus's theory would require us to suppose. Give me the number of births annually, or otherwise, in any country, and I have the means of ascertaining, among civilized nations, how, in what proportions, and at what periods, they die. There is nothing mystical in this. It is in vain that the author of the Essay on Population offers me his vice and misery killing their millions of whom no account is taken, and who perish we know not how. I say an account is taken of all." *

Mr. Godwin has not attempted to construct a table exhibiting the rate of mortality in the different countries of Europe, from the existing data. In the Swedish tables, we have a digested abstract of the numbers that die, and the ages at which they die. Süsmilch gives a rate of mortality for the country, for small towns, for large towns, and for whole provinces. He makes the rate of mortality for the country as one to forty, and for whole provinces as one to thirty-six. The lists obtained from different countries, exhibit nearly the same results, on an average of years, both in the proportion which the deaths bear to the births, and the numbers that die at various ages.

It appears then that the births and deaths of a country are subject to something like fixed laws. The excess of the births over the deaths gives us the rate at which a population increases.

Süsmilch, from a variety of data, gives the proportion in which the births, in favourable years in Europe, exceed the deaths, as twelve or thirteen to ten. If we take the highest number, thirteen, the population of a country, if no calamity should visit it, may be doubled in between eighty-three and eighty-four years. Sweden, a country from which there is little emigration, and into which there is as little immigration, actually increased its population, between 1751 and 1805, from 2,229,611 to 3,320,647, or nearly one half. In Russia, which, however, receives colonies, it is estimated that the population has been increasing at about the highest ratio assigned by Süsmilch.

Have we any reason for believing that population, unaided by immigration, has increased more rapidly in the United States?

From the only documents we yet possess respecting the population of the United States, it appears that the number of births to a marriage is the same there as in Europe. There is a paper in the third volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, by a Mr. Barton, which gives the proportion of births to marriages in the parish of Hingham, in the State of Massachusets, for fifty-four years. The result is four and a fraction. Mr. Godwin obtained, from a Mr. Bevan, reports of the marriages and births in Portsmouth, the capital of New Hampshire, for six years, from 1804 to 1809; and in Philadelphia for one year. The average of the six years was four and a fraction to a marriage. The great town of Philadelphia yielded a return of fewer than three to a marriage.†

If the marriages in America are not more productive than in Europe, we can hardly suppose that the mortality will be less. No precise data for determining the law of mortality in the United States have yet been given. From the concurrent testimony, however, of all writers, it appears that the climate is less healthy than that of any part of Europe. Consumption is there much more frequent. Mr. Warden, in his Statistical Account, states, that at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, one fifth of the cases in the bill of mortality is consumption. In New York, consumption constituted one fourth of the diseases of 1802, and nearly one fifth of 1803, 1804, and 1805. Dysentery is also very prevalent,—and a great pro-

* In most civilized countries some sort of register is kept of births, marriages, and deaths.—*Enquiry concerning Population*, p. 34.

† It may be observed here, that Mr. Malthus's theory rests on the supposition of *eight* births to a marriage being the average number.

portion of the children are cut off by it. The yellow fever frequently falls little short of the plague in its ravages. America is also scourged with intermittent fevers, and the other diseases of swampy and newly settled countries.

We now come to the estimates and population returns for North America.

Mr. Pitkin, in his Statistical View of the United States, gives an estimate for 1749 of 1,046,000

The Census of 1790... 3,929,326

The Census of 1800... 5,309,758

The Census of 1810... 7,239,903

With respect to the estimate for 1749, it may be remarked in passing, that Mr. Pitkin takes in "the whole white population;" and Dr. Franklin makes the number of "*English* souls," in 1731, amount to upwards of one million.

But passing on to the returns for 1800 and 1810, it is evident, from an inspection of them, that the increase cannot be ascribed to native propagation. An admirable light is thrown on this subject by Mr. David Booth, in an ingenious dissertation on the ratios of increase of population, which Mr. Godwin has incorporated in this work.

"When enumerations," says Mr. Booth, "are taken every ten years, it is obvious, exclusive of immigration, that, in any particular census, the persons living above ten years of age must have all existed in the census immediately preceding." Now the white population of 1800 was 4,305,971. These, in ten years, would be diminished by a fourth under the most favourable laws of mortality that have yet been observed. It is very improbable that more than 3,200,000 would have been alive in 1810, for, —whatever proportion the *births* of that country may bear to the whole population,—the proportion of *deaths* is certainly greater than in Europe. But the actual census of 1810, has 3,845,389 above ten years of age—giving a surplus of 645,389, which can only be accounted for by immigration. The census of 1810, contains also 2,016,704 children under ten years of age. "Part of these too," says Mr. Booth, "as well as the deaths of immigrants since their arrival, should be added to the 645,389 above stated; and therefore, of the 1,556,122 persons which the census of 1810 exhibits beyond that of 1800; it is as clear as sunshine, that nearly one half was added by direct immigration."

The extraordinary rapidity with which the population of a country is increased by immigration, is very ingeniously shown by Mr. Booth. The lists of Sweden, for instance, at a period when the population may be considered as having been nearly stationary, give, on an average of nine years, 81,032 births, to a population of 2,379,062. Mr. Booth has constructed a table on the reduced scale of a population of 10,000, from which it appears that 370 annual births are just sufficient to keep up a population of 10,000 persons. These 370 (or 1850 in five years), constitute a population of 1408, under five years of age, who are renewed by the births as they grow older or die. The 1408 are reduced by deaths to 1076, between the ages of five and ten; who are again reduced to 1015, being the number living between ten and fifteen; and to 859 between fifteen and twenty.

From the continual supply by births, and reductions by death, the different numbers of every age are regularly kept up throughout the century, the limit of the age of man.

This is the manner in which society is kept up in an old country.

But change the scene. Keeping in view this table of 10,000, let us suppose a colony of 3,837 persons, male and female, between the ages of fifteen and forty, (which we will take for the marriageable ages in a new country), and in such proportions as they are found in Europe. Let them be from Sweden, and possessed of only the Swedish powers of propagation. These persons then will form the nidus of a race, as in the former example, except that, until their children arrive at the age of fifteen, the propagators not being supplied by their growing successors, would diminish for a certain time. To remedy this, let there be an immigration for the first fifteen years, of 172 annually, or about a twenty-second part of the original colonists, which 172 will exactly keep up the number of those between fifteen and forty, as they waste by age and death. At the end of fifteen years, the number of propagators will be continued the same by means of the grown up children, with-

out further importation. The society now exhibits an extraordinary increase. In taking a census therefore, of an infant colony, we need not wonder that it should double its numbers in a very short period. The immigrants who arrive in small numbers afterwards, are less observed than the primitive founders; and it is extremely probable that many such establishments may double their numbers apparently from propagation alone, in less than twenty years. "The principle, however," says Mr. Booth, "on which this duplication rests, escapes the eye of the common observer. The colony is not a society in the sense which we understand of a nation. It is the first expansion of a set of picked propagators, without parents, and without children, which two classes, together with the diseased and ineffective, constitute nearly three fourths of the population of modern Europe." An attentive examination of our fifteen-years colony will show, that it increases with this rapidity, solely because it is a society which is incomplete. In an indigenous society, there is nearly a fourth part above forty-five years of age. Here there are only 878 out of 8,770, or about a tenth of the population. The higher ages are not yet formed; neither if immigration were continued, would they ever be. Of this the American censuses afford sufficient proof. In none of the United States is the number of persons above forty-five, more than from sixteen to seventeen per cent. of the population, while in many of the newly settled districts they do not exceed seven or eight, as will appear more particularly from the following table.

Proportion of White Inhabitants, above and below the age of forty-five, (to a Population of 10,000), *in the different Districts and Territories of the United States of America in* 1810, *compared with the kingdom of Sweden, from* 1755 *to* 1763.

	UNDER 45.	ABOVE 45.
Sweden	7892	2108
District of Maine	8867	1133
State of Massachusets	8391	1609
New Hampshire	8610	1390
Vermont	8964	1036
Rhode Island	8387	1613
Connecticut	8308	1692
New York	8904	1096
New Jersey	8629	1371
Pennsylvania	8757	1243
Delaware	8961	1039
Maryland	8710	1290
Virginia	8771	1229
Ohio	9097	903
Kentucky	9044	956
New Carolina	8895	1105
East Tennessee	9003	997
West Tennessee	9195	805
South Carolina	8963	1037
Georgia	9060	940
Columbia	8944	1056
Territory of Orleans	8833	1167
Mississippi	9210	790
Louisiana	9113	887
Indiana	9197	803
Illinois	9201	799
Michigan	8983	1017

No exact records have been kept of the emigrations from various countries to America; but every one knows that they have always been very great. Consult the statistical accounts of Scotland, look to the perpetual drains from Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, &c. But it is unnecessary to dilate on a matter so universally known.

We consider, therefore, Mr. God-

win to have completely destroyed this hypothesis of Mr. Malthus. In the absence of every restraint on marriage, society can only increase in numbers at a much lower rate than that which he has assigned.

We have thus exhibited the results of Mr. Godwin's labours, in that plain and unambitious manner, which is alone suitable to a subject of this nature. Not wishing to withdraw the attention of our readers from the leading points of this important inquiry, we have avoided all allusion to a number of matters introduced by Mr. Godwin into this work. One third part of it, is devoted to the discussion of a variety of questions in morals and political economy, more or less connected with the doctrine of population, in which we conceive Mr. Godwin often builds on a very insecure foundation. But to follow him into these questionable matters, would swell this article beyond the limits which we have proposed to ourselves. We have abstained too from all strictures on the manner in which Mr. Godwin has executed his work, and the extravagant observations in which he occasionally indulges. What, for instance, can be more extravagant than to say, "that we have no very certain reason to believe, that England contains a greater number of inhabitants now, than it did in 1339, when Edward III. commenced his expedition for the conquest of France." Or what more fanciful than to suppose for a moment, "that races of men have a perpetual tendency to wear out," and "that where a breed is not crossed, it has a constant tendency to decline." It would require much stronger reasons than the mere circumstance of Capt. Clarke having observed various races on the Missouri, who raise corn, once numerous, and now reduced to a feeble remnant, to induce us to believe in the existence of any race of men not possessed of the ordinary powers of propagation, though we may not know enough of their history to account for the diminution of their numbers.

Before concluding, we shall advert a little to the situation of England. We agree with Mr. Godwin, that the returns of England are almost useless for the inquirer into the doctrine of population,—that the return of 1801 s in all probability extremely inaccurate,—and that the conclusions of Mr. Rickman with respect to the population of former periods, are entitled to very little attention.

Mr. Rickman from the registers of baptisms, calculates the population in 1700, at 5,475,000. The calculation from the number of houses ought to confirm this result, but it does not. The houses in 1690, according to the hearth books, amounted to 1,319,215, and in 1811, to 1,848,524. Supposing as many persons to a house in 1690, as in 1811, this would give for the former period upwards of seven millions. The register of burials is as little liable to error as that of baptisms; for, as is well observed by Mr. Godwin, "every human creature that is born *is not carried to the priest of the parish to be baptized;* but every human creature that dies, unless at sea, is consigned to the earth, and his obsequies are rarely unaccompanied with the ceremonies of religion." Now Mr. Rickman assures us, that "the average number of registered burials, (though considerably fluctuating from year to year), has remained stationary during twenty-one years, from 1780 to 1800; the first five years of which period, as well as the last five years, and all the twenty-one years together, averaging at about 192,000 burials per annum." The average from 1805 to 1810, he states to be 196,000, and yet according to him, between 1780 and 1810, the population has experienced an increase of 2,535,000. Are we to believe that no more persons die in a population of 10,488,000, than died in a population of 7,953,000? Yet Mr. Rickman believes this, and gravely tells us, that we must infer our mortality has diminished at this most extraordinary rate.

The population of England has no doubt increased during the last century, but certainly not to the extent which is usually supposed. We know precisely what the increase has been for half a century in Sweden, a country in which marriages are early, in which there are remarkably few unmarried persons—which, during the period in question, enjoyed a great portion of internal tranquillity, and which receives few immigrants, and sends forth few colonists. So accurately have the lists been taken, and so little has been the emigration from,

or immigration into, the country, that the population at different periods has been found to vary very slightly from what it ought to have been—that is, if we add to the preceding enumeration, the subsequent births, and subtract the subsequent deaths, the result gives us nearly the amount of the next enumeration. From England, on the other hand, there has always been a considerable emigration; and various other causes have operated to keep down the numbers of our people, to most of which Sweden is a stranger. We may therefore safely conclude, that the increase has been considerably less here, than that which took place in Sweden. If the baptismal lists of Mr. Rickman were worth any thing, which we should say they are not, except we suppose a very superior degree of healthiness in England, the English increase must be considered *greatly* less than that of Sweden, for the births are much fewer, compared with the population. Take for instance, the year 1751 in Sweden. The population was 2,229,611, and the births 89,341. In 1801, the population of England is said to have been 9,168,000, while the baptisms are given at only 263,409. Now either the register of baptisms is greatly defective, (of which we have not the slightest doubt) or we must suppose that 9,168,000 people produced no more children than 6,534,000 would do according to the Swedish rate.

We admit, that propagation continued at its highest rate, would, in time, fill every country with a population greater than it could feed.—But it is much easier to deal with a doubling every century, than with a doubling every twenty-five years.—In the one case, emigration holds out little prospect of relief; in the other, so long as there are countries to settle, the surplus may be disposed of. The fertility of land, however, is so much increased by density of population, that it is difficult to assign limits either to the quantity of food a country can produce,—or, to the amount of population which can inhabit it, with the greatest degree of comfort. To satisfy the alarm of those who may have any apprehensions from an increasing population, it may be worth while to construct a table, showing the precise number of males and females, having attained the age of twenty, which it may be necessary to remove, in order to keep the present population of England stationary, even if propagation were continued at the highest rate at which, if unchecked, it can possibly go on. We shall leave this task to others, but we may observe that the number to be removed, would be much smaller than is generally imagined. The sum of Mr. Godwin's argument may be thus stated in his own words:—"wherever it shall be found that there are only four children to a marriage, it appears to be clearly demonstrated there can be no actual increase, and we have more reason to fear a decrease, of the number of mankind."

SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF VOCAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND;

WITH NOTICES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS AND COMPOSERS, DURING A PERIOD TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

No. II.

The more important features of modern music, distinguishing it from the old, have been given it by Haydn and Mozart. If we divide the reign of instrumental composition into three epochs, Corelli may be said to have *founded* the ancient school, which was *perfected* by Handel, and which ended in the works of Geminiani and followers. The intervening, or middle period, was occupied by a crowd of feeble and short lived composers, such as Sterkel, Starmitz, and Vanhall; while the foundations, and almost the entire superstructure of the modern school, have been laid and erected by Haydn and Mozart. Haydn, to whom, in spite of the rage which at present prevails for the compositions of Mozart, it appears to us the world is by far the most indebted, began by laborious study. Emanuel Bach was his principal model; and, with the modesty of genius, he has spontaneously acknowledged himself an imitator of that nervous and original

composer. But it is from his later manner, which combines such continually flowing grace with so much perpetually rising variety, that we derive the grand improvements of which Haydn may certainly be styled the inventor. Melody and modulation are the two capital sources of his power. He refines and polishes, at the same time that he invents. He constantly strives to please, and he captivates by elegance rather than commands by magnificence, or by exciting surprise. We shall indulge no wider excursion into the domains of instrumental composition, than merely to point out that Haydn perfected the symphony, and gave permanent importance to wind instruments. These probably owe that rapid advancement towards perfection in performance, which our day has witnessed, to the consequence he bestowed upon them, and the care he showed in assigning to each the passages the most adapted to their character and mechanism: he also invited them to a pitch of expression and execution, which before his time it was considered impossible they should attain.

In our last essay we cast a forward glance towards the change in bass singing, which it is the particular object of these few remarks on the style of Haydn to preface. Haydn, when he composed his Creation, had a better bass than tenor singer to write for; and from this circumstance, it has been said, he assigned to the part of Raphael such dignity and beauty, as placed the bass for the first time upon an *equality*, at the very least, with the lighter voices. But the general elevation which prevails throughout the style of Haydn's works, inclines us to doubt the truth of this report: we rather believe that he was as anxious to support one part as another. He certainly found the prevailing style of compositions for bass voices, magnificent indeed, but ponderous, limited and mechanical — with scarcely a touch of tender passion, or an indication of elegance. If we grant to a very few passages of Purcell, to some of the songs of Handel, and Pergolesi, a small portion of these last attributes, they stand as exceptions, not as the rule. We are therefore the more induced to think, that the suavity, and grace, constituting that peculiar expression which marks the bass songs of Haydn, spring rather from his general disposition thus to animate the stiff materials, and to ornament the sublime forms which he found among the treasures of his predecessors, than from the adventitious circumstance to which the revolution has been attributed. Indeed we are supported in this idea by his universal practice.

About the time when the Creation was first introduced into this country, Mr. James Bartleman, a scholar of Dr. Cooke's, had appeared, with great reputation, in the concerts of the metropolis. His voice and manner exhibited a striking contrast to all the bass singers who had gone before him. His predecessors had been selected from amongst those powerful, but heavy, voices, whose compass is limited above, in as much as their tone is round and full below, and whose execution is proportionably sluggish and monotonous. Influenced by the style of the compositions they were accustomed to sing, this class of artists cultivated solemnity of manner, severe, unrelaxing attention to time, and accent—were solicitous principally to augment the volume of their tones, and were contented to roll them heavily along, in such divisions as those by which Handel seems to have marked his understanding of the natural province of the bass—or to move majestically through his loftier and most expressive songs of declamation. Hence the bass singers of that time were "mighty dull, and mighty round"—if they sometimes rose to magnificence, they seldom awakened any emotions of tenderness or of pathos; and still more seldom could be said to inform and animate their majesty, with any show of grace.

Bartleman had great compass—something more than two octaves—but his tone was of a totally different kind from that of the ordinary bass. He has frequently been classed as a *bary-tone*,—or as that species of voice which is lighter and loftier than the bass, without possessing the compass or comparative tenuity of the tenor. He could, however, sing all the notes that a bass could reach, with force, and, at the same time, his tone was incomparably more agreeable and effective; it partook in a greater degree of the qualities of both bass and

tenor, than any other voice that perhaps had ever been heard. His theory was singular, and if the Italians be right, erroneous: uniformity and continuity were the primary objects of his practice. The sound was to come forth, with equal roundness and finish, upon all syllables alike. Hence there was a necessity for a liquifying principle, a dissolving menstruum,—and this was got by the introduction of sounds very like those of the letters *o* and *u* and *aw*, between the consonants and vowels. Thus *die* becomes DOY; *din* DUIN; *smile* SMAWELE. But the object is effected—complete uniformity of tone is by this process obtained; and it is submitted to the hearer to decide, whether what he loses in correct pronunciation, is compensated for by richness and equality of voicing. These matters are very important to such an inquiry as ours —for the manner of a whole generation of singers, private and public,—and through them the taste of a whole age,—is vitiated or exalted by the example of the great idol of the day. Never has any man been more idolised than Mr. Bartleman—never has any bass singer been so much.

Such was this gentleman's theory and practice with respect to the formation of tone,—which, like colour in a picture, affects the sense upon which it is designed to act the most directly. Its other qualities were, a lightness, and a brilliancy, far beyond the ordinary reach of such voices, and a perfection in its production very rarely attained—though this fine finish was sometimes voluntarily departed from where energy ought to supersede polish. There is no finding a similitude for the human voice; and from this want of images it happens, that all verbal descriptions of vocal performance fail to convey adequate notions. There is however certainly a resemblance caught by the voice in listening or practising to particular instruments; and we have observed that Mr. Bartleman's tone bears some likeness to the finest sounds of a violincello.—It savours of the string, rather than the reed; and there are times when the ear feels as it were the vibration, as one hears it from the instrument. But the circumstance which bestows the most brilliant lustre upon Mr. Bartleman's tone, is the astonishing precision of his intonation; which never failed him even in the most chromatic and difficult intervals. The original accuracy of his ear was confirmed by such practice as converted a faculty into a habit. So certain indeed was he of his tone, that it signified little whether he did or did not hear (and with singers of great volume it very frequently happens that they do not hear) the accompanying instrument. He was under all circumstances sure of his pitch.

To these high endowments from nature and from art, he added a mind of such uncommon sensibility, and a disposition so vivacious, that they at once enabled him to comprehend the beauties of both words and music, and irresistibly excited him to express them with an energy to which his good taste assigned the exact measure orchestra singing will bear. Nothing is more difficult to find than this degree; and it is ascertained only by an intimate responsive intelligence with the sympathy of others. In this respect Mr. Bartleman has had to graduate his scale with prodigious attention and minuteness, for he derived his first and his most exalted reputation from the same concerts, that gave supremacy to Mara and to Harrison. Rank and education render their possessor tremblingly alive to every thing that borders upon coarseness: any sort of violence shocks and disturbs well-bred persons to a degree that none but well-bred persons can estimate. Though deeply sensitive, they are not less polite. Hence the eloquence of musical passion must be adapted to their finer understanding of effects, and hence arises the supreme difficulty of succeeding at the Ancient Concert, or at any concert where the audience is confined to select assemblages of the affluent and the educated,—whose habits are all refined by the civilization attendant upon high condition. They live in a world of their own; and as they have the power to form, command, and controul, the manners of those about them, it is to their standard, however artificial, that the singer must conform. If he would soften, he must yield to their prejudices; to lead he must first follow, —and the rather because their manners and attainments are admitted to be of the highest order. It belonged however to Mr. Bartleman's under-

standing to appreciate exactly what was due to nature, and what to refinement; and perhaps he succeeded the more eminently, through the contrast which his force and fire offered to the gentleness, the smoothness, and the tranquillity of Mr. Harrison's singing — which lacked nothing so much as energy and power.

Mr. Bartleman was completely educated in music: he was scientific as a singer, learned in the various erudition of English and Italian composers, particularly in the madrigalists, and the writers of sacred music. His bias was decided towards those compositions, which, even when he first came into life, had already begun to be considered as the ancient music: but all that lay in his own department he lightened of its heaviness by the brilliancy of his voice, and animated by his energy of manner. He carried as much dramatic effect into the orchestra, as the orchestra would bear. He restored the knowledge of Purcell's finest compositions, as well as of Handel's finest opera songs. He was, of his own accord, and under the impulse of his own disposition, rapidly infusing a new grace into bass singing, when the means were afforded him by Haydn's character of Raphael in the Creation,--by Calcott's beautiful songs written on purpose for him,—by Pergolesi's "O Lord have mercy upon me," Dr. Crotch's Palestine, and several other things from Stevens, Webbe, Calcott, and Horsley,—of perdurably affixing the stamp of elegance upon this part of the art. The freer admission of ornamental passages, of a cast between those employed by the bass and tenor, naturally followed; while the discontinuance of heavy divisions, and the substitution of speaking and beautiful melodies, such as we find throughout the Creation,--in Calcott's Angel of Life, and in Horsley's Tempest,—completed the enlargement of the bass singer from the imposing constraints of the former system. Nor has the pure and genuine eloquence of music, that just and forcible expression which is the result of the happiest adaptation of sound to sentiment, been abandoned or lost in the change. England owes to the present generation of native composers, a combination of grandeur with grace, not to be matched, we think, in the works of any other race of writers for basses,—scarcely excepting the author of the Creation himself. The song and glee writers whom we enumerated on a former occasion, have blended all the characteristics of impassionate expression most intimately and most completely. The consummation is to be found in the Palestine of Dr. Crotch; who has united the sound learning of ancient, with the polish of modern music, in the recitatives and airs for this species of voice. Thus it is that the composer and the performer reciprocally affect not only each other, but the genius of the art. New strains are engendered by their collision and reaction—new powers elicited.

There is another department of musical science which has ramified very extensively, has flourished exuberantly, and is perhaps at this moment verging towards partial decline. We allude to part-songs, the productions of English talent, which will probably suffer a temporary exclusion from the more than proportionate share of the concert bills they have enjoyed of late years, while they are gradually opening to themselves a wider influence in the amusements of private society. These changes are intimately connected with the progress of manners. The time was when amongst the qualifications of "the Complete Gentleman," according to Peacham, an old author who published a treatise under that title —was reckoned the ability "to sing his part sure and at first sight." This however was at a very early time. These intellectual delights gave way to amusements less rational; and part-songs, if we may judge from the nature of such compositions towards the age of Purcell, and indeed till the middle of last century, were degraded to the mean office of stimulating sensual excesses. From this low state they were rescued by the institutions and the talent we briefly alluded to at the close of our last essay; and as clubs, and dinners, and debauch, shrunk away before the increasing love of domestic society, and the blandishments of art, and the charms of female accomplishment, the encouragement both to the composition and execution of part-songs, became daily more honourable and more inviting.

Mr. Harrison, the Knyvetts, and

Mr. Bartleman, united by various ties of connexion, assimilated their principles and their practice, and finally arrived at that fine, conscious, and absolute consent in their execution, that can be attained only by the desire of perfection,—by the sacrifice of all other considerations to the aspiring impulse of legitimate ambition, and by assiduous and unceasing exertion. All these grand desiderata were brought together, and united into a centre of energy, as it were, by private friendship and connected interest; and hence came to be generally felt and understood the accommodations of tone, breath, and utterance, in part-singing; the management of light and shade; the relaxations, and accelerations, of force and time; in short, that complete solution of many sounds into one expressive mass of harmony, that results from a glee when finely and delicately sung. Out of this excellence arose the Vocal Concerts, which were established about 1791, at a moment when the destruction of the Opera House, by fire, left a void in the public entertainments that invited new endeavours to occupy the vacant station. At the commencement, these concerts were almost strictly what their title promised. Neither overture nor concertos were played, and four stringed instruments, with a piano-forte for accompaniment, made up the whole band, with the singers, who, besides those above named, included Mrs. Harrison, Messrs, Sale, Hindle, Gore, Rennoldson, R. Cooke, Danby, Webbe, and some others. These persons constituted also the strength of the Catch and Glee Clubs, where they were in the constant habit of meeting and singing together. In their progress, however, these concerts augmented their instrumental force, and extended their range to every species of composition, and every novelty in art. The subsequent introduction of the finest female singers, if it did not originate, led to the increase of that species of composition called harmonised airs; and we probably owe to this incentive, not less than to the necessity for variety experienced at the King's Concert, the adaptation of such beautiful old melodies as have been brought forward by Mr. Greatorex, Mr. Harrison, and others. We may, however, well doubt the propriety of considering this practice as strictly legitimate. We ourselves attribute the growth of harmonized airs very much to exhaustion; for it is to be remarked that the recourse had to this substitute was at a late period, and that the last twenty years have produced no glee writer of considerable eminence except Mr. Horsley,—Mr. W. Knyvett, and some others, have written a few beautiful things; but the first named composer is, as it appears to our judgment, the glee writer of the present day *par excellence*, both as to the number, and the merit of his writings in this species. When, however, we turn over the pages of nearly seventy authors, and many of them voluminous* writers of glees, within a term of sixty years, we scarcely wonder at such exhaustion.

The increase of concerts began to render music as a profession (independent of the stage) more adopted. Mrs. Ambrose, a singer with a beautiful voice,—one of the Mahon family,—had reached some eminence in London, and in provincial meetings, which, under the title of Musical Festivals, began to spread through the large towns of the empire. In 1792, Miss Parke and Miss Poole were both engaged at the King's Concert. The first lady filled for many years a very principal station among English singers. The second is still known as Mrs. Dickons, of whom we shall have future occasion to speak at large.

Miss Parke, the daughter of the first celebrated oboe player of that name, had not only received a regular musical education, but had also cultivated a naturally strong understanding; she had acquired a knowledge of modern languages, and acquainted herself with general literature, at the same time that she enjoyed the advantage of the best society. Her voice was more powerful and extensive perhaps than sweet, and her style was very expressive. Though by the ruling fashion of the time, which was supported by a predilection so strong as to deserve the

* Dr. Webbe's are prodigiously numerous, and Dr. Calcott is said to have *in one year* sent one hundred and twenty glees for the prize to the Catch Club.

name of prejudice, Miss Parke was modelled in the common school of English expression — the school of Handel—she had not neglected the graces of foreign art. She had studied the composers and the singers of Italy; she was a thorough musician;* and her natural fine sense directed her to the formation of pure and sound taste. Her execution was brilliant, but not of the light and showy cast which has of late prevailed. It was the sound, deep seated articulation of Mara's school; although we have heard her sing with a neatness and facility rarely exceeded, *O Dolce Concento*, with variations of her own composition,* of embarrassing difficulty, and of extreme compass. She avoided every thing bordering upon the extravagance of the theatre. She was a legitimate orchestra singer. With such endowments and such acquisitions, she continued to attract a large portion of the public favour for some years. When her exertions had rendered the toil of her arduous profession no longer necessary, she quitted public life, and she now enjoys in private society, as the wife of a private gentleman, the regard and estimation she so well deserves. To this lady's character and conduct we would particularly direct attention; for Miss Parke was one of those ornaments to the profession who have proved that the public service is not incompatible with talent, accomplishment, and the dignity of virtue.

The same year that saw this lady at the Ancient Concert, brought out Master Welsh, who by the richness, roundness, and brilliancy of his tone, the sweet simplicity of his manner, not unmingled with the traits of teaching and science, attracted a portion of regard far beyond the customary chance of boys, who rarely make sufficient acquirements to bring themselves into notice before their power of using their accomplishments expires. Master Welsh was, however, in unusual request, and by his premature attainments was enabled to lay those solid foundations of knowledge and of fortune, which now give him rank amongst the most respectable professors of his country.

Mrs. Crouch, as a dramatic singer, produced some sensation; but it was the effect of a peculiarly rich voice, rather than of high science. She neither advanced, nor practised the principles of art in so superior a degree as to gain her a title to a long recollection. She ranks, therefore, with those performers who are just able to acquire a temporary distinction, but who want the zeal, or the talent, or both, from whence results immortality.

When we next resume our subject, it will be our duty to characterize an artist, who has already conquered this meed: for if there be an individual, who, to the greatest natural powers, has added the highest cultivation—who exhibits the exuberance and wildness, as well as the beauty, grace, and strength of genius—if there be such a man among modern singers, it is Mr. Braham.

SONNET.

Oh! let me die on a November day!
Methinks that then I could resign my breath
With less regret,—and almost smile at Death!—
The beauties of the Summer now decay,
An universal gloom appears, and fog and cloud
Obscure from view the lovely sun and sky—
And all around me seems to droop and die:—
The insect dies—is wrapped in Nature's shroud,
And lies till warmth restore to it new birth:—
The flowers that gave a perfume to the gale,
Now drop their heads and sink into the earth:—
The hill is bleak—unfruitful is the vale.
Then, let me die when all these charms decay,
Oh! let me die on a November day!

Acton Place. M. M.

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* Miss Parke also wrote for the Piano-forte, upon which she played admirably, and, had at a very early period performed in public. Her *Russian Air with Variations*, is amongst the best things of the kind ever produced.

THE MOHOCK MAGAZINE.

What starting hole can'st thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?—1*st Part Henry IV.*

We return quickly to this subject, because we wish to have soon done with it. Such discussions are not those we most like; but what we have taken in hand to do, we mean to perform effectually; after which, the public being completely in possession of the case, we shall hold ourselves discharged from the unpleasant task of watching, and exposing what may be termed the INFAMOUS SCOTCH HOAX.* The publication in question

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* Not that we mean to baulk our pleasant co-adjutors, who have announced to us their intention of trying a turn with Blackwood's Men. We are desired to promise as follows—

I. *The Reekie School*—(as a companion to the "*Cockney School*")—by Z., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c.

II. *Sketches of Professor Wilson's first course of Lectures*, by Philo-Veritas. These papers will be excessively interesting, we are told, and we believe it.

III. *Doctor Morris's Vision of the Horns*—with the Seer's interpretation of the same—clearly foretelling his recent accident from the *Black-bull*—in the manner of the *Chaldee MS.*

IV. *Private Letters* on the above subjects that have passed between the *Black-bull* and *Mr. Blackwood*—with a note of law expenses.

V. *Conversations on Art, held by the Amateurs in Prince's-street, Edinburgh.*

1. On "*A Portrait of the Emperor of the Mohocks*," by that great master of *design*, John Gibson Lockart, Esq. The artist's genius, as evinced in this piece, has been so admired in Edinburgh, that he has been actually confounded with its subject; and he is now generally, we understand, complimented with the royal title of EMPEROR OF THE MOHOCKS! The motto to this piece is taken from the Spectator, No. 324:—

> "The Mohock-club, is a name borrowed, it seems, from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled "*Emperor of the Mohocks:*"—his arms are a Turkish crescent"—(something like the horns of the *Black Bull* at the head of Leith Walk)—"Agreeably to their name, the avowed design of their institution is *mischief*, and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed."

2. On "*The Dilettanti Society in the Isle of Palms*,"—a Landscape, with figures, by Wilson. The object of this piece is stated to be a *moral one*—viz. to shew that much piety is not incompatible with a great deal of punch.

3. On "*Deacon Drummond and the Four Evangelists*,"—intended for the University of Edinburgh—also by Wilson. This Scriptural picture is described as irresistible;—the *design* is particularly admired,—also the air of simplicity in the Deacon's head.

4. On "*The Assassin*,"—a sombre piece—by *Doctor Morris*—intended for Mr. Blackwood's back parlour. The character of treacherous malignity was never better expressed than in the features of the *Assassin.*

5. On "*The Shepherd's Dog Ill Treated*," an affecting picture by that excellent Scotch artist, James Hogg. Wilkie might be proud of this piece. The valuable beast has here got into very bad hands. A parcel of mischievous heartless scoundrels have tied a cannister to his tail, with which the abused creature runs full speed, as if it naturally belonged to him, instead of turning upon his tormentors, and shewing his teeth, which would soon set all to rights. Some of the crowd pity the animal, but more ridicule him, in consequence of the clatter of the cannister; and the fellows who have been guilty of this act of cruelty, are plainly seen to be laughing and enjoying the joke to themselves, while they are professing to others to admire the dog whom they have thus disgraced. Every friend to humanity, and to the noble qualities of a truly noble creature, must feel the greatest interest in this picture; and we fervently hope that the meritorious artist may be roused by the praise he has received, to exemplify his talents in treating a more gratifying subject. Let him next repre-

cannot be more aptly denominated; a HOAX (a word of late origin) being *a laughing lie, in which the fraud is more apparent than the pleasantry, and the joke consists almost entirely of mischief.* This species of wit is of recent invention: yet it is nothing but an extension of the class of what are called *practical jests.* The *Mohocks*, of whom we read in the Spectator, shone amazingly in these: they ludicrously insulted the women in the streets, crippled children, and maimed the defenceless generally. They flourished for a time:--their "*irregularities,*" were as popular as those of Blackwood's Magazine, and were excused in much the same way, till at length it was hinted to the public that these merry fellows were malignant scoundrels, without either honour or courage; that their jokes were the outrages of ruffians, and their attempt to laugh them off an insult to decency. The public quickly took the hint, and the Mohocks soon fell into disrepute and decline. Their successors were "a feeble folk" in comparison; they went about the streets knocking at doors, and running away when the servant came with the candle: sometimes they ventured to steal a blind man's dog from him;—they have even dared to pull off an old gentleman's wig, and have exquisitely withdrawn a lady's chair from under her, as she was going to sit down. It is within our own day that the *Hoaxer* has taken the place of these wags, and introduced an improvement in their practice. He is more cunning, and more mischievous; his pleasantry, too, is as certain not to fail of its effect, and makes no greater demand on mental resources. Any one who can hide a pair of spectacles, or blacken a face when its owner is asleep, or make wry mouths behind a person who is speaking on a serious subject, need not be afraid to attempt *hoaxing.* It is a hoax, for instance, to tell a man that he has *pimples* on his face when it happens to be clear, as Blackwood's men have done to Mr. Hazlitt: this is a hoax, and surely nothing can be more easy of execution. It is a hoax to astonish a gentleman of clean and rather careful habits, by exclaiming that his *hair* is *greasy*, though it bears the appearance of holding pomatum in horror: this Blackwood's men have done to

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sent *The Shepherd's Dog* "himself again"—ranging his native hills proudly and freely, or attending his flocks sagaciously and kindly, or basking by the farmer's ingle side, an image of fidelity and of pastoral beauty.

These Critical Conversations will be continued through a much longer series than the above; but it is unnecessary at present to anticipate more of the subjects.

VI. *An Historical and Genealogical Paper on the ancient and respectable Family of the* BLACKS,—full of biographical anecdotes and sentimental reflections. The author is a profound man in such matters, and undertakes to shew the exact degrees of relationship which exist between the various branches of the BLACKS—such as the BLACK-*legs*, the BLACK-*guards*, and the BLACK-*woods*. He clearly proves that Ebony and his Editors, though honourably come, have not any right to claim descent from the BLACK *Prince*,—that "young Mars of men,"—as some shallow persons have supposed from the shop being in *Prince's*-street. He shews, incontestably as we think, that the dark blood in their veins flows from a very different source—

"Dark as Erebus—let no such man be trusted"—

is their family motto, he says,—and sufficiently distinguishes them from the *ich dien* branch. Referring to the name *Ebony*, as recently bestowed, and used by us a few lines back, he disputes its propriety with much show of learning,—and suggests that the *Upas, or poison tree* of Java, which is *black-hearted*, would supply the appropriate appellation. Perhaps, however, this may be thought a little pedantic. He avails himself of *Doctor Morris's* famous conversation with that *brunette*, the *Hottentot-Venus*, on their family affairs (an accurate account of which has never before been published) to give authority, or at least plausibility, to many of his statements,—and vindicates Mr. Warren, and Messrs. Day and Martin, *Blacking-makers*, from having any hand in the preparation of the articles for the Blackwood Magazine.

This is the whole list which has been sent to us; and we accordingly announce the above Papers,—of which some idea may be formed from the accompanying explanations,—as intended for progressive publication.

Mr. Haydon, and this is a genuine hoax—clever but not difficult. It is a better hoax still to swear that this is *fair criticism* on the artist and the author, and to protest solemnly that they have "no personal feelings in regard to these persons, good or bad, —and have never even *seen one of their faces!*" All this has been done by Blackwood's men in their 42d No.—and this is carrying the *hoax* to its last and highest degree of impudent fraud. It is a *hoax* to write false letters with real signatures, for the purpose of throwing ridicule and dislike on the persons whose names are forged,—to injure them in their interests, and hurt them in their feelings: and this, too, Blackwood's men have performed, to a pitch of outrage on individual claims, which goes nigh to pursuade us, that the press is, in its abuse, a nuisance too offensive to be compensated for by any benefit in its power to render society under respectable management. Further, and lastly, it is a *hoax*, almost as laughable as assassination itself, to tell falsehoods, and provoke honest indignation, under the assumed name of an excellent, meritorious, and inoffensive individual, totally unconcerned in the mischief,—which is solely intended to gratify the mercenary and malicious designs of the *hoaxer*, at the expence of the fame and the interests of one whom he appears to treat as his friend, and for whose welfare he professes to be anxious! This is taking the cruelest and most unmanly advantage of a defenceless situation that can be conceived: and this is a *hoax* which Blackwood's men have practised on poor Hogg, the delightful Shepherd Poet—whose *bonnie Kilmennie*, and delicate dedication to Lady Anne Scott of Buccleugh, have inspired feelings in his favour, that warm into angry scorn at this dastardly attempt to degrade and injure a man whose poetical genius is a jewel of the first water in the national crown of honour. This is a matter, however, on which we shall afterwards remark at greater length.

Blackwood's Magazine, therefore, may fairly be complimented with the title of THE INFAMOUS SCOTCH HOAX; and it will be admitted infinitely to outshine the *Stock Exchange Hoax* of pillory fame. These are assertions, however, that ought not to be made in language at all akin to that of levity; for they must heap indelible disgrace, either on the persons against whom they are directed, or on us by whom they are hazarded. We accept and acknowledge the responsibility thus conveyed; and challenge attention to the facts we are about to bring forward, as not only sufficient to prove the substantial truth of our allegations, but adequate to warrant the favourable presumption we claim for our motives in undertaking this task of exposure. We do most seriously and sincerely declare, that we have been induced to write these articles solely by the indignation rising and swelling in our minds at the still-renewed spectacle of outrage, hypocrisy, and fraud, which the succeeding Numbers of Mr. Blackwood's Publication present. Long impunity, or, at least, insufficient exposure, from whatever cause proceeding, has at length converted what was at first but a system of provocation, into a downright *system of terror*. We know for a fact, and dare contradiction, that Blackwood has openly vaunted of holding to grateful behaviour an individual who had been first *abused*, and then *defended* by the *same writer* in his Magazine: "*if he is not duly respectful, we have more for him from the same hand!*" Such is the triumph of Scotch toryism over Scotch whiggism in Blackwood! A few more such victories will be sufficient to disgrace it for ever. It is impossible, almost, to conceive any one species of deceit, of unfair aggression, of the violation of all the rules of proper criticism, of individual persecution, of false pretension, and audacious boasting, falling within the range of literary profligacy, which the writers in this publication do not habitually practice. It has been their aim, from its very commencement,—as we observed in our last paper under this head, —to excite the public expectation and attention, by the perpetration of gross wrongs, affecting the honour of literature, and the peace of individuals. In their endeavours to do this, they have not restricted themselves to the malignancy of satire, and the bitterness of personal invective; but, with these, they have coupled a duplicity and treachery, as mean and grovelling as their scurrili-

ty has been foul and venomous.—*Three times within the space of very little more than two years, have they been compelled to pay, to injured individuals, heavy forfeitures, for calumnies uttered against private character, and to the detriment of private interests;* AND IN NO ONE OF THESE THREE HAVE THEY ATTEMPTED DEFENCE OR JUSTIFICATION OF ANY KIND! No attempt has been made by them, in any of these cases, to show mistake or misconception; nor have they once dared to stand boldly on the honesty of their strictures, and vindicate manfully what they had uttered rancorously. No,—in each of these instances, the offence has been flagrant and scandalous,—and the penalty has been paid, quietly and unresistingly. In two of them, wilful malice was apparent beyond contradiction, and the means taken to gratify it were still more disgraceful than the intention. In the first, bodily infirmity was alluded to, amidst a heap of slanders and indecencies, which were afterwards apologised for in the lump, and have been since repeated in detail. In the second, wilful falsehood, as well as wilful malice, stood barefacedly exposed:—the writer of the queries addressed to Mr. Hazlitt, affirmed, under the guise of an interrogation, what he could not but know was untrue,—nay totally without foundation of any kind—and, when called to account for this, he acknowledged the lie by silently paying its forfeit! This writer, who assumed *the mask of a correspondent*, is now *known to be Mr. Blackwood's principal Editor*—not the gentleman who has been recently withdrawn from the Magazine to Moral Philosophy—but *Doctor Morris*,*—the individual who has been obliged, the other day, to pay (being the third penalty) four hundred pounds to a wantonly injured tradesman,—and whose hand, it is now well understood, has thrown most of the envenomed darts, launched against character and feeling from the quarter in question. Nothing in the annals of disgraceful publication can be quoted to equal the course of conduct pursued by this man, in his capacity of Editor. While he has been uttering these calumnies, and paying these penalties, he has *forged testimonials from living and celebrated men to the merits of his Magazine*, which he has published with their names at full, trusting to the very audacity of the measure to escape detection, or, at least, exposure. We have lately seen him giving, as from a private letter from Goethe, *a sentence of clumsy German!* After writing, as the first fruits of his Editorship, a most virulent and offensive libel against Mr. Coleridge, in which the "grinning and idiot self-complacency"—of that gentleman is talked of; in which he is described as having exposed himself "dead drunk in the house of a Brummagem Patriot"—after all this, he has found means to draw, for once, a private and civil letter from the object of these indecent aspersions; and this letter, contrary to the usage of gentlemen, he has published in his Magazine, without the writer's consent, and, as we have reason to know, *very much to the writer's displeasure*. It appears, then, that either way is indifferent to this person: if the letters are written, confidence is violated in their publication; if they are not written, they are fabricated for that purpose. This is the man who wrote a book, under a feigned name and character, to praise and puff his Magazine, and its management. Writing usually in a convenient tone of burlesque, he balances his falsehoods between the few who will take them as jokes, and the thousands who are likely to believe them in credulity;—equally deceiving both, for the apparent joke is spite or sordidness in sober gravity. Every word of the affected *extravaganza* is deeply and seriously calculated, with reference to its object, which is either to plunder or to assassinate. He will drop from an evident exaggeration to what bears the semblance of a meek and drily stated fact,—and the lie will be lurking in the latter, with its poisonous sting, to which the former was merely intended as a treacherous decoy. The long article in his last Number, is altogether constructed on this principle.—Its only merit is effrontery: it is this which gives to it a certain effect of gaiety, and causes it to be read with some degree of interest.—We defy any one to extract from it a

* His *alias* is well known.

single sentence that possesses any striking excellence, either in style or point, independently of the quality we have just named. It is like the conversation of some Irishmen we have met with: take away the impudence of its manner, and all its zest is gone. The pleasantry consists, not in saying things that few *could* say, but things that few *would* say. It has a sort of spouting-club readiness about it; a brazen self-possession; a quickness which is the result of moral indifference; an overbearing bustle, which it attempts to make pass for natural strength. Its ease is insolence; and if it succeeds in shedding an air of ridicule over its subjects, it does this in the general abandonment it makes of respect and respectability. The writer shares the degradation he inflicts; and even the reader is made to feel, that he is lowering himself, for the moment, to the level of a disposition which he must despise. Such are its attractions:—its objects are to deceive and injure. There is not one rhodomontade throughout its twenty pages, that does not inflict an assassin's stab from under the mask of a buffoon.—The statement of the comparative sales of the Reviews and Magazines is arranged and proportioned to aggravate private injuries, which the unprincipled writer has already inflicted. What he says of Constable's Magazine, and the Edinburgh Review, is maliciously false; what he says of Blackwood's Magazine is palpably and impudently so. What he says of the conduct of that work is an attempt to play the fool with his own dishonour. What he says of Mr. Murray is in the teeth of the fact. Mr. Murray himself expunged his name from Blackwood's title page, because he found that there is a degree of infamy which even tory politics cannot carry off—that is to say, not in London—in Edinburgh it may be otherwise. Mr. Murray had the reputation of a respectable man, and that of the most distinguished publisher of the day to sustain: his name is connected with the chief literary honours of the present time, and he could not, therefore, suffer it to be attached to the foulest literary nuisance. He heard disgust and abhorrence of the calumnies of Blackwood's Magazine expressed by every honourable individual, without distinction of politics. He may be, and we believe he is, rather a warm party man himself—but he is not sordid, he is not false, he is not callous to shame. On the contrary, we believe him to be as sincere in his opinions as a man, as, by the general acknowledgment of all who have had any transactions with him, he is liberal, spirited, and upright in his conduct as a publisher. His first connection with Blackwood's work may be traced to party-feeling: the Quarterly Review is a vehement tory publication; Blackwood took the same line, and this gained him a footing for a time in Albemarle-street: but it was not for long: Mr. Murray, it is understood, soon became disgusted with what he saw, and alarmed at what he heard,—and on the arrival of a bale of calumny from the North, weightier and darker even than ordinary, he proceeded, in a very summary way, to withdraw his name from the infamy, by tearing off the old title page, and printing a new one with the necessary alteration. Mr. Murray acted on this occasion with the promptitude of one who sets store by his character, and sees it endangered;—yet, while we cannot but congratulate him on his decision, we own we shall be mortified by it, if it turn out that Sir Walter Scott has no such sensibility on the subject! This eminent individual is *known* to have written some things for the Magazine in question; he is *suspected* to have written others: it is certain that several offensive articles have been composed under his roof; and the nuisance has now become too deadly to allow of any delicacy towards its aiders or abettors. Mr. Murray, as we have seen, thought it due to his character to *extricate* himself from all connection with Blackwood's Magazine:—we shall be happy to have the Baronet's *disavowal* of any such connection.

After having been thus literally and notoriously kicked out of the shop in Albemarle-street, Blackwood's Editor has the effrontery, in his last Number, to declare *that he dismissed Mr. Murray!* This is a specimen of the impudence which he passes off for pleasantry. It is a hoax founded on his own disgrace. Most people would have felt the recollection of the circumstance too painful to

permit them to allude to it: but *Doctor Morris* has no such nicety of feeling. He may be compared to a fellow laughing, and thinking it excellent fun, to have been in the pillory:—swearing that he made a hearty breakfast on the rotten eggs with which he was pelted! What, then, is the upshot of his system? It may be thus stated in its separate parts:—

The lie is a joke, or hoax, to those who are competent to detect it:

It is a sober assertion to influence the opinion of the large majority of readers:

It is a hushed-up infamy, by means of a pecuniary compromise, when threats are used of dragging its author to the bar of a court of justice!

This is the *literary system* of Blackwood's Magazine fairly described!—On the balance, the parties to this nefarious conspiracy are gainers.—It is true their stock-purse has had to furnish a thousand pounds,* at least, for forfeitures, within about two years: but scandal is a marketable commodity, and there are many individuals who shrink from a public contest with ruffians. They know this,—and on such they calculate to make their profits. Like smugglers, they can afford to pay when occasionally caught, for their nefarious traffic is a lucrative one. But what are we to say of such an organization as this, connecting itself with the Public Press of the country, and thus employing the most powerful mechanical engine of human invention, to give effect to undisguised purposes of fraud and force on property and character! The simple fact of their having three times paid forfeit for private calumny, without once daring to defend, or justify, or even explain their assertions, is of itself a proof that they are acting systematically on the plan we describe;—and the reader will find in the detail that is to follow, corroborations in plenty. It is possible that men should write *political libels*, and yet be distinguished by the utmost integrity, generosity, and magnanimity of character: they, at least, who deny this, deny the applications of history, and would make of the existing authorities a miraculous exception to the universal rule. That men should write *religious libels*, and yet be honest men, is true, or else Cranmer was a villain, and Luther an incendiary. But who has ever heard of an innocent *private calumniator*, in any state of society?—Of an honourable person affirming absolute untruths against private character;—paying for them as untruths, apologizing for them as calumnies,—and then repeating them, protected by an insidiousness suggested by experience? Yet Blackwood's men have expressed horror of individuals who have come under the stroke of the law for publishing political censure; and greater horror of sceptical writers on religious questions: they have held up the sentences of courts of justice in such cases, as palpable proofs of moral guilt,—and this they have had the audacity to do while they have been anticipating legal sentences against themselves,—acknowledging themselves to have broken the law in a way that necessarily infers infamy and attaches dishonour,—retreating even from an attempt to defend their conduct,—and thus altogether abandoning the pretence of having been actuated by motives that would bear statement.

Such is the conduct which has excited in our breasts the determination to expose it thoroughly, and we do not know that we can more usefully employ ourselves. "An outrageous ambition of doing hurt to their fellow creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members:"—this, which was said by Steele of the Mohock-club, may be pronounced of the men of the Mohock Magazine,—only the latter carry on their outrages with a more dangerous instrument than the former. A printing-press is a more deadly weapon than a pistol or a small-sword; and to employ it destructively requires little more intellectual ability than is wanted to knock a man down with a bludgeon, or to splash him with the dirty water of a kennel. As the severity of criticism, justly and fairly applied, ought to be vindicated from the affected outcries of the weak or the interested, so ought the most un-

* We include Peter's Letters with the Magazine, throughout this article, as "another of the same."

qualified abhorrence to be expressed of those who would confound it with unprincipled and unmeaning personal abuse,—with trash, tormenting enough, perhaps, to the individual pitched upon, but utterly useless in as far as regards the public—or rather, we ought to say, still more noxious, as it relates to the public, than as it concerns the abused individual—inasmuch as it excites and feeds the bad passions and feelings, keeps them in a perpetual state of craving and activity, derives from them a foul and spurious taste in reading, corrupts altogether the popular judgment, disseminates bad faith, rancour, distrust, and alarm throughout private life, under the execrable pretence of promoting the interests of what is elegant and virtuous. We observe that, month after month, individuals of eminent attainments, and high reputation, in foreign countries as well as at home,—are dragged forth by Blackwood's Magazine—not to have their productions, or scientific or literary opinions, criticized,—but to have their *names* repeated, burlesqued, inverted, parodied,—to be assailed solely in their personal feelings,—without the show of argument on any question of a public nature—to be treated, in short, after the Mohock-fashion, as described in No. 324 of the Spectator. What a simpleton must he be, who should say, that we have no business to take up the exposure of a nuisance of this description—against the attack of which no man is safe, whose name can be forged, or whose character can be falsified! As periodical writers, commenting chiefly on the temporary features of the time, such infamy lies directly within our province; and nothing but cowardice, selfishness, or stupidity would lead any one to inculcate that the matter were better let alone.—There is, indeed, a certain cast of creature, blind to every thing but its own small interests, which it regards with an acuteness of vision intense in proportion as it is confined,—a timid creature in all that relates to general truth and universal justice, but with a sharp tooth to nibble at any point that incommodes itself,—a grovelling and obscure creature in its natural habits,—never seen or heard of in any stir of healthy and animated feeling, or opinion, yet sometimes startling people, who had not dreamt of its existence, by suddenly squatting up in an attitude of pigmy menace, and vermin wrath:—such a creature would be likely enough to lick, "with candied tongue," the slimy coat of the snake, which we shall have "scotched," at least, in these articles; and might even awaken into an inconsiderable ebullition of disapprobation,—doing rather more than "hesitate dislike" of our rough interference with a *contemporary and similar Publication!* Blackwood's men have been accustomed to dole out pittances of praise to these "small deer,"—keeping a whole swarm of them feeding on their hands, as it were,—amongst whom that *animalcule*, "least of all God's works," the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, might be seen, with the aid of a good microscope, extremely active with his minute *antennæ*. But our eyes must be directed to more palpable objects:—we ask of *men*,—sizeable human beings, walking about the earth,—not "*mites* in cheese,"—whether there is either intrusion or indelicacy in an attempt to rouse the better sense of mankind against a gang of desperado-trespassers, crape-faced poachers, who go about robbing, and maiming, and maltreating,—insolently laughing at their own atrocities, and jeering at complaint? If some one does not interfere to arrest the progress of this gang, who will be safe? Every created being cannot retreat into its own littleness, like the individuals of the animalcule tribe. Not the tradesman in his shop, quietly minding his business, can consider himself protected against indecent and painful exposure. It was but the other day that a letter was forged with the signature of Mr. Kirby, a London Bookseller, and published in this Magazine, to degrade that person in the eyes of his neighbours and customers, to wound his own feelings, and those of his family and his friends. The outrageous nature of such a proceeding as this, is beyond endurance: it makes one's blood boil. A character for ignorance,—vulgar, selfish, brutal ignorance,—is here, in the face of the public, attached to an inoffensive and reputable tradesman, in order to render him a common butt of derision! Is not this a moral, if not a legal felony? But illegal it certainly is,

and the law ought to be put in full force against the criminals. Again, we ask, whether we could be considered as fully discharging our duty to the public, if we were not to raise the hue-and-cry against such anti-social enormities? Are we to confine ourselves to the flagrancies of bad actors, and the blunders of dull authors, when these infesters of social life are in active and gainful occupation, and becoming each day more and more audacious, from the idea that every body shrinks from taking them in hand? Are they not as fairly before the public, and does not the management of their work present as fair a question for public discussion, as the stage, or a new poem? And what then should exempt them from this discussion? Nothing, surely,—unless it be a reason for treating them with forbearance, that they are not mischiefs of a speculative nature, but tangible and substantial plagues. If we have ever been able to assure ourselves that the general sympathy was with us on any matter we have handled, it has been in regard to our strictures, last month, on Blackwood's Magazine. It would seem as if people in general had been all cherishing a bursting sense of the crying necessity of some such exposure,—yet doubting whether any one would be found to undertake the task. This Scotch work had grown to be regarded as a privileged *terræ filius*,—free to commit the rudest assaults and most savage insults without chastisement;—and when our exposition, of what every body knew before, came out, we were congratulated and applauded in a way that has excited our astonishment. We have seen or heard of but one exception to this general sentiment of satisfaction: and *it* would affect to think, that, as a rival magazine, we owe peculiar civility to Blackwood. We protest we do not see what the question of rivalry has to do with the matter; it does not turn at all upon a dispute between two magazines, nor do we either feel it, or treat it, in that light. It only requires a particle of honesty, small enough, we should think, to be contained even in an *animalcule*, to know that there is but one fair way of putting the case between us—and that it is this:—are the spirit and practice of the management of Blackwood's Magazine such as we have described them? If they are, its conductors deserve to be exposed:—if they are not, this denunciation applies to ourselves. Having so far premised generally, we shall now proceed to state the facts more particularly than we have yet done, in order that the test, which we have just proposed, may be more easily applied; so that if *we* are calumniators, instead of others, the infamy that attaches to calumny may fall directly on our heads—and *vice versa*.

In our last, we affirmed that one of the principal writers in Blackwood had both libelled and eulogized Mr. Wordsworth—to which we now add, that this was done in articles planned coetaneously, *and intended* the one to be followed by the other! The attack on Mr. Wordsworth appeared in the third number of Blackwood, when that work was under the management of Mr. Pringle and another gentleman:—it was known by Mr. Pringle, at the time, whose composition it was,—though the real author suggested that it had come from Liverpool, and was probably the *production of one of the Roscoe family!* This person, under his offensive signature of "*Observer*," remarks of Mr. Wordsworth, that he writes "miserable doggrel;"—that he has "made a fool of himself," that he has "the voice and countenance of a maniac," and drops "the drivelling slaver of his impotent rage on the cover of the Edinburgh Review." Under his defensive signature of "*N*," he accuses *Observer* (himself) of having "a heart full of spite and rancour towards Mr. Wordsworth,"—of having "committed gross violations of veracity,"—and being guilty of "every kind of misrepresentation, impertinence, and falsehood!" We regret to have observed, that an Edinburgh Newspaper has publicly and *uncontradictedly*, charged Mr. John Wilson, the new Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, with having written *both* these Articles,—the one for, and the other against Mr. Wordsworth, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine,—and has added that he is strongly suspected of being the author of a third attack on Mr. Wordsworth, which appeared in Blackwood No. 8.—Is it possible that this can be true! Mr Wilson was Mr. Wordsworth's

intimate friend; he called him "*My* Wordsworth!"—He wrote to him, the other day, for "a character,"—which the author of the Lyrical Ballads gave in Mr. Wilson's favour, so far as *talent* goes—adding, that, *as he did not know what* PECULIAR QUALITIES *were thought necessary, in* SCOTLAND, *to adorn the chair of* MORAL PHILOSOPHY, *he could give* NO OPINION *on the* FITNESS *of the applicant for the situation which he was understood to covet.* Mr. Wilson, certainly, from the commencement of Blackwood's Magazine, has been one of its principal writers: but however that work is calculated to throw discredit on all belonging to it, it is universally admitted that Mr. W. is an amiable individual—that is to say, *in comparison* with his colleague, the Doctor. He once, in a wild whim, enlisted in a gang of gipsies; and we have heard of a journey from Oxford to Edinburgh,—part of which he performed as gipsey, part as strolling-player, part as common beggar. We are not stating this adventure as objectionable in itself, but merely as furnishing a grotesque contrast to his recent appointment to the chair of moral philosophy. It is true,—

One man, in his time, plays many parts,

but few, we believe, have been so successful as Mr. Wilson in making extremes well meet. He has played both Hamlet and the cock. He is now engaged in wrestling with the German philosophers in metaphysics; and it is not long ago since he was "shaking falls" with the highlanders, and exciting their astonishment by his aptitude to their nectar! He is the author of the "Isle of Palms," a poem overflowing with the phraseology of Methodism; and is, or was, the convivial president of the dilettanti club,—in which capacity he was justly admired for his ludicrous imitations of popular preachers, and his ready knack of parodying the psalms. Hearing that some of the *freedoms* of the president had got wind, and might impede the success of the professor, he waited upon a very worthy member of the town council of Edinburgh, and requested his permission to go over the *four Evangelists* with him—which he did, not only in an orthodox manner, but in a style of devout eloquence which persuaded the deacon he had partaken of the "gift of tongues." This, to be sure, was long after his return from a *tryst* he had with Hogg, to meet on the side of a certain loch,—which he (Wilson) did not keep, by reason of his falling in with a set of jumping highlanders, whom he beat at every leap, and afterwards left unable even to stagger. He is no common man who can do all this;—but although we might be inclined to regard such a character with interest and indulgence, as the result of a wild temperament, combined with powerful faculties, surely society ought to have some security against such of its pranks as are more treacherous than pleasant.—Mr. Wilson was well known as a *whig* in politics: he urged Mr. Pringle, who preceded him in Blackwood's Magazine, to attack and demolish the author of a particular pamphlet, because he was "a *horrible tory;*" yet Mr. Wilson is now the known writer of violent tory articles, *and these have got him his place in the University!* The abuse of the whigs, in Blackwood's Magazine, like all the rest of its abuse, is violent and deadly: we do not charge it all against Mr. Wilson,—but we charge him with being accessary to it, and we affirm that there is every presumption against his sincerity in so acting. His having profited by this conduct renders it a matter of public concern; for of all the bad and mischievous examples that can be given to the world, we know of none so poisonous as that of success in life attained by such means. It is spectacles of this nature that beget misanthropy and vindictive feelings in noble breasts; which sometimes we see becoming unjust, in their very indignation against injustice. Take away the simple quality of hypocrisy from the person we have been describing, and Mr. Wilson would at once lose his moral professorship, and regain his moral character.

On the head of equal insincerity in praise and abuse, let us turn to the pseudo Doctor—the malignant Emperor of the Mohocks. *Morris* is understood to be the author of the extremely scurrilous article on Mr. Coleridge, which appeared in No. 7, of Blackwood. Of Mr. C. it is there said, "it seems impossible that he can be greatly respected,

either by the public or himself:"—"he seems to consider the mighty universe itself as nothing better than a mirror, in which, with a grinning and idiot self-complacency, he may contemplate the physiognomy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge:"—"so deplorable a delusion as his, has only been equalled by that of Joanna Southcote, who mistook a complaint in the bowels for the divine afflatus:" the article proceeds to allude to "drunkenness," and "desertion of wife and children,"—but we are by no means inclined to prolong unnecessarily our quotations; nor have we any thing further to say of them than that Mr. Coleridge has been since *hoaxed* into believing the author of the above well-inclined towards him! Under the influence of this idea, with all the simplicity of a metaphysical philosopher, he lately addressed a private letter to the present Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, which private letter was no sooner received, *than it was sent off to Blackwood's printing office;* and in No. 42, there, sure enough, it appears, with the signature of S. T. Coleridge (not Samuel Taylor in full) and an accompanying note from *Dr. Morris*, calling attention to it as "a very *characteristic* letter of one, whom," says the Doctor, "I well know that *you*," Christopher North—alias Doctor Morris himself, "agree with *me* in honouring among the highest!"—It happens that we can put the infamous treachery of this treatment of Mr. Coleridge beyond all doubt. Christopher North is the *nomme de guerre* for the Editor of Blackwood; and Morris, the same individual, under another mask, adopted for the purpose of puffing the Magazine, says he is sure of the Editor's sympathy with himself *in honouring S. T. C. amongst the highest.* So far so good:—this is in No. 42.—Turn we now then to No. 7, where we find S. T. C. described as "lying dead drunk in the house of a Brummagem patriot,"—"exposing himself to the insults of the vile and vulgar:"—*who*, may we venture to ask, wrote this piece of abuse? It stands the *first article* of the Number; and the number too is the *first of the Mohock's management;* and the paper *is* not *signed, with initials, or any assumed name, as from a Correspondent,*—but is conveyed as from the Editor in the usual editorial style.—*More than all this,*—in a notice, given in the name of the Editor, which we find on the very page facing this piece of abuse, it is thus announced:—"*Our* OWN OPINIONS, *and those of our* REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS *will be found* UNIFORMLY CONSISTENT—*but we invite all intelligent persons who choose it, to lay their ideas before the world in our publication; and we only reserve to ourselves* THE RIGHT OF COMMENTING UPON WHAT WE DO NOT APPROVE."—What are the palpable deductions here? If the article accusing Mr. Coleridge of "*dishonest quackery*" be not written by the *Editor himself,* it must be written by one of his *regular Correspondents,*—for it is the first article of the new management, and is not signed, as it would have been if written by a casual correspondent. "*Our own opinions, and those of our regular Correspondents will be found uniformly consistent!*" The Editor is thus incontestably bound to the numerous traducing assertions made in the article; among others, to this—"*that all good men, of all parties, regard Mr. Coleridge with pity and contempt!*"—We say, he is, in every way, and without the possibility of escape, bound to them,—for, supposing he were to affirm that the article in question was written neither by the Editor of the Magazine, nor by a regular Correspondent, we might ask, where then is *the comment upon what he did not approve,* which he expressly reserved to himself the right of making in such cases? He now declares himself to be one of those who *honour Mr. Coleridge amongst the highest:* could he, then, as an honest man have permitted a chance contributor to traduce the object of his veneration in the most insulting language, without a word of caution, without an expression of dissent—immediately too after telling the reader that with all the matter which should appear in the Magazine, running in the usual editorial style, the Editor was to be considered as agreeing in opinion? Careless oversight cannot be thought of with reference to the first Number of the new management: this was to afford a specimen of the spirit, and execution of the work; and would the commencing article be

slightly regarded under such circumstances? Would it be selected strongly hostile to the Editor's own sentiments; calumnious in the last degree towards one whom the Editor *honoured amongst the highest?* It would be trifling with the understandings of our readers to endeavour to strengthen the argument. The present Editor of Blackwood's Magazine,—whether challenged in his own name, or under his *aliases* of Doctor Morris and Christopher North, stands deprived of all benefit from his numerous disguisements, and counterfeited, and falsified titles,—and is clearly convicted of foul treachery towards "Samuel Taylor Coleridge,"—"the illustrious and excellent friend," whom he, Peter Morris, declares to himself, Christopher North, he holds *in honour amongst the highest!*

We have gone into this examination of evidence tediously, perhaps, —and we believe unnecessarily: the present Editor of Blackwood's Magazine stands on the face of the publication chargeable with the remarks on the "Biographia Literaria" of Mr. Coleridge: they bear their own evidence of being his,—and we might have spared ourselves the trouble of going through the process of proving what he will not, we should think, dare to deny. There is now a perfect understanding in Edinburgh, that the same man wrote the *first* article, at least, signed Z. in which Mr. Coleridge is styled "a still greater quack than Leigh Hunt."—The most infamous part, however, of the treatment, which Mr. Coleridge has received at this person's hands, clearly is the recent *unauthorized publication of his private letter.*—No man who reads that letter can avoid perceiving that it is as unfit to be given to the public eye as any letter can be;—and the dirty design of exposing the writer to the sneers and ridicule of the sarcastic; the insolent advantage taken of the injudicious confidence of a strangely constituted, though eminently gifted mind; the laughing in his face, and winking at the bye-standers, worthy of a Mohock,—plainly to be discerned in the insulting introduction,—couple infamously with the abusive article in No. 7 of this Magazine, and add consummate treachery as the last aggravation of an outrage, which is as unmanly as it is gross. Its perpetrator deprives himself of all pretension to the character of a gentleman,—or rather, we should say, shows himself to be "*a fellow by the hand of nature marked, quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame.*" Personal communication with such a man is deadly: one would suspect his palm to be poisoned, if he extended his hand in apparent friendship. If there be one point of honour more settled and recognized than another in society, it is the sanctity of a private letter:—the individual who receives it has even a less right to make it public without the permission of its writer, than the individual who might happen to find it, were it accidentally lost. Innumerable are the dissensions, the disgusts, the irreparable mischiefs that would desolate private life if this rule were once questioned. In this very letter of Mr. Coleridge we can see a cause of alienation and pain, which ought, at least, to give great regret to its over-confiding writer, now it is in print, and which we have no doubt has done so. We can take upon ourselves to state that he disclaims having ever authorised or contemplated its publication; and that he considers such publication as a most unfair advantage taken of him. The forgery of a signature, as a hoax, even when malevolently and treacherously done, is not so absolutely irreconcileable with the existence of some degree of honour and honesty, as this infidelity in regard to private correspondence. We could be much more easily brought to overlook the former than the latter.

Not, however, that such forgeries are to be lightly regarded. As jokes they are miserably easy, and unmeaning; while they are calculated to give the greatest pain to the abused individuals, and even to inflict serious injury on their interests. Blackwood's Magazine stands alone in taking this unwarrantable liberty with private respectability. A cunning sordidness is the motive, when it is not black malignity. The appearance of a real name in print sets scandalous curiosity agog, and produces an interest of a coarse and vulgar, but very general nature; an interest altogether independent of literary ability, or any of those qualities of sentiment and style, that render a written composi-

tion valuable, but which are not always within the reach of authors, or the comprehension of readers. Nothing can be more ruinous to the literary taste of a people than the feeding of this natural appetite for impertinent and indecent interference. The example being once set amongst the competitors for popular encouragement, the offenders are seen to profit by their crime, and thus they tempt the better disposed to follow their bad example. All seriousness of principle is out of the question when the flippancies of personal allusion become fashionable. Insensibility, insincerity, and spite, are necessarily engendered by them; and when the poisonous stimulus exercises its full strength, treachery and malignity darken the aspect, and corrupt the influence of what may be termed the literary pleasures of general society. The infamous distinction of industriously and selfishly pandering to these unlawful desires, and systematically contriving seductions addressed to them, belongs to Blackwood's Magazine. Its present management set out with offering gross captivations to the coarsest appetites in this way;—and Iscariot treachery, and Iago malice, took for auxiliaries the levity and folly of a tea-table gossip, and the saucy freedoms of an intermeddling buffoon. England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been traversed to introduce the names of towns, and of individuals residing in them, in order to gratify the stupid or the ill-natured craving for localities and personalities. Directed by the vulgarity of their own minds, the principal writers in this infamous publication have calculated on *names* as the surest means of getting off their numbers. It is not necessary for this purpose to put any real meaning into the allusion: the relations, friends, and acquaintance of the party named, find interest enough in the simple notice. Mr. Peterkin hears that Mr. Crawfurd is in Blackwood, and he needs no other inducement to order the work.

The mere impertinence and frivolity of this system are enough to render it odiously contemptible: but it also involves serious fraud and mortal malice, entitling it to hatred and indignation. Of the truth of this the treatment which James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, as he used to be called, has received from the Edinburgh Mohocks, is a flagrant proof. This person is a true national poet; and he is also a universal poet. His poetry is peculiarly distinguished by an elegance and delicacy of sentiment and language, which "*glints forth*," above the disheartening and depressing circumstances of his original condition, as beautifully and gracefully as the "mountain daisy," so exquisitely addressed by his great predecessor in Scotch song. His "Abbot M'Kinnon;" his "Bonnie Kilmeny;" his "Dedicatory Address to the Lady Anne Scott of Buccleugh," we have already referred to,—more than once we believe,—and we can never tire of referring to them as delightful examples of the pearly lustre native to genius, independent altogether of the polishing effect of external circumstances—or, rather, existing, deeply and internally, in despight of the coarseness of that with which it most immediately comes in contact, and the obscurity of the situation where, by the will of Providence, it has been thrown.—But there is a curious peculiarity in the literary character of James Hogg, which, while it is very interesting in itself, and by no means of unpleasant effect, when philosophically regarded, will be considered as increasing his claim on gentle and judicious treatment, in the estimation of all generous minds, while it dictates what course of conduct should be pursued towards him by those who profess admiration of his talents, and regard for his person. Mr. Hogg, when in attendance on his Muse, seems to catch nobility of soul from his communication with her: the brightness of her glance seems to carry the kindling, purifying, and illustrating influence of Apollo throughout his whole internal man;—he "walks in glory and in pride upon the mountain-side," and his demeanour then would not disgrace the Sidneys, the Raleighs, the Spensers,—the gentlemen and poets of a gentlemanly and poetical age, when "high thoughts were seated in hearts of courtesy."—But, as a prose writer, Mr. Hogg falls, with rather a remarkable abruptness, into the traces of what may be supposed the neces-

sary habits of his daily life. He writes amusingly, and eloquently; but seldom elegantly, and very often coarsely. We are not objecting this to him as a great fault;—and we should be very indifferent about it, were it not for the unworthy use to which those qualities of his disposition, which may be divined from this peculiarity in his literary character, have been lately turned in the brutal hands of Blackwood's Mohocks. Of the easy disposition—and, it is said, of the *dependent circumstances* of this man of genius, possessing such peculiar claims to delicate treatment, they have availed themselves to render him the *regular fool-capped, bell-coated Zany of their Magazine!*—Be it remembered, that we only speak of *their* representation of him: Hogg himself remains the poetical shepherd, the pastoral enthusiast, a living link, such as no country but Scotland possesses, between the present and the past:—while he lives, the great and final gulph of division is not yet interposed between the simplicity and elevated imagination of an innocent, religious, and patriarchal people, and the artifice and pretention of what is called refined civilization.* But in Blackwood's Magazine, we repeat, he is made to figure as an absolute Zany; he is made the Fool of the Show-cart: that is to say, he is abused, belied, disfigured,—and *all under the guise of friendship and affection!* Burlesque sonnets, to puff the Magazine, are falsely fa-

* The statement that Mr. Hogg is himself the author of some of the songs given as Jacobite *Relics*, is, of course, not genuine as his *own avowal*, in Blackwood; but we have good reason to believe it is quite true in point of fact. It is curious that we should meet with truth in this quarter, but, finding it, let it be acknowledged.—This imposition on the public,—if that be not a term altogether inapplicable to so innocent a deception,—will readily be excused for the sake of the proof it affords of the genius of the writer. Such fabrications as this of Mr. Hogg's, are of a very different nature from those we have the unpleasant task of commenting upon in this article; and the circumstance itself, just noticed, suggests a peculiarity in the poetry of Scotland, and an interesting feature in the literary character of her poets,—which we would fain comment upon here, lengthening out this note, in preference to going on with the disgusting matter to which our text must be devoted. But, after this Number, we hope to be able, as Mr. Drama says, in his motto,—Milton having said it before him,—to *twitch our blue mantles* (which are at present very fashionable, made of fine cloth, and which are certainly convenient in a tilbury) *and seek fresh fields and new pastures:*—What would we not give to have even now leave of absence from "Stern Duty," to wander amongst the "green shaws" and "burnie banks," with the two poets of Ettrick and of Nithsdale! We should much prefer this to returning to dirty Prince's-street.—But as return to it, and directly, we must—an Editor, like a sentry being obliged to stand to his post—we shall content ourselves, for the present, with merely indicating what we mean in our foregoing remark on Scotch poetry.—It is strictly national, and strictly spontaneous,—which cannot be said of English poetry, whatever other merits it may have. The consequence is, that it connects itself with the history and habits of the people; and, occupying its own place amongst the national possessions, illustrates what is peculiar to the country, forming a recording document, as it were, full of meaning and information. It happens, too, that the nature of the local inspiration is such as to make the poetic power paramount in the mind above all the influence of learning, society, condition,—which have such potent effects elsewhere. Difference of rank in the world, even inequality of instruction, produce little or no sensible difference in the productions of the Scotch bards: the strain is as highly raised, as well as kept up with equal melody, in the compositions of the ploughman, the shepherd, the stone-mason, as in those of the clerk of sessions. A ballad by Cunningham is as glowing with chivalrous fire, is as distinguished by elegant fancy, shows as great a familiarity with lofty thoughts, as one by Sir Walter Scott; and Campbell, who has studied at a University, is not more polite in his verses than James Hogg, the mountain peasant. The reason of this is, that their imaginations are occupied with the past, and its images of grandeur: their attention is fixed on these from their youth,—when they form their ambition,—to their age, when they become their solace. Their feelings are of their native land,—of its wonders, of its sufferings, of its victories, of its faith. These exalt wherever they enter, and annul the distinctions made under less powerful influences. This circumstance too accounts for the facility with which they can imitate the older ballads of their country: their minds are full of the thoughts and imagery of these: their poetical character is made up of them: their love is in them. Some day we shall have more to say of this.

thered upon Hogg: in short, on all occasions, when a grotesque effigy is wanted, to be stuck-up for the purposes of ridicule or intimidation, the name of James Hogg is given to the uncouth figure. In "Peter's Letters," (*Morris's* Production,) his face was engraved so as to raise a laugh at his expense; advantage was taken of an extravagant sketch, made at a moment of private hilarity, to exhibit this national bard, the author of the "Queen's Wake,"—in a pot-house attitude, and with a pot-house expression,—to the sneering laughter of all the scoffers of England and Wales,—who may have a keen relish for the personalities of the Doctor, but who can neither understand the language, nor sympathise with the feeling of Hogg's beautiful poetry. We must confess that when we first observed this hideous insult, it turned our souls sick within us; we found it impossible to preserve the idea of the poet any longer surrounded in our minds with the associations worthy of his genius, and suggested by his works. He instantly sunk in our fancy, "ten thousand fathom deep!" and "to this hour down had been falling," had we not recently learnt that poor Hogg is no party to his own dishonour—that his exposure in these indecent postures and capacities has not been with his own consent,—but is an act of deliberate cruelty and unmanly violence. A public Journal of Edinburgh, we observe, has stated, that Mr. Hogg considers himself to lie under great personal obligations to Sir Walter Scott, and that it is *this idea which has alone hindered him from protesting against the liberties taken with him in Blackwood's Magazine.* We know nothing of the facts here: if the statement be incorrect, it much behoves one eminent individual to have it satisfactorily contradicted: but we warn beforehand, that it will not be an avowal extracted from the known good-nature, and, we may say, culpable simplicity of the Ettrick shepherd,—who has submitted so easily to outrages that could not but have given him much pain, that it seems very possible he may be persuaded to disown his own best feelings;—it is not, we say, a mere indulgent declaration from this abused individual, that can obliterate the disgrace which attaches to those of his professed and powerful friends, who have seen him thus degraded,—could have rescued him, yet did not..

All, however, of unmanly injury that we have as yet stated to have been inflicted on James Hogg, by the Mohocks,—or rather, we should say, we believe, by the Emperor of the Mohocks,—is as nothing to what we have yet to state. The "Jacobite Relics," is a collection of songs on exploded politics, highly interesting as national monuments, and worthy of preservation, which was lately published by the Author of the "Queen's Wake." The Edinburgh Review has criticised this collection in rather severe terms: not certainly in the Mohock style; and not in the style which Mr. Hogg would merit to have applied to his deficiencies, were he weak and malignant enough to write that to which his name has been attached in Blackwood's Magazine:—but the review certainly was not so favourable as we could have wished it to have been; and while we acquit the reviewer of getting-up a criticism to gratify a feeling of personal dislike—yet, knowing how sharp-sighted people become to the literary offences of individuals whose conduct they have observed with resentment or disgust,—we think it very likely that the falsehoods of Blackwood's men, representing Mr. Hogg as an active co-adjutor in their infamous publication, may have materially assisted to bring down upon him the asperity of a work, whose favourable opinion is generally equivalent to the sale of one edition, at least, of a book. Here, then, we find exemplified, some of the probable consequences to *personal interests* of these forgeries and fabrications. But what has since happened is, as Doctor Morris says, "very characteristic,"—so characteristic, in fact, as to strip off even the last wretched rag, the frailest and scantiest remnant of character, if any yet remains to Blackwood's men, in the opinion of the reader of this article. "*A letter from James Hogg to his Reviewer,*" appears in the last Number of Blackwood; followed by what is called a private letter to the Editor, enclosing the first: the signature, and abode of Mr. Hogg, are attached to both,—and BOTH ARE FORGERIES: neither

the one nor the other has been written by the person to whom they are attributed, though they have been coolly signed "*James Hogg*," and dated from "*Altrive Lake!*"

What is the principal and prominent object of these forgeries? To vindicate Hogg's reputation as an Editor? To shake off the misrepresentations of his reviewer? No—far from it: a show of doing so is indeed made in the latter half of one of these papers,—but the first part of this, and the whole of the other, *is zealously devoted to an insidious and cowardly endeavour, to inculpate the Poet in the guilt and filth of all the most odious articles that have appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, since the commencement of its course of abomination!* Now we ask, whether, with reference to the personal character and public situation of Mr. Hogg, it is possible to imagine any thing more truly base than this treatment of him? Can it enter into the heart of man to conceive an example of more sordid, cruel, unprincipled mischief than this? The object of the atrocious writer is to gratify his own spites, jealousies, and hatreds, and to create a defence against the obloquy he has incurred, at the expense of the reputation, and *pocket*, of a poor man of genius,—whose disposition and temper have no fault but that of being too easy and careless. The letter to the Reviewer goes studiously through almost the whole long range of private calumny which blackens the series of the Mohock Magazine; and wherever there is a darker and more offensive spot than ordinary, wherever public reproach has affixed a deep ineffaceable stain, *there* is the author of the Queen's Wake made to stop and steep himself in the infamy of approbation; to wallow in the mire and stench with the appearance of delight! He is made to enlarge upon the sympathy he cherishes with the assassin's blow, the mercenary outrage. And this is done, in his name, by the very assassin himself! Commentary here is out of the question:—let us break the paragraph, that the reader may draw his breath again.

None of the acts of indecent and unfair violence committed by the Scotch Mohocks, has excited so general an expression and sentiment of disgust, as that perpetrated on the venerable old age of that first-rate man of science Professor Playfair. It was universally felt to be made as hypocritically as cruelly; it was savage, insidious, reptile-like. It assailed the feelings of the esteemed object of the attack, unnecessarily and unprovokedly;—it afforded to the world the disgusting spectacle of honesty beaten down by hypocrisy; of profligacy using the language of religion to turn popular clamour against respectability and integrity. About the time this vile paper appeared, Hogg was himself ridiculed without disguise by the writers in Blackwood; yet he is now represented, by his unfeeling persecutor, as not only strongly approving of the aggression on Playfair, but as actively belonging to the Mohock gang at this period—in close companionship with persons who were then, avowedly, rendering him ridiculous! This is an endeavour then to expose him at once to our dislike and contempt; and common humanity is concerned in circumventing the base design.

The Editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, a writer of very considerable reputation, is maltreated in Blackwood in the grossest manner of common street-blackguardism. Nothing like criticism is ever attempted to be brought against him: we never hear of argument against either his principles, his opinions, or his abilities;—but his name is tossed backwards and forwards in its pages in a disagreeable way,—and every means of annoyance is tried against him, which men, destitute both of character and a sense of shame, can bring to bear against one who is possessed of both. The name of Hogg is attached to this low species of abuse also: he is made to participate in it; to fling a vulgar insult in Mr. Napier's face, in a way, which, were he really guilty of the outrage, would render him a proper object for chastisement wherever he appeared, and lead to a sentiment of hostility towards him, which it is abundantly his interest to avert, and which his disposition, as we have heard it described, is not at all of a nature to merit.

As to "Mr. Macculloch of the Scotsman," newspaper,—he, like ourselves, is one of the Mohock's adver-

saries; but why should Hogg, the poet, be forced to fight unfairly, and with foul weapons, the battle of Blackwood's Editor, with the Scotsman and THE LONDON MAGAZINE? The cowardice of this is equal to its baseness. Both the publications just named have it in their power to help Mr. Hogg on, in his literary career; both have shown a disposition to do so; both have made it manifest that they regard him with friendly feelings. A forgerer comes, and attaches his name to a disgraceful ebullition of small lying calumny against both these publications;—stuff more contemptible than hurtful, to be sure,—but so false and mean in its spirit, that had it been uttered by the person to whom it is attributed, he could only have been regarded by us, for the future, with disdain!

Of the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, the forgerer writes in a style of flippant vulgarity, which is evidently intended to strike people as Mr. Hogg's natural manner. A stupid insolence, and ludicrous assumption of consequence are here introduced,—and the ridicule is made to fall on the abused individual, whose name has been thus cruelly stolen.

Who steals my purse steals trash— &c.
* * * * * *
But he who pilfers from me my good name

is a base fellow: in Hogg's case the Mohocks have sought to rob him of both at once!

The more these forged papers are considered, the more clear will it appear, that the scandalous fabricator has not a grain of regard or of generous feeling towards Hogg,—but that his object is to drench him thoroughly in the slough of Blackwood, and then exhibit him in the dirtiest possible state to the public. A man who is a poet himself—who has felt the weight of a poet's labours, a poet's anxieties,—who knows how delicate are a poet's hopes, and how deeply the iron enters into his soul, when the coarseness of vulgar dispositions comes, with savage violence, to overturn and lay waste his creations of "the element,"—to raise the cry of brutal scorn in ridicule of his raptures, his visions, his reveries:—such a man (and Hogg is such a man) full as he must be of poetical sympathies, is displayed, by the falsifier of his nature, as well as the forgerer of his name,—exulting in one of the worst pieces of unmeaning indecent abuse that callous profligacy ever uttered, directed against the most interesting, and extraordinary youthful spirit of the present day,—the spirit of a genuine poet, if ever there was one on the earth. "What a capital thing is that *Horæ Scandicæ* in your last Number!" Hogg must first share the Mephistophiles nature of the Mohock Emperor, before he could write this encomium. In the Number of Blackwood containing the *Horæ Scandicæ*, we find the following very candid and amiable declaration:

> We have no personal acquaintance with any of these men (Hunt, Keats, and Hazlitt,) and *no personal* feelings in regard to any one of them, good or bad. We never even saw any one of their faces. As for Mr. Keats, we are informed that he is in a very bad state of health, and that his friends attribute a great deal of it to the pain he has suffered from the critical castigation his Endymion drew down on him in this magazine. If it be so, we are most heartily sorry for it, and have no hesitation in saying, that had we suspected that young author of being so delicately nerved, we should have administered our reproof in a much more lenient shape and style. The truth is, we from the beginning saw marks of feeling and power in Mr. Keats' verses, which made us think it very likely, he might become a real poet of England, provided he could be persuaded to give up all the tricks of Cockneyism, and forswear for ever the thin potations of Mr. Leigh Hunt. We, therefore, rated him as roundly as we *decently could do*, for the flagrant affectations of those early productions of his.

They have no "personal feelings," then, it seems, in regard to Mr. Keats: they are sorry to have *unnecessarily* hurt his feelings: but they have only "rated him as roundly as they *decently* could do for his flagrant affectations:"—and they afterwards ask, very reasonably, no doubt, "what is there should prevent us from expressing a simple, undisguised, impartial opinion on the merits and demerits of men we never saw, or thought of for one moment, otherwise than as in their capacities of authors?" —What, indeed? *Horæ Scandicæ* is in the *same Number* with this moderate, fair, gentlemanly appeal;—let us turn to it, and observe how decently, as well as roundly, they rate Mr. Keats for his affectations; how carefully they avoid trespassing on

any thing belonging to the man, but *his capacity of author*; how obvious they make it, that they are actuated by no personal feelings towards him: in short, how strictly legitimate is their criticism on his writings,—"how pure a thing,—how free from mortal taint," as Mr. Keats says of his Beauty of St. Agnes.

Here's Corny Webb, and this other, an please ye,
Is *Johnny Keats*—how it *smells of magnesia!* *Horæ Scandicæ.*

A fine specimen this of their round and *decent* manner! Magnesia has much to do with "Hyperion," and the "Ode to the Nightingale!"

We, from the hands of a *Cockney Apothecary*,
Brought off this pestle, with which he was capering,
Swearing and swaggering, rhyming and vapouring;
Seized with a fit of poetical fury,
(I thought he was drunk, my good Sir, I assure ye)
With this he was scattering, all through the whole house,
Gallipot, glisterbag, cataplasm, bolus;
While the poor 'prentices at him were staring,
Or perhaps in their minds a strait waistcoat preparing,
Loud he exclaimed, "Behold here's my truncheon;
I'm the Marshal of poets—I'll flatten your nuncheon.
Pitch physic to hell, you rascals, for damn ye, a—
I'll physic you all with a clyster of Lamia!"
Horæ Scandicæ.

This is their mode of expressing their "*undisguised and impartial opinion,*" &c. &c. of Mr. Keats in his capacity of author! This is to prove that "they are most heartily sorry" for having hurt his feelings, and that they sympathise, as they conscientiously declare, with his friends who deplore his bad health!—Mr. Hazlitt, too, is treated just as fairly,—and with as close a reference to his literary character:

This, *studded with pimples*, is Lecturer Hazlitt! *Horæ Scandicæ.*

Haydon, too, they "rate *decently* and roundly."
The part of Great Bottom by *greasy-pate* Haydon.* *Horæ Scandicæ.*

Are these foul-mouthed allusions at all short of absolute villanies? They are, at least, heartless, impudent, unfounded insults,—grossly and ridiculously inapplicable to the persons they pretend to describe; not even conveying a true description of their looks,—and, therefore, wilder scandals than those which appeared, in the same "round and decent" Publication, levelled at the too real personal infirmities of an Edinburgh lawyer,—Mr. Dalyell,—the infamy of which the Mohocks thought fit to purchase for two hundred pounds, paid to the injured individual. To give Hazlitt "pimples," and Haydon "greasy hair," is less graphically correct than if we were to compliment *Doctor Morris* with the horns of the Black Bull, or affirm that he concealed a long tail in his great coat pocket, and had more of the perfume of brimstone about him than of eau-de-rose.

The brutal blasphemy included in the above passage, be it particularly observed, has no application whatever to the private manners or published compositions of Mr. Keats: Lamia is a gentle and graceful tale of a classical metamorphosis:—the disposition of Mr. Keats' mind, as evinced in his works, is susceptible and romantic: the prevailing strain of his poetry is characterised in the following exquisite verse of his "Isabella,"—which we would challenge attention to,—as one of the very finest passages that can be quoted from poetical literature.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead:—*She withers like a palm*
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

Is the reader inclined, immediately after this, to go back to *Horæ Scandicæ*—(misprint for *Horæ Scandalæ*)? He will therefore find the following lines to match against the above.

* This meritorious artist has lately, we learn, taken down his picture to Edinburgh, to be there exhibited. The Edinburgh public will then have an opportunity of expressing their opinions on the fairness of the *criticism* Blackwood has published on this artist. But we think it not unlikely that the Mohocks may now recant—just as sincerely as they before insulted Mr. Haydon.

Pitch physic to hell, you rascals, for damn ye, a—
I'll physic you all with a clyster of Lamia!

Of Mr. Keats, as a private character, the Mohocks themselves are obliged to say—"we have often heard him spoken of in terms of great kindness; and we have no doubt, his *manners* and feelings are calculated to make his friends love him." This is a reputation which a man would rather have, than that of the Editor of the Mohock Magazine. Can any traveller from Edinburgh to London report of him, "we have often heard him spoken of in terms of great kindness?" But, setting that aside, where then is the apology for the boisterous blasphemy of the above? It conveys no satire, either against the man or his writings: it has no application whatever to him: it is therefore sheerly wicked and disgusting: a spontaneous emanation from a naturally coarse and profligate mind.—This leads us to notice the abominable hypocrisy coupled with the flagrant immorality of this worst of publications: the attack on Professor Playfair was justified by the *warmth and sincerity of religious feeling*,—and a series of long, laboured, jesuitical articles, grafting the language and manners of the lowest English fanatic on the sturdy stock of Scotch Presbyterianism, were inserted in Blackwood, before and about the time of the election to the Moral Professorship,—done on the *hoaxing principle*, in the same way as the forgeries on Hogg, the statement of a seventeen thousand sale, and what they call "*the bam*" on Coleridge! The "Elder's Death-bed," the "Snow Storm," the "Radical's Saturday-night," &c. were just as respectably motived as the *Horæ Scandicæ*; and "*pitch physic to Hell, you rascals, for damn ye*," &c.—is a more respectable and decorous phrase than many examples of luscious larded cant, which we can find in the above-mentioned devout compositions—for, at least, it is a turn of expression natural to the Mohocks, in harmony with the manners of blackguards, and therefore suitable to those who employ it. The Magazine in question has certainly, in one respect, evinced genuine character,—and here too it has shown its greatest ability. We refer to the articles, which appear in almost every number, indicative of rough licentious habits; containing the jokes of Edinburgh taverns, the coarse allusions of dissolute life in Edinburgh, the vulgar, but hearty, fun, and the unprincipled relaxations of Scotch wags,—who are a century behind your English *roués* in good manners. The Mohock has been put down for more than a century past in London; he is now in the height of his reign, and even has his Magazine in Edinburgh! And this Magazine is cleverly and vivaciously got up, so far as it fairly represents the Mohock character: but it unluckily happens, that in Edinburgh there are presbyterians as well as blackguards, and venal politics as well as tavern-suppers. A Scotch Editor (we believe we have some right to describe his feelings) would not willingly let any fish escape the sweep of his net:—he is like the Rev. Rowland Hill, in this respect, who says "we have the Gospel for some and good singing for others!" So Blackwood has obscenity* and swearing for the company at Ambrose's,—and the "Elder's Death-bed" for the kirk-going,—and the "Warder" for the slavish,—and scandal and calumny, probably with an eye to all three. Its best things, however, are to be found in the first class of composition;—here is displayed the real merit of the publication. Here it is genuine, original, strong, and often pointed. It is better reading, in this line, than the diamond-scrawled window of a traveller's inn. But its religious papers are worse even than its other serious Essays. Their style is overdone, cumbrous, and false; it is the most opposite that can be conceived to a Scotch style, and the worst that can be conceived of an English one. It is, in short, the style of a charlatan, and hypocrite,—in which the consciousness of insincerity produces the appearance of exaggerated endeavour, and sheds an air of fustian over what is intended to pass for enthusiasm. Blackwood's religion puts one in mind of the heroism of Bombastes; its politics suggest those of Counsellor Phillips,—who is quite as devout as either of the two Editors of Blackwood—vide, his

* We can give reference to the passages if they are demanded of us.

speech to the Bible Society;—but Blackwood's blackguardism is given in good earnest, and as this constitutes the chief claim it has on respect, it would be unfair in us to pass it by in silence.

The only difficulty we feel in regard to this article is to know how to stop it. If we had had foresight enough to have commenced the Number with it, we might perhaps have done the thing pretty completely:—in seven sheets and a half, or eight sheets of Blackwood's men, double-columned, we might have had them as fast as a felon who is double-ironed in Newgate: but, as it is, our memorandum of items must lie by us, with more than three-fourths of its contents unnoticed. We owe an apology to the reader for the insufficiency of this slight sketch,—in which but little is said, though that little, we would fain hope, may be of some service.—Yet one of the tricks of these people, which stares at us from among a crowd of others, all petitioning to be heard, is too characteristic of their Mohock tendencies to be allowed to escape from this imperfect chronicle of their fame. In their No. 41, they notice a work, which they attribute to Mr. Luttrel, author of "Lines written at Ampthill-Park." The first extract which they profess to give from it is a long one,—and commences as follows:

Perchance, a truant from his desk,
Some lover of the picturesque,
Whose soul is far above his shop,
Hints to his charmer where to stop;
And the proud landscape, from the hill, eye
Which crowns thy terrace—Piccadilly!
Perchance Leigh Hunt himself is near,
Just waking from a *reverier*—
Whispering, "My dear, while others hurry,
"Let us look over into Surry."
There, as the summer-sun declines,
Yet still in full-orbed beauty shines,
As, all on fire beneath his beams, &c.

The line, in the foregoing, where Leigh Hunt's name is introduced, and that which follows it,—*are not in the original*; they are *fathered* on Mr. Luttrel, without hint or apology, to gratify a feeling of ill-will, which it is most probable Mr. L. does no share; and which it is very possible he may detest. These are insults, and dishonesties, which assimilate a printing-press to the knife or bludgeon of the street-robber. They are unfair in every way; to the author of the work; to the object of the attack; to the mass of readers. They banish good faith from literature, as Bonaparte excluded the rules of civilized war from his contests, and thus led to reprisals, abhorrent to humanity. Blackwood's Magazine is said to have power; so it has; and so has the kick of a mischievous Scots bullock. We are not, however, afraid of encountering power of this description: the brutal instinct is not a match for manly indignation, aroused in favour of what is honourable in principle and decent in conduct. Whoever undertakes the task which we have undertaken, must be prepared for the return most natural to the dispositions he has been exposing. We have proved that these dispositions are callously regardless of truth, fairness, and decorum. We have proved that Blackwood's writers are in the habit of issuing the most unfounded and monstrous falsehoods when their object is personally to annoy:—that they do not look to facts even for their lies,—but take them at once from the coinage of their own brain. We have shown that there is no unworthy artifice that they will not take advantage of against one whom they hate: that they forge letters—interpolate quotations,—quote opinions from others in their own favour, which opinions were never given,—attribute to innocent persons a participation in the infamy perpetrated entirely by themselves!—Is not this a sufficient reply, beforehand, to all they may think fit to say?—Not, however, that we strictly engage to be so compendious with them, in case we should think it due to ourselves to enlarge. It will not, however, be mere personal abuse that will tempt us to render their Magazine, in another Number of ours, so prominent a subject as it is in the present. We have reduced them to a desperate situation:—that we know:—this article is not likely to go over them as "a summer-cloud," any more than the last. Something they must do:—and the betrayers of Hogg and Wordsworth, the treacherous friends of Coleridge, the fabricators of letters,—these self-confessed and self-mulcted calumniators will probably act by us as they have acted by others:—we neither have the power nor the desire to hinder them

from affording fresh proofs of the justice of our strictures.

We ought not to conclude without stating, that we understand Sir Walter Scott disavows being the author of that series of personal papers in Blackwood, the interest of which is derived from sketches of those families and persons, with whom he communicated as a visitor when in London. This disavowal will probably be publicly made,—*and we shall be happy to pay it more attention than the public, in general, and ourselves, in particular, have paid to his well-known* DISAVOWAL OF BEING THE AUTHOR OF THE SCOTCH NOVELS. What Sir Walter Scott writes is altogether a mystery; and it is not but in the course of his interesting *conversations*, that we can gain some clue to his literary productions. The truth is, however, that we only hinted a suspicion here, founded on certain circumstances,—and professed that we leaned on the whole to the side of disbelief. Communications with dangerous people, however, are dangerous things. A man should be careful of his conversation when he knows *Doctor Morris* is near him. Articles have lately issued from under the roof of Abbotsford that do no credit to the place; and the scraps that fall from the Baronet's table, become sadly changed in odour, when they have passed, through "certain strainers," into that common *cloaca* Blackwood's Magazine.—Let us hope that we shall never again have occasion to introduce so respectable a name as Sir Walter Scott's into the discussion of so offensive a subject.

THE DRAMA.

No. XI.

"At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

Why was not this No. XII. instead of No XI. of the Acted Drama in London? Had we but seen No. XII. at the head of our article for December, we had been happy, "as broad and casing as the general air, whole as the marble, founded as the rock," but now we are "cooped and cabined in by saucy doubts and fears." Had No. XI. been ready in time, we should have been irreproachable "in act and complement extern," which is with us every thing. Punctuality is "the immediate jewel of our souls." We leave it to others to be shrewd, ingenious, witty and wise; to think deeply, and write finely; it is enough for us to be exactly dull. The categories of *number* and *quantity* are what we chiefly delight in; for on these depend (by arithmetical computation) the pounds, shillings, and pence. We suspect that those writers only trouble their heads about fame, who cannot get any thing more substantial for what they write; and are in fact equally at a loss for "solid pudding or for empty praise." That is not the case with us. We have money in our purse, and reputation—to spare. Nothing troubles us but that our article on the Drama was wanting for November—on this point we are inconsolable. No more delight in regularity—no more undisturbed complacency in the sense of arduous duty conscientiously discharged—no more confidence in meeting our Editors—no more implicit expectation of our monthly decisions on the part of the public! As the Italian poet for one error of the press, in a poem presented to the Pope, died of chagrin, so we for one deficiency in this series of Dramatic Criticisms (complete but for that)—must resign! We have no other way left to appease our scrupulous sense of critical punctilio. That there was but one link wanting, is no matter—

Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.

There was one Number (the eleventh) of the LONDON MAGAZINE, of which the curious reader turned over the pages with eager haste, and found no Drama—a thing never to be remedied! It was no fault of ours that it was so. A friend hath done this. The author of the Calendar of Nature (a pleasing and punctual performance) hath spoiled our Calendar of Art, and robbed

us of that golden rigol of periodical praise, that we had in fancy "bound our brows withal." With the month our contribution to the stock of literary amusement and scientific intelligence returned without fail. In January, we gave an account of all the actors we had ever seen or heard of. In February, we confined ourselves to Miss O'Neill. In March, we expatiated at large on the Minor Theatres, and took great delight in the three Miss Dennetts. In April, (being at Ilminster, a pretty town in the vale of Taunton, and thence passing on to the Lamb at Hindon, a dreary spot,) we proved at these two places, sitting in an arm-chair by a sea-coal fire, very satisfactorily and without fear of contradiction,—neither Mr. Maturin, Mr. Shiel, nor Mr. Milman being present,—that no modern author could write a tragedy. In May, we wrote an article which filled the proper number of columns, though we forget what it was about. In June, we had to show that a modern author had written a tragedy (Virginius)—an opinion, which, though it overset our theory, we are by no means desirous to retract. We still say, that that play is better than Bertram, though Mr. Maturin, in the Preface to Melmoth, says it is not. As in June we were not dry, neither in July were we droughty. We found something to say in this and the following month, without being much indebted to the actors or actresses, though, if Miss Tree came out in either of those months, we ought to recollect it, and mark the event with *a white stone*. We had rather hear her sing in ordinary cases than Miss Stevens, though not in extraordinary ones. By the bye, when will that little pouting * slut, with crystalline eyes and voice, return to us from the sister island? The Dublin critics hardly pretend to keep her to themselves, on the ground that they (like the Edinburgh wags) are better judges and patrons of merit, than we of famous London town.—The Irish are impudent: but they are not so impudent as the Scotch. This is a digression. To proceed,—In August, we had a skirmish with the facetious and biting Janus, of versatile memory, on his assumed superiority in dramatic taste and skill, when we corrected him for his contempt of court—and the Miss Dennetts, our wards in criticism. In September, we got an able article written for us; for we flatter ourselves, that we not only say good things ourselves, but are the cause of them in others. In October, we called Mr. Elliston to task for taking, in his vocation of manager, improper liberties with the public. But in November, (may that dark month stand aye accursed in the Calendar!) we failed, and failed, as how? Our friend, the ingenious writer aforesaid, (one of the most ingenious and sharp-witted men of his age, but not so remarkable for the virtue of *reliability* as Mr. Coleridge's friend, the poet-laureate,) was to take a mutton-chop with us, and afterwards we were to go to the play, and club our forces in a criticism—but he never came, *we* never went to the play, (the Stranger with Charles Kemble as the hero, and a new Mrs. Haller,) and the criticism was never written. The Drama of the London Magazine for that month is left a blank!—We were in hopes that our other contributors might have been proportionably on the alert; but on the contrary, we were sorry to hear it remarked by more than one person, that the Magazine for November was on the

* "Or mouth with slumbery pout." Keats's Endymion.

The phrase might be applied to Miss Stephens: though it is a vile phrase, worse than Hamlet's "beautified" applied to Ophelia. Indeed it has been remarked that Mr. Keats resembles Shakspeare in the novelty and eccentricity of his combinations of style. If so, it is the only thing in which he is like Shakspeare: and yet Mr. Keats, whose misfortune and crime it is, like Milton, to have been born in London, is a much better poet than Mr. Wilson, or his Patroclus Mr. Lockart; nay farther, if Sir Walter Scott (the sly Ulysses of the Auld Reckie school,) had written many of the passages in Mr. Keats's poems, they would have been quoted as the most beautiful in his works. We do not here (on the banks of the Thames) damn the Scotch novels in the lump, because the writer is a *Sawney Scot*. But the sweet Edinburgh wits damn Mr. Keats's lines in the lump, because he is born in London. "Oh Scotland, judge of England, what a treasure hast thou in one fair son, and one fair son-in-law, neither of whom (by all accounts) thou lovest passing well!"

whole dull. There was no TABLE-TALK, for instance, an article which we take up immediately after we have perused our own, and seldom lay it down till we get to the end of it, though we think the papers are too long. We are glad to see the notice from the redoubtable LION'S HEAD of No. V. for the present Number, for we understood that a Cockney, in clandestine correspondence with Blackwood, on looking for it in the last, and finding it *missing*, had sent off instant word, that the writer "was expelled" from the LONDON MAGAZINE. We are sure we should be very sorry for that.—

If theatrical criticisms were only written when there is something worth writing about, it would be hard upon us who live by them. Are we not to receive our quarter's salary (like Mr. Croker in the piping time of peace) because Mrs. Siddons has left the stage, and "has not left her peer;" or because John Kemble will not return to it with renewed health and vigour, to prop a falling house, and falling art; or because Mr. Kean has gone to America, or because Mr. Wallack has arrived from that country? No; the duller the stage grows, the gayer and more edifying must we become in ourselves: the less we have to say about that, the more room we have to talk about other things. Now would be the time for Mr. Coleridge to turn his talents to account, and write for the stage, when there is no topic to confine his pen, or "constrain his genius by mastery." "With mighty wings outspread, his imagination might brood over the void and make it pregnant." Under the assumed head of the Drama, he might unfold the whole mysteries of Swedenborg, or ascend the third heaven of invention with Jacob Behmen: he might write a treatise on all the unknown sciences, and finish the Encyclopedia Metropolitana in a pocket form:—nay, he might bring to a satisfactory close his own dissertation on the difference between the Imagination and the Fancy,* before, in all probability, another great actor appears, or another tragedy or comedy is written. He is the man of all others to swim on empty bladders in a sea, without shore or soundings: to drive an empty stage-coach without passengers or lading, and arrive behind his time; to write marginal notes without a text: to look into a millstone to foster the rising genius of the age; to "see merit in the chaos of its elements, and discern perfection in the great obscurity of nothing," as his most favourite author, Sir Thomas Brown, has it on another occasion. Alas! we have no such creative talents: we cannot amplify, expand, raise our flimsy discourse, as the gaseous matter fills and lifts the round, glittering, slow-sailing balloon, to "the up-turned eyes of wondering mortals." Here is our bill of fare for the month, our list of memoranda—*The French dancers—Farren's Deaf Lover—Macready's Zanga—Mr. Cooper's Romeo. A new farce, not acted a second time—Wallace, a tragedy,—and Mr. Wallack's Hamlet.* Who can make any thing of such a beggarly account as this? Not we. Yet as poets at a pinch invoke the Muse, so we, for once, will invoke Mr. Coleridge's better genius, and thus we hear him talk, diverting our attention from the players and the play.

"The French, my dear H———," would he begin, "are not a people of imagination. They have so little, that you cannot persuade them to conceive it possible that they have none. They have no poetry, no such thing as genius, from the age of Louis XIV. It was that, their boasted Augustan age, which stamped them French, which put the seal upon their character, and from that time nothing has grown up original or luxuriant, or spontaneous among them; the whole has been cast in a mould, and that a bad one. Montaigne and Rabelais (their two greatest men, the one for thought, and the other for imaginative humour,—for the distinction between imagination and fancy holds in ludicrous as well as serious composition) I consider as Francks rather than Frenchmen, for in their time the national literature was not *set*, was neither mounted on stilts, nor buckramed in stays. Wit they had too, if I could persuade myself

* The Fancy is not used here in the sense of Mr. Peter Corcoran, but in a sense peculiar to Mr. Coleridge, and hitherto undefined by him.

that Moliere was a genuine Frenchman, but I cannot help suspecting that his mother played his reputed father false, and that an Englishman begot him. I am sure his genius is English; and his wit not of the Parisian cut. As a proof of this, see how his most extravagant farces, the Mock-doctor, Barnaby Brittle, &c. take with us. What can be more to the taste of our *bourgeoisie*, more adapted to our native tooth, than his Country Wife, which Wycherly did little else than translate into English. What success a translator of Racine into our vernacular tongue would meet with, I leave you to guess. His tragedies are not poetry, are not passion, are not imagination: they are a parcel of set speeches, of epigrammatie conceits, of declamatory phrases, without any of the glow, and glancing rapidity, and principle of fusion in the mind of the poet, to agglomerate them into grandeur, or blend them into harmony. The principle of the imagination resembles the emblem of the serpent, by which the ancients typified wisdom and the universe, with undulating folds, for ever varying and for ever flowing into itself,--circular, and without beginning or end. The definite, the fixed, is death: the principle of life is the indefinite, the growing, the moving, the continuous. But every thing in French poetry is cut up into shreds and patches, little flowers of poetry, with tickets and labels to them, as when the daughters of Jason minced and hacked their old father into collops—we have the *disjecta membra poetæ*—not the entire and living man. The spirit of genuine poetry should inform the whole work, should breathe through, and move, and agitate the complete mass, as the soul informs and moves the limbs of a man, or as the vital principle (whatever it be) permeates the veins of the loftiest trees, building up the trunk, and extending the branches to the sun and winds of heaven, and shooting out into fruit and flowers. This is the progress of nature and of genius. This is the true poetic faculty; or that which the Greeks literally call ποιησις. But a French play, (I think it is Schlegel, who somewhere makes the comparison, though I had myself, before I ever read Schlegel, made the same remark) is like a child's garden set with slips of branches and flowers, stuck in the ground, not growing in it. We may weave a gaudy garland in this manner, but it withers in an hour: while the products of genius and nature give out their odours to the gale, and spread their tints in the sun's eye, age after age—

> Outlast a thousand storms, a thousand winters,
> Free from the Sirian star, free from the thunder stroke,

and flourish in immortal youth and beauty. Every thing French is, in the way of it, frittered into parts: every thing is therefore dead and ineffective. French poetry is just like chopped logic: nothing comes of it. There is no life of mind: neither the birth nor generation of knowledge. It is all patch-work, all sharp points and angles, all superficial. They receive, and give out sensation, too readily for it ever to amount to a sentiment. They cannot even dance, as you may see. There is, I am sure you will agree, no expression, no grace in their dancing. Littleness, point, is what damns them in all they do. With all their vivacity, and animal spirits, they dance not like men and women under the impression of certain emotions, but like puppets; they twirl round like *tourniquets*. Not to feel, and not to think, is all they know of this art or any other. You might swear that a nation that danced in that manner, would never produce a true poet or philosopher. They have it not in them. There is not the principle of cause and effect. They make a sudden turn because there is no reason for it: they stop short, or move fast, only because you expect something else. Their style of dancing is difficult: would it were impossible."* (By this time several persons in the pit had turned round to listen to this uninterrupted discourse, and our eloquent friend went on, rather raising his voice with a *Paulo majora canamus.*) "Look at

* This expression is borrowed from Dr. Johnson. However, as Dr. Johnson is not a German critic, Mr. C. need not be supposed to acknowledge it.

that Mademoiselle Milanie with 'the foot of fire,' as she is called. You might contrive a paste-board figure with the help of strings or wires to do all, and more, than she does—to point the toe, to raise the leg, to jerk the body, to run like wild-fire. Antics are not grace: to dance is not to move against time. My dear H—— if you could see a dance by some Italian peasant-girls in the Campagna of Rome, as I have, I am sure your good taste and good sense would approve it. They came forward slow and smiling, but as if their limbs were steeped in luxury, and every motion seemed an echo of the music, and the heavens looked on serener as they trod. You are right about the Miss Dennetts, though you have all the cant-phrases against you. It is true, they break down in some of their steps, but it is like "the lily drooping on its stalk green," or like "the flowers Proserpina let fall from Dis's waggon." Those who cannot see grace in the youth and inexperience of these charming girls, would see no beauty in a cluster of hyacinths, bent with the morning dew. To shew at once what is, and is not French, there is Mademoiselle Hullin, she is Dutch. Nay, she is just like a Dutch doll, as round-faced, as rosy, and looks for all the world as if her limbs were made of wax-work, and would take in pieces, but not as if she could move them of her own accord. Alas, poor tender thing! As to the men, I confess" (this was said to me in an audible whisper, lest it might be construed into a breach of confidence) "I should like, as Southey says, to have them *hamstrung!*"—(At this moment Monsieur Hullin *Pere*, looked as if this charitable operation was about to be performed on him by an extra-official warrant from the poet-laureate.)

"Pray, H——, have you seen Macready's Zanga?"

Yes.

"And what do you think of it?"

I did not like it much.

"Nor I.—Macready has talents and a magnificent voice, but he is, I fear, too improving an actor to be a man of genius. That little ill-looking vagabond Kean never improved in any thing. In some things he could not, and in others he would not. The only parts of M.'s Zanga that I liked (which of course I only half-liked) were some things in imitation of the *extremely natural manner* of Kean, and his address to Alonzo, urging him, as the greatest triumph of his self-denial, to sacrifice

A wife, a bride, a mistress unenjoyed—

where his voice rose exulting on the sentiment, like the thunder that clothes the neck of the war-horse. The person that pleased me most in this play was Mrs. Sterling: she did justice to her part—a thing not easy to do. I liked Macready's Wallace better than his Zanga, though the play is not a good one, and it is difficult for the actor to find out the author's meaning. I would not judge harshly of a first attempt, but the faults of youthful genius are exuberance, and a continual desire of novelty: now the faults of this play are tameness, common-place, and clap-traps. It is said to be written by young Walker, the son of the Westminster orator. If so, his friend, Mr. Cobbett, will probably write a Theatrical Examiner of it in his next week's Political Register. What, I would ask, can be worse, more out of character and costume, than to make Wallace drop his sword to have his throat cut by Menteith, merely because the latter has proved himself (what he suspected) a traitor and a villain, and then console himself for this voluntary martyrdom by a sentimental farewell to the rocks and mountains of his native country! This effeminate softness and wretched cant did not belong to the age, the country, or the hero. In this scene, however, Mr. Macready shone much; and in the attitude in which he stood after letting his sword fall, he displayed extreme grace and feeling. It was as if he had let his best friend, his trusty sword, drop like a serpent from his hand. Macready's figure is awkward, but his attitudes are graceful and well composed.—Don't you think so?"—

I answered, yes; and he then ran on in his usual manner, by inquiring into the metaphysical distinction between the grace of form, and the grace that arises from motion (as for instance, you may move a square form in a circular or waving line), and illustrated this subtle observation at great length and with much happiness. He asked me how it was, that Mr. Farren in the farce of the Deaf

Lover, played the old gentleman so well, and failed so entirely in the young gallant. I said I could not tell. He then tried at a solution himself, in which I could not follow him so as to give the precise point of his argument. He afterwards defined to me, and those about us, the merits of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Wallack, classing the first as a respectable, and the last as a second-rate actor; with large grounds and learned definitions of his meaning on both points; and, as the lights were by this time nearly out, and the audience (except his immediate auditors) going away, he reluctantly "ended,"

But in Adam's ear so pleasing left his voice,

that I quite forgot I had to write my article on the Drama the next day; nor without his imaginary aid should I have been able to wind up my accounts for the year, as Mr. Matthews gets through his AT HOME by the help of a little awkward ventriloquism.

Nov. 21. 1820. W. H.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Vienna.—Instrument for making Perspective Drawings. — M. J. Auracher d'Aurach, Major-General in the Austrian service, has invented a very ingenious instrument, which he calls a *Quereographe*, by means of which a person is able to draw in perspective with the greatest accuracy, and apply the various tints according to the rules of chiaro-scuro. In the first part of a work which he has published on the subject, he gives a description of the instrument, which is of very simple construction; in the second he shows its use, and how it is to be applied to every kind of perspective.

Hungarian Literature has begun to make a rapid progress; translation is every day more and more cultivated. Horace has been versified by M. Gregoire Edes, and a translation of the Voyage du jeune Anacharsis has made its appearance at *Klausemburg*, while Farkas the learned Transylvanian has produced an excellent Hungarian version of Schiller's Don Carlos. M. Gal, librarian to Prince Esterhazy, is employed in translating into German the principal Hungarian dramas. Among recent theatrical productions, the two most distinguished are, a tragedy entitled *Stibor*, and *Akerok* a comedy, both by M. Chas. Kisfaludi.

Lithography.—The progress which this art has made at Hamburgh exceeds in neatness, elegance, and finish of execution, those of all the other Lithographical establishments in Germany. The artists are liberally encouraged there: without mentioning the great number of maps of every description which they have produced, equal in beauty to those executed on copper, we will merely point out some very superior productions, chiefly by *Grogers* and *Aldenrath*. A landscape with cattle, from a painting by *Herterich*; a Holy Family from another by *Haysdorff*; a whole length portrait of Luther; and several landscapes executed in a particular style, and possessing great elegance and force: these are by *Benedixen*, who has employed both lines and dots. *Bunsen* of Altona has produced many subjects of Gothic architecture. But the most admirable of all, are three heads of Christ, one after Carlo Dolce, by *Herterich*, another by *Grogers*, from a design of his own, and the third from Albert Durer, by *Benedixen*.

Literature in Greece.—For some time past an extensive Dictionary of the ancient and modern Greek languages has been printing at the Patriarchal Press at Constantinople. It will, when completed, form upwards of six folio volumes, the first of which is now printed. This important work appears under the auspices of Gregorios the present patriarch, a native of the Peloponesus, and an intelligent and virtuous ecclesiastic.

M. Iskenteri, a merchant settled at Constantinople, has published an elegant modern Greek translation of Voltaire's Zadig; he has likewise translated the Travels of Antenor, which he is now preparing for the press. This accomplished man is intimately acquainted with French literature, and his zeal for the extension of knowledge, and for the civilization of all Greece, is ardent and indefatigable.

The college at Chios is become a kind of European university. The young Ambrosios Argentis, an *élève* of this institution, has just produced a Discourse on Navigation, in which he earnestly exhorts the inhabitants of the island to bestow their principal attention on commercial navigation, as the permanent source of riches and prosperity.

It is reported that a Greek Journal is about to be established at Chios, as a vehicle of popular information. The printing press lately set up in the capital of the island succeeds extremely well; it is expected that many important publications will soon issue from it, all which are intended to revive Greek literature. Professor Koumass of Smyrna, one of their most distinguished literati, has recently published an elementary philosophical work, giving a succinct account of the researches of the German in the department of philosophy. This work has been received with great enthusiasm.

Cannibalism of the New Zealanders.—We extract the following piece of *interesting* news from the last number of the Asiatic Journal:—for Mr. Leigh's existence, we cannot vouch,—far less for the authenticity of his story,—but such as we have it, we give it—quoting our authority.

"The Rev. Samuel Leigh, a missionary lately returned from New South Wales, resided at New Zealand about six weeks, just before he sailed for England. He gives a melancholy picture of these cannibals; but, notwithstanding their almost incredible ferocity, it seems that they are remarkably ingenious, and enterprising, and discover a surprising willingness to receive instruction. Among numerous facts related by Mr. Leigh, respecting the New Zealander, we subjoin the following:—One day, while Mr. Leigh was walking on the beach, conversing with a native chief, his attention was arrested by a great number of people on a neighbouring hill. He inquired the cause of such a concourse, and being told that they were *roasting a lad, and had assembled to eat him*, he immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of this appalling relation. Being arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives appeared much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; and it was only after a very urgent solicitation that they directed him towards a large fire at some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of this unhappy victim had been cut off; and on approaching the fire, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with an axe. Mr. Leigh, though somewhat intimidated, manifested no symptoms of fear, but boldly demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held him up by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and was about half roasted. Mr. Leigh returned to the village, where he found several hundreds of the natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of *coomery*, (a sort of sweet potatoe) before them, and waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company were shewn to him the parents of the child, expecting to share in the horrid feast. After reasoning with them for about half an hour on the inhumanity and wickedness of their conduct, he prevailed on them to give up the boy to be interred, and thus prevented them from performing the most cruel, unnatural, and diabolical act of which human nature is capable."

The Emperor of China's Chair Broken.—The Emperor, whilst returning from sacrificing at the tombs of his ancestors, being about to pass over the Ma-kwan bridge, had nearly met with a serious accident: a footman belonging to one of the officers in his train led a horse directly against his majesty's chair, which was in consequence broken. The emperor exclaimed against this impropriety, and ordered the officer to leave his retinue, fining him in half-a-year's income. Wang-shin, his footman, was taken into custody, and delivered over to the tribunal of punishments for correction.

Discovery Ships.—The following letter from Lieutenant Wm. Edward Parry, commanding his Majesty's ship Hecla, (lately employed with the Griper gun brig on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Seas,) to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated his Majesty's ship Hecla, west coast of Davis' Straits, lat. 76 deg. 41 m. long. 69. deg. 17 m. W. Sept. 5, 1820, has appeared in the London Gazette of Nov. 4:—

SIR,—I avail myself of an unexpected opportunity by the Lee of Hull, whaler, to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's ships, under my orders, succeeded in discovering a passage through Lancaster Sound into the Polar Sea, and penetrated, during the summer of 1819, as far as the longitude of 112½ deg. west of Greenwich, between the parallels of 74 deg. and 75 deg. north latitude.

In this space twelve Islands have been discovered, and named the Islands of New Georgia, in honour of his Majesty. The expedition wintered in a harbour on the south side of the largest of these islands, (called Melville Island,) in lat. 74 deg. 47 m. N., and long. 110. deg. 47 m. W. and proceeded to the westward immediately on the breaking up of the ice at the commencement of the present season, the ships being in perfect condition, the officers and men in excellent health, and with every prospect of the final accomplishment of our enterprise.

At the S. W. end of Melville Island, however, the quantity and magnitude of the ice was found to increase so much, that for 16 days (being above one-third of the whole navigable season, in that part of the Polar Sea) it was found impossible to penetrate to the westward beyond the meridian of 113 deg. 47 min. W. In order, therefore, that no time might be lost, I determined to try what could be done in a more southern latitude, and for that purpose ran back along the edge of the ice which had hitherto formed a continuous barrier to the south of us, in order to look out for any opening which might favour the plan I had in view. In this endeavour I was also disappointed, and the season being so far advanced as to make it a matter of question whether, with the remaining resources, the object of the enterprise could be persevered in with any hope of success,

I consulted the principal officers of the expedition, who were unanimously of opinion that nothing now could be done, and that it was on that account advisable to return to England.

In this opinion it was impossible for me, under existing circumstances, not to concur, and I trust that a detailed account of our proceedings, which I shall shortly have the honour to lay before their Lordships, will prove highly satisfactory, and that, though our exertions have not been crowned with complete success, they will not be found discreditable to the naval honour of our country. I beg you will be pleased to acquaint their Lordships, that having proposed to survey the west coast of Davis' Straits previous to my return, and being desirous of losing as little as possible of the remaining part of the present season, which is favourable for the navigation of these seas, I have not considered it right to detain the expedition, for the purpose of transmitting by the Lee a more full account of this voyage. I shall only therefore add, that, having accomplished the object now in view, I hope to reach England by the first week in November.—I have the honour to be, &c.

W. E. Parry, Lieut. and Commander.

Lieutenant Parry, accompanied by Captain Sabine, of the Royal Artillery, attached to the expedition, arrived at the Admiralty Office on the 4th of November.

Lieutenant Parry states that the officers and men of both vessels passed the winter without any considerable inconvenience, notwithstanding the intense cold, (the thermometer having been so low as 35 deg. below zero,) and that only one man was lost, who died of a chronic disease of the heart.

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Though our readers might not be prepared to expect, from the tenor of our last month's political remarks, that the Bill against the Queen would be thrown out by the Lords, they would nevertheless, we think, be inclined to regard such an event a desirable one. It has happened, after three days of strenuous debate; in which the speech of Lord Grey in her favour seems to have attracted the greatest degree of respect. Ministers carried the Bill even through the third reading; but the small majority of twenty-seven by which the second reading was carried, being reduced to the very inconsiderable one of nine, when the third reading was put to the vote, Ministers very properly abandoned the measure altogether, by moving that the Bill do pass *that day six months*—which was carried without a division.

On the 7th November, with reference to the second reading, Lord Dacre presented the following Protest of her Majesty against the decision of their Lordships.

PROTEST.

"Carolina Regina.

"*To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled.*

"The Queen has learned the decision of the Lords upon the Bill now before them. In the face of Parliament, of her family, and of her country, she does solemnly protest against it.

"Those who avowed themselves her prosecutors have presumed to sit in judgment on the question between the Queen and themselves. Peers have given their voices against her, who had heard the whole evidence for the charge, and absented themselves during her defence.

"Others have come to the discussion from the Secret Committee, with minds biassed by a mass of slanders, which her enemies have not dared to bring forward to the light.

"The Queen does not avail herself of her right to appear before the committee, for to her the details of the measure must be a matter of indifference; and, unless the course of these unexampled proceedings should bring the bill before the other branch of the Legislature, she will make no reference whatever to the treatment experienced by her during the last twenty-five years.

"She now most deliberately, and before God, asserts, that she is wholly innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and she awaits with unabated confidence the final result of this unparalleled investigation.

(Signed) "Carolina Regina."

Lord Lauderdale and several other Noble Lords remarked on this protest, as a violent attack upon the character of the House; but after some discussion, it was agreed to receive it and record it upon the journals, as the address of her Majesty, containing what she had further to say in her defence.

The Report of what took place in Parliament on this remarkable occa-

sion has thus been given in the daily papers.

The House then divided on the question that the Bill be now read a third time, and the numbers were—

Contents	108
Not Contents	99
Majority	9

The declaration of the numbers was received with the loudest cheers from the Opposition Benches. Strangers were not re-admitted into the House, but we understand, before the question was put, that the Bill do pass, or before any of the amendments which had been promised on the third reading were proposed,

Lord Dacre and the Earl of Liverpool rose together. Lord Dacre had a paper in his hand, which was understood to be a Protest from the Queen against the proceedings.—There were loud cries of "Lord Liverpool."

The Earl of Liverpool then said, that feeling convinced as he did, of the guilt of the Queen, of the importance of the measure before the House, and of the anxiety of the country for some division on it, he should, if the majority on the third had been the same as on the second reading, have deemed it his duty to press the Bill through the remaining stage. As, however, there was not the same, but a much smaller majority, he thought it fit now to move, that the further consideration of the Bill be postponed to this day six months (loud shouts of hear, hear!)

As soon as silence was obtained,

The Duke of Montrose rose and said, that he had given his vote on the third reading of the Bill, in the clearest and most conscientious conviction of the Queen's guilt. He should, therefore, oppose the motion of the Noble Earl.

Earl Grey reprobated, in the most eloquent and forcible terms, the disgraceful manner in which his Majesty's Ministers had persevered in so disgraceful and so disgusting a proceeding; derogatory, as they had even themselves admitted in the House of Commons, to the dignity of the Crown, and injurious to the best interests of the country. The independent part of the House had rescued its character from the impending shame and degradation, leaving its authors in possession of only their own votes, as the prosecutors of the charge they had preferred. How they were to answer for their conduct to the country, it would be now for themselves to consider.

Lord Erskine then said, that he could not find words to express the delight he felt at the destruction of the Bill now expiring before them, and in the consequent renovation of the law, in the administration of which he had spent his life; and he could not help therefore borrowing from the eloquent Hooker, speaking of law, from the uniformity of its character a stranger to such anomalies as the present:—"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with one consent admiring her as the mother of their joy and peace."—May the pure and uniform system of law be never more disturbed!

The question was then put by the Lord Chancellor, that the Bill be read this day six months, which was carried without a division.

Loud cheers resounded throughout the House.

The Earl of Liverpool then moved that the House do adjourn to the 23d instant, which was agreed to.—Adjourned.

When the Earl of Liverpool had signified his intention to withdraw the Bill, the intelligence was immediately communicated to the strangers in the lobby, who could not be restrained from testifying their joy by the loudest shouts. The strangers immediately rushed out into Old Palace-yard, where her Majesty was just at that moment stepping into her carriage. The joy manifested by the people who had assembled to witness her Majesty's departure when the fate of the Bill was made known is indescribable. The effect of the shouts and congratulations of the people was heightened by the royal salute from the drums of the soldiers on duty. These brave fellows showed by their countenances that they were not behind the rest of their countrymen in exultation, and when they piled their arms after the Queen's carriage had passed, they added their shouts to those of the multitude, while they explained to their comrades who were drawn forth by the noise, the destruction of "THE BILL."

Daily Papers.

A most prodigious sensation was caused by the unexpected announcement of this event. It took place on Friday: on that day, and on Saturday and Monday, illuminations were made. On Friday riot prevailed wherever individuals refused to comply with the cry of the multitude for "lights." In the Strand, the offices of the ministerial papers, felt the effects of the intemperance of the populace. The Riot Act was read in front of the Courier Office by Mr. Minshull, one of the magistrates of Bow-street, and parties of the Life Guards continued parading along the Strand till an early hour in the morning. The

people, however, manifested the greatest cordiality towards the military, who, on their part, conducted themselves with the utmost propriety. On Saturday the Lord Mayor gave public notice that the Mansion-house would be illuminated on that evening and Monday. On these occasions, the illuminations were very general. The villages and towns round London displayed the same joy; and all the coaches arriving or departing from the metropolis were decorated with laurel boughs, and the horses with white favours. The intelligence was received in Edinburgh on Monday, and excited a great sensation among all ranks, although the feeling was not displayed in the same public manner as in London. A few individuals, however, lighted up their windows, and at Leith the vessels in the harbour hoisted their colours, which continued floating in the wind during the whole of Monday. In Glasgow partial illuminations also took place, and the feelings of the populace were displayed by the burning of tar barrels in the streets in the evening.

In whatever way the decision of the House of Peers be regarded, it is calculated, we think, to give satisfaction to the country. They who maintained that the Lords would *do any thing* (for such was the common expression) are proved to be wrong; while they who regard the Queen as an unfairly treated woman; as one marked out for persecution in a spirit,—not of virtue, or conscientious displeasure,—but of unmanly spite and licentious fancy,—they will be pleased that she should have thus given the crown-party so signal a defeat, aided by the unconquerable support of the people. It would be idle to affect to say that the Queen's reputation as a woman is rendered unsullied and unsuspected by the abandonment of the Bill, or by the course of the inquiry. That is not the case: a very large proportion of the people of England have received strong impressions of a disagreeable nature from all that has transpired:—but it is quite demonstrable that, considering who the parties against her were, and how their measures against her have been taken, they deserved to lose the day, and the country generally has rejoiced they have done so. The pretence of a regard to morality actuating the prosecution is a palpably false one;—the pretence of having taken the most candid course in all proceedings against her Majesty, is also false and disgusting, seeing what we have seen:—the rights of justice, the cause of manly feeling, the great principles of public example, and of the responsibility of public men, are signally vindicated in the result of this business,—and would have been injured—rather than benefited,—had it taken a different turn.

The Lords having come to the final decision here described, the House was adjourned to the 23d of November—to which day the Commons had previously adjourned themselves.—The object of Ministers, it was understood, during the interval, would be to get Parliament prorogued, so as to prevent the introduction of any matter of discussion by the Members. The Queen had in the interim applied to Lord Liverpool for one of the royal palaces as a place of residence,—to which the answer was, that the King could not, under the circumstances, make such an order;—Lord Liverpool added, that her Majesty's pecuniary allowance would be continued to her till Parliament had regulated the footing on which she was to be placed. Her Majesty's intention to send a message to the Commons on this communication was intimated by her Counsel; but the greatest precautions were taken by Ministers, that the appearance of the Black Rod in the House at the moment of meeting should prevent the reception of Her Majesty's message. The following is the Report of what took place, given in the public journals:—

House of Commons,
Thursday, Nov. 23.

The Speaker entered the house at a quarter before two. The gallery was not opened; but the following account may be relied upon:—

After prayers were read, the Speaker inquired if any new members were waiting to be sworn.

Messrs. Lawley and Chaloner came forward, and a few minutes were occupied in administering the oaths.

Mr. Mann then moved a new writ for Westbury, and Lord Ossulton for Berwick.

Mr Denman then rose, about five minutes past two, with a paper in his hand, which he said was a communication from the Queen.—(Loud cries of hear, hear.)

At the same time the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod entered the house, and advanced to the table, amidst the loudest cries for "Mr. Denman." With these cries were mingled shouts of "withdraw, withdraw," addressed to the Black Rod. Mr. Denman continued standing with the message in his hand, and did not for a moment give way to that officer. Not a word the Usher said was heard. His message was drowned amidst the most indignant and vehement cries of "Shame, shame," from all parts of the house. His lips moved, but no sound was audible. After this mummery the Black Rod retreated, apparently much agitated. A pause ensued, when

Mr. Tierney rose, and observed that not one word of what had fallen from the Deputy Usher had been heard; and how, then, did the Speaker know what was the message, or whether he was wanted at all in the other house?—(Loud cheering, intermingled with cries of "Order" from the Treasury-bench.)

The Speaker then rose, the uproar still continuing, and Mr. Bennet exclaiming, with a loud voice—"this is a scandal to the country."

The Speaker then proceeded down the body of the house amidst the most deafening and disconcerting cries of "shame, shame," and loud and repeated hisses. Lord Castlereagh, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a very few ministerial members, accompanied the Speaker. Lord Castlereagh followed close to him.

A considerable proportion of the members remained in the house awaiting the Speaker's return; but it turned out, contrary to all precedent, that no speech had been made by the commissioners—and the Speaker did not return to the House of Commons, but went straight to his private apartments, leaving the House of Commons to collect as they could that a prorogation had actually taken place.

On the Speaker's return from the House of Peers, as he was passing through the lobby, the Sergeant at Arms, who was preceding him, was, as is usual, about to enter the door of the House of Commons, when the Speaker called to him, and said, "Mr. Seymour, there is no business to be done; therefore I cannot go into the house." The Sergeant bowed, and the Speaker passed quickly into the avenues leading to his house.

Mr. Brougham had communicated, in writing, to the Speaker and Lord Castlereagh, that a Message would be delivered from the Queen. The Speaker had returned for answer, that he would take the chair at a quarter before two, although the general practice had been not to take the chair until two.

The following is the Message in which Mr. Denman was stopped as he was about to read:—

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

"*Carolina R.*—The Queen thinks it proper to inform the House of Commons that she has received a communication from the King's ministers, plainly intimating an intention to prorogue the Parliament immediately, and accompanied by an offer of money for her support, and for providing her with a residence until a new session may be holden.

This offer the Queen has no hesitation in refusing. While the late extraordinary proceedings were pending, it might be fit for her to accept the advances made for her temporary accommodation; but she naturally expected that the failure of that unparalleled attempt to degrade the Royal Family would be immediately followed by submitting some permanent measure to the wisdom of Parliament—and she has felt that she could no longer, with propriety, receive from the ministers what she is well assured the liberality of the House of Commons would have granted as alike essential to the dignity of the throne, and demanded by the plainest principles of justice.

If the Queen is to understand that new proceedings are meditated against her, she throws herself with unabated confidence on the representatives of the people, fully relying on their justice and wisdom to take effectual steps to protect her from the further vexation of unnecessary delay, and to provide that these unexampled persecutions may at length be brought to a close."

In the House of Lords nothing took place but the usual forms of proroguing Parliament in his Majesty's name by the Lords Commissioners, who were the Lord Chancellor and Earls Liverpool and Bathurst. The clerk read the commission authorizing the prorogation from that day, Thursday Nov. 23d, to the 23d of January next.

As the scene in the House of Commons was of a most unusual nature, and causes the present day to bear some analogy to the *most stormy periods of our history*, we shall give the narrative a little more particularly than it is given in the above report, and coupled with the remarks of a Journal which has distinguished itself in the discussion of the proceedings connected with this most unfortunate and disgraceful investigation:—

"Her Majesty gave orders that it should be intimated to the Speaker of the House of Commons and to Lord Castlereagh, that it was her intention to send down a message to the house in the morning. It was this notification, which should have commanded

attention, that excited fears and prompted violent counsels. Mr. Brougham, in his communication with the Speaker, had suggested the expediency of taking the chair at one o'clock; and at that time there were nearly a hundred members present. But no Speaker was to be found: he was understood to be closetted with Lord Castlereagh. He had indeed replied to Mr. Brougham, that he should take his seat a quarter before two; but it was not till eight minutes before two that he entered, the noble Viscount appearing at the same time. Prayers and moving for two writs occupied the few minutes till two; when Mr. Denman rising to announce his message, Mr. Quarme at the same instant knocked at the folding-doors, and, entering, went through, by dumb show, the process of summoning that house to attend the House of Peers, his voice being totally inaudible. The preconcerted order was well understood, and as promptly obeyed.—The Speaker sprung from the chair, and proceeded with a disturbed mien and hurried step to leave the house: he was closely attended by Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Vansittart, who shared with him the hootings and hissings, and cries of "shame! shame!" which they could not avert, and which proceeded from all parts of the house. To close this part of our narrative at once, we shall here mention that, after the proceedings in the Lords had taken place, the Speaker entered the Lower House no more, though a considerable number of members awaited his return; but that he passed across the lobby to his own dwelling, leaving the operations of the house unfinished and imperfect,—and the house to collect, as it could, the fact of a prorogation having taken place. The Sergeant at Arms took the mace with him up stairs.

"But if the proceedings in the Commons were stormy and tumultuous, those in the Lords were abrupt, and unprecedented. It has, we believe, been before observed, that this was the first Session both of the new Parliament and of the new reign. In this Session the Civil List has been placed, in the midst of great national distress, on a liberal footing; a generous provision had been granted to other members of the Royal Family; supplies unusual in a time of peace have been granted; and Parliament has been prorogued without a word of thanks for these its bounties. No prorogation speech either by the King or for the King!"

The news relative to Italy and Spain, about which countries we are at present most anxious, is thus condensed and remarked upon in the best informed public journal.

"The news from Italy, though not yet decisive as to the issue of the present crisis, continues to be of a threatening and warlike character.—Austria, it is said, "will not depart from the resolution she has formed with regard to Naples." But let us consider this subject calmly. Suppose the designs of the Emperor Francis to be of the most hostile nature towards the Neapolitans, will he undertake to act alone? If so, are his finances such as to furnish the means of an offensive operation on a scale of great magnitude against a distant power?

"With what face can Prince Metternich pass a decree, which, under the phrase "stability of Government," entails upon whole millions of civilized men nothing less than an eternity of bondage? Who is he that dares to fasten down at a point of his own individual selection the complex and multiplied fluctuations of human affairs? Who is this being, more peremptory than Providence itself, that presumes to fix a line beyond which the spirit of his fellow-creatures shall not expatiate—nor their enjoyments be enlarged—nor their lot be amended? But the scheme is preposterous even more than it is unjust. By private communications, which we subjoin, it will be seen that the Pope himself regards his handful of subjects as too strong to be restrained by any such bonds as Prince Metternich and the statesmen of Troppau would impose upon them. The Pope is become a patron of political liberty, and is said to have actually called together the Cardinals, to prepare a free constitution, which shall be submitted to his subjects.

"Great hopes have been entertained that Filangieri would be intrusted with a high command in the event of an Austrian invasion, he being the officer in the whole army who made, with his division, in 1815, the most daring stand against the Imperial

troops when Murat was attacked at Tolentino. Personally brave as are the Neapolitans, particularly those in the southern provinces, their army has hitherto, from want of discipline, been less distinguished than the troops of the northern regions of Italy. It is to be fairly presumed, however, that the zeal of patriotism and of national honour will supply, in some respects, the deficiency of technical instruction. If they stand the first onset they will probably not shrink in the sequel.

"A curious account is inserted in the Hamburgh papers—namely, that the people of Palermo required the British Consul to hoist the flag of his nation on the forts, and to declare the whole island under British protection. It was a favourite speculation with Englishmen during the war, while Bounaparte was master of the Continent, that we should possess ourselves of every island we could lay hold of. M. Lindemann, however, our Consul, judged properly enough that this war-theory was no longer applicable. He betook himself to his country-house, leaving the Palermitans to make their peace with Naples—as we trust they have done—or to resort to some other mediator, less scrupulous, possibly, than Great Britain may have shown herself, of employing mediation as a mask for selfish ambition.

"The Spanish Cortes closed their session on the 9th of November, in the absence of the King, who still remained at the Escurial. This circumstance has been laid hold of, by the anti-constitutional party in France and elsewhere, as a ground for anticipating the occurrence of fresh troubles in Spain. There is, however, we hope and believe, no reason for such apprehensions. The King's absence is regarded by the Constitution as a contingency not by any means important; and in the present instance we are assured that perfect tranquillity reigned at the time throughout the Spanish capital."

By the time that our Publication is out, Her Majesty will have paid her visit to Saint Paul's, "to return thanks for her deliverance." Many Liverymen have expressed a desire to attend in their gowns on Wednesday, when Her Majesty goes to St. Paul's, to form a line from Temple-bar to the church. Many of the parishes and trades who have presented Addresses to Her Majesty wish to attend in procession, with their different colours, each person wearing a white cockade. Sir R. Wilson has been requested to head a cavalcade to form a body-guard to meet Her Majesty at Hyde-park-corner, and to accompany her to St. Paul's.

Here, for the present, we leave this subject. The facts furnish matter for grave reflection to all well-wishers of their country. The government of the country has been engaged in a contest unworthy of its character, and has been defeated in a way prejudicial to its respectability. Yet worse evils would have resulted from its success in this matter,—and we, therefore, congratulate our readers on the result.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(*London, Nov.* 22.)

The shipping season having drawn to a close, trade in general is not active, and the prices of most species of colonial produce are low. The best informed merchants of the city appear, however, confident of a very brisk trade in the spring. The prices of all colonial and foreign produce having declined below medium prices, that is, the prices at which they can be cultivated and brought to market, with advantage, the time appears favourable to speculation, which generally precedes a revival of trade. With respect to the national industry it is gratifying to learn that it is proceeding steadily, and that there is a regular demand for its productions in almost every branch of manufacture. The accounts from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland, concur in stating that all the hands are fully employed, but still, however, at low wages (the latter have in several places been advanced). Besides the great demand for home consumption, the request for exportation is stated to be considerable: but that which gives the grand impulse to manufacturers at the present moment, appears to be the extensive speculations now making by opulent houses who are getting in large stocks at the present rate, while the retailers in the different towns are filling their

shops with goods, which are now so very cheap, that a farther reduction is scarcely possible, and certainly not probable. The industrious classes in the metropolis are likewise reported to be in general more employed than heretofore, and it is considered as an indication of the activity of trade in London, that the importation of coals into this port exceeds that of last year by 126,000 chaldrons, and yet the demand is such that the prices are from 5*s.* to 8*s.* per chaldron higher than they were a twelvemonth ago. The complaints of the farmers respecting the general depreciation of every species of agricultural produce, still continue. This is not the place to enter on an investigation of the justice of these complaints, or the means of remedying them, if they are well founded; but as long as the labourer's wages are so low, he at least is benefited by a reduction in the price of the necessaries of life, though we must own that bread and meat do not seem to be so cheap as they might be, in reference to the market prices of corn and cattle.

As we have mentioned the manufactures of Yorkshire, it may be proper to insert an article of intelligence from a foreign journal, which, if true, seems likely to affect them materially.

"*Frankfort, 8th Nov.*—We have received from Berlin a piece of intelligence which has caused great satisfaction in this part of Germany. It is well known that the English have hitherto been exclusively charged with the contracts for cloth for Russia; but the Emperor Alexander has just withdrawn from them this most important favour, and has given the contract for woollen cloth for his empire to a company of Prussian manufacturers. This determination of the Russian monarch will give new life to the woollen manufacturers of Silesia, and other parts of Germany, and must necessarily raise the price of wool. It is calculated that this alteration will occasion to England an annual loss of several millions (dollars we suppose are meant), for its woollen manufacturers derived immense profits from their transactions with Russia."

Coffee.—After various fluctuations during the course of the four weeks, the general result appears to be, that the prices are nearly the same as at the date of our last report. In the last week of October, the small previous reduction had the effect of inducing buyers to come forward, which raised the prices 2*s.* to 3*s.* the cwt. St. Domingo selling at 126*s.*; good ordinary Jamaica 122*s.* to 123*s.*; fine ordinary 125*s.*; the superior qualities were low in proportion. Three public sales being brought forward on the 31st, the prices again declined about 1*s.* and the market was heavy: middling Jamaica was 127*s.* to 130*s.*; fine middling 139*s.* 6*d.* to 141*s.* 6*d.*—1300 bags of Sumatra sold at the India sale at 113*s.* to 116*s.*; which, as the quality was very ordinary, was considered as full prices.—At the very beginning of November, extensive public sales occurred; viz. 233 casks and 7525 bags, 6000 of which, good ordinary pale Cheribon, sold at 125*s.* 6*d.* and 126*s.*; ordinary 123*s.* 6*d.* to 124*s.* The market became heavy after this sale, and a reduction of 2*s.* to 3*s.* took place, which however caused the demand to be greatly improved at the close of the week, and though the public sales in the week following were extensive, (580 casks and 1900 bags,) the prices rose afterwards. St. Domingo, which had been sold at 123*s.* and 123*s.* 6*d.* being subsequently taken in large parcels at 124*s.* to 124*s.* 6*d.* The improvement in Jamaica was more considerable, being about 3*s.* per cwt. In the week preceding our present report, there have been no public sales of importance, and in general no alteration in the prices can be stated. The deliveries from the West-India warehouses, have been extensive this week; 727 casks and 1887 bags for exportation. The stock at the close of this year will be much less than Dec. 1819.

Sugar.—The sugar market has on the whole been languid during this month; the buyers have at times shown an increased desire to purchase, but without causing much improvement in the prices; the holders showing a great readiness to effect sales. Refined sugars have been in tolerable demand, but at low prices, on account of the approaching close of the season for exportation to the north, and also because the advices from Germany have not been so favourable.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette.

Oct. 28.	35*s.* 0¼*d.*
Nov. 4.	35*s.* 3*d.*
11.	35*s.* 5¾*d.*
18.	35*s.* 8¼*d.*

Cotton.—The holders were very firm after the result of the great Indian sale, in the anticipation that cotton had reached the lowest point, and that a considerable improvement would take place, especially as the reports from the manufacturing districts were favourable. The chief purchases appear to have been for exportation. In the course of this last week the opinion of a rise in the prices has rather given way, and, as several holders were desirous to effect sales, a reduction generally of ¼*d.* to ½*d.* per lb. has taken place.

Oils.—The prices of fish oil have continued to decline throughout the month, and are now very low. It was expected there would be large export orders, but the prices in the continental markets have been depressed by consignments from Hull and the northern ports; it is supposed however that the orders towards spring will be considerable. The purchases at present are limited to small parcels for immediate consumption. At a public sale on the 14th, about 170 tuns of southern oil sold, with loan o casks, at 19*l.* 15*s.* to 20*l.* 10*s.* The num-

ber of vessels that sailed for the whale fishery this year was 100.

Baltic Produce has been in general low for this month past: the depreciation of tallow has been caused by the unprecedently large importation; the productive fishery has likewise tended to check the demand. The demand for hemp has been steady but limited, and the purchases made latterly have been at very low rates. Flax has not varied.

Tobacco.—The market has been heavy all the month; the arrivals have been very considerable. At present much interest is excited by the expected contract with the French government on the 28th instant: many holders anticipate that it will be from 3000 to 4000 hogsheads; but the general opinion is that it will not be so extensive.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands. — The demand for rum, though at times not considerable, has been such as to maintain the prices; at public sales on the 7th and 10th instant high prices were obtained—favourite marks 30 O P. and upwards 4*s.* 2*d.*: 28 O. P. 4*s.* The lower qualities also went at high rates. The market has since been steady. The prices of brandy, which rose considerably at the end of last month, have greatly declined from the falling off in the demand. Geneva is also lower.

Corn.—We have nothing particular to notice respecting the corn trade this month, except that the ports are now again shut against the importation of all kinds of grain, the aggregate average for the last six weeks being as follows:—

Wheat	58*s.* 3*d.*	Oats	21*s.* 1*d.*
Rye	36*s.* 11*d.*	Beans	39*s.* 4*d.*
Barley	28*s.* 7*d.*	Peas	39*s.* 8*d.*

In consequence of the aggregate average being so exceedingly low, the importation of all grain even from the British colonies in America is prohibited.

Fruit.—The arrivals of new Spanish have been early and very extensive, and large parcels have been brought forward by public sale, from the difficulty of selling by private contract. No new currants are yet arrived, and the first cargoes will doubtless sell readily.

Spices.—East-India Company's Sale on the 13th Nov.

Saltpetre—1000 tons Company's—one half sold 26*s.* 6*d.* *a* 28*s.* 6*d.*
Licensed, chiefly sold 21*s.* *a* 27*s.* 6*d.*—very fine 29*s.* *a* 29*s.* 6*d.*

Pepper—1670 bags licensed—1495 bags inferior light, $6\frac{3}{8}$*d.* per lb. (taken in).
175 fair and good heavy, $6\frac{3}{4}$*d.* *a* 7*d.* (sold).
41 with all faults ..... $5\frac{3}{4}$*d.* *a* $5\frac{7}{8}$*d.*
16 damaged..... $5\frac{3}{4}$*d.*

Cinnamon—1485 bales—861 bales withdrawn—(remainder sold).
1st Class..... 8*s.* 1*d.* *a* 8*s.* 6*d.*
2d ..... 7*s.* 1*d.* *a* 7*s.* 2*d.*
3d ..... 5*s.* 10*d.* *a* 6*s.* 7*d.*

Cloves—50,000 lbs.—all sold ..... 3*s.* 4*d.* *a* 3*s.* 7*d.*

Mace —30,000 lbs.—about one sixth sold—
Fine bright flake..... 5*s.* 7*d.*
Very inferior mixed ..... 2*s.* 11*d.* *a* 3*s.*

Nutmegs—100,000 lbs.—half sold—good seconds ..... 4*s.* 1*d.*
Inferior holey and small ..... 2*s.* 7*d.*

Cassia Lignea—347 chests—small bundles ..... 8*l.* 18*s.* *a* 9*l.* 10*s.*
Large ..... 8*l.* *a* 9*l.* 2*s.*

Ginger—3000 bags ..... 14*s.* *a* 16*s.*

Foreign Commerce.

St. Petersburg, 23*d Oct.*—*Flax.* 12 head has lately been much in demand, and the price has risen to 160 r.; 9 head is all cleared off.—*Hemp* has risen considerably in consequence of the large purchases, especially of clean, lately made for England.—*Hemp Oil* in consequence of increased demand has suddenly risen from 1020 to 1050 copecs; at which price a good deal is doing.—*Potashes* of unexceptionable quality, have been latterly at 82 r., but are now scarce, and held at 85, while mixed may still be had at 80 r.—*Tallow* has been fluctuating according to the demand; yellow first held at 165 r. has been sold at 160 r. but rose again to 162. White, 160 r. asked and 158 offered. Soap, 143 asked and 140 r. offered.

Little business is doing in import articles, but they maintain their prices. The value of foreign goods imported here in the month of July this year is nearly 54 millions of rubles.

Archangel, *Sept.* 17.—The navigation closes early this year, the few vessels still in the harbour, waiting only for a favourable wind. The export trade, though not brilliant, has been much better than we anticipated in the spring. The import trade has been more considerable than usual. The number of vessels that have sailed this season is 233, of which 191 to Great Britain. The cargoes of the latter consisted of 27,300 chetwerts of rye; 37,230 of wheat, 64,140 of linseed, 30,000 of oats, 3700 of barley—171,630 poods of tallow, 68,770 barrels of tar, 450,000 mats, 192,500 deals, 5000 poods of hemp, 3300 do. flax, &c.

Riga, 3d November.—Large supplies of new *Flax* having arrived it is offered as follows. Thies. Rakitzer 44 to 45 r.; Druiana 43 to 44 r.; cut Badstub, white, 38 to 39 r.; grey 37 r.; Ristën Threeband 31 to 32 r.—*Tow* 16 r.—*Hemp.* Few purchases have been made this week. Clean Polish is sold willingly at 108 r.; ditto Ukraine 102, and other kinds in proportion.—*Seeds.* New sowing linseed 6¼ to 6½ r. Nothing has been doing in colonial goods for this fortnight, even of sugars of all kinds but little have been sold, and at reduced prices, but we expect more demand when the navigation is closed, and the roads to the interior in better condition.

Hamburgh, 10th Nov.—*Cotton* seems likely to maintain the present price, and Bengal, if not of too inferior quality is even higher.—*Coffee* very firm, though the demand has been limited.—*Spices.* Pepper and East-India ginger are low, but cassia lignia and pimento of good quality scarce.—*Indigo* very firm.—*Tea.* The demand is very limited.—*Sugar.* Little has been done this week either in Hamburgh refined, or in raw sugars; but English lumps of common strong middling quality met a ready sale at 11½*d.* to 11¾*d.*

Leipsig, 25th Oct.—Our fair has been uncommonly favourable to the wholesale dealers. Immense business has been done in silks, English manufactures, and woollens of every description. The Greeks purchased very large quantities of Prussian Merinos. The hardware goods of Solingen, the linens of Bielefeld and Silesia had a good sale. Ordinary cloths are almost all sold, and the vast magazines of the English were nearly cleared. The retail dealers had less reason to be satisfied.

Naples, 1st Nov.—Speculations are making in silk; it seems that orders have come from abroad, and which will cause an extensive exportation. Coffee maintains its price; fine qualities are scarce and high.

Genoa, 6th Nov.—In general business is dull: coffee and sugar, especially the former, are however in demand. Cocoa has also been sold at higher rates. Pepper seems to be rising. English and Spanish lead fetch good prices.

Madrid.—The expectation of the establishment of a liberal system of foreign commerce in Spain has not been realised. The Cortes have passed a law laying down the basis of the new system of customs, by which almost all foreign produce and manufactures will be prohibited, and others charged with a duty of 36 per cent.; among the prohibited articles are sugar, coffee, rice, salted or dried meat, tallow, salted or dried fish, brandy, liquors, and almost every description of manufactured goods. The following, viz. cheese, butter, wine, and codfish, may be imported for the present on payment of the heavy duty of 36 per cent.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Dr. Prout's Work, entitled "An Enquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Gravel, Calculus, and other Diseases connected with a Deranged Operation of the Urinary Organs," is very nearly ready for publication.

Mr. John Barring has in the Press a Volume of Translations from the Russian, with Preliminary Remarks on the Language and Poetical Literature of Russia.

A Dictionary of Chemistry, in which the Principles of the Science will be Investigated, and its Application to the Phenomena of Nature, Medicine, Mineralogy, Agritulture, and Manufactures detailed, by Dr. Andrew Ure, in one Volume 8vo. is nearly ready.

The Automatical Camera Obscura; intended to convey to the Juvenile Mind, the Knowledge of Scripture History, will shortly appear.

Mr. John Wilks, Jun. has nearly ready a Christian Biographical Dictionary, containing an Account of the Lives and Writings of many of the most Eminent Christians in every Nation, from the commencement of the Christian Æra to the Present Time.

A Geography of the New Testament in the Simplest Language, is in the press.

Mr. Frankhall Standish has in the Press The Life of Voltaire.

The Poet's Child, a Tragedy, from the pen of Miss Isabel Hill, will appear in a few days.

A New Volume of Poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, is in the Press, and is expected to appear about Christmas.

Observations showing the National and Domestic Evils resulting from too Low Wages, with Hints respecting the Means likely to render the Working Classes better satisfied, more loyal, contented, and happy, are in the Press.

Mr. Robinson has written the History of the late Revolution in Mexico, including a Narrative of the Expedition of General Xavier Mina, with some Observations on the Practicability of opening a Commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and on the future Importance of such Commerce to the civilized World.

The Mental Calculator, a compendium of Concise but General Rules of Easy Solution on various Useful and Interesting Problems in Astronomy, forming an Epitome of the Elements of that Science; to which is annexed a Guide to the Constellations, by Mrs. Lovekin.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri, in One Volume 12mo. with his Portrait, is nearly ready.

Mr. Price, Surgeon and Electrician, has in the Press, an Essay on the Medical Application of Electricity and Galvanism.

Anston Park, a Tale, 12mo. is nearly ready.

A Topographical, Statistical, and Historical Account of the Borough of Preston, in the Hundred of Amounderness, County Palatine of Lancaster, in 12mo. with Engravings, by Mrs. Tulket, O. S. B. is nearly ready.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century, containing an Account of the Ruins of the Ancient City, &c., in Letters written during a Residence at Rome, is in the Press.

The First Part of Mr. David Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language is now in the Press.

The same Gentleman is also preparing for Publication a Work to be entitled, "the Morality of Human Nature, compared with that of Religious Systems, and with the Doctrines of Modern Philosophers."

An Account of the Discovery of a New Continent, called New South Shetland, with a Description of the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants, with Drawings, &c. in 4to. is preparing for Publication, provided a sufficient Number of Subscribers can be obtained.

The Rev. R. Maturin has in the Press, the Universe, a Poem.

Dr. Macculloch has nearly completed an Elementary Work on Geology, and is now preparing a Description of Shetland.

P. E. Laurent, Esq. is printing in 4to. Recollections of a Classical Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Italy, with the Costume of each Country.

A History of Galway, with Engravings, is preparing by James Hardiman, Esq.

An Historical and Picturesque Tour of the Seine, from Paris to the Sea, illustrated by twenty-four highly finished and coloured Engravings, from Drawings made for the Purpose, by Messrs. Pugin and Gendall, is announced by Mr. Ackermann.

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Mr. Pontey, Author of the Profitable Planter and Forest Pruner, is preparing for the Press, a Practical Treatise on the Nature, Management, and Improvement of such Rural Objects and Scenes as tend to beautify and embellish the Country Residences of the Higher Ranks, and to increase their Convenience, Comfort, and Value.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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Oxford. The Rev. Dr. Hodson, admitted Canon of Christ-church, in the room of the Bishop of Llandaff, promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's.—H. H. Knight, B. A. of Exeter-college, elected a Fellow, and the Rev. G. Cracroft, B. A. of Lincoln-college, elected Fellow.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

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Austin, Thomas, John Gregory, and James Husson, of Bath, haberdashers. Atts. Pearse and Peachy, 17, Salisbury-square, London. T.

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Westron, Mark, Wellington, Somersetshire, mercer, draper. Att. Burfoot, Temple, London. C.
Wingate, John, Bathwick, Somersetshire, money-scrivener. Att. Stephen, 38, Broad-street-buildings, London. C.

Gazette—Oct. 24.

Bramall, John, Mossley, Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, wool-stapler. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Harrison, Thomas Brownson, Hinckley, Leicestershire, hosier. Atts. Hall and Willett, Bedford-row, London. C.
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Jones, William, Newport, Monmouthshire, tanner. Att. Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, London. C.
Mann, John, Leeds, Yorkshire, common-brewer. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Murdock, James, Peter Brown, and William MacGirr, Nottingham, drapers. Atts. Paterson and Peile, Old Broad-street, London. T.
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Porter, William Joseph, Chelsea, Middlesex, coal-merchant. Att. Townshend, Staple-inn, London. T.
Ulph, William, Norwich, bombasin and cotton-manufacturer. Atts. Tilbury and Langdale, Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street, London. C.
Waldron, Charles, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Oct. 28.

Cooper, Henry, Threadneedle-street, London, merchant. Atts. Courteen and Robinson, Walbrook. T.
Drinkwater, Samuel, Liverpool, timber-merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
Hirst, Thomas, Marsh, parish of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, cloth-dresser. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Hunt, David Powell, Snetterton, Norfolk, miller. Att. Wright, 10, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.
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Maas, Heyman, Provost-street, City-road, Middlesex, merchant. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.
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Paulden, William, Macclesfield, Cheshire, linen-draper. Att. Sherwin, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
Scurr, James, Doncaster, Yorkshire, linen and woollen-draper. Att. King, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Spence, John, Princes-street, St. Margaret, Westminster, corn-dealer. Att. Young, Marsham-street, Westminster. T.
Stephenson, Andrew, Glasgow, and of Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street, London, cotton-manufacturer. Att. Williams, 32, Fenchurch-street, London. T.
Willcocks, Thomas, Holborn, Middlesex, umbrella-maker. Att. James, Bucklersbury. T.
Wilson, John, jun. Stainoliffe, Batley, Yorkshire, merchant. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Wilson, Robert, Clement's-lane, London, broker. Att. Gellibrand, Austin-friars. T.

Gazette—Oct. 31.

Barker, Thomas, Hop-ground brewery, Stratford, Essex. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Furnival's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
Beadey, John, Wotton-Underedge, Gloucestershire, clothier. Atts. Bridges and Quilter, Red-Lion-square, London. C.
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Gazette—Nov. 4.

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Gazette—Nov. 7.

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Gazette—Nov. 11.

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Benham, Henry, 133, High-street, Southwark, Surrey, iron-monger. Att. Sutcliffe, 2, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. T.
Brander, Alexander, Budge-row, London, upholsterer. Att. Luckett, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, London. T.
Bright, William, Newland, Gloucestershire, dealer in corn. Att. Meredith, Lincoln's-inn, New-square, London. C.
Cannon, John, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. T.
Chambers, Francis, Stamford, Lincolnshire, shoemaker. Atts. Rowland and Young, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
Cook, John, Oakley Mills, near Eye, Suffolk, miller. Att. West, Red Lion-street, Wapping. T.
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Holdernesse, John Francis, Bucklersbury, London, merchant. Atts. Young and Hughes, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry. T.
Houliston, James, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, Middlesex, tailor. Atts. Dawson, Capron, and Rowley, Saville-place, New Burlington-street, London. T.
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Wood, Henry, Ropemaker-street, St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, coach-smith. Att. Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, London. T.

Gazette—Nov. 14.

Appleby, Thomas Colton, Canterbury, Kent, hatter. Att. Bennet, Token-house-yard, London. T.
Armstrong, John, Bristol, millwright. Att. Meredith, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Barnett, Thomas, Kendal, Westmoreland, corn-merchant. Att. Heelis, Staple-inn, London. C.
Gordon, John, Tokenhouse-yard, London, merchant, and James Gordon, Thanet-place, Strand, merchant. Att. White, 29, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
Haywood, George, Birmingham, spirit-merchant. Att. Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Jent, Thomas, Piccadilly, Middlesex, chinaman. Att. Woodhouse, 11, King's Bench-walk, Temple. T.
Johnson, William, Heybridge, Essex, Salt-manufacturer. Atts. Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square, London. T.
Knowles, James, Liverpool, innkeeper. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Little, Thomas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. Atts. Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside, London. C.
Mossenton, Robert, Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, horse-dealer. Att. Harrison, Bucklersbury, London. T.
Parker, Arthur, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, builder. C.
Peachey, James, Oxford-street, Middlesex, linen-draper. Atts. Courteen and Robinson, Walbrook. T.
Ralph, Robert, and William King, Ipswich, Suffolk, maltsters. Att. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
Smith, Elizabeth, and John Sanderson, Howden, Yorkshire, tailors. Att. Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Sprigens, John, Chesham, Buckinghamshire, draper. Atts. Stevens, Sion College Gardens, Aldermanbury, London. T.
Turner, Thomas Watson, Brentford, Middlesex, potter. Atts. Bishop and Score, Tokenhouse, yard, Lothbury. T.
Wood, Thomas, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, clothier. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Oct. 21 to *Nov.* 14.

Torrence, James, grain and spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
Gordon, Patrick, stationer, Glasgow.
Ferguson, James, banker and writer, Stewarton.
Crichton, James, spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
M'Alpin, William, and James Fisher, brick-makers, Glasgow.
Gavin, Peter, ship-chandler, Leith.
Lindsay, Alexander, and James Lindsay, flour-dealers, Glasgow.
Patterson, Malcolm, and Roderick M'Donald, fire-brick-manufacturers, Port Dundas, near Glasgow.

Sanders, John, cooper and fish-curer, Leith.
Douglas, John, draper, Dumfries.
Lover, Mary, china-dealer, Edinburgh.
Smith, James, Farthing-rush, Barndarroch, corn-merchant.
Brown, James, merchant-tailor, Biggar.
Craig, Robert, and John Craig, millers, Partick.
Gordon, James, Aberdeen, merchant.
Hyndman, Archibald, Greenock, cooper.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 22. In Grosvenor-square, Lady Belgrove, a daughter.
24. At Kensington, the lady of M. H. Turnbull, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, a son.
25. In Hill-street, the lady of A. W. Robarts, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.
27. The lady of M. A. Goldsmid, Esq. Finsbury-square, a daughter.
28. At the house of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in Audley-square, the lady of Col. Fitz-Clarence, a daughter.
29. At Watford, Herts, the lady of Major Morris, a daughter.
30. In Montague-place, the lady of Capt. Wm. Forrest, a daughter.
— At Broomfield, near Portsmouth, the lady of Capt. Money, C. B. R. N, a daughter.
— At Barrock Lodge, near Carlisle, the lady of Wm. James, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
Nov. 3. At Woodford, the lady of Capt. Danl. Ross, of the East India Company's Marine, a daughter.
5. At Plas Power, Denbighshire, the lady of Thos. Fitzhugh, Esq. a son.
6. At his Lordship's house in Mansfield-street, the Viscountess Ashbrook, a daughter.
17. At his house, in Southampton-row, the lady of the hon. Charles Law, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

In Edinburgh, at his house, in George-street, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Hope, a daughter.
At Pencaitland, East Lothian, the wife of Andrew Eller, a farmer's servant, safely delivered of three fine boys.

IN IRELAND.

At Limerick, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Douglas, 79th regt. a daughter.
At Conway, in the county of Cork, the lady of Osbert Forsyth, Esq. a son.
In Mountjoy-square, Dublin, the lady of Robert Johnstone, Esq. a son.

ABROAD.

At Boulogne sur Mer, the lady of Henry Erskine, Esq. of Arnondelle, a daughter.
At Orotava, Island of Teneriffe, the lady of G. Stuart Bruce, Esq. his Majesty's Consul General for the Canary Islands, a daughter.
At St. Petersburgh, the lady of Jas. Ramsay, Esq. a daughter.
At Tours, in France, the lady of J. Gompertz, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 19. At the chapel of the British Embassy at Paris, Chas. Thelluson, Esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of Geo. Grant, Esq. of Ingoldisthorpe Hall, Norfolk.
21. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Jas. Browne, Esq. M. P. for the county of Mayo, and eldest son of the right hon. Dennis Browne, M. P. for the county of Sligo, to Eleanor, third daughter of J. Wells, Esq. of Bichely House, Kent, and M. P. for Maidstone.
23. At Eccles, the Rev. Jas. Beard, rector of Cranfield, Beds, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edw. Hobson, Esq. Hope Hall, county of Lancaster.
24. At Godmersham, Kent, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. M. P. of Mersham Hatch in the same county, to Fanny Catherine, eldest daughter of Edward Knight, Esq. of Godmersham Park, and of Chawton House, Hants.
— At Llanbadorn Fawr, Roderick Eardley Richardes, Esq. of Penglais, in the county of Cardigan, to Miss A. Powell, sister to W. E. Powell, Esq. M. P. and Lord Lieutenant for the same county.
24. At St. Fenck, Major Carlyon, second son of Thos. Carlyon, Esq. of Tregrehan, in Cornwall, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Admiral Spry of Killaganoon in the same county.
26. At the New Church, Marylebone, Thos. Potter Macqueen, Esq. M. P. eldest son of Dr. Macqueen, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Jacob Henry Astley, Bart. of Melton Constable, Norfolk, and Seaton Delaval, Northumberland.
27. At Newbury, Lieut.-Col. Keyt, C. B. 51st light infantry, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John King, Esq.
28. At Kensington, by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Capt. Eckley of the East-India Company's service, to Miss Geyton, of Rose Cottage, Old Brompton.
Nov. 1. At Clifton, Major Mac Innes of the Bengal establishment, to Mary Elizabeth Milward, youngest daughter of the late Bedingfield Pogson, Esq. of the island of St. Christopher.
2. Colonel Douglas Mercer, of the 3d Guards, to the daughter of Sir Wm. Rowley, Bart. M. P. for Suffolk.
Lately, at Fulham Church, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Rev. J. M. Brooke, M. A. Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and son of the late Col. Brooke, many years Governor of St. Helena, to Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Holt Waring, of Waringstown, Ireland.
4. At Iver Church, by the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, Jasper Lutzow Hagermann, Esq. Aide-de-Camp to the King of Denmark, to Harriett, second daughter of the late hon. Geo. Vere Hobart, and sister to the Earl of Buckinghamshire.
7. At Avely, by the Rev. Henry Morice, rector of Ashwell, Herts, George Barrett Leonard, Esq. third son of Sir Thos. Barrett Leonard of Bell House, in the county of Essex, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Edmund Prideaux, Esq. of Hexworthy in the county of Cornwall.
Lately, at Alkborough, Lincolnshire, the Rev. Chas. Sheffield, second son of the late Rev. Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart. to Lucy, fourth daughter of Colonel Smelt, Lieut. Governor of the Isle of Mann.
8. At Kensington, Francis Godfrey George Martelli, Esq. of Lismore House, county of Kerry, Ireland, eldest son of the late Capt. Martelli, and grandson of the late Sir Wm. Godfrey of Bushfield in the above county, to Charlotte Ann, eldest daughter of the late Horatio Martelli, Esq. of Norfolk-street.
9. At the New Church, Marylebone, the Rev. C. F. Bampfylde, son of Sir C. W. Bampfylde, Bart. of Hardington Park, Somerset, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Jas. Row, Esq. of Newcastle upon Tyne.
— David James Ballingall, Esq. son of Major-Gen. Ballingall, to Dorcas, daughter of the late John Ward, Esq. of Sandhurst, Kent.
— H. T. Liddell, Esq. eldest son of Sir H. T. Liddell, Bart. of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, to Isabella Horatia, daughter of Lord Geo. Seymour.
14. At Eton College, by the Rev. W. H. Roberts, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Jane, third daughter of the Rev. W. Roberts, Vice Provost of Eton College, to Capt. George Wyndham, R. N.
— At Clifton, Wm. Nepean, Esq. of the 16th Lancers, son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Nepean, Bart. of Londers, Dorset, to Emilia, daughter of Colonel Yorke, Clifton.
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. C. Williams, F. R. West, Esq. son of the Hon. F. West, to Lady Georgiana Stanhope, sister to the Earl of Chesterfield.
16. At Marylebone Church, by the Rev. Archdeacon Hislop, J. C. Pasling, Esq. of Wimpole-street, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Fred. Doveton, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Geo. Wm. Tireman, Esq. of York, and of the Yorkshire Hussars, to Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Stainton, of Biggarshiels, Lanark.
At Gordon Hall, Aberdeenshire, Gideon Cranstown, Esq. of Xerez de la Frontera in Spain, to Salvadore, eldest daughter of Jas. Gordon, Esq. of the former place.
At Edinburgh, Alex. Spiers Crawford, Esq. 79th

regt. or Cameron Highlanders, to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Mitchell, Esq. Pitt-street.

At Montrose, Alex. Lindsay, Esq. Capt. of the Kellie Castle, East-Indiaman, to Miss Amy Cruickshank, only daughter of Alex. Cruickshank, Esq. of Strickathro'.

IN IRELAND.

At Urney Church, near Strabane, Capt. George Stanhope, son of the late Rear Admiral Stanhope, to Miss Jane Galbraith, eldest daughter of Sir James Galbraith, Bart. of Urney Park in the county of Tyrone.

James O'Beirne, M. D. member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, to Catherine, daughter of Theobald Burke, Esq. of Prospect, Athenry.

By the Hon. and Rev. John Pomenay, Edw. Butler, Esq. of Carlow, to Jane, daughter of the late Richard Going, Esq. of Bird Hill, county Tipperary.

ABROAD.

At Rio Janeiro, by the Rev. R. P. Crane, Mr. J. H. Martin, to Miss Maria Serina Calder, youngest daughter of the late John Calder, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's service.

At Paris, General Vatier, to Fanny, daughter of the late Walter Boyd, Jun. Esq.

At Naples, Frederick Dashwood Swann, Esq. Capt. of the Grenadier Guards, to Charlotte Catherine Brydges, third daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

DIED.

Oct. 20. At Rainham, lady Malcolm, wife of Lieut. Col. Sir James Malcolm, Royal Marines.

22. At Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, in her 71st year, her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk.

24. At Shirley-house, Twickenham, Margaret Mary, wife of Robert Ashworth, Esq. and daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Sullivan.

— At Raveningham, Norfolk, lady Bacon, wife of Sir Edmund Bacon, and daughter of Dashwood Bacon, Esq. of Devonshire.

— Lately at Gosfield-hall, Essex, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham, Colonel Astle.

29. At Leamington Spa, James Virgo Dunn, Esq. of Montague-square, and late of Jamaica.

31. At Lacock-abbey, Wilts, Mary, wife of J. Grosett, Esq. M. P.

— Belmont-place, Vauxhall, after a lingering illness, aged 76. Mr. Wm. Taylor, of the Power of Attorney office, Bank of England, after being 54 years in that establishment.

— At Weymouth, Mrs. Hancock, wife of R. T. Hancock, R. N. and daughter of the late Rear Admiral Kinneer.

Nov. 1. At the residence of his son, Farleigh-house, Hants, Admiral Sir Benjamin Caldwell, G. C. B. aged 83.

— Mr. James Asperne, Bookseller, Cornhill.

— At London, Lieut.-Gen. George Glasgow, of the Royal Artillery.

— At St. Ninians, near Wooller, H. H. St. Paul, Esq. M. P. one of the representatives of the Borough of Berwick.

2. East-street, Red Lion-square, Wm. Gatty, Esq. of the Exchequer-office, Temple, aged 72.

3. At his house, Yarmouth, Norfolk, in the 70th year of his age, Sir Edmund Lacon, succeeded by the present Baronet, Sir Edmund Knowles Lacon.

— At Hawkstead-house, Suffolk, Mrs. Hardinge, relict of the late George Hardinge, Esq.

5. At his house on Shooters-hill, Sir Wm. Robe, K. C. B. K. C. G. and K. T. S. Colonel of the Royal Horse Artillery.

6. Pilgrim-street, Blackfriars, in his 86th year, Daniel Pinder, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Farringdon Within, and Father of the Corporation of London.

7. At Addington Parsonage in Kent, in his 63d year, the Rev. Peter Elars, rector of that parish, and of Rishangles, Suffolk, and chaplain to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence.

8. At Cheltenham, Valentine Flemming, Esq. Capt. of his Majesty's 9th regt. of foot.

— At Park-house, Kent, lady Calder, relict of the late Sir Henry Calder, Bart.

— At Dover, Mrs. Alicea Hughes Wellard, relict of Charles Wellard, Esq. and sister of John Minett Fector, Esq.

— Dr. M'Leod: he accompained Lord Amherst to China, and published on account of that embassy.

10. Colonel Maxwell, late of the 7th dragoon guards.

11. At his seat, Wm. Hayley, Esq. the veteran poet, the author of Triumphs of Temper, and the Biographer of Cowper.

12. In Portland-place, the Countess Dowager of Lincoln.

Lately at Bury St. Edmund's, aged 67, the Rev. Edward Mills, A. M. rector of Kirby-cum-Asgarby, in Lincolnshire, vicar of north Clinton, Notts, and a prebendary of Lincoln.

14. At Jesus-lodge, Cambridge, in his 76 year, the very Rev. W. Pearce, D. D. F. R. S. Dean of the Cathedral Church of Ely, and master of Jesus College, the dean was formerly public orator of Cambridge, and master of the temple.

Lately, aged 103, Sarah Milner, of Hardcastle, near Pateley—it is remarkable that from the age of 10 years to that of 101 she continued her occupation of working lead ore.

— Aged 105, Mary Bennett, a pauper of the parish of Longford, St. Mary, near Gloucester, who notwithstanding her extraordinary age retained all her faculties until within the two last years of her life.

— At an advanced age, at his seat, Caversham-park, Oxfordshire, C. Marsack, Esq. upwards of 35 years an active magistrate, and Deputy-Lieut. for that county.

16. At Ham Common, Thomas Cotton, Esq. late one of the chief clerks of his Majesty's treasury.

17. At his house, Guilford-street, the Rev. Wm. Tooke, F. R. S. in the 77th year of his age.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Strathaven, the Rev. Dr. John Scott, minister of that parish.

At Riess-lodge, Mrs. Wemyss, wife of Wm. S. Wemyss, Esq. of Southdown, and second daughter of Sir Benjamin Dunbar, Esq. bart. of Hempriggs.

At Ochiltree, in her 100th year, Elizabeth Duncan, who had spent her whole life within about half a mile from the place where she was born.

At her house, in Montrose, lady Carnegie, relict of Sir James Carnegie, of Southesk, bart.

At Aberdeen, Capt. Hector M'Leon, formerly of the 42d regt. and late Reay highlanders.

At Freeland-house, the Right. Hon. dowager lady Ruthven.

At Inverness, in his 87th year, Alex. Robertson, Esq. late collector of Excise.

At Tradeston, Glasgow, Mrs. Park, relict of Capt. Charles Park, of Park-hill.

IN IRELAND.

At the Royal hospital, Kilmainham, Mrs. Goddard, the wife of Capt. Goddard.

ABROAD.

Oct. 19. At Paris, his Excellency, Lieut.-Gen. Count de Watterstorff, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the King of Denmark, to the Court of France.

At Spanish-town, Jamaica, Elizabeth Barberry, wife of Wm. Ramsay, Esq. Registrar of the Court of Chancery in that Island.

At Jamaica, on board his Majesty's ship Tamar, of the yellow fever, Tallemache, second son of Capt. Francis Halliday, R. N.

At the Residency of Nepaul, Robert Stuart, Esq. youngest son of the late Sir John Stuart, of Allanbank, bart.

At Leipsic, Field-marshal Prince Charles of Schwartzenberg.

At Madras, Sebastian Holford Greis, Esq.

In America, whither he proceeded about two years since, Abraham Thornton, whose trial for the murder of Mary Ashford, and the singular circumstances arising from the appeal of murder will be well recollected.

Jamaica, Peter Grant, Esq. Serjeant at Arms to the Hon. House of Assembly, son of the late Sir Ludovick Grant, bart. of Dalvey.

At Monte Video, the Hon. Lieut. Henry Finch, R. N.

At Malligan, in the interior of Hindostan, Lieut. Averall Lecky, 67th regt. son of Averall Lecky, Esq. of Richmond-place and castle, Lkecy, county of Derry, and grandson of the late Major Kirby, 17th Light-dragoons.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S.

Oct.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
1	M.	50	29·682	79	NW	Very fine
	A.	56	29·748	55	WNW	Very fine
2	M.	49	29·943	68	NWbW	Very fine
	A.	55	29·987	54	NWbW	Fine
3	M.	50	30·088	68	NEbyN	Very fine
	A.	54	30·102	51	NE	Very fine
4	M.	44	30·102	68	ENE	Fine
	A.	55	30·031	54	ENE	Fine
5	M.	52	29·920	71	ENE	Cloudy
	A.	57	29·859	53	ENE	Very fine
6	M.	50	29·792	68	ENE	Very fine
	A.	58	29·781	58	ENE	Very fine
7	M.	50	29·728	77	ENE	Cloudy
	A.	59	29·713	58	ENE	Very fine
8	M.	49	29·726	67	NE by E	Fine
	A.	56	29·734	57	NE by E	Cloudy
9	M.	48	29·783	68	NE	Cloudy
	A.	5	29·772	61	E by N	Cloudy
10	M.	46	29·700	73	NE	Cloudy
	A.	50	29·654	65	NE by E	Cloudy
11	M.	45	29·552	73	NE	Fine
	A.	49	29·530	52	NNE	Cloudy
12	M.	43	29·593	66	N	Very fine
	A.	51	29·590	52	NE by E	Very fine
13	M.	42	29·538	69	WNW	Showery
	A.	50	29·520	59	WNW	Cloudy
14	M.	46	29·278	64	SE	Cloudy
	A.	50	29·087	56	SSE	Fine
15	M.	57	28·560	78	SSW	Showery
	A.	60	28·513	74	SWbyW	Showery
16	M.	46	28·723	70	SSW	Showery
	A.	50	28·700	58	SW	Showery
17	M.	49	28·389	71	SW	Showery
	A.	52	28·353	64	W by S	Showery
18	M.	42	28·519	73	W by S	Fine
	A.	51	28·534	59	W by N	Fine
19	M.	45	28·854	69	WNW	Fine
	A.	48	28·878	69	W	Fine
20	M.	42	28·459	73	WSW	Very fine
	A.	45	28·468	65	W	Showery
21	M.	40	28·911	70	W by N	Very fine
	A.	—	—	—	—	Very fine
22	M.	—	28·489	81	SSW	Rain
	A.	49	28·359	79	SW	Showery
23	M.	46	28·583	72	W by N	Small rain
	A.	51	28·659	63	W by N	Cloudy
24	M.	44	28·434	82	SSW	Cloudy
	A.	44	28·264	77	WNW	Rain
25	M.	43	28·547	74	W by N	Showery
	A.	50	28·655	63	WNW	Fine
26	M.	40	28·842	71	SSE	Rain
	A.	46	28·538	83	SSW	Fine
27	M.	47	28·533	75	WSW	Fine
	A.	47	28·595	73	W	Showery
28	M.	43	29·089	71	W by N	Clear
	A.	50	29·167	60	WNW	Very fine
29	M.	41	29·039	68	SSE	Rain
	A.	—	28·729	70	SE	Hard rain
30	M.	38	29·073	79	SWbyW	Clear
	A.	—	—	—	—	—
31	M.	42	29·023	79	SSE	Foggy
	A.	46	28·886	69	ESE	Cloudy

Rain, by the pluviameter, between noon the 1st of October, and noon the 1st of November, 2·538 inch
Evaporation, during the same period, 2·500 inches.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 Nov.	Hamburg. 17 Nov.	Amsterdam 21 Nov.	Vienna. 7 Nov.	Genoa. 4 Nov.	Berlin. 14 Nov.	Naples. 31 Oct.	Leipsig. 10 Nov.	Bremen. 16 Nov.
London.....	25·10	36·10	40·6	9·59	30·13	6·23	604	6·17¾	622
Paris.....	—	26	56⅞	117	95¾	82⅝	23·60	79	17½
Hamburg...	183¼	—	34	144½	44⅜	152	43·65	145½	134
Amsterdam.	57⅛	104¾	—	137¼	90¾	144⅜	49·70	139	127¾
Vienna	253½	145½	14¼	—	61⅛	41¾	59·90	100¾	—
Franckfort..	2⅛	145⅜	35⅜	98⅝	—	103⅝	—	100½	109⅝
Augsburg...	253½	145¾	35⅞	99½	61 1/10	104	59·65	100⅛	—
Genoa.....	478	85¼	89½	—	—	—	19·75	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	—	—	—	—	104⅛	—	—	110
Leghorn....	509	88¾	95½	—	122⅜	—	121	—	—
Lisbon	552	38⅛	41⅜	—	878	—	50·60	—	—
Cadiz.....	15·80	95½	102¼	—	630	—	—	—	—
Naples.....	427	—	79¼	—	100½	—	—	—	—
Bilbao	15·80	94¼	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15·85	95½	103	—	625	—	—	—	—
Porto.....	552	38⅛	41¼	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 13 Nov.	Nuremberg 13 Nov.	Christiania 2 Nov.	Petersburg. 31 Oct.	Riga. 3 Nov.	Stockholm. 31 Oct.	Madrid. 10 Nov.	Lisbon. 7 Nov.
London	150¾	fl. 10·6	6 Sp. 72	10	10⅛	12·8	37½	50⅞
Paris	79¾	fr. 118	—	106½	—	—	16	550
Hamburg....	145½	145¾	142	9 3/16	9 5/32	128	91	37½
Amsterdam .	139⅛	139½	—	10 3/16	10 5/32	121½	101	11½
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8·70

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Oct. 24 to Nov. 23.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-6	12-7
Ditto at sight	12-3	12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-7	12-8
Antwerp	12-8	.....
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-8	37-7
Altona, 2½ U	37-9	37-8
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-80	25-70
Ditto 2 U	26-10	26..
Bourdeaux	26-10	26..
Frankfort on the Main Ex. M.	155	154½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-15	10-14
Trieste ditto	10-15	10-14
Madrid, effective	36	36½
Cadiz, effective	36	36½
Bilboa	36	36½
Barcelona	35	36½
Seville	35	36½
Gibraltar	30½	....
Leghorn	46¾	47
Genoa	43¼	44
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	38½	39
Palermo, per. oz.	115	
Lisbon	50	51
Oporto	50	51
Rio Janeiro	54	
Bahia	58½	59
Dublin	6¼	7
Cork	6¼	7

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	6	3	15	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 8¼d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 10½*d.* the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	5	0	0
Oxnobles	2	10	0	to	3	0	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Oct. 21.		Oct. 28.		Nov. 4.		Nov. 11.	
Wheat	57	2	57	2	57	6	58	2
Rye	36	9	35	4	36	6	35	11
Barley	28	3	27	10	28	1	28	4
Oats	21	1	20	11	21	0	20	7
Beans	39	2	38	6	38	1	38	8
Peas	40	1	38	10	39	4	39	6

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Oct. 24 to Nov. 20.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	28,113	8,935	17,700	54,748
Barley	15,545	1,350	2,230	19,125
Oats	29,085	6,765	149,291	185,141
Rye	181	—	—	181
Beans	7,406	—	—	7,406
Pease	7,197	—	—	7,197

Malt 15,388 Qrs.; Flour 35,261 Sacks.
Foreign Flour 5,651 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50*s.*	to	78*s.*
Sussex, ditto	50*s.*	to	63*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Bags	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Kent, New Pockets	56*s.*	to	88*s.*
Sussex, ditto	50*s.*	to	74*s.*
Essex, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Farnham, ditto	00*s.*	to	00*s.*
Yearling Pockets	00*s.*	to	00*s.*

Average Price per Load of

Hay. £.	s.		£.	s.	*Clover.* £.	s.		£.	s.	*Straw.* £.	s.
					Smithfield.						
3	0	to	4	4	4	0	to 5	5	1	8 to 1	16
					Whitechapel.						
3	8	to	4	4	4	4	to 5	5	1	8 to 1	14
					St. James's.						
3	0	to	4	4	0	0	to 0	0	1	1 to 1	14

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—	Beef	2*s.*	10*d.*	to 3*s.*	10*d.*
	Mutton	3*s.*	0*d.*	to 4*s.*	0*d.*
	Veal	4*s.*	0*d.*	to 6*s.*	0*d.*
	Pork	4*s.*	0*d.*	to 6*s.*	0*d.*
	Lamb	0*s.*	0*d.*	to 0*s.*	0*d.*
Leadenhall.—	Beef	2*s.*	8*d.*	to 4*s.*	0*d.*
	Mutton	3*s.*	4*d.*	to 4*s.*	0*d.*
	Veal	4*s.*	0*d.*	to 6*s.*	4*d.*
	Pork	3*s.*	8*d.*	to 6*s.*	4*d.*
	Lamb	0*s.*	0*d.*	to 0*s.*	0*d.*

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Oct. 27 to Nov. 20, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
13,240	1,490	79,140	1,850

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Oct. 16 to Nov. 20.

	Oct. 16.			Nov. 6.			Nov. 10.			Nov. 20.		
	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.	
Newcastle	35	0	to 43	9	35	0	to 44	3	32	0	to 41	1
Sunderland	38	6	to 40	6	36	0	to 44	9	36	6	to 45	3
	36	6	to 44	0	43	0	to 0	0				

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Nov. 21st, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.			Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.			Per Share.
	£.	£.	s.		£. s.		£.	£.	s.		£. s.
				Canals.						*Bridges.*	
350	100	—		Andover	5	2912	100	—		Southwark	17
1482	100	—		Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10	4443	40	—		Do. new	18
1760	—	3	10	Ashton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—		Vauxhall	18 10
1260	100	—		Basingstoke	6	54,000*l.*	—	5		Do. Promissory Notes	90
54,000*l.*	—	2		Do. Bonds	40	5000	100	—		Waterloo	5 5
2,000	25	21		Birmingham (divided)	550	5000	60	—		——— Annuities of 8*l.*	27 10
477	250	5		Bolton and Bury	100	5000	40	—		——— Annuities of 7*l.*	22 10
958	150	4		Brecknock & Abergavenny	75	60,000*l.*	—	5		———Bonds	100
400	100	5		Chelmer and Blackwater	90						
1500	100	8		Chesterfield	120					*Roads.*	
500	100	44		Coventry	999	300	100	—		Barking	35
4546	100	—		Croydon	3 17 6	1000	100	5		Commercial	103
600	100	6		Derby	112	—	100	5		——— East-India	
2060¼	100	3		Dudley	62					Branch	100
3575¾	133	3		Ellesmere and Chester	63	492	100	1	15	Great Dover Street	31
231	100	58		Erewash	1000	2393	50	—		Highgate Archway	6
1297	100	20		Forth and Clyde	500	1000	—	1		Croydon Railway	12
1960	100	—		Gloucester and Berkeley,		1000	—	—		Surrey Do.	10
				old Share	30	3762	50	1		Severn and Wye	30
—	60	3		Do. optional Loan	57					*Water Works.*	
11,815¾	100	9		Grand Junction	209						
1521	100	3		Grand Surrey	57	3800	100	—		East London	60
48,800*l.*	—	5		Do. Loan	90	4500	50	1	5	Grand Junction	44
2849½	100	—		Grand Union	31	2000	100	—		Kent	28 10
19,327*l.*	—	5		Do. Loan	94	1500	—	2	10	London Bridge	50
3096	100	—		Grand Western	4	800	100	—		South London	21
749	150	7		Grantham	130	7540	—	2		West Middlesex	47
6312	100	—		Huddersfield	13	1360	100	—		York Buildings	20
25,328	—		18	Kennet and Avon	18					*Insurances.*	
11,699½	—	1		Lancaster	27						
2879¾	100	10		Leeds and Liverpool	280	2000	500	2	10	Albion	40 10
545	—	14		Leicester	295	25,000	50		6	Atlas	4 12 6
1895	100	4		Leicester & Northampton		—	—	40		Bath	575
				Union	83	300	1000	25		Birmingham	350
70	—	119		Loughborough	2400	—	250	3		British	50
250	—	11		Melton Mowbray	—	4000	100	2	10	County	39
—	—	30		Mersey and Irwell	650	20,000	50		5	Eagle	2 12 6
2409	100	10		Monmouthshire	147	50,000	20	1		European	20
43,526*l.*	100	5		Do. Debentures	92	1,000,000*l.*	100	6		Globe	118½
700	100	—		Montgomeryshire	70	40,000	50		5	Hope	3 5
247	—	25		Neath	—	2400	500	4	10	Imperial	79
1770	25	—		North Wilts	—	3900	25	1	4	London Fire	23
500	100	12		Nottingham	—	31,000	25	1		London Ship	19
1720	100	32		Oxford	625	2500	100		18	Provident	16 10
2400	—	3		Peak Forest	68	100,000	20		2	Rock	1 18
2520	50	—		Portsmouth and Arundel	—	745,100*l.*	—	10		Royal Exchange	230
12,294*l.*	—	—		Regent's	25	—	—	8	10	Sun Fire	—
5631	100	2		Rochdale	39	4000	100		10	Sun Life	23
500	125	9		Shrewsbury	160	1500	200	1	4	Union	33
500	100	7	10	Shropshire	140					*Gas Lights.*	
771	50	—		Somerset Coal	—						
700	100	40		Stafford. & Worcestershire.	640	8000	50	4		Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	60
300	145	10		Stourbridge	210						
3647	—	—		Stratford on Avon	17	4000	50	2	8	Do. New Shares	39
—	—	22		Stroudwater	495	1000	100	7	10	City Gas Light Company	95
533	100	12		Swansea	175	1000	100	3	10	Do. New	45
350	100	—		Tavistock	90	2500	20		16	Bath Gas	17 10
2670	—	—		Thames and Medway	25	1500	20	—		Brighton Gas	15 10
1300	200	75		Trent & Mersey or Grand		1000	20	2		Bristol	28
				Trunk	1920					*Literary Institutions.*	
1000	100	11		Warwick and Birmingham	210	1000	75gs	—		London	37
1000½	50					700	25gs	—		Russel	11 11
980	100	10	10	Warwick and Napton	208	700	30gs	—		Surrey	8
14,288	—	—		Wilts and Berks	6					*Miscellaneous.*	
126	105	5		Wisbeach	60						
6000	—	—		Worcester and Birmingham	24	1080	50	1	5	Auction Mart	20
				Docks.		1397	100	2	10	British Copper Company	50
2209	146	—		Bristol	98	2299	80	—		Golden Lane Brewery	9 10
—	—	5		Do. Notes		3447	50	—		Do.	6 10
3132½	100	3		Commercial	60	2000	150	1		London Commercial Sale Rooms	19
450,000*l.*	—	10		East-India	161			4		Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	71 10
1038	100	—		East Country	18 10			3		Do. 2d. Class	61 10
3,114,000*l.*	—	4		London	90			5		City Bonds	100
1,200,000*l.*	—	10		West-India	165						

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th October to 24th November.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Exchequ. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Oct.															
25	215	66¾ 7⅛	67½ ⅞	75⅞	85⅜	104⅜	17 1/16	—	2	—	25	75⅜	—	5	68⅛
26	—	66⅞ 7⅛	67⅞ ⅝	76	85⅜	104⅜	17⅜	—	2¼	—	25	—	—	5	68
27	215½	67⅜ ⅛	68⅛ 7⅞	76⅜	85⅝	104⅝	17½	—	2	—	26	—	—	5	68¼
28	—	67½ ¼	68¼ 8	—	85½	104⅝	17½	—	1⅞	—	26	75⅝	—	5	68⅜
30	215½	67⅛ 7	68 7¾	—	85⅜	104⅜	17½	—	2¼	221½	26	—	—	5	68
31	215½	67 ⅛	67¾ 8	76¼	85¼	104⅜	17½	—	2⅛	221¾	26	—	—	5	68
Nov.															
1	—	67	67⅞ ¾	—	85⅛	104¼	—	—	2¼	222	—	75	—	5	68
2	215½	67⅛ 7	68 7¾	76	85⅛	104¼	17½	—	2⅜	—	26	75⅝	—	6	68
3	215½	66⅞ 7	67¾ ⅝	76	85⅛	104	17½	65½	2½	221½	27	—	—	6	67⅞
4	—	67 ⅛	67¾ ⅞	—	85	104⅛	—	—	2⅝	—	—	—	—	6	68
5	*Hol.*														
7	215½	67⅜ ⅛	68¼ 7¾	76¼	85¼	104¼	17½	—	2¼	222	27	—	67¾	5	68¼
8	—	67⅛ ¼	67⅞ 8⅛	76	85⅛	104⅜	17½	65⅞	2	—	27	75⅛	67¾	5	68¼
9	215½	67¼ ⅜	68⅛ ¼	—	85⅛	104½	—	—	2	—	27	—	—	5	68¼
10	216	67⅜ ¾	68⅛ ⅝	76⅜	85⅝	105	17½	66⅛	1⅞	221½	27	—	—	5	68¾
11	217	68¼ ⅛	68⅞ 9⅛	77⅛	86⅛	105⅜	17 11/16	—	1	222	26	76½	68⅝	5	69⅛
13	—	68⅜ ¼	69 ¼	77¼	86¼	105¾	17 11/16	—	¾	—	26	—	—	4	69¼
14	217½	68⅛ ⅞	69⅛ ⅞	78	86¾	105⅛	17 13/16	66¾	pr	222½	27	—	—	5	69⅞
15	217½	68⅞ ½	69¾ ¼	77¼	86½	106	17 13/16	—	pr	—	27	77	—	5	69¾
16	218	68¾ ½	69½ ⅛	77⅜	86½	105⅞	17 13/16	—	⅜	224	27	—	—	5	69⅜
17	218½	68⅜ ⅝	69⅛ ⅜	77½	86⅜	105¾	—	67⅛	¼	—	27	—	—	5	69⅜
18	219	68¾ ⅝	69½ ¼	77⅝	86⅜	105⅞	17 13/16	—	—	—	27	76¾	69½	5	69½
20	—	68¼ ½	69⅛ ⅜	77⅜	86¼	105¾	17¾	—	—	—	26	—	—	4	69⅜
21	219½	68⅜ ¾	69⅛ ¾	77⅝	86¼	105⅞	17 13/16	—	—	—	27	—	—	5	69¾
22	219½	68⅝ 9	69⅛ ¾	77⅞	86¼	105⅞	17⅞	67½	pr	—	27	77	—	3	69¾
23	219½	68⅞ ⅝	69⅝ ⅜	77¾	86¼	105⅞	17⅞	—	¼d	—	27	—	—	3	69¾
24	219½	68¾ ½	69½ ⅛	77⅝	86¼	105⅞	17 13/16	—	—	224½	27	—	—	2	69½

IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Stock.	Government Debenture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Debenture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government Debenture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water Debentures.
Oct.										
21	—	73½	73⅛	—	—	102⅜	102⅜	—	—	—
27	203½	73½	73⅛	—	—	102¼	102¼	—	—	—
Nov.										
3	204	74⅜	73⅞	—	—	102¼	102¼	—	—	—
6	204¼	74¼	73⅞	—	—	102¼	102	—	—	—
9	204½	74⅛	73⅞	—	—	102	102	—	—	—
13	—	74½	74¼	—	—	102⅛	102⅛	—	—	—
18	208½	75⅝	75½	—	—	102¾	102¾	38	—	—
20	208	75	75⅝	—	—	102¾	102½	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Oct. 23, to Nov. 20.

1820	5 per Cent.		Bank Actions.	
Oct.	fr.	c.	fr.	c.
23	75	20	1360	—
28	75	5	1370	—
31	75	40	1375	—
Nov.				
4	76	75	1375	—
7	77	30	1377	50
11	77	40	1387	50
18	77	45	1380	—
20	76	90	1388	75

AMERICAN FUNDS.

		IN LONDON. Oct. 27	31	Nov. 3	7	10	14	17	21	24	N. YORK. Oct. 10	20
Bank Shares.....		23·10	23·10	23·10	23·10	23·10	23·10	23·5	23·5	23·50	105	104½
6 per cent.....	1812	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	106½	107
	1813	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	107	107½
	1814	105	105	105	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	107½	108
	1815	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	108	108½
3 per cent		70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	71

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

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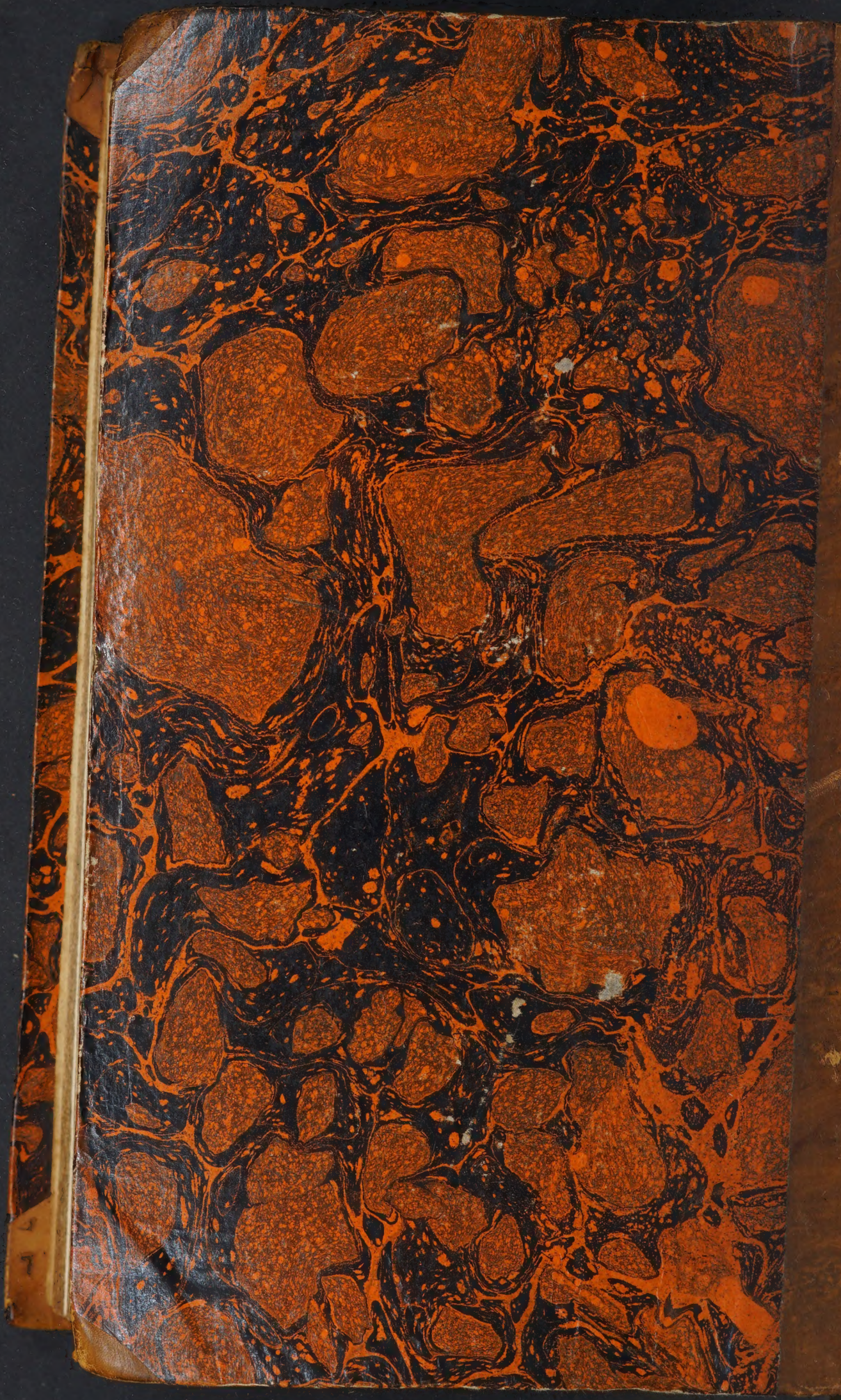
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